

The Inglenook.

What Shall I Do?

On dark and stormy days, and when other unfavorable conditions affect the attendance and dwarf the congregation to a mere handful of people, the question is very likely to arise in the pastor's mind, "What shall I do?"

What shall you do? Simply your duty, that is plain. As a servant of your Master, he has sent you to your people with a message. He knows how many people will be present to receive it, and it is your duty to deliver his message.

Deliver it, then, with as much unction and zeal as though the house were full of waiting people. Having done your duty, leave the result with God.

We recall very distinctly the results of a sermon preached by a pastor in P— on such an occasion.

It had been raining all day on this particular Sunday, and in the evening it poured in torrents, so that only ten persons ventured to struggle through the flooded streets to the house of God. Among these was an earnest young man about seventeen years of age. The sermon was a plea for more devoted consecration. The unction came from above, and that night on bended knees that talented young man consecrated himself to the ministry. It had been his intention to study law; but with joyous zeal he took up the study of theology instead, and is now a faithful, conscientious pastor in a flourishing congregation.

An incident is related in the life of Bishop Randall, who at one time was announced to preach in an Eastern church in behalf of his missionary work out West. Only six persons appeared, and it is said for a moment the good man hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment. The question of an audience was not for him to decide.

Accordingly the service was held, and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was one offering of \$200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman, asking him to call at a certain office. "I am the man," said the gentleman, when the pastor called, "who gave you \$200 last night. After getting home I did not feel quite satisfied. I would like to make the sum \$1,000, and here is my check for the balance."—*The Lutheran*.

Queer Beliefs About Seven

So numerous are the queer beliefs concerning the number seven (says a contemporary) that a narration of them all would fill a volume, but we may mention a few. From the very earliest ages the seven great planets were known and ruled this world and dwellers in it, and their number entered into every conceivable matter that concerned man. There are seven days in the week, "seven holes in the head for the master stars are seven," seven ages both for man and the world in which he lives. There were seven material heavens, and in the under world described by Dante, the great pagan dead who were not good enough for heaven or bad enough for hell reposed in a seven walled or seven gated city. There are seven colors in the spectrum and seven notes in the diatonic octave, and the "leading" note of the scale is the seventh. Be it noted that the

seventh son is not always gifted with beneficent powers. In Portugal he is believed to be subject to darkness and to be compelled every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass.

The Floor of the Pacific Ocean.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shallower spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.—*Leslie's Monthly*.

Shortening the Way.

The mother was wheeling the baby carriage and its tiny occupant homeward after an afternoon's visit, while four-year-old Robbie was continually reaching up his hands to push, or running forward to pull, under the impression that he was aiding the progress.

"Why do you let him?" demanded the matter-of-fact aunt. "He is only getting in your way all the time."

"He thinks he is helping, and that makes the way shorter for him, and keeps him from feeling tired," answered the mother, softly, as the little fellow ran forward to push a branch out the way. "It is only like us older ones," she added, with deeper meaning: "we all find the way long when we begin to think we are not needed any more."

It is a truth that every loving heart should take note of, for it is here that the aged or invalid ones of our household are often wounded unwittingly. Mistaken kindness would take away every task, or thoughtless strength is so sure of ability to do it all better and more easily that weak hands are robbed of their accustomed occupations and left idle. Love should be keener-sighted; there is nothing that makes the way so long as a feeling that one is done with usefulness.

Is There Any Mother There?

A little girl once followed the workmen from her father's ground when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door he saw her sitting on a log waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet little face, and inquired:

"Is there any mother there?"

"Yes, my dear, there is a mother in here," he answered.

"Oh! then I'm not afraid if there's a mother there!"

A house may be small, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence."

The Chipmunk's Black Stripe.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk has a black stripe running up and down his back.

According to the red Indians he did not have any black stripe on him at all originally. They say that he got the one he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year to elect a leader, and, once upon a time, the porcupine was chosen for that position.

The first thing the porcupine did was to call a great council of all the animals. Then he placed before them the following question: "Shall we have day all the time or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and the animals began to debate it earnestly. The bear said he wanted night all the time, for then he could sleep, and sleep was much the most pleasant thing he knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I want night part of the time and day part of the time, for then we can have a time to gather nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk got into a violent discussion over the question, and the other animals became silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating, and when they had got out of breath arguing, they began to sing.

"Night is best; night is best, We must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must have light!" sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness!" growled the bear in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light. Day will come," piped the little chipmunk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing the day began to dawn and the light of morning to illumine the world.

Then the bear and the other big animals on his side of the question saw that the little chipmunk was prevailing, and set up an angry chorus, so that the chipmunk was afraid and ran for his hole in a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after him, and just as the chipmunk was diving into his hole, the big bear reached out his paw to catch him. But the chipmunk was so quick that the paw of the bear only grazed his back, and he got into his hole safely.

But you see to this day in the black stripe on the back of the chipmunk where the paw of the bear who loved darkness just crazed the fur of the little fellow who loved the light.—*The American Boy*.

Slang.

Slang words which belong to the two last named classes are in the attitude of postulants seeking admission to the language. Many words, such as "mob," "diction," "ignore," "alert," which when they first began to be used, were regarded as slang words, or at least as novelties, have been admitted to full membership in the order of words. None of us would now call "fabulous" in the sense of "incredible" a modern slang phrase, but De Quincey so stigmatized it, Coleridge violently denounces "alerted," and at the beginning of the nineteenth century Lady Holland declared "influential" to