

ion, and in time, not unduly delayed, he consoled himself elsewhere.

Paterson! His career is adding one not unbrilliant page to Scotland's story. You will find him in the near East, labouring hard for his country in adverse circumstances, working wonders by his clear foresight, and that deadly fixity of purpose which can move mountains. He is feared by those who do not understand him, but there is a winsome creature called Sylvia, a second edition of a very lovely and gracious mother, who winds the inscrutable diplomat round and round like a silken thread upon her dainty finger.—British Weekly.

LONLINESS OF THE OCEAN.

One who has never travelled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands, whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is as ready to think the metropolis is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty ocean itself. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land, the ships begin to disappear, as he goes on his way, they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the bended sky. Sometimes we may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will be seen. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles, over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that ever have been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a handbreadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent, that the hold on it by its power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe; and by far the greater portion of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from man's presence and visitation.

THE SILVER FOX.

Only those wise in the folklore of the north can fully know the magic in the name silver fox. The silver fox is not of different kind, but a glorified freak of the red race. His parents may have been the commonest kind of red foxes, yet nature in extravagant mood may have showered all her gifts on this favored one of the offspring and not only clad him in a marvellous coat, but gifted him with speed and wind and brains above his kind to guard his perilous wealth. And need he has of all such power, for this exquisite robe is so mellow rich, so wonderful in style, with its gloss black and delicate frosting, that it is the most desirable, the most precious of all furs, worth many times its weight in gold, the noblest peltry known to man. It is the proper robe of kings, the appanage of great imperial thrones today, as was the tyrian purple in the days of Rome. This is indeed the hunter's highest prize, but so guarded by the cunning brain and the wind and limb of the beast himself that it is through rare good luck more than hunter skill that a few of these fur jewels are taken each year in the woods.

There are degrees of rank among these patriotics. They range in quality even as diamonds range, and the hunters have a jargon of their own to express all shades between the coarse and the finest silver black.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Century Magazine.

There is no substitute for thorough going, ardent, and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

HINDERED.

By Anna M. King.

"The slaps were broken, so that they were not able to go to Tarshish"—(2 Chron. 20:37).

Not sail to Tarshish! What, is this you say!
My plans are laid, and I must sail today.
Great wealth is waiting me across the sea
That shall enrich mankind, and I shall be
God's almoner, of wealth he holds in store,
Until my ship has reached the farther shore.
This message—it must be some idle tale.
The ship a wreck and broken by the gale?
No gale could wreck a ship so staunch and strong.
Storm-tossed it may be, but 'twill not be long.
The storm will pass, the wind will die away,
To Tarshish I must go, must sail today.

Today, I said; there came another day.
Upon the shore I stood, and, far away,
Saw other ships ride proudly out to sea;
But driftwood only floated in to me.
Along the shore, when shadows fall, I light
My driftwood fire, and keep it burning bright.
If, some day, I should know its little light
Had saved some ship from foundering in the night,
I shall be glad I did not sail away
To Tarshish, as I planned, that other day.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

John Burroughs describes his "Hunt for the Nightingale" in England, with the following result of an almost fruitless chase:—"When my patience was about exhausted, I was startled by a quick, brilliant call or whistle, a few rods from me, that at once recalled my barber with his blade of grass; and I knew my long-sought bird was inflating her throat. 'How it woke me up! It had the quality which startles; it pierced the gathering gloom like a rocket. Then it ceased. Suspecting I was too near the singer, I moved away cautiously and stood in a lane beside the wood, where a loping hare regarded me a few paces away. Then my singer struck up again, but I could see she did not let herself out; just tuning her instrument, I thought, and getting ready to transfix the silence and the darkness. A little later a man and boy came up the lane. I asked them if that was the nightingale singing; they listened, and assured me it was none other. 'Now she's on, sir; now she's on. Ah! but she don't stick. In May, sir, they makes the woods all heccho about here. Now she's on again; that's her, sir; now she's off; she won't stick.' And stick she would not. I could hear a hoarse wheezing and clucking sound beneath her notes, when I listened intently. The man and boy moved on. I stood mutely invoking all the gentle divinities to spur the bird on. Just then a bird like our hermit-thrush came quickly over the hedge a few yards below me, swept close past my face, and back into the thicket. I had been caught listening; the offended bird had found me taking notes of her dry and worn-out pipe there behind the hedge, and the concert abruptly ended; not another note; not a whisper. I waited a long time and then moved off; then came back, implored the outraged bird to resume; then rushed off, and, as it were, slammed the door indignantly behind me. I paused by other shrines, but not a sound."



THE ILLS OF BABYHOOD AND OF CHILDREN.

The ills of childhood are many, and may prove serious if not promptly attended to. In all homes where Baby's Own Tablets are kept there is a prompt cure at hand for such troubles as indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, constipation, worms, and teething troubles. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous drug. Mrs. R. Hammond, Copetown, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and think nothing can equal them for small children. I would not be without them in the house, for they saved my little girl's life." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



COURTESY.

Little girls, do you ever think about the meaning of words? This word, now, courtesy, has something about it, which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago, in Europe, and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as fast as possible. They don't want anybody to know that they have a little daughter in their home.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys and presided at the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuff called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised parts. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular in place of the old roughness and rudeness took the general name of courtesy.

The Bible bids us to be courteous. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practice at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honor preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with those words for your motto, say, for a whole week to come.

Experiments in the Congo Free State show that elephants can be used for portage work. At an 'elephant farm' at Api a small herd of young elephants has been kept in captivity for several years, and finally, after much effort in training them, satisfactory results have been obtained. Some carry drivers or loads on their backs, some draw waggons, while others draw the plough. Mortality among newly captured elephants was at first great, but with added experience the deaths are now few, and fresh recruits are constantly being made. Success in the undertaking means a great deal for the future of Africa.

Sweet-brier and other odorous shrubs never smell so sweetly as after a shower of rain; no more are the graces of a be liever ever so lively and fragrant as when watered by the tears of sorrow.