

The New Testament.

Matthew begins the inspired story Of the Saviour's life and glory! Mark follows him with eager pen, Adding his memories for men! Luke, the beloved physician, now Crowns anew the sacred brow; And John, who leaned on Jesus' breast, Writes more of love than all the rest. With Christ's history thus ended, His Apostles' Acts are blended: And Paul, whom we account the chief, Adds Romans to the sacred sheaf. Corinthians First and Second then Come with Galatians from his pen; Ephesians and Philippians now His loving care for churches show; Colossians, too, have many a rule Sent them from Christ's own perfect school. Thessalonians First and Second With the others now are reckoned; To Timothy two letters find Full of counsels, loving, kind; In one to Titus we are shown, That none are saved by works alone. He writes Philemon now and sends The slave he to his care commends. Then to the Hebrews, Paul doth bring New proofs that Christ's their Priest and King. James, of the Twelve, adds here his word, He urges prayer and trust in God. Two letters Peter writes; give heed, Him Jesus bade his flock to feed. Now John, whose words before we've heard, In letters, First, Second and Third, Begs us while here we live to love, That we may grow like God above; Then Jude with all the rest unites, Of judgment and of mercy writes. Last, we to Revelation come, A view revealed of heaven, the home Of all who love their Saviour Lord, Omnipotent, Incarnate Word, Whom ancient writers dimly saw Through Jewish ritual and law; This light, God's love to all then lent Who read the ancient Testament. Thank God, we've both books, old and new. Read, study both, and love them, too; Learn Christ, and trusting in his grace, We soon shall see his glorious face, And, with apostles, prophet, priest, We'll meet him at his marriage feast.

THE CONSECRATED SNOW-MAN.

What a glorious afternoon it had been—bright, clear and cold! Just cold enough to make the cheeks glow, and to send the blood dancing through the veins. And then, such a hill! Not for miles around was there one to be compared with that down which the girls and boys of this quaint old town had for generations coasted. And after generations it was still unchanged, so that those who had left it boys were able when they returned as grandfathers to find the exact spot where "Billy Winthrop came to grief in '20," or "Jack Smith smashed his new sled to splinters, fighting that rebel Ray during the winter of '12." And the bump, half-way down, which had caused shouts of laughter from the boys and cries of dread anticipation from the timid girls of '76, was still there to perform the same service for those of a century later. And, on this particular afternoon of which I write, the coasting itself was simply perfect—the last fall of snow, only the night before, having been of that peculiar quality known as "packing," so that, in a very short time, the hill was like a beaten path. All the afternoon, sleds of every sort and description, carrying passengers of all ages and conditions, were flying down, and being dragged up again by their rosy, puffing owners. Jack Alden could not have counted the trips he had made on "The Wild Ranger," with Rob Roy bounding, barking beside him, waving his splendid, plummy tail like a banner of victory. It never occurred to him to try to count the small people of both sexes who had made these journeys with him, much less to estimate the number of times he had stood, with his hands tucked beneath his "sweater," hopping from one foot to the other to keep up the circulation, while some less fortunate young person, to whom the ownership of such as "The Wild Ranger" was about as likely as the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure, had a ride. A fortunate boy was this same Jack Alden, for, when one is the popular captain of a football team, with a successful season safely behind him and the joyful anticipation of an equally successful one in the future; when one has health and plenty and love beyond words to measure lavished upon him—why, what is there left for him to wish? And yet, after the glorious afternoon I have described, which had ended beneath a sky glowing with crimson and gold, after a delicious supper, to which

