

"Well—I don't know about that," her brother reflectively said.

"Why, Dick! What do you mean?" questioned his mother in a surprised voice. "Don't you want Amy to go?"

"Yes—but you see, mamma, girls are such a bother. They're always crying over every little thing." Dick hesitated a moment, but his mother said nothing, and he continued: "I shall have to look out for her, and I can't have any fun at all."

"I don't want you to. I can take care of myself," began Amy. But the glad light had all gone from her eyes.

"Oh, of course I will," replied Dick, not very graciously.

Several little acts had of late shown Mrs. Radcliffe that though her son's heart was all right, his thoughtlessness was doing harm both to himself and others. She knew full well that he would be sorry for his careless words, but being sorry does little good, provided the repentance is not deep enough to prevent a re-occurrence of the words or act.

The next day proved a chosen one, perfect in all the mellow warmth of a September morning. The children, awake early, were up and dressed in the shortest possible time.

The spot selected for the day's affair was several miles away, of course, for then there would be the ride to and from. With close packing, which was all the more fun, one old wagon managed to hold the party.

Almost too soon, they reached their destination. But it was a pretty spot, by the border of a pond, and after all, it was a relief to run around and stretch one's self. The baskets were all given in charge of the elders, and the children had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and be in readiness when help was wanted to make the fires, which meant—ah! fried potatoes!

And you may be sure they were all in readiness. In the course of an hour a little bell sounded, which brought—yes, I think every one, to the scene of the pastoral feast which was to be. Finally, everything was in readiness, and such a jolly time as they had! They were very hungry, and the lunch was delicious; so justice was done to the viands I assure you.

"Do you see those pies?" a voice enquired of several around him, nodding toward some which by their excellence would scarcely have escaped observation. "Let me tell you something. Don't you eat them. Say 'No' when you're asked. Amy made them."

Surprisingly, and rather dejectedly, those within hearing obeyed. "No, thank you;" "No, thank you," was uttered several times. Amy looked slightly puzzled. Nearly everyone liked apple-pies, and these surely were nice. The refusals were not very flattering to her cooking, though of course they were ignorant that she made them. Just then, glancing across the table, she saw a certain expression on her brother's face. She knew who had set the ball rolling.

As soon as Amy saw what the matter was, her face flushed, and she hung her head as though she had done something to be ashamed of. She was hurt. It troubled her, and took away all pleasure for the rest of the meal. Well, after every appetite was satisfied, and in spite of the numerous insects which always attend a picnic, the feast enjoyed, the company gathered together and played games, told stories, and some who had brought books, found most comfortable lounging-places in the hollows of gnarled old oaks, whose wide-spreading roots formed very good armchairs.

Among the latter was Amy, who had quite forgotten her grievances, buried as she was in the most interesting part of a wonderful fairy tale.

Dick had been playing with the others, but every now and then, his eyes wandered to where his sister was sitting. Finally, he sauntered over to her.

"I say, Amy," exclaimed he, "don't you want a row?"

Amy looked up from her book. She was fond of the water.

"We must ask if we can go," having quickly assented to her brother's proposition.

Dick agreed, and permission was given them, for the water was very smooth; Dick could manage a boat very well for a small boy, and with the promise given to keep in sight, they went in search of the boat. The canoe with which it was found showed that Master Dick's eyes had rested on it before in his rambles.

"It is a good of you to take me," said Amy, gratefully, as Dick rested for a moment on his oars.

"Pooh! that's all right," replied Dick, a trifle embarrassed by his sister's gratitude. "Want those pond lilies?" Just discernible, over the other side of the pond, Amy saw the lovely fragrant flowers. So the boat made its way across the glistening water.

"Let me pick them," said Amy, reaching over the boat-side as she spoke.

"No—I will; because you might fall in," answered her brother.

"Why, no I won't."

"Yes you might. Now, Amy, you let me get them for you."

"It's half the fun to pick them," urged Amy.

"Well, go ahead then," was uttered in rather a cross tone.

Amy picked several. After all it wasn't so very much fun. The boat tipped a little.

"Oh!" she cried.

"What's the matter?" questioned her brother.

Amy said nothing, but did not lean so far over the side again.

Presently came another lurch—then another—and then a frightened cry of "Dick! Dick! don't!"

"Why not?" enquired her tormentor, continuing his sport.

"You'll upset us! You'll upset us," screamed Amy. "Stop!"

But instead of stopping, Dick rocked the boat more and more. In her fright, Amy had risen. The rocking, the glare upon the water, was making her very faint and dizzy.

