

The Sabbath Chime.

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
Over all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Held on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and they people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour,
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And never from us depart,
Spice of power.

To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

THE EARTH'S MOTION.

It is Alleged that the Poles in Moving Describe Circles.

One of the most curious inquiries of a scientific nature now under way is the investigation of the fixity of the earth's axis of rotation. It appears from various astronomical observations that the latitudes of certain observatories in Europe and the United States are slowly changing. The changes are exceedingly slight, so that only the most delicate measurements can reveal them; but in many branches of science it is small things that count most, since they give the investigator his closest acquaintance with the operations of nature.

Yet, although the variations of latitude that seem to have been detected are very small—amounting, for instance, in the case of the observatory of Pulkova, in Russia, to a motion away from the North Pole of six inches in a year—very interesting deductions may be drawn from them. Mr. C. C. Constock has suggested, in a careful discussion of the subject, that the change in the position of the poles, which is indicated by the variations in question, might possibly be the result of a slight motion still remaining over from a great shifting of the earth's axis in long past time, by which the North Pole was brought from the center of Greenland to its present position.

The idea that the North Pole may once have been in Greenland, arises from the fact that Greenland was the center of the area which was covered with ice during the glacial epoch. Such a shifting of the pole would, then, serve to explain the disappearance of the ice sheet that once covered North America as far south as the latitude of New York.

Mr. S. C. Chandler, after studying the results of the observations that have been made as to variations of latitude, has deduced the conclusion that all the changes can be accounted for by supposing that the North Pole revolves in a circle sixty feet in diameter, once in every four hundred and twenty-seven days.

To many persons such inquiries may not appear to be of much practical importance, but it is not worth while to learn everything we can about this great ship of space which is bearing us on a wonderful voyage through the ocean of infinity, and every peculiarity of whose motion has some relation to the forces that control the apparently endless journey?

The Beauty of Apology.

Scarcely a day passes but each one of us is guilty, through carelessness, ignorance, or perhaps intention, of some unkind, hasty, word or act against another. We misjudge another's word or deed, and, with angry motives, we try to right ourselves and assert our injured dignity. When our better nature is restored we regret that we were not slow to anger. We are mortified that our own perceptions were not keen enough to see the word or deed from an impartial point of view, and often we feel true contrition that we have cherished unjust suspicions, and voiced our thoughts indignantly and harshly. There is an uneasy tugging of our conscience and a hurt spot in another's heart—two discords which all might have been harmonious. Or we are so busy with our duties, so wrapped up in our efforts to get what we wish, that we hurry along rough-shod over anything or person that checks our hasty pace. We are not unkind, but careless of another's share in the daily doings. We are self-assertive, and we imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. We are surprised to find ourselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at our self-centered course; or we are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in our neighbor's more high-strung nature, and with idle or best-intentioned chat, we press clumsily the place where he should avoid.

All this is annoying, and we who conscientiously live to do good rather than evil, feel discouraged with our tactless selves, and often justly with those whose feelings are apparently "always on draught." But how many of us are willing to apologize? How many cheerfully use this, the first means of righting wrongs? Just why should false pride succeed in convincing us that to assure another that we regret the wrong, and are minded not to repeat it, is humiliating? The humiliating part of the matter is our own shortcoming in tact and thoughtfulness, not the fact that we say we see our blunder. The offense is twofold—our part and our neighbor's—and it is not enough to be mentally resolved that the trouble shall not arise again. The neighbor should share this resolve, this mental apology. Not that apology is the whole of repentance, genuine turning from past acts, but it is the first chord that leads quickly, naturally back from discordant keys to past or higher harmonies.

The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 300,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of \$3000 in boats and \$10,000 in gear and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions.

INCENDIARISM IN MONTREAL.

Four Blazes in One Hour—Firemen Overcome by the Dense Smoke.

