

FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. J. B. TAYLOR.

One evening, some years ago, on a dark and stormy night, I was summoned to visit a neighbor who was supposed to be near his end. I soon made my way to the designated house, and found the room filled with friends, standing around the dying man. The physician had done all in his power to relieve the patient, and said that he could not last till day.

I took the sufferer's hand and talked to him concerning his hopes for eternity. He said that though not connected with any church, he was not afraid to die; that he had lately been converted, and was trusting in Christ. I congratulated him on being able to exercise such calm reliance in the near prospect of death, and urged on the bystanders the importance of preparation for a dying hour. After reading some appropriate passages from the Bible and offering prayer, I left the room, not expecting to see the young man alive the next morning.

That night an unlooked for and wonderful change took place, and the following morning the man was not only living but improving. He rapidly recovered, and in a short time was able to leave the sick-room. A few days after I had an opportunity for a quiet talk with him. Imagine my surprise when, on my having alluded to that memorable night in his history, he expressed himself as utterly ignorant of anything that occurred on the occasion. He said that he had no remembrance of my visit; that he had never knowingly professed conversion, and that had he died, he would have had no well-grounded hope for eternity.

Reader, the explanation is that the sick man's mind wandered. He was "out of his head," and unconscious of all that occurred at the time. And yet had he passed away, I should perhaps have written to absent relatives of their dear one's triumphant death, and friends would have thought of him as "safe in heaven."

I do not mean to say that one may not be converted on a death-bed. God forbid that I should limit the grace of God and the efficacy of atoning blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, I know that whenever a sinner realizes that he has no help in himself and no refuge of his own, and looks to what Jesus has done and suffered, he will be saved. But oh, the guilt, the folly, the danger of leaving.

"To the mercies of a moment
The vast concerns of an immortal state."

And what if that "moment," that last hour or day, should be one when the brain is all disordered!—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

HOME-MADE TELEPHONES.

Please tell me in your question column how I can make a boy's telephone, using wire or string as the conductor of sound. As I would like to run the wire or string at angles, please tell me what I can put for supports for wire or string at the angles so as not to interfere with the passing sound. Please give full particulars in your next paper.

And oblige. A Boy.

"Full particulars" would take a great deal of room, but we gladly do a little more than answer the specific question. A bright young lad of our acquaintance rigged up a telephone which carried sound successfully a distance of some sixty feet. He took a common cigar box, bored a half inch hole in either end, and then sawed the box in two in the middle. He raised the window in his room sufficiently to allow the half box to rest between the sash and the frame, and fitted a board to fill the rest of the opening—the open end of the box being inside the window. The

other half of the box was put in the same way at the other end of the line. Through the half-inch holes a fine wire was stretched tight and held in place by being tied around a nail which lay across the hole. It was, you see, a mutual benefit affair; the nail kept the wire in place and the wire kept the nail in place. There were no angles to be overcome, but my young friend thinks he could arrange it so that angles would not materially interfere. He would, as we understand it, fasten a loop of stiff wire to the post or corner of the building making the angle, and pass the telephone wire through the loop in such a way as to pull from the post and not touch it.

The same lad describes to me a telephone which is in operation from his father's house to his store; a distance of some 875 feet. At first they used one which cost about five dollars, but it was too small. They tried a larger one, which they have again replaced by one still larger. In this case there are angles to be overcome,

although the path for the wire is made as straight as possible. The only insulators are loops; in the case of the small telephone the top is made of cord, in the one they now use, of stiff wire. The wire loop is bent to form a sort of catch, like that in a lady's brooch, so that the loop may be opened and the wire passed in without the trouble of drawing it through from either end. This loop of stiff wire is fastened to a pole, or other support, by fine wire. So far as appears, the effort is to keep the wire stretched taut, and prevented from lying loosely against anything.—*Christian Union.*

THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumbell," being at the first thumble, and afterward thimble.

It is a Dutch invention and was first brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting. Formerly iron and brass were used, but lately steel, silver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and punched into shape.

In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into dies of about two inches diameter. These being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape.

The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color.

A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edge being fastened to a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use.—*Sel.*

DO NOT WADE FAR OUT into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take what the good God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away; for indeed it is but a temporary supply for a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your God.—*Spurgeon.*

IF AN IRREGULAR TEACHER should read this, listen while I whisper to you. You would do the greatest possible good to your class by either being regular or resigning your place at once. You will also please your superintendent by such an act, for he is hoping you will do one or the other without any hint from him.



BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think;
True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while he pondered there,
"I'll give it up," cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking
Stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher;

'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Six brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who try:
The spider up there defied despair!
He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And this time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't."
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly and want.

—*Child's Companion*