

GENERAL READING

PORTRAIT OF THE TCHIGLIT.

The Grand Esquimaux of the mouths of the Mackenzie and Anderson are rather above than below middle height. There are very tall men among them, but the women are usually of small stature.

They are robust, broad shouldered, active in gymnastic exercises, excellent dancers and thorough mimics; but they are inclined to obesity, have a round and full head, the neck being too short. Their muscular strength is not great.

There are among them no half breeds European or Redskin origin—at least, if there are, they pass unnoticed; yet children and the fair sex are not without external advantages. They enjoy a rosy complexion, a plump and agreeable countenance, which has led me to suspect that a little white blood flows in the veins of a certain number.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen this carnation and these graces vanish before the dull bistre tint, verging on olive, which is the color of the adults, and the broad and flat features of the Mongol race.

I have seen a man of mature age among them with beard and hair as red as those of a Scotchman or Russian. He was evidently a half-breed from the western Muscovite factories.

The character of the purely Esquimaux type, which I have had opportunities of observing in many faces, are not seductive. A broad and almost circular face, broader at the cheekbones than at the forehead, which is receding; the cheek fat, gross, round; a conical occiput, a sign of degradation; a wide mouth, always gaping, having two pretty bars of marble or ivory, ornamented with blue glass beads hanging to the lower lip; a small goatee, thin and dark like their hair, small black eyes, sparkling, narrow and oblique, like those of the Chinese, shining with a snake-like lustre and malice; regular teeth, filed up to the gums; a nose sometimes square, sometimes prominent and strongly aquiline, sometimes absent or reduced to a rudimentary form; a complexion like *café au lait*; coarse flat hair, brittle, and black as ebony, cut square above the eyes and covering the forehead, falling in long flanks on each side of the face; an air silly when it is indifferent, sarcastic when it would be loving, hideous when it expresses anger—this is the attractive type presented by the Tchigliert arrived at manhood, who has already lost the graces of youth.

attention to the sick. I have not learned that they destroy their children, although these are but little seen. They remember benefits received, jealousy is unknown to them, and they agree with each other. Finally wives are submissive to their husbands. —Translated by Mr. Douglas Brynner for New Dominion Monthly for October.

WHAT MACAULAY NEEDED.

Macaulay was all his life a precocious genius, and the sayings of his childhood recorded by Trevelyan are a proof of this perhaps none is more significant than the following: It was his practice to read from the time he was three years old, lying on a rug before the fire, munching bread and butter. When his mother told him he must do without his bread and butter, he only replied, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter," and so all through his life he seems to have found no difficulty in thus readily renouncing good for evil.

Two extracts from his Diary are interesting in this connection, as illustrating his happy, contented frame of mind. "Oct. 25, 1849—Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relations and friends; a great, I may say a great, literary reputation.

Nil amplius oro. *Maia nate, nisi ut propria luce mihi munerera faxis.* (Life II., 231.)

He asks of Mercury nothing more, and to the same purpose he writes a few months later: "Went with Hannah to Richmond's studio, to see my picture. He seemed anxious and excited; but at last, when he produced his work, she pronounced it excellent. I am no judge of the likeness, but the face is characteristic. It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure. It is not unlike Mr. Fox's face in general expression. I am quite content to have such a physiognomy."

SALUTATIONS. With us the usual modes of salutation consist of shaking hands, removing the hat or curtesying, accompanying the action with the words, "How do you do?" or "How are you?" Hand shaking takes its rise in the ancient custom of enemies seizing each other by the right hand or weapon hand to guard against treachery while treating for a truce. The removal of the hat is a relic of the old custom of

show particular attachment, when they are present. Women formerly knelt before men of rank to plead for mercy and later to acknowledge inferiority. From this we get the courtesy.

The negro kings on the African coasts salute each other by snuffing the middle finger three times.

In Otaheite they rub noses, a custom common with many savages.

The inhabitants of Carimane, when they meet, show particular attachment, open a vein and present their friend to drink.

The Japanese remove a slipper, and the natives of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

Phillipine Islanders take a person's hand or foot and rub it over their faces.

Lapländers smell of the persons they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person addressed, and pass it over the right leg and then to the face.

The usual words of salutation in Cairo are, "How do you sweat?" an absence of perspiration being, in that climate, an indication of fever.

The Dutch say, "May you eat a hearty dinner," or "How do you sail?"

Greenlanders use no salutations, believing all men equal, and none deserving of any especial mark of respect.

The Spaniards say, "How do you stand?" and the French, "How do you carry yourself?"

And most absurd of all, young ladies kiss, in public and in private, in the parlour, in the church and home; no place is too sacred, no street too public. But while oculatory refreshment indulged in by two of the fair sex seems sweetness wasted on the desert air, he is a hardened wretch who can witness the operation and not have his heart filled with the most wicked envy.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

If preachers instead of dealing so much in exhortation and reproof, would but present to us a true portrait of Jesus in His meekness and meekness, in His severity and love if they would but show Him in the depth of His condescension, poverty and self-abasement, it would make a far deeper impression than appeal or exhortation of another kind. Christ set forth to view makes the deepest of all impressions. When I see how He seeks not His own glory, but that of the Father, I am ashamed of my own ambition. When I see how He came not to be ministered to, but to minister, I am ashamed of my pride. When I see how He took and drank the cup which the Father gave him I am ashamed of my disobedience. When I see how He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and when reviled reviled not again, it makes me ashamed of my patience and anger. There is no more powerful discourse on any virtue: none that so melts and humbles, and quickens and inspires, as the example of Christ.