A despatch from Montreal says:—Bonsecours Market, an old historic landmark, and at one time the City Hall, was badly damaged by fire to-day. That incendiaries are at work there can be no doubt, as within an hour no less than four blazes were discovered, all of which bore evidence of having been set on fire. The market conflagration is serious. Upwards of twenty firms, principally in the dead meat, provisions and fruit business, have been either partly or wholly burned out and the stocks of many others in the building badly damaged by smoke. Notwithstanding this, however, the loss, owing to the nature of the stocks carried by the firms, is exceedingly hard to estimate, but it is probably safe to say that it will not reach \$20,000. The damage however, was not the most serious feature of the fire by any means, for there were many accidents, and upwards of twenty of the brave officers and men of the Montreal department narrowly escaped sacrificing their lives to the cause of duty. Suffocated from the dense smoke was the principal cause of the disaster. It was the second time in the history of Montreal fires that a general ambulance alarm had to be turned in. This was done shortly after 1 o'clock and from that hour until 5 o'clock the four ambulances of the Montreal General and the Notre Dame hospitals were kept busy carry the unfortunate firemen to the two institutions. It is not improbable that some of the cases may yet end fatally. Many of the sufferers were taken either to their homes or to their several stations.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—It is a vain charge that men bring against the divine precepts that they are rigorous, severe, difficult; when, besides the contradiction to our Savior, who tells us His "yoke is easy" and His "burden light," they thwart their own calm reason and judgment. Is there not more difficulty to be vicious, covetous, violent, cruel, than to be virtuous, charitable, kind? Doeth the will of God enjoy that that is not conformable to His righteous law, and secretly delightful in the exercise and issue? And, on the contrary, what doth Satan and the world engage us in, that is not full of molestation and hazard? Is it a sweet and comely thing to combat continually against our own consciences, and resist our own light, and commence a perpetual quarrel against ourselves, as we ordinarily do when we sin?—[Dr. Charnock.]

Tuesday—The man taught enough by life's dream, of the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intended bliss, And of the world's reward and repose, by the struggle in this.—[Robert Browning.]

Wednesday—The practice of men holds not an equal pace; yea, and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil; the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself, there is a depraved appetite in us that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no farther than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters, that is a composition of man and beast whereof we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise man Chiron, that is, to have the region of the man above that of beast, and sense to sit out at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with men, that few shall know salvation: that the bridge, is narrow, the passage straight unto life; yet those who do not confine the Church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.—[Sir T. Browne.]

Thursday—With our sciences and our cyclopedias we are apt to forget the divinity in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it. That once well forgotten I know not what else were worth remembering! Most sciences, I think, were then a very deal of thing—withered contentions, empty a thistle in late autumn. The telescope, without this, is but as the dead timber; it is not the growing tree and forest—which gives ever new timber among other things! Man can not know either unless he can worship in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry and dead thistle otherwise.—Thomas Carlyle.

Friday—And I have seen thoughts in the valley—Ah! not how my spirit was stirred, And they wear lovely veils on their faces;—Their foot-steps can scarcely be heard;—They pass through the valley like virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word.—[Anonymous.]

Saturday—The simplicity of a good and trustful instinct looks not in vain to God. "That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care of to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding on to his little twig, and leaving God to think of them." And thus, what Christ would tell us that the flowers, by the divine hieroglyphics of their ephemeral beauty, teach us that God loves us; and the birds, by their divinely implanted instinct strenuous trust, in every varying light upon their plumage, and in every beat of their quivering wing, and in every warbled melody of their natural joy, say to us; "Fear not; be not anxious. Your heavenly Father feedeth us, and are not ye of much more value than we are—of more value than many sparrows?"—[F. W. Farrar.]

The Crocus and the Sunbeam.

The crocus peeped above the sod and looked about on the brown earth and up into the gray sky. A few snowflakes flitted through the chilly air and one fluttered down and fell upon the face of the crocus. The flower shivered and the snowflake was gone. A gust of winter air shook the crocus, but it was brave and the wind passed on. The crocus looks about the bare, brown earth and ever up to the gray sky. The clouds were moving slowly and the gray was changing to white. The crocus watched and waited. It no longer saw the bare earth; it saw only the whitening clouds. A bit of blue came and went, and came again. Then a sunbeam struggled through the rifted white. Faint and feeble it looked out upon the brown earth and hid itself again. The crocus shivered a little and waited. The sunbeam came forth shyly as if it flitted with the flower and looked over the brown earth. The crocus turned its face upward hopefully. Softly the sunbeam left the clouds and stealing gently down, it came and kissed the flower's head and nestled it in its bosom. And then the crocus smiled and blossomed and kept the sunshine there.

HOW THE SULTAN EATS.

He Himself Lives Simply but Feeds Lavishly Six Thousand Persons.

The author of "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" describes the present Sultan of Turkey as leading a very simple life. He came to the throne in 1876, without any agency of his own, and almost against his own will, after living for many years in retirement, and no doubt finds his trappings of royalty something of a burden. When it is said that he lives simply, however, the word must be understood as applying to his personal habits rather than to his official surroundings and expenditures. Thus it is estimated that more than 6000 persons are fed every day at his Dolma Bagtche palace when he is there. The treasurer of the household has a pretty heavy burden upon his shoulders.

There is a regularly organized force of buyers, each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for the palace. One man's duty is to buy fish, and to do this for 6000 persons is no light undertaking in a city which has no great markets. About ten tons a week are required, and to secure this some twenty men are kept busy. That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is almost a matter of course; it is said that enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred families. But such waste is not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, with whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remain is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

Handling.

