

## Needless Fears.

Close to Vatoa, or Turtle Island, in Eastern Fiji, there is a dangerous outlying coral reef called Vuata Vatoa, on which a number of vessels have been wrecked. The latest victim of this reef is the 'Scottish Dale,' a big ship of 2,000 tons. While the crew were taking to the boats, they saw to their horror the brown mat-sail of a canoe bearing down upon them, and they made frantic haste to escape from the blood-thirsty cannibals whom they supposed to be on board. They got safely away, and were filled with thankfulness, though they had a long run before them of some 240 nautical miles to Suva, where the governor lives, and where they thought there might be safety from the cannibals. So away they went before a brisk trade-wind, anxiously looking out for pursuing savages as they passed the islands on their way. When they reached Suva, they told the people of their narrow escape from the blood-thirsty Vatoans, and were astounded by the roar of laughter that followed the narrative. They would have been as safe at Vatoa, or at any one of the islands which they passed with fear and trembling, as they would have been in the streets of the most civilized city in the world—safer, indeed, for they would have found no one who wanted to pick their pockets. The writer once went up to Vatoa in our mission schooner to take away a shipwrecked crew. He found them living in comfort with the natives, who had not only fed and sheltered them, but had helped them to save the goods on board the wreck. They were safely stowed in the chief's house, and faithfully kept till a vessel was sent for them.—*Australian Paper.*

## The Boy's Request.

As a clergyman sat in his study, a gentleman was announced. The minister knew his visitor well by sight and repute, and he was the very last person whom he would have expected to call upon him, for he was known to be a fast liver and a great swearer; but the worthy man's surprise was doubled when the gentleman expressed a desire to sit at the table of the Lord on the following day. A few direct and pointed questions revealed the fact that he was now a truly converted man, and that he had been led to the Cross through his little son's dying request. Though only about twelve years of age, the little fellow had learned to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and great was his grief to hear his father blaspheme God's holy name. He was smitten with a fatal illness, and, as the end was approaching, the little sufferer said, 'Father, I should like you to make one promise to me.' 'What is it, my boy? I am willing to do anything that you ask me.' 'Then, father, please—oh! please—do not swear any more.' Tears welled up into the father's eyes, and his voice was broken with sobs as he huskily replied, 'Never again, my boy; with God's help, never again.' 'Oh,' he said to the minister, 'I never had anything come to my soul with such power as that whispered request.' It broke him down. All his false pride melted away, and he felt that he was a poor, weak, sinful man, who could only cry, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' —*Christian Herald.*

'Couldst thou in vision see  
Thyself the man God meant,  
Thou nevermore wouldst be  
The man thou art—content.'  
—*Waif.*

silence. One day, a week later, however, old Jacob called him.

'Tom,' he said, 'I have something to show you. I have been taking some fresh photographs this week, and I want you to see one in particular. Come here.'

Tom came, and his father gave him the photograph into his hand. The boy gave one look, and got as scarlet as a peony.

'Father,' he gasped, 'was it as bad as that?'

His voice was trembling, and if Tom had not been such a big boy, I should have almost said he was crying.

'Yes, Tom,' old Jacob replied; 'that's how you looked coming up the street. Be warned in time, my boy, and have nothing more to do with strong drink. You see what it does to you.'

That was the sermon the camera preached to Tom, and he never forgot it, children. The Red Lion never saw him there again. —*Adviser.*

## Home Libraries.

As the children grow up the books they once loved but have ceased to read begin to accumulate on the top shelves. They have the value of old association, but they do no real good. Why not make a 'Home Library' of them and confer a benefit far greater than you can easily estimate? Miss Kate Bond, of the King's Daughters and Sons, thus tells about the Home Library:

The Home Library had its origin in a most natural and simple way. Charles W. Birtwell, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society in Boston, was in the habit of lending books to various children in poor families. He liked to talk to the children about the books, but this personal work consumed so much time that he conceived the idea of the Home Library, an idea so rational and practical that it has already spread to several other cities.

A Home Library is a collection of twenty carefully chosen books placed in the home of one of a group of ten children. A sympathetic visitor, usually a woman, meets the children once a week, talks over the books which they have read at their homes, and interests and amuses them for an hour. In a word, it means the influence of a good friend and a good book on children with few opportunities. Each group may contain both boys and girls, ranging in age from eight to fifteen. Games and penny saving, after the Penny Provident Fund method, are often introduced and are exceeding popular. As the groups increase, the little libraries pass from one to another till they are worn out. The reading of the books is not confined to the immediate members of the library group. In many cases parents, brothers and sisters use the books as freely as do the members, and reading aloud in the family circle is encouraged.

'Circles of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons living in villages and cities often have a desire to visit the needy and to influence their lives for good, but do not know how to approach such households. It is possible for almost every Circle, or, at least, for a combination of Circles in any town, to obtain twenty good books and a case that will hold them. Such a library placed in a home will make that household the centre of blessed influences to other families.'

'Suppose the library and case to have been secured,' Miss Bond says, 'the next step is for the Circle or Circles to elect from their number a visitor, or several visitors. Inquire among the families visited, and select a household trustworthy enough to receive this library into its dwelling. Ap-

point one of the elder children to serve as regular librarian. Give her a book in which to record the names of her neighbors who may take out the books to read. In the regular visits of this family ascertain how many of the books have been read, and, if possible, talk, especially with the children, about their contents. You will find that this process will result in creating an interest in home amusements, that the children will be eager for further knowledge or entertainment from books, and that their relatives will join with them in this desire, and you will also find that the taste of the young is improved. They will learn to stay at home and read, rather than to run the streets, taking any companionship that may offer. Besides, it will give you, as a visitor and friend, reason for calling at the houses of those whom you desire to help, and you will be received as a friend and not as an almsgiver.

'Be careful in the selection of books. Do not let them be of sectarian character, although they may be religious. Let each library contain books for girls and boys, for older and younger children, one or more fairy stories, popular histories, books of travel and books about nature.' —*American Messenger.*

## Two Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,  
On the very self-same day;  
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,

In the very self-same way;  
And both seemed pure and innocent  
As falling flakes of snow,  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,  
'And the children both were fair;  
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,  
The other had tangled hair.  
The children both grew up apace,  
As other children grow;  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two maidens grew in the self-same town,  
And one was wedded and loved;  
The other saw thro' the curtain's part,  
The world where her sister moved.  
And one was smiling a happy bride,  
The other knew care and woe;  
For one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,  
And one had tender care,  
The other was left to die alone,  
On her pallet so thin and bare.  
One had many to mourn her loss,  
For the other few tears would flow,  
For one had lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

If the Lord, who died for rich and poor,  
In wondrous, holy love,  
Took both the sisters in his arms,  
And carried them above,  
Then all the difference vanished quite;  
For in heaven none would know  
Which of them lived in the terraced house,  
And which in the street below.  
—*Waif.*

Mr. R. W. Pitcher, writing in the 'Echo' of the 3rd instant, says:—'Brewers, with numerous beer-shops and grogeries, take water from the waterworks of cities and towns at about £15 per million gallons, make it liquor of strife and impoverishment, and sell it at threepence per pint, and grab £100,000 per million gallons; the cost of making the beer and retailing it being about one-eighth; thus the revenue system and liquorism profit each nearly £45,000 per million gallons of beer.'