"Sit down. Don't make such a fuss," cried Dick. "What a baby you are."

But as he spoke the face opposite him became very white—there was a slight swaying of the girl's figure—and in another moment he was the only occupant of the boat!

Fright paralyzed him for a second. But as Amy rose to the surface he clutched her dress, and with all his strength, succeeded in dragging the lifeless figure into the boat. Somehow, he rowed back to the shore. They laid her on the grass, and tried every means to bring her back to consciousness, and at length they were rewarded. Color crept into the pale face, and the blue eyes slowly opened.

"Amy, Amy!" and Dick sobbed aloud in utter thankfulness. Not even Amy's smile, and feebly uttered "Don't cry, Dick," could stem his tears, as he pictured what might have been. They carried her to a farm-house near by, and while her clothes were drying, put her to bed. It was the best thing they could have done, for she awoke much refreshed.

"Yes, my dear, it was indeed a lesson," said Mrs. Radcliffe that night, when Dick penitently told her all. "I felt that sooner or later, such a one would come to you—and now that it has, I hope it will not be forgotten. For awhile you will remember it—out that will not do. I want the thought of this day to enter your mind whenever that evil genius called 'torment' speaks to you. Amy is very sensitive. It would be much better for her were she not so. It is a misfortune, but one not to be remedied by any past method of yours. Scarcely no two people can be treated quite alike. I do not expect, my boy, that you will have the tact of an older person. But you are old enough, wise enough, and at heart, I know good enough, not to intentionally inflict a wound. Tact, like all other qualities, good or bad, increases with years. But it springs from kind thoughtfulness, and delicate consideration for the happiness and feelings of others. Few people are born wholly without this, though they may possess but little. Carelessness and lack of cultivation, however, often kill that little. So be careful, my son, always remembering that as much evil is wrought in this world by want of thought, as by want of heart."—*Watchman*

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Prof. James Bryce, of Oxford, has accomplished the difficult feat of ascending Mt. Ararat. This has been done several times before, the most recent ascent having been made in 1856. The *Spectator* thus condenses his account of the afternoon climb and of the few moments when he stood on the summit:

"The hours were wearing on; a night upon the mountain would probably mean death to the brave man (whose clothing was insufficient even for the day-time, for his overcoat had been stolen on a Russian railway); the decision had to be quickly taken. He decided for the snow-basin, retraced his steps from the precipice, climbed into the basin along the border of a treacherous ice-slope, and attacked the friable rocks, so rotten that neither feet nor hands could get firm hold, floundering pitifully, because too tired for a rush. All the way up this rock-slope, where the strong sulphurous smell of Mr. Bryce to hope he should find some trace of an eruptive vent, it was so 'delightfully volcanic,' but where he only found lumps of minerals and a piece of gypsum with fine crystals, he was constantly gazing at the upper end of the toilsome road for signs of crags or snow-fields above. But a soft mist-curtain hung there, where the snow seemed to begin, and who could tell what lay beyond? The solitude must indeed have been awful then, for everything like certainty and calculation had ceased. Only one hour was before him now; at its end he must turn back,—if, indeed, his strength could hold out for that other hour. He struggled on up the crumbling rocks, now to the right, now to the

left, as the foothold looked a little firmer on either side, until suddenly the rock-slope came to an end, and he stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it into the clouds, into the teeth of the strong west wind, into cold so great that an icicle enveloped the lower half of his face at once, and did not melt until four hours afterwards. He tightened in his loose light coat with a Spanish neck-scarf, and walked straight on over the snow, following the rise, seeing only about thirty yards ahead of him, in the thick mist. Time was flying; if the invisible summit of the Mountain of the Ark were indeed far off now, if this gentle rise stretched on and on, that summit must remain unseen by him who had dared and done so great a feat that he might look from its sacred eminence. He trailed the point of the ice-axe in the soft snow, to mark the backward track; for there was no longer any landmark,—all was cloud on every side. Suddenly he felt with amazement that the ground was falling away to the north, and he saw...ill.

"A puff of the west wind drove away the mists on the opposite side to that by which he had come, and his eyes rested on the Paradise plain, at an abyssal depth below. The solitary traveller stood on the top of Mount Ararat, with the history of the world spread beneath his gaze, and all around him a scene which reduced that history to pitiful proportions, and man himself to infinite littleness, a 'landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished.' His vision ranged over the vast expanse within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out, but Kazbek, Elbrus, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Goz, whose three peaks enclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus ranges; and north-west, the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom; the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kars stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle. While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, 'while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing,' the mist curtain dropped, unfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain-top. 'The awe that fell upon me,' he says, 'with the sense of utter loneliness, made time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve.' Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, far off, where his friend had halted, 'the sun had got behind the south-western ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Media, far to the south-east, still glowed rodder than ever, then turned swiftly to splendid purple in the dying light.' At six o'clock he reached the bivouac, and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later, Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archbishop who rules the house. 'This Englishman,' said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, 'says he has ascended to the top of Massis' (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, 'That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible.'"

MORBID SELF-EXAMINATION.

The counsel to self-examination which Paul gives is, we fear, sadly perverted. "There are," observed Isaac Taylor, "anatomists of piety who destroy all the freshness of faith and hope and charity, by immersing themselves day and night in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms." This language seems strong, but we have no doubt of its substantial truthfulness, or that right here lies the secret of the spiritual unrest and unhealthfulness with which the lives of real Christians are often saddened and enfeebled. The exhortations of the apostle, taken in their true sense, have reference to that self-examination which sits in judgment upon our lives as represented in acts and purposes. It is an entire perversion of Scripture precepts to spend our time in morbid inspection of moods and emotions. Feeling is undoubtedly to a certain extent symptomatic of our spiritual condition. But it is by no means a sure index. The subtle operations of our emotional natures often defy the analysis of the skilled observer. Much less

trustworthy are the conclusions of the religious dyspeptic who is always feeling his own spiritual pulse, and is morbidly suspicious of the state of his spiritual digestion.

True piety leads us out of and away from ourselves. It is brought into most lively exercise by looking unto Jesus and not to self. It is the result of attraction without, and not of commotion within. It is expansive and outgoing, and not the recoil of the soul upon its own narrow life. It does not make even happiness its primary end and aim. Christ and his commands are the single aim, and happiness comes as an incident to that aim.

We do not, of course, intend to discourage self-examination in any true sense. The law of God demands the strictest and most constant scrutiny of our own lives and motives. But just as in the physical disease, we may go either to the extreme of undue confidence in certain fallacious evidences of convalescence, and thus be lured into fatal security while the malady is left unchecked to do its insidious work, or on the other hand we may be led into a morbid watchfulness of moods and feelings and ill-understood symptoms. Both are errors. What we need is the appropriate medicine. So with the disease of sin. Feelings and symptoms may deceive us. Christ will not. The Great Physician is unfailing. "There is a balm in Gilead." There is healing nowhere else. So long, then, as self-examination leads us away from self and into Christ it is healthful. Whatever carries us out of our own narrow purposes into active union with him in whom our lives are hid, is in the appointed road that leads to spiritual soundness. But God in his Word gives no sanction either to that spiritual self-confidence or spiritual hypochondria which comes from a morbid and misguided study of our own hearts and emotions. Duty is definite. Feeling rests upon a thousand contingencies. There is no need of mistaking the one. There is abundant reason for distrusting the other. Trusting in emotions saves no one. Trusting in Christ is the one condition of absolute safety and eternal peace.—*London Baptist*.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXXI.

Faith shall be swallowed up in sight,
Hope in fulfilment at end,
When on our twilight life the light
Of heaven shall descend.

A "gr-grace to these, more great,
Shall brighten when they wane,
O let us more and more to this,
Even in this life, attain!

The initials of the following will give the name of this most excellent grace:

1. The grandmother of Timothy.
2. The good servant of a wicked king, who kept one hundred prophets of the Lord from the vengeance of the queen.
3. A queen who resisted her husband's command, and was deposed.
4. A good man, but a bad father

XXXII.

The father of the first artificer in brass and iron.

The man who said, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."

The wise man's estimate of earthly pleasure.

The place where David slew Goliath.

Rehoboam's successor.

The people who stole the oxen of Job.

Harod's chamberlain.

The city where Jehu was anointed king.

The kingdom of Chedorlaomer.

Paul's amanuensis when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans.

The mother of Adonijah.

The wife of Mahlon.

The name of the altar that was built by the children of Reuben and Gad.

The younger son of Bilhah.

XXXIII.

My first enjoins a watchful care,
To see and shun each lurking snare,
With earnest and unceasing prayer.

My second speaks a kingdom mine,
Where life and peace and joy divine
In uncorrupted glory shine.

My third would contradict my first,
His watchful cautions reversed,
By careless, prayerless folly nursed.

Faith is my fourth, of things not seen
While on the word of truth we lean,
Though clouds and darkness intervene

These several subjects find in turn,
And as their primal signs you learn,
My whole in figure you discern.

This type of Jesus, and His saints
Their living, fruitful union pains,
And patient love that never faints.