HOLD THE FORT.

Everybody sings "Hold the Fort," but few know the origin of this beautiful song. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* gives the following: "There is a fort at Altoona, about eighteen miles from Kenesaw Mountain, which was being badly pressed by the Confederate forces. When Sherman reached Kenesaw he signalled the Altoona, which was commanded by General Corse, 'Hold the fort, for I am coming.' The message was seen and read by the men at the fort, and as a reply was necessary, General Corse ordered a young officer standing near to send the reply—'Wave the answer back to Sherman that we hold the fort.' It was easy to order, but while the rebel bullets were flying thick and fast several members of the signal corps declined to signal, until General Corse was impatient, when the young officer referred to above grasped the flag, mounted the dangerous post, and waved the answer back to Sherman. The young man was James W. McKenzie, of Hampton, Iowa, and the war records mention the brave and cool act for which he was promoted."

MATRIMONIAL MISERIES.

ADVICE FROM THE PULPIT ON HAVING AND RULING A WIFE.

The Rev. Henry C. Croin delivered his sermon on "Matrimonial Miseries" some time ago at the People's Church, Twenty-ninth street and Ninth avenue.

He said: "It is best that men should marry—it is a divine institution, and consecrated by all the teachings of Christ; it was ordained by the will of God. 'But there are a great many marriages that do not turn out well. I think one of the reasons is because young ladies think more of making the net that is to catch the husband than how to take care of the cage that is to keep him. Again, a great many men do not know any more how to treat a woman than a cruel farmer does to care for a valuable cow. Solomon teaches the torturing power of a brawling woman. To dwell upon the corner of a house-top was better than living with a bad wife. Remember what a house-top is in that country that Solomon writes about. The house top of that country was exposed to all the tropic sunlight and torments of the climate. Yet it is better, says Solomon, to put up with all the tempests and storms and scorching heat of the house-top, than to stay in the house with a contentious, scolding woman who makes a hell of a home. Marriage lightens or doubles the cares and happiness of both man and woman. 'Married in law, divorced in heart' is a condition that many men and women copy to-day—but it is none the less a criminal and disgraceful relation. The danger in married life is marrying too hastily, or from wrong motives. It does seem

acquainted with each other, or even in bed, before they are joined together.

"Love does not feed on dislike. A man should see to it that he never gives his wife cause to think that he desires to find fault, or that he has grown weary of her, or that he does not appreciate her suggestions a woman always makes when she takes upon herself the duties of wife and mother.

"American women, particularly, demand too much of their husbands—they step down from their thrones and cast away their crowns, as mothers and wives, for gold, dress, and liberties they call rights.

"When people intend to marry they should take every measure to find out each other's faults, peculiarities and good traits.

"When Socrates was asked how he endured Xantippe, he said he studied with a schoolmaster how to treat a woman, and he found Xantippe kept him studying. He was content to be a student and treat his subject as something worth finding out and understanding, and in trying to learn of his wife's nature, he was sure to treat her with some respect. Study each other before marriage, and never let the study be neglected.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this Island a young girl in a cottage with her father and they loved each other very tenderly. One night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbour, had struck against the "Lonely rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child—humble, poor, and weak—but she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be lost on the "lonely rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until he was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but at night fell arore, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea, and guide him safely into the harbor.

She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one extra, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbour has never been one night without the light of her candle.

How many lives she has saved by this candle, and how many meals she has won by it for the starving families of the boatmen it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending upon it have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down on that lighted window and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

Who is there, pining in uselessness, and longing for a mission, who can take a lesson from this watching one? Many souls are drifting in the darkness, many bodies are in peril and need. Let your light shine so as to guide their course to the harbor of eternal safety in Christ.—Selected.

FAMILY READING.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

If grief in heaven might find a place, And shame the worshipper bow down Who meets the Saviour face to face, "Would be to wear a starless crown.

To meet in all that countless host Who meet before the Eternal Throne, Who once like us were sinners lost, No one to say you led me home.

The Son to do His Father's will, Could lay his own bright crown aside; The law's stern mandate to fulfil, Poured out his blood for us and died.

Shall we who know his wondrous love, While here below sit idly down? Ah no! for then is heaven above, We too must wear a starless crown.

O may it ne'er of me be said: No soul that's saved by grace divine Has called for blessings on my head, Or lifted its destiny with mine.

— "Why Do I Live?"

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

The best and noblest service in life is prompted by love, and love works without consciousness of self. When in the house of Simon, at Bethany, that woman came with the alabaster box and poured the costly and fragrant ointment upon the head of Jesus, it was, on her part, an unconscious act, expressive of the supreme affection of a heart that would give all to Him. Even the disciples were blind to its meaning until the Master hushed their complaint with the revelation that this service of womanly devotion should evermore be remembered as a memorial of her.

The fragrance of this simple act could never cease to exhale, because of what it was to her Lord. She knew it not, but her offering of affection had anointed His body for a burial—a deed of devotion

neck with its yoke, where love bears heavier burdens and sings with joy unconscious of its service. Whatever it is, impelled by the supreme affection of a heart towards Christ, is sure to be the right thing. That which for a moment appears to be a blunder, and which a cold, calculating spirit would avoid, proves to be just the right thing. Love has an intuitive perception, and going easily and straight to the accomplishment of its purpose, thinks that its work