There are few breeders who realize the importance of this factor in rearing of the merits of a best animal. While form, color, finish and smoothness are readily perceived by the eye, yet the all-important question of quality is best determined by the handling. From the handling can be determined to a large extent the relative proportion of fat and lean and the quality of the same. This cannot be done in every case, but a careful study of handling will enable one to arrive at the truth in most cases. An indication of feeding qualities it is even more valuable. A large, loose, mellow hide indicates a vigorous outside circulation. Such an animal will usually prove a quick and profitable feeder. The fairs offer a good opportunity to study handling. The owners are willing to volunteer information and the cattle quiet enough to be handled, so that a great deal may be learned in a short time.

Martin Luther's Last Will and Prayer.

The last will of Luther is less known than some of the events of his life, and in it the circumstances and character of the man are grandly displayed. It closes thus:—O Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou wouldst have me to be poor upon the earth; I have no house, land, possessions or money to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; to Thee I leave them; nourish, teach and save them, as hitherto Thou hast me. O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows. O, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy Son Jesus Christ to me; on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome and the multitude of the wicked do persecute and reproach. I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. My Heavenly Father, although I am taken out of this life, yet I certainly know that I shall dwell with Thee forever, neither can I by any be plucked out of Thy hands. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16; x. 28; 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8."

Dressing Chickens.

I was taught to draw chickens thus: First, to remove the crop, which is done by cutting the skin lengthwise over it, and peeling it to the side; then, to draw it out, and insert a wire below the breast, insert the hand and draw the intestines, which is a tedious and useless operation unless the fowl is for the roast. If for frying or fricassee, first remove the wings, then the legs; make the incision below the breast large enough to insert two fingers, hold out the flesh and cut down to the back on both sides; bend the back over and it will unjoint; cut the remaining flesh and remove the back from the intestines. Next cut through the ribs on both sides, then pull the neck piece and the breast apart until unjointed, cut the remaining flesh, and the chicken is drawn and cut up at the same time. It can be prepared for the kettle in this way in half the time taken when the other method is followed.

Oh! Yes They Had.

Once at a little dinner party in New York, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well—gentry are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah!" exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America. But we don't call them gentry. We call them tramps." A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

Farmers' Boys and City Life.

The boys of the country will soon see that they can make more by staying at home than by running off to town. The farm is a far better place than the city and the farm of the future will be coveted by the people of the cities. As it is, our farmers' boys, if they will use the same study, brains and energy which enable them to live from hand to mouth as it were in the city on the farm, they can make a success of it and can grow up into a life of independent manhood that they can have nowhere else. The farmer of to-day has most of the advantages of the city. He lives better than his city brother and with his books and his papers he has the leisure to live an intellectual life which his city brother cannot have.

There is no morality without religion, and there is no religion without morality. Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.

A crippled man is helpless; frost-bites cripple and St. Job's Oil cures frost-bites promptly and permanently. A fact without dispute.

They Have Their Heads Modded.

A curious eighteenth century custom has been revived by the leading Paris coiffures, of having models made of the heads of distant clients, in order to study the effects of new styles of hair dressing and keep the ladies posted on the newest and most becoming fashions. A Russian grande dame, for example, sends at a considerable expense a fac-simile of her head and face, copied perfectly in every detail, to her hairdresser in Paris. He experiments freely, and when a satisfactory result is obtained he mails a photograph of it, with minute directions for arrangement, each month to the St. Petersburg belle, and thus enables her to look up to date in the matter of coiffure. The initial expense is not small, for the wax modeller must be in his way a true artist.

A New Business for Women.

A new profession is open to women in large cities. No special qualifications are required beyond good looks and good taste. The profession is that of window gazing. The duties are light and the pay is good. All that is required is to stand in front of your patron's street windows during the fashionable hours of the afternoon and in sufficiently enthusiastic terms draw the attention of your companion to the merits of the latest wear thing in bonnets or that perfectly ideal weather cloak for the benefit of the genuine shoppers who are passing. The professional window gazers must go in couples in order to be able to start a conversation.

What She Said.

Mrs. R. Peck, E. 15th street, New York City, visited Canada last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only suited her, but her neighbors also. Writing to the manufacturers of Nerviline she says:—"I bought three bottles of Nerviline while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it, and all think it the best medicine for internal or external pain they have ever used." Nerviline deserves such a commendation, for it is a most powerful, penetrating, and certain remedy for pain of all kinds. Take no substitute.

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Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—

"I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and restorer of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that does all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers.

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