

SELECTED.

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 "Sipping only what is sweet;
 Love the chaff and take the wheat."

The New-Old Story.

Across the valley, from hill to hill,
 A bird is flying to meet his mate;
 Across the summers, from will to will,
 Young love is shooting the threads of Fate.

The miller's girl and the farmer's boy
 In the village church give glances sly;
 And each to each is a growing joy,
 As the ruddy years sweep waltzing by.

To the home-tree brings each happy bird
 A lock of hair or bit of clay;
 So build the lovers, by look and word,
 A cosy nest for a coming day.

In branching willows beside the rill
 The young bird's mimic the old birds' notes;
 And children are shouting above the mill,
 As they run to launch their tiny boats.

Oh, ever the stream runs sweet and clear,
 Outpoured anew from the streams above;
 And ever the world keeps young and fair,
 Since love is its life and its life is love.

Charles G. Ames.

Do Not Withhold Praise.

The woman who is faithful and devotional in her home, spreads happiness and joy around her; the woman who devotes her life to the realization of a noble principle brings happiness and joy to humanity. A true woman, and indeed the future woman, will exercise both elements of devotion. She will combine her home duties with those of public. I consider a wife's devotion and faithfulness one of the beneficent, most beautiful, and most desirable duties, and she who exercises devotion in her narrow sphere will, sooner or later, grow into the larger spirit of love and devotion to humanity. But what I contend against is that society slights and depreciates the noble, more heroic tendency, and sets a premium on the other. Women as well as men will be what society demands of them. We all like praise, and the more we honor those women who are so ardent in their work, the more such women shall we have in the future.

"Our Birth is Nothing but Our Death Begun."

Birth among the Sakhalavas, one of the tribes of Madagascar, is a more than usually risky piece of business. Every child that is born on Friday, an unlucky day here as in other parts of the world, is placed in a shallow hole in the nearest wood and left to its fate. Certain children born on Sunday are also doomed to death by exposure. Sunday being a lucky day, it is considered that Sunday's bairns whose fathers hold high rank will, if they are allowed to grow up, become dangerous to their progenitors, and they are therefore put out of the way lest trouble should ensue. Twins, too, are killed and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother, is destroyed, because according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way the infant's life is saved, but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

"Kill It."

"Kill it! Hurry dear! Stamp on the ugly thing with your little boot!"

The words fell from the lips of a beautiful young mother, who led by the hand a rosy-faced boy of four. Did she pause to think, as she gratified her instinctive horror of the poor beetle which was pursuing its harmless way, that she was giving her son his first lesson in cruelty? The life his small boot crushed out was a boon from God, who had made the fragile yet perfect coats of mail, the wonderfully contrived and jointed body, for some wise purpose. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not restore that tiny life.

No! she did not think. It is in utter thoughtlessness that such mischief as this is done. Many women have an aversion to insects and shudder at the sight of them; but the shudder and the repugnance could be conquered by the exercise of a little will in the matter. At any rate, they should not teach their children to have either the fear or the cruelty.

The boy who practises cruelty on a beetle will try his hand on the kitten next, by-and-by on his sister, and, perhaps, when he arrives at man's estate, on his wife.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

How Tornadoes are Predicted.

H. C. Maine, of the Rochester Democrat predicted the tornadoes of last month. He now explains his system as follows: The great sun storm which became visible on Saturday by the sun's rotation made an immediate impression upon our meteorology, as the storm reports of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday indicate. The sun storm is of enormous extent, and its effects on the earth have been terrific. Now, for a few facts in regard to our prediction. For five years we have faithfully observed the sun, and during three years have photographed it. During that time we have noticed that violent storms and tornadoes on the earth have invariably followed the advent of violent storms on the sun. We have noted, too, that the region of the tornadoes move northward as the summer advances. While tornadoes occurred as far south as Texas in the early spring, they ceased in the South as the summer advanced. The tornado belt now comprises the Northern States, including Missouri and Canada. We are asked why our predictions do not include the South. The answer is that the tornado belt has defined itself. The observed facts have come to have the force of law. We will not undertake to tell why the tornado belt is mostly confined to the Northern States and Canada at the present time. The fact remains—the reason is a question yet to be determined. The signal service has failed to predict tornadoes or to tell us anything of value about them. The reason is quite plain. Their source is in the sun, and they are formed with the rapidity of the electric forces which control them.

Let us re-state the basis of our predictions: First—Long observed sequence to tornadoes and violent electric storms on the earth to violent storms on the sun. Second—An observed limitation of the tornado belt to the Northern States and Canada as the summer advances. Based on the observed facts our predictions have not been astray. The tornadoes have swiftly followed the advent of the sun storms. This sequence has come to the dignity of a law.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.