Jack had brought a magnificent appetite, after the steel runners of "The Wild Ranger" had been, as in duty bound, carefully wiped and polished—Jack's expressions, as he sat dangling his legs from the newel—where doubtless his grandfather and great-grandfather before him had dangled theirs in times of perplexity—was not one of unalloyed satisfaction. Now it was no uncommon thing for Jack to mount that newel; but it was quite out of the ordinary for him to sit there without speaking for fifteen consecutive minutes, and Rob felt it to be so. And, finally, unable to endure the unusual condition of affairs longer, he demolished the fuzzy ball which for that length of time he had been pleased to form, and, sitting up on his haunches, looked straight up into his young master's face, his beautiful head a little on one side, with eyes which said as plainly as words: "What is it? Why have you not spoken to me all this long time? Are you in trouble? Surely, you know how gladly I would help you, if I can!" And Jack, awakened from his brown study by the dog's movement, first laughed at his questioning attitude, then, growing serious again, though with traces of the smile still lingering about his lips, said, as he clasped his hands around his knee and looked back into the eyes raised so lovingly to his: "It's that little sick chap that's bothering me, Rob. You know him. He lives in the cottage just this side of the hill, and he sits always by the window watching us as we go by to coast; but he never, never goes to coast himself. He never, never goes anywhere, or does anything but sit there always, seeing other fellows having a good time. It doesn't seem quite square, does it, Rob, old fellow? Just suppose it was you—no, suppose it was I—who sat there always; for that would hurt you a lot more, you fine old fellow! Yes, suppose I had to sit there always, and see other fellows go coasting, and never go myself! Why, it would be awful, Rob—awful! But, if I did have to sit like that, wishing and wishing, and half wild to be well and strong, and to go, too, don't you think that I should like it if, some day, instead of going by, one of the boys stopped and tried to make it up to me, somehow? Ah, I was sure you would think so!" as Rob gave his tall a resounding thump on the hardwood floor. "And I know you wouldn't kick if you didn't go to the hill for that one afternoon, would you? Well, that's all right, then," as another vigorous thump and a little whine answered the appeal. "And now get out of the way, please, for I'm going to practice falling, and I might hurt you; for you know well enough, Rob, that I mustn't let myself grow soft this winter."

The minister lifted his eyes, and glanced from his window. He was busy with his sermon; but, as he remarked to his wife over his shoulder, the sight of those healthy, hearty, happy boys on their way to the hill was like a breath of the cold, fresh air to him. Then he turned quite round, and asked her, with a twinkle in his eyes—the minister's eyes had a way of twinkling—if she remembered the day that he and she had run into a great drift—just below the "bump," and had to be dug out. And she answered, trying hard to look severe, that she most certainly did; and that, moreover, she had always believed, and always would believe, that it was through no accident on his part; and she advised him to return to his sermon. This advice he took; but, as he lifted his pen, he glanced again through the window. And this time there was no twinkle in his eyes, but something quite different; and he said, half sadly: "Sometimes I think that I shall have to move my desk from here, Alice, the sight of that little chap yonder makes my heart ache so. But, then, again, I feel that I cannot afford to lose the beautiful lesson of gentleness and patience which he is constantly teaching me. Poor little hero! See how he smiles back at those boys!"—as his wife came and stood behind him, looking over his shoulder—"while all the time you can catch that longing look in his eyes, as he watches them running off so strong and well and hearty! But it will all be made up to you some day, my little lad! That blessed assurance has kept other hearts than mine from breaking when thinking of such as you!"

But, after the minister had finally gone back to his sermon, his wife still stood there with her hand upon his shoulder, looking over at the sad, pale face; for, now that the boys were all out of sight, it was very, very sad indeed. But she did not see the little cottage, or the pale, sad face for very long, for great, burning tears rose into her eyes, and blotted them quite away, as she thought of her own strong, healthy boy, fast asleep in the

next room. As she brushed them away, and was about to turn back to her work, something made her pause, and kept her standing there; and, after I should not dare say how long—remembering the minister's neglected stockings—she leaned down over her husband's shoulder, and whispered, because she could not speak out loud: "Hubert, remember the splendid coasting on the hill, and then—look!"

Jack had come tramping up the street beneath the lacey branches of the bared elms which formed a lovely arch above his head, with Rob capering about his heels. But where, with the hill straight before him, was "The Wild Ranger"? Could it be that Jack had forgotten that enterprising deed, and in a fit of absent-mindedness picked up instead that little shovel which he carried over his shoulder? He reached the cottage, and there, pausing, swung his "tam" about his head; and, instantly, the lost smile came back to the white, thin face, and, as Rob, with his forefeet on the gate, barked out his greeting, the child laughed almost merrily, and waved his hand. But then, when he expected Jack, as all the others had done, to pass by, the boy stopped, and, lifting the latch, entered the little garden. But he did not go up to the house. With a returning wave of his hand toward the now expectant face at the window, he bounded on to the little lawn, and fell to digging in the snow with that same shovel which he had carried over his shoulder, piling, rounding, moulding it till a beautiful pedestal was formed, Rob in the meantime dashing and circling round him, bounding through the drifts, and otherwise conducting himself, in the evident endeavour to add his share to the entertainment—and succeeding admirably, judging from the beaming face which kept turning from him to Jack. And as the snowman began to rise on his own feet, the interest and delight in it increased. Never artist worked with greater zeal or in a better cause. Never was one watched with keener appreciation. And, oh, the change which had come to the pale, sad face was beautiful to behold. Beaming with eager interest, the dull eyes shining, the faintest of colours—but still a colour—creeping into the bloodless cheeks, and the little hands clasped in a perfect ecstasy of enchantment, the child watched the work proceed, the wonderful image grow, nodding now and then, or waving his hand in response to the laughing glance from the busy worker, or tapping on the pane to attract his attention to some antic of the ever-restless Rob.

Inch by inch the great man went up—hands, arms, shoulders, and then his head! Jack ran into the house, and borrowed a hat and cane; and then, hurrah! he was complete!

The shadows had grown long and deep, and finally the sun had dropped behind the hill. The last touch was added; and, as Jack, with a wave of his cap presented his work, and it with a laughing bow was accepted, a great flood of colour fell over everything, deepening that in Jack's bright cheeks, casting a rosy light over the whiteness of the snow, and playing, like a halo, about the head of the sick boy.

Jack—happy little Jack! in spite of that unvisited coasting-land beyond the glory-flooded hill—having, with Rob, said farewell to the other happy boy, was starting down to the little gate, walking backward, that he might wave his "tam" till the last minute, when suddenly he was brought to a stand by landing directly in somebody's arms—somebody who caught and held him fast, quite as if there for that express purpose. With a little exclamation of astonishment, Jack tilted back his head till he could look into the minister's face—for it was the minister, and laughing a little, said: "I beg your pardon, sir! I did not mean to bump into you."

"You needn't beg my pardon, Jack. I like to get a boy into my arms now and then. I am going in to see Bobby, after I have had a nearer view of this—this—consecrated snow-man!"

And then the hands which had been about the boy were suddenly laid lightly upon the little red "tam." But Jack did not hear the softly breathed blessing; nor did it till long afterward occur to him to wonder at the meaning of the minister's strange words.

"I used to ask myself," said a resident of New York city a few years ago, "why a certain church was full of all sorts and conditions of people, listening earnestly to the Gospel preached by a plain, unremarkable speaker. I learned afterward that this preacher had made it a rule for twenty-five years never to let a day pass without speaking to at least one unconverted soul on the subject of salvation by Jesus Christ." Think of that record—one a day for twenty-five years!

His Mother's Song.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbled with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-
night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS."

Lieut. Charles M. McCartney, describing the great hurricane off Nova Scotia on August 29, 1891, says: "The Indiana was kept dry by the dripping of oil from both bows; and although tremendous seas were running and breaking, they could not come on board. "This was certainly a most practical illustration of the old saying as to the "pouring of oil on troubled waters,"—a proverb as old as the Bible, but only very recently applied, thanks to the Hydrographic Office of the United States, and now very generally followed by seamen the world over. It was an American also (Redfield) who first thoroughly found out and explained the true character of these revolving storms, and to him all seamen are forever indebted. "In using oil, it is astonishing how small a quantity will suffice—just a quart or two, in a bag stuffed with oakum, hung over the bows, and allowed to drip, drop by drop, on the sea, where it spreads out in a thin, greasy film over the surface of the water. Over the film the wind slips, as it were, and has no power to bank the water up into waves which would break over the ship. Hundreds of reports are on file in the office, attesting the marvellous results of this simple agent of safety."

WHAT THE WORD "GROG" CAME FROM

Miss E. F. Andrews writes on "Some Vagabond Words," for St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews writes: "The word 'grog' has a curious history. It comes in a roundabout way from the French gros-grain, of which our English 'groggram' is a corruption, meaning a stuff of coarse and heavy texture. Bluff old Admiral Vernon who commanded the English navy just before our war of Independence, wore breeches made of this material, and was nicknamed from that circumstance 'Old Grog.' He used to have his men mix water with the rum that was always served to English sailors as part of their rations, and hence any dram mixed with water came to be called 'grog,' and the place where such things are sold a 'groggery.'"

SHE PREFERRED IT IN HEBREW.

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, and on his way for a vacation. He used very profane language, greatly to the lady's annoyance. She thought she would rebuke him, and after begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favour?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of her neighbour.