

after Herglin had thus expressed himself, had I not discovered a new authority for it. In the second book of Dr Petermann's great book of travels, I find the following: "Professor Roth, of Munich, related to me, in Jerusalem, that the well-known Swedish traveller, Hedenborg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autumn, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small birds, without being able to see them; but, on one occasion, he observed a party of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been transported by them across the sea."

### The Master's Questions.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,  
For those who have missed their way?  
Have ye been in the wild waste places,  
Where the lost and wandering stray?  
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,  
The foul and the darksome street?  
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming  
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom  
The trembling neglected lamb,  
And taught to the little lost one  
The sound of the Shepherd's name?  
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,  
With no clothing, no home, no bread?  
The Son of man was among them—  
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water  
To the parched and thirsty soul?  
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"  
Have ye told My fainting children  
Of the strength of the Father's hand?  
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps  
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,  
To smooth the pillow of death,  
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,  
And strengthen the feeble faith?  
And have ye felt, when the glory  
Has streamed through the open door,  
And flitted across the shadows,  
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted  
In their agony of woe?  
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you  
"Tis the pathway I often go!"  
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,  
Can ye dare to follow Me?  
Then, wherover the Master dwelleth,  
There shall the servant be!

### The School Days of Great Men.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

ISAAC NEWTON, the world-famous natural philosopher, was the son of a farmer, and was born at Woolsthorpe, England, in the year 1642. He was a puny, sickly, delicate little child. Soon after his birth it was not thought he would live many hours, and his nurse—who went for some medicine—was surprised to find him alive when she returned. His father had died before little Isaac was born. Not a great while after, his mother married again, and Isaac was taken by his maternal grandmother to be brought up by her.

During his early school-days he was not a particularly attentive scholar, though not from any lack of intelligence. You will smile when you learn how he was "spurred up" to attend to his education. It happened that one day a mean, bad boy, who stood next to him in the class, kicked him in the stomach. Most boys would have kicked back. Isaac didn't. He thought of a sweeter revenge, or punishment, than personal violence. He put his mind to his books, and determined to

get ahead of this boy, which he did in a very short time, and finally became the first scholar in the class.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to the public school at Grantham, where he was remembered as a "sober, silent, thinking lad," who loved to be much by himself. From his very earliest childhood he had been fond of using tools, and loved to construct all sorts of curious pieces of mechanism. Some men were building a wind-mill in his neighbourhood. He watched them to see how it was put together, and then set to work to build a little one on the same plan. After he got tired of seeing it put in motion by the action of the wind, he so changed it that it could be run by animal power. He contrived it so that a mouse would run over a tread-wheel, and thus keep the machine going.

His water-clock was a still more wonderful piece of work. It was about four feet high, and looked somewhat like a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which was made to rise or fall by the action of dropping water. This clock was used for many years by an old resident of the village.

Isaac Newton was the inventor of a sort of velocipede, or, as he called it, a "mechanical carriage." This vehicle had four wheels, and was put in motion by a handle worked by the person who sat in it. It could only be used on the smooth surface of the floor. Doubtless it could be used on such sidewalks as we have at the present day, though it would look rather awkward beside the well-made natty three-wheeled velocipedes in use by our modern boys and girls.

It may surprise you to learn that the grave philosopher Newton was the inventor of the improved kite. After experimenting on the proper shape to be used, and the best method of tying the string, he one day astonished his companions by introducing the new plaything to the school-ground. After this he made paper-lanterns, which he used on dark, winter mornings, when going to school. Then he conceived the idea of tying a lantern to the tail of a kite, and putting the kite up by night. Many country people thought the light was a falling meteor, or a comet, descending from infinite space.

Besides this genius for mechanism, Newton was a good draughtsman, and adorned his room with many little pictures, drawn and framed by himself. He wrote some poetry, too; but the less we say about that the better.

At the age of fifteen he was taken from school and put on the farm where he was born, it being the intention of his mother to make him a farmer. You know what care—what thrift and industry—are required to cultivate the soil; and how a man must take a real interest in his work—or in any work, for that matter—if he would be successful. Newton was a born mechanical genius, but as an agriculturist—a cultivator—he would never have made a success. On the farm he spent most of the time studying scientific books, or working at his inventions. As for the oats, the beans, and the barley, they looked after themselves.

On Saturday night he would have to go to town to sell his produce. Sometimes Newton would send his man; and even if he went himself the man would have to attend to the business, for Newton's mind was so much occupied with astronomical or other studies, that he had no more idea of the prices he ought to get for his produce than the man in the moon. Sometimes he would leave the wagon before he got to town, and, sitting down by the roadside, under the shade of a big tree, he would pore over a book, or study out some new invention.

Once his uncle—a clergyman—caught him in this position, so wrapped up in his thoughts that he did not notice the presence of his reverend relative.

Newton was studying a mathematical problem. The uncle saw at once that a boy like Newton would never make a farmer, and advised his mother to send him back to school. She did so; and after a time, Newton entered Trinity College, where he was a close student, and had time and opportunity to study scientific works to his heart's content. He mastered *Descartes' Geometry* by himself, without any preliminary study.

One notable thing about Newton was his modesty. He was the man who said, in speaking of his studies, that he was only "a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore." He made use of every little fact that came in his way.

An old writer has expressed the thought that they who would

"To greatness rise,  
Ought not small beginnings to despise,  
Nor strive to runne before they learn to creep.  
By many single cares together brought  
The hand is filled; by handfulls we may gaine  
A sheafe; with many sheaves a barme is fraught;  
Thus oft by little we do muche obtaine.

### She Will Sleep To-Night.

SMOOTH the braids of her silken hair  
On her queenly brow with tender care;  
Gather the robe in a final fold  
Around the form that will not grow old.  
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,  
The fairest, sweetest flowers that grow.  
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight,  
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life light lies  
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,  
And her lips are closed as in fond delay  
Of the loving words she had to say;  
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,  
And from dainty hand to dainty feet  
She is strangely quiet, cold and white,  
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-night.

Put by her work and her empty chair,  
Fold up the garments she used to wear;  
Let down the curtains and close the door,  
She will need the garish light no more;  
For the task assigned her under the sun  
Is finished now and the guerdon is won.  
Tenderly kiss her, put out the light,  
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

### "Be Mighty Sure."

"Be mighty sure with your proofs, Bob," said a hard-looking old man to another, who had assured him there was no hell. "Be mighty sure of your proofs, Bob; for there are a great many of us who are depending on ye."

"Yes, I believe," said one man, "that everybody will be saved; but I'd give that yoke of oxen if I knew it was so."

"I believe every word of it," said a grasping miser, to one who had been prophesying smooth things to the people; "but I will give you a thousand dollars if you will prove it sure, and no mistake."

Men are right glad to pay their money; but they want to be sure they get what they pay for. And if at last they should find that there was some mistake, and that perdition was no dream and no joke; if they should find that, after all their assaults on creeds and catechisms, there was one thing they had not touched—the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever; that word which declares: "The wages of sin is death," and the soul that sinneth, it shall die"; men will mourn at last that they depended upon falsehoods and uncertainties. Is it not better to make the matter sure to-day, by turning to the Lord, and seeking and finding salvation through him?