

There was another shout of laughter, which puzzled Geordie much.

'I dinna see the jowl, but I've slippit over in whuskey-mair nor a hunner dollars.'

Then he paused, looking hard before him, and twisting his face into extraordinary shapes till the men looked at him in wonder.

'I'm rale glad o' this saloon, but it's ower late for the lad that canna be helpit the noo. He'll not be needin' help o' oors, I doot, but there are ithers'—and he stopped abruptly and sat down, with no applause following.

But when Slavin, our saloon-keeper, rose to reply, the men jumped up on the seats and yelled till they could yell no more. Slavin stood, evidently in trouble with himself, and finally broke out—

'It's spacheless I am entirely. What's come to me I know not, nor how it's come. But I'll do my best for yez.' And then the yelling broke out again.

I did not yell myself. I was too busy watching the varying lights in Mrs. Mavor's eyes as she looked from Craig to the yelling men on the benches and tables, and then to Slavin, and I found myself wondering if she knew what it was that came to Slavin.

(To be Continued.)

An Uncomfortable Journey.

'Regions Beyond' gives an account of the starting of mission work in Cuzco, Peru, in which Mrs. Jarrett, one of the missionaries, gives a glimpse of the roadside experiences: 'We had only a short time in which to pack up and be off; and it is such a business to take two children (one not six weeks old) on a long and tedious journey like this. We had three whole days in a train, three in a waggon, and two on horseback; so altogether it was rather an undertaking. There will soon be a carriage road from Sicuani to Cuzco, thus saving the ride on horseback. At present the waggons only run half-way, and are not for passengers, but we obtained one by special permission. They have no springs, so you may guess how we jolted along the road. We were pretty tired at the end of our first day's journey in this fashion, but found to our dismay that there was not a single place where we could put up for the night. However, at last a man lent us a room which was nearly filled with horses' fodder. Some of it was cleared out, and the ten of us (including children) made ourselves as comfortable as we could. While at prayers, before retiring to rest, a frog jumped on to Jack's head, and he knocked it off so promptly that it alighted on Mrs. Newell! We slept on a raised mud ledge that ran round the room, with Mr. Peters on a heap of fodder in the middle! Presently it began to rain, and our attention was drawn to the ceiling, which was covered with holes. It was eight o'clock when we lay down, and two hours later we were awakened by a tremendous knocking at the door. It was a mule wanting to pass the night with us!' 'Next day we went on again, to Cusipata, a lovely little spot. We expected to finish our waggon ride before noon the following day, but were doomed to disappointment. The rains had begun, and the roads were very bad. A waggon turned over into the mud, and we were delayed about four hours while it was being hauled out. Then another tumbled in. We were rather afraid ours might do the same, but were thankful to be kept in safety. Farther on, one of the waggons ran into a bank, on the side of a precipice. This sort of thing kept going on until at last we had

to get out and walk the rest of the way. So we did not reach our destination until evening. The next two days we travelled on horseback, the babies slung on the backs of the Indians. Although the rain had poured in torrents while we were in the waggon, we had hardly a drop while on horseback, though it seemed to be raining all around us, and there was thunder and lightning among the hills—another token of lovingkindness from the Lord. We made quite a bold show riding into Cuzco, all together. How the people did stare! We are staying in the hotel at present, but have secured a house, and shall go into it as soon as our things arrive. It is nice to be really here, but we shall need your prayers more than ever, for you may be sure there will be no lack of opposition.—'Christian Herald.'

Always Within Reach.

During the Civil War there lived in the Shenandoah Valley a freed slave known as Aunt Betsey, who could not be brought, by any process of reasoning, to understand the bloody work that was going on around her. Some of the sons of her old master had gone into the Union army; others into Lee's.

'De boys all tink dey're right,' the old woman insisted. 'I hope God will bring 'em all out safe.'

Her cabin stood on the country road leading into Winchester, and first the troops of one army and then the troops of the other passed it. Old Betsey shared neither the fury nor the terror of her neighbors.

'Dem boys all tink dey're right, an' dey're marchin' to death,' she would say, the old heart under her black breast throbbing with pity.

As the weather grew hot an idea came to her. She had a spring of excellent water, and when a detachment of tired, perspiring men marched past, she ran alongside of the column with pails of cold water and tin dippers which she handed them.

It mattered nothing to Betsey whether their coats were gray or blue. With each drink she gave a hearty word.

'De Lohd keep you from bein' killed, sah.'

'De Lohd be beside you in de battle.'

'I pray you may see yoh wife an' chillen again.'

'And which side are you on, aunty?' was often asked.

'I'se on no side. Dey's all God's chillen,' was the answer.

Many men, Southerners and Northerners alike, long afterward told of that tin dipper full of cold water, and of the prayer for their safety which came to them unexpectedly on their weary march. The poor old black woman little knew what memory of home, what cheer and comfort, she gave with her humble offering.

One of the hardest trials in a woman's life is that she cannot always help those dear to her. Her husband goes out to struggle with difficulties which she cannot face. The time comes when her boys must meet temptation and loss alone.

Outside of her family are countless human beings fighting for this or that cause. They are all God's children, most of them in their own way trying to do right. Her hands are weak. She cannot go with them on their march. But she can give to those with whom she is brought into contact love and a word from their Father. That cup of living water is always within her reach.—'Youth's Companion.'

Mysterious Sounds.

Sir David Brewster has given an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened most persons; but which proved innocent and harmless when tested by a steady observer.

A gentleman heard a strange sound every night soon after getting into bed. His wife who retired earlier than he, also heard the weird sound, but not until her husband had got into bed. For a long time no possible cause could be assigned, and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant.

The husband discovered, some time afterwards, that the noise came from the door of a wardrobe which stood near the head of the bed. It was his custom to open and close this wardrobe when undressing, but, as the door was a little tight, he could not quite shut it. The door, probably affected by changes in the temperature, forced itself open with a dull sound, which was over in an instant.

And so many a good ghost story could be solved by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of woodwork, such as doors, panels, window-frames, wainscoting, and furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is often quite startling, until one comes to know that it is due to the weather.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Blessings We Miss.

(By M. A. Deane, in 'American Messenger')

But only for the blindness of our hearts.
Anon.

Among the hills of Scotland dwelt
An aged mother rare;
Sweet patience shone through dim old eyes,
And crowned the silver hair.

Her son, in far America,
Was in her mind always;
For Heaven's rich blessings on his head
She ne'er forgot to pray.

But thinner grew the shivering form,
More bare the larder small;
Feebler the independent step,
Nearer the expected call.

One day a neighbor asked of him,
The long-gone son; did he
Ne'er send her 'siller, since he gaed
To that far country free?'

Gladly she showed the letters sent,
'And pretty pictures green;'
So eager from all hint of blame
Her absent son to screen.

The 'pictures' proved good clean bank-
notes.

Enough for every need;
With ample means, unrecognized,
She near had starved for bread!

So treat we His rich promises,
Meant every want to fill—
As keepsakes loved and beautiful,
But starve our souls meanwhile.

We long for rest and peace and joy,
Our anxious thoughts to stay;
But hang upon our walls, adorned,
The text that points the way.

Oh, loving souls; oh! fainting hearts;
His fulness is for you;
No longer hunger ye, or thirst,
If ye accept it, true!