

some idea of their relative sizes. In the foreground to the left is seen the guardian of this treasure, a gnome carved in wood, modelled after the old-time court fool of the castle. The tourist is invited to pull a cord by his side, when a hideous figure springs out of a box.

It was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loop-hole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of "heaven's loud artillery."

The famous university, with seven hundred students, dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

#### Pluck and Prayer.

THERE wa'n't any use o' fretting,  
And I told Obadiah so,  
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,  
We'd jest got to let 'em go.  
There were lots of folks that'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
An' it didn't seem to be wuth our while  
To make such a dreille fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,  
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,  
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap  
But water—an' apple-sass.  
But then—as I told Obadiah—  
It wa'n't any use to groan,  
For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it; and he  
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,  
At any hour of the night,  
A-prayin' out in that closet there,  
I would have set you crazy quite.  
I patched the knees of those trousers  
With cloth that was noways thin,  
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out  
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little  
Of the thorny way we trod,  
But at least a dozen times a day  
He talked it over with God.  
Down on his knees in that closet  
The most of his time was passed;  
For Obadiah knew how to pray  
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary  
That ef things don't go jest right,  
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high  
An' gettin' ready to fight.  
An' the giants I slew that winter  
I a'n't goin' to talk about;  
An' I didn't even complain to God,  
Though I think He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle  
I druv the wolf from the door,  
For I knew that we needn't starve to death  
Or be lazy because we were poor.  
An' Obadiah he wondered,  
An' kept me patchin' his knees,  
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,  
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,  
"God knows where His gifts descends;  
An' 't isn't always that faith gets down  
As far as the finger ends."  
An' I would not have no one reckon  
My Obadiah a shirk;  
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,  
And others the gift to work.

#### An Heroic Deed

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is what Chief-Engineer Bain, of the steamer State of Florida, did. The only woman saved from the wreck of that vessel was stewardess Jane MacFarland, of Glasgow, and she owed her life to the self-sacrifice of the chief engineer. He was in one of the boats when he saw that this woman was left on the sinking steamer. He gave her his place, returned to the Florida and went down with her. Such a deed recalls that thrilling scene on the sinking Birkenhead many years ago. There was only room in the boats for the women and children, and there were many British troops on board. At the command of their officers those brave men put all the women and little ones in the boats; then drew up with parade steadiness on the deck, and as the vessel sank they fired a volley and went down with her, their ranks unbroken to the last. That was collective heroism, but it was no nobler than the perfect self-devotion and manliness which the Scotch engineer displayed when he deliberately gave up his own life that a helpless woman might be saved.

It is such deeds as this that prove the survival of exalted conceptions of duty in an age which is sometimes accused of being sordid and degenerate. For "greater love hath no man than this," and the human intelligence can conceive of no more complete demonstration, of no more utter self-sacrifice. Nor does it appear that in this case there was any more utter self-sacrifice. Nor does it appear that in this case there was any specially close relation between the parties. The engineer probably knew little of the stewardess. All he recognized in that supreme moment—that moment in which, as has been finely observed, all disguises are thrown aside, and the real nature stands forward for what it is—was that she was a woman, and in deadly peril. That sight brought his nature into full view, and it proved to be a noble one. There was no time for thought or consideration, nor did he need time. He instantly, calmly, resigned his one chance of life in favour of the woman. Such deeds deserve record and remembrance, for there is no man, whatever his achievements, whatever his capacities, whatever his material triumphs, who must not feel and acknowledge that the heroism shown forth in a sacrifice like this brings us all for the moment in contact with a higher and purer sphere of action and thought than is encountered in the most engrossing ambitions of the workaday world.—*New York Tribune.*

#### A Precious Pillow.

DR. JUDSON, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1853. The manuscript was destined within a year to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to Ava, the capital of the empire, hopeful of doing effective missionary work. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. Dr. Judson was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and the other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed

within the prison pounds. There they lay with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was thrown into prison, one of the first acts of his wife, Emily C. Judson, was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament in the earth under the house, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Dr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little, naturally one of the earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. The wife sewed up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased in matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unsightly and so hard that she supposed no one would care to take it from him. After about seven months had passed, the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison and loaded with extra fetters. The few poor mattresses and pillows, which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones, were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery the prisoners expected speedy execution, and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would it in some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted heathen of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable, and apparently so worthless, that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed, and if the prisoner liked that sort of thing to rest his head upon, he might have it, for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, "tied two and two," and driven, barefooted, over sharp gravel and burning sand to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmans were seizing all the spoil they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Dr. Judson's pillow, and as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value, it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher whom he feared he would never see again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the troubles were over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was all printed, and to-day the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, the African explorer, states that the camel will cross the deserts with a load of 400 pounds at the rate of thirty miles a day in the burning heat of summer and requires water only every third or fourth day. In the cooler months the animal will work for seven or eight days without water, and if grazing on green foliage without labour will drink only once a fortnight.

#### For the Boys.

THE *Wide Awake* gives the following story, which is all the better for being true; Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure moments may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

#### Manner.

ONE of the most prominent public men of our time said lately:

"I have lived 63 years in the world, and have come in contact with all ranks and quality of men; but I have never met one who, when I spoke to him with sincerity and courtesy, would not reply to me in a like manner."

This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from a man who probably possessed more personal popularity than any living American, and who owes it to the magnetic charm of his sincerity and courtesy of manner.

Dorothy Dix, who visited almost every prison in the United States, says that she had never received a rude answer from a convict, no matter how disgraced he might have been.

"I showed them that I trusted them by my manner," was her secret.

There is no personal quality which young people are so apt to neglect as this, for an attractive, magnetic manner, which is so much more potent and enduring a charm than the beauty of face and figure which they prize so highly.—*Ex.*

How to interest boys of fourteen or fifteen years in personal religion is one of the most difficult of Sunday-school problems. A lady teacher found help in its solution by inviting her class of laas to spend an evening at her house—that they might be bored with pious talk? By no means; some of the boys had that idea, and stayed away. Those who came had music, simple games, which were instructive and amusing, and plenty of cake, lemonade, and fruit. There was a sacred song, and a brief prayer, which made every one feel that his heavenly Father was glad to see him happy. The stayaways had not the expected laugh at those who accepted the invitation, and all concluded that their teacher really cared for them. When she appealed to each separately, they listened, and some accepted Christ. That boys' party cost something, but it warmed those young hearts toward the teacher and toward her Saviour. Didn't it pay!