

The Inglenook.

A Consecrated Picture.

A poor Bohemian gipsy girl of remarkable beauty was employed by a German artist to sit for one of his "studies." In his studio she saw an unfinished painting of the crucifixion, and asked him who that wicked man was, and what he had done to deserve such a terrible punishment.

The artist smiled at her ignorance, and told her that the man nailed to the cross was not wicked, but good above all good men in the world.

From that time her interest in the story of the cross never ceased. She was utterly untaught, and it was by her questions—rather grudgingly answered by the painter, who had no real Christian sympathy—that she got her first knowledge of the Saviour of mankind. Noting her employer's lack of feeling, she said to him one day:

"I should think you would love him if he died for you."

The remark fastened itself in the artist's mind. The death of Christ had appealed to him as a pictorial tragedy. The divine life of Jesus had never touched him. The ignorant Bohemian girl had presented the subject to him in another way, and it would not let him rest till he sought religious counsel, and ultimately became a servant and a worshipper of the Crucified.

Under the inspiration of a new love he finished the picture, and it was hung in the Dusseldorf gallery, with this inscription: "I did this for thee; what hast thou done for me?"

Some time afterward he met his former model there, weeping in front of the painting. This time he could speak to her as a Christian.

"Master," she said, "did he die for the poor Bohemians too?"

"Yes."

And the Man of Galilee had one disciple more.

A few months later, dying in a gipsy camp not far from the city, the girl sent for the artist and thanked him.

"I am going to him now," she said. "I love him, and I know he loves me."

Years afterward a frivolous young nobleman looked on the same picture, and the study of it and the rebuking pathos of its inscription so moved and influenced him that he consecrated himself to the service of God. The young man was Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian church.

The benediction to the world of a noble and uplifting picture is but feebly measured by the few examples that ever attain publication. It can teach the ignorant, it can rebuke the immoral—it can inspire the devout and thoughtful—and it can preach the supreme truth which St. Paul declared to be his only message and his last enthusiasm.—Youth's Companion.

Opportunity.

With the same amount of ink one boy makes a blot, and another rules a page. With the same amount of opportunity one lad fails, and another goes ahead. "Luck" is the combination of boy and opportunity, not the mere opportunity by itself.

An Enemy of Good Speech.

One's conversation is generally an index of his breeding; but the vocabulary employed by some young people of education and refinement fails to indicate the degree of mental and social culture that they are supposed to possess. The influence of what is known as slang is so insidious and destructive of the finer sensibilities that the fatal work is done almost before one is aware of it, and a pure vocabulary has been supplanted by coarse forms of speech. The prevalence and popularity of slang make it easy to fall into the slough of bad speech, and for that reason those who wish to preserve their conversation free from these contaminations should keep the danger flag flying, and by strict use of purer forms make it as difficult as possible for slang to pollute them. The editor of a leading journal says in regard to this matter:

"It is unfortunate that slang phrases are so easily slipping into our everyday conversation, and taking apparently so fixed a place in our talk. And the worst of it is that so many people are using slang entirely unconscious of the fact that they are doing so. If the common usage of slang were confined to a particular order of girls, it would, perhaps serve as an indicator of character, and pass unnoticed. It would, at least, not touch the sensibilities of gentlefolk. But it is not so confined. Slang is invading the very nicest of circles. It is beginning to influence the talk of our most carefully reared girls. And this is why the habit should receive closer attention. Girls are forgetting that slang phrases and refinement are absolutely foreign to each other. A slang phrase may be more expressive than a term of polite usage, but it is never impressive, except to impress unfavorably. It is high time that our girls should realize that they should speak the English language in their conversation, and not the dialect of the race track, nor the lingo of the baseball field. A girl may cause a smile by the apt use of some slang phrase. But, inwardly, those who applaud her place her, at the same time, in their estimation. No girl ever won an ounce of respect by using slang. On the contrary, many a girl, unconscious of the cause, has found herself gradually slipping out of people's respect by the fact that her talk was dotted with slang phrases. 'O, she is clever,' said a woman not long ago, of a girl who could keep a company constantly amused by her apt use of slang. 'She amuses me greatly. But I should not care to invite her to my home nor have my girls know her.' It is a poor popularity for a girl which has as its only basis the cap and bells of the jester is never long."—Christian Advocate.

A Fountain.

God's mercies are a fountain which flows without pause. He "delighteth in mercy." If so in relation to the necessities of the body, how much more in relation to the wants of the soul!—Newman Hall.

In answering advertisements found in these columns, kindly mention THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN. The advertiser will be pleased and the paper benefited.

Mysterious Dealings.

"Really, John, our minister looks just a trifle shabby these days. That silk hat of his is altogether too dingy, and the umbrella he had with him to day had I don't know how many mends in it."

"Well, my dear, if we had seven children, and two at college, on a salary like his, I think, perhaps, you'd mend mine for me sometimes."

Dr. and Mrs. Winthrop were dressing for a fashionable wedding that afternoon.

"Such a pity its raining so," said Mrs. Winthrop. "I hope Miss Farnham is not superstitious."

The rain continued to pour on the Winthrop roof, and on the home of the bride that afternoon. The guests were still at the table when a 'phone call came from Dr. Winthrop. It was funny to see what a stealthy air the good genial old doctor took on as soon as he was alone in the dressing-room.

He shut the door softly, glancing nervously around, then chuckled with the delight of a school boy, "Coast all clear!" and he began eyeing over a collection of hats.

"Sure enough! Margaret's right. This is rather a shabby structure to cover our pastor's cranium."

Dr. Winthrop examined it a moment, thrust it on his own head, then twirled his moustache with an air of satisfaction before the mirror.

"Perfect fit. We'll swap. I'll get another new one at Kay's to night, and Rev. Hugh Graham will be none the wiser." So saying, he riddled the name out of his own new and shining silk, and thrust his hat on the peg where the pastor's had been. Then he slunk out of the house with the air of a thief, but a very happy thief, withal.

"Nuisance about that umbrella having my initials on," he said. "But it's no go. Somebody would be sure to recognize it. Then the man would be just goose enough to go home in the rain without any. If I took his. There's no way but to make him a present."

The pastor of First Church can't make out yet why he's been the victim of such a nefarious exchange. He's inquiring everywhere for the loser of a fine new silk hat. His wife says it must have been a guest from out of town, but the most diligent inquiry throws no light on the subject.

Dr. Winthrop avoided his pastor for some days after the event, and when finally assailed showed his own fine new silk hat as a sufficient answer in the negative.

Why I Attend Church on a Rainy Sunday.

I attend church on rainy Sundays because—

1. God has blessed the Lord's Day and hallowed it, making no exception for hot or cold or stormy days.
2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he were to stay at home for the weather.
3. If his hands fall through great weakness, I shall have great reason to blame myself, unless I sustain him by my prayers and presence.
4. By staying away I may lose the prayers which may bring God's blessing, and the sermon that would have done me great good.
5. My presence is more needful on Sundays when there are few than on those days when the church is crowded.