

also paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality, to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently recovered to fly away to her husband and children.

In Germany the stork's nest is often found on the housetops, and little platforms may frequently be seen which have been put up expressly for the stork to build its rough nest upon.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Reading the Appointments.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

I WAS sitting in a wing-slip, close beside the altar-rail,  
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but pale,  
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,  
Such as might have reigned in heaven thro' that "space of half an hour,"  
Rested on the whole assembly as the Bishop rose and said:  
"All the business being finished, the appointments will be read."  
Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little worth,  
But as dealing with the richest, most important things on earth,  
In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,  
The good Bishop asked forbearance—he had done his best to plan  
For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide his pen,  
Without prejudice or favour; and the preachers cried, "Amen."  
"Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer"—happy people, happy priest,  
On the dainties of the gospel through the changing year to feast,  
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers stay three years,  
And depart amidst a tempest of the purest kind of tears.  
"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that saintly face grew red,  
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held his swimming head,  
But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet message did she bear?  
For he turned with face transfigured as upon some mount of prayer.  
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and gladness came  
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from Jesus' name.  
"Holy Rapture," said the Bishop, "I have left to be supplied."  
And I thought—you couldn't fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you tried,  
For an angel duty transferred to this Conference below  
Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed people know.  
They would note some strain of discord though he sang as heaven sings,  
And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his wings.  
"Grand Endeavour—Jonas Laggard"—blessed be the Lord, thought I,  
They have put that Brother Laggard where he has to work or die,  
For the Church at Grand Endeavour with its energy and prayer  
Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to despair.  
If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the gospel's charming sound  
They will start a big revival and forget that he is round.  
"Consecration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the two will go  
Through the years before them bringing heavenly life to earth below.  
"Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he lost his self-control,  
Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his soul,  
Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep breath, knit his brows,  
Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination vows.  
In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as white as driven snow—  
As the Bishop read appointments they had filled long years ago,  
Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in heart and brain  
Till it seemed that they could travel their old circuits o'er again.  
"Happy Haven—Joseph Restful"—how the joy shone in his face  
At the thought of being pastor for three years in such a place!

"Hard as Granite—Ephraim Smasher"—there the stewards sat in row,  
And they didn't want that Smasher, and he didn't want to go.  
"Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is sent to sow and reap  
Where the congregations gather in the interests of sleep.

Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read on,  
And the veil that hides the future for a moment was withdrawn,  
For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,  
On His head a crown of glory and a long roll in His hand.  
Round His throne a countless number of the ransomed, listening, press'd—  
He was stationing His preachers in the City of the Blest.

Some whose names were most familiar, known and revered by all,  
Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.  
One who took the poorest churches miles away from crowds and cars,  
Went up to a throne of splendor with a crown ablaze with stars.  
How the angels sang to greet him, how the Master cried "Well done,"  
While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had such glory won.  
Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no arguments but tears,  
Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching ears,  
Coldly welcomed by the Churches, counted burdensome by all,  
Went up to the royal mansions and were neighbours to Saint Paul.  
Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the strife  
By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's wife,  
Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered in the sky,  
But she meekly turned and answered—"Twas my husband, Lord, not I."  
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that glow and shine,  
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child, is thine!"  
Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name called with surprise,  
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in her eyes.  
"I was nothing but a cripple, gleaned in no wide fields, my King,  
Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of Thy wing!"  
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred  
To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"  
Said the Master, and the maiden to His side with wonder press'd—  
Christ was stationing His preachers in the City of the Blest,  
And the harp-strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise  
Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.  
I was still intently gazing on that scene beyond the stars  
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the cars.

### Panthers.

THEY ascend the immense trees near the mouth of the Columbia, which are frequently 300 feet high, and sixty, eighty, or even a hundred feet to the first limb, precisely as a cat would climb them, and, when wounded, will sometimes go to the very top. In one instance, I found a small glade in the forest, where from the sign, it was evident that two or more of them had been gambolling, and like kittens scurrying around in the grass, and then, bounding against the trunk of a tree at a point at least ten feet from the ground, they had ascended apparently on the run, tearing off great pieces of bark, and leaving claw marks a foot long on each side. Although they may in some localities spend the day in lying upon the limb of a tree, I think they always prefer rocky ledges and caverns for that purpose, where such are accessible. In San Diego, near the Arizona line, the rugged, rocky ranges furnish admirable retreats for panthers, there usually called mountain

lions, and although not so abundant, they are, I think, more frequently shot than they are further north, for reasons that will soon be explained. Like all of the cat tribe they are partial to warmth, and upon days when it is rather cold in the shade, they frequently come out of their lairs in the middle of the day and lie upon the rocks near by to bask and drowse in the warm sun, and as the ranges there are generally very sparsely timbered, they are occasionally discovered by hunters, when the chances of getting within shot are better than under almost any other circumstances. But for all that, they are animals that are seldom shot, no matter how abundant they may be, and their disappearing so rapidly before the march of civilization is a mystery that I can only solve by the conclusion that being such a large and entirely carnivorous animal, they are immediately affected by the least thinning out of the large game, and are driven by hunger to seek places where the rifle has not begun its deadly work; unless, as they seem to have done on the McCloud river, they turn their attention to the stock of the settler. Many of them are poisoned by the sheep and cat-timon of the southern counties, when their visits to the flock and herds become too frequent. I have often seen their hides nailed to the walls of the lonely cabins of the stockmen there, and, upon inquiry, have found that they were poisoned in at least three cases out of four. I am quite settled in the belief that a panther would be no match for a grizzly. It is quite possible that their superior agility might sometimes make them more than a match for a black bear, but I can only conceive of their being able to kill a grizzly by fastening upon him in a position where the bear was unable to inflict any injury upon them, as a single well-directed blow from the paw of a full-grown grizzly will crush in the ribs of an ox, and would, I fancy, leave but little fight in any panther.—*American Naturalist*.

### Planning a Strike.

IN a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation, a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese, while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying:

"You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a

loafer about. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped my violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music, and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow like I was, ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down, that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman—he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books—he kept glancing at me, and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in these arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In a war against your misery!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. What, with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."

If a canoe be connected by a cord with a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, as has been said, is it with prayer. If it do not bring God to man, it will bring man to God. And this is always well for man.—*W. P. Breed*.

It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all.

I wonder how many Christians there are who so thoroughly believe God made them, that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that God invented laughter and gave it to His children. The Lord of gladness delights in the laughter of a merry heart.—*Macdonald*.