

over a year did the thought occur to me that after so many years his countenance and person must have greatly altered. How was I to recognize him, even if I was in his very presence?

Nothing could turn me back from my purpose, however, and I kept on as before, inquiring for Caleb of all whom I met. Late in the spring of the third year of my departure from the plantation my wanderings had carried me well up into the north; and noting a little company of colored people gathered in a cemetery by the way one day, I turned to them with my usual question upon my lips.

One of their number was addressing them in earnest tones, and I stopped a moment to hear what he had to say. It seems that on that day, as is now the universal custom, that little group had gathered to decorate with flowers the graves of the soldiers who had fallen in the war. Their comrade was relating to them as they listened breathlessly how the noble fellows had sacrificed their lives that the black man might have his freedom; and concluded with an allusion to One who had died in like manner that all mankind might be freed from the slavery of sin.

It was a beautiful story, one that I never heard before at that time, and so impressed me that I tarried a few moments to press the hand of him who told it. Going up to where he stood, I accosted him; and as our hands met, lifting my eyes to his kindly countenance, I there beheld a sight which thrilled my whole being as with a mighty shock. His right cheek was marked with a deep scar, unsightly, but well remembered! It was Caleb, my brother, found at last!

A Mammoth Dog.

Lovers of the marvellous in nature will find something to interest them in the egg which was sold the other day at the rooms of Mr. Stevens, in King street, Covent Garden. This was an egg of the 'Aepyornis,' the biggest bird, either living or extinct, being more than ten feet high and flightless. It was formerly frequently met with in Madagascar, and the eggs are occasionally found now, buried in the sand, the natives using them for buckets. The egg measures $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in its longest circumference, and 28 inches in girth. Some idea of its immense proportions can be obtained from the fact that it is equal in bulk to six ostrich eggs, or 16 1-2 emu eggs, while its empty shell would hold 148 fowls' eggs, or no fewer than 5,000 of those of the humming bird. The monster egg was sold for 67 guineas.—'Children's Friend.'

Perplexed.

Being perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness as light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;
My trembling hand may shake;
My skillless hand may break;
Thine can make no mistake.

Being in doubt, I say,
Lord make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be vain?
I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of foot to go;
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee.
Lord, make it clear to me.
—Waif.

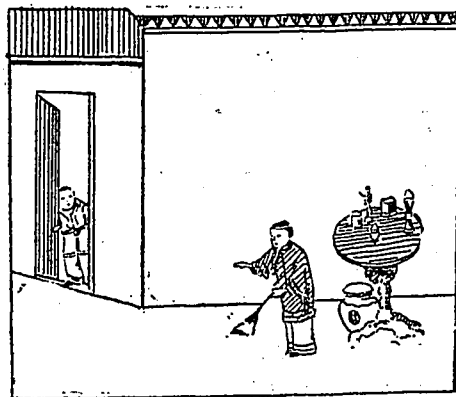
Chinese Version of a Parable.

NOVEL METHOD OF TEACHING THE GOSPEL BY PICTURES.

One of the latest methods of the missionary in China to secure the attention of the people is that of putting Bible incidents and parables in a pictorial form. It has been found that the Chinese are wonderfully impressed by pictures, and that where mere preaching may fall on deaf ears, a striking picture is sure to be looked at and its meaning discovered. Through the eye to the heart is a most effective method of proclaiming the Gospel.

In the two quaint pictures here shown is depicted by a native artist the beautiful parable of the Lost Piece of Silver.

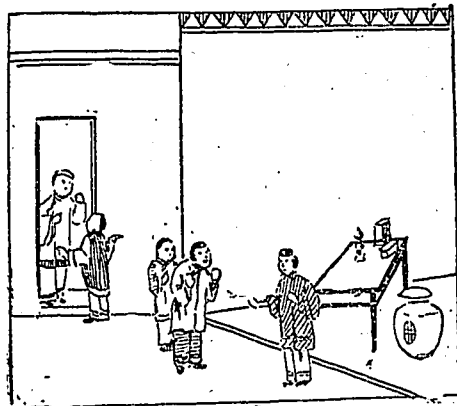
The first scene shows the interior of a Chinese home exact to nature. The woman,



SEARCHING FOR THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

dressed in the strange Chinese garb, has taken a broom and is endeavoring to find the lost 'cash,' a neighbor peeping in to see what can be the matter.

In the second picture we see that the woman has found her treasure, and a num-



THE LOST COIN IS FOUND.

ber of her neighbors have come in to offer their congratulations.

Quaint as these pictures appear, they speak as nothing else can to the heart of the native Chinese the precious lessons of the New Testament parable. By these means the Bible teachings live again, as the Chinese view them from their own native standpoint.—'Sunday Companion.'

Katy's Prayer.

Summer had come, with its warmth, its bird song and rapid growth and the birds sang cheerily under the window where Katy still lay in her sick room. The house is all excitement to-day. Father, and Alec, and Donald are going to the fair beyond the marshes and Katy is talking now to her sister, quiet Jennie.

'I would like to go to Boujour, too, to see the fair, Katy.'

And Katy said:—'Then, you shall go.'

'But I am feared you'll be lonesome.'

'Lonesome,' echoed Katy, 'as if such a thing could be, when mother will be here.'

The off-start was that all went to the fair, the first one ever held in Boujour, and Katy and her mother were left alone.

The pony was hitched to the light waggon, and many good-byes were said at the side of Katy's bed, who declared with that winning smile of hers that she should enjoy hearing them talk about it when they returned, and she could almost fancy herself there.

So they started over the long ten miles to Boujour.

The potatoes were already losing their blossoms as they drove out from the stable, past the old log house with the sod roof, already green with growing grass, past the fence around the garden patch, in the centre of which stood the new house, Alec pointed out to his silent father the falling flowers and said:—'Next year we'll try to have them a little earlier, and take them to the fair.'

Driving through the bush road, for the bush was almost up to the house, that summer morning was pleasant enough, if it had not been for the flies, but in the shade of the tall, slim poplars the mosquito sang and worked, and in the sunshine the bull-dog fly tried to ply his voracious avocation. Soon they are on the hay land, some cut, some stacked, some coiled, or in long rows ready for the stacking. Now, they are on the grade, the culvert is crossed and the whitewashed log school-house is soon left behind, they are on the marshes.

The marshes, eight or nine miles across, its corduroy road, prairie trails round the bad place. Stretching east and west as far as the eye could see, the tall, rank, dry grass of last year's growth, over which the fire had never swept.

To the south, is Boujour, the fair ground alive with people in holiday attire, and soon the pony and the light waggon with its living freight draw near enough to behold the gay attire of the holiday seekers, and hear the merry shouts of the pleasure lovers.

Over yonder to the east along the line of the C. P. R., is smoke. Fire is running across part of the marsh, somebody's hay is perhaps burning, and sympathy is expressed by the little band, for no one knew when a fire might come their way.

The day wore on, The smoke hung low. Boujour was almost smothered, the fire was coming nearer. Sometimes the flames could be seen.

Towards evening the settlers beyond the marsh turned homeward.

Two or three miles from their home, their blood ran cold as they saw the devastation of the fire fiend. The grass was gone, the fences on fire, barns and stables burned, charred remains of burned and suffocated horses and cattle cover the north end of the marsh. The pony is urged faster. The school has been saved by the fire-guards. The tall silver poplars are scarred and blackened poles, the hay field, nothing left but ashes and the air filled with smoke. Now they dash past the trees again and father cries:—'Thank God, the home is still there. Fences on fire—the old home gone, the stables burned, the potato stalks withered, the cattle dead—but the house is saved.' Jeannie sobbing, Donald wildly hugging his mother, father almost stunned beneath the blow. Ten years' hard work and self-denial swept away in an instant. A moment more they are in the house. The awful story told. Mother's burned arms and scorched dress tell of the heroic fight against the overwhelming and devastating element.

And as they stand round the bed of Katy with smiles and tears father says tenderly, 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'Were you not feared, Katy?' said Jeannie.

'Na, na, Jeannie, I prayed, and nither worked, and God saved.'—'Presbyterian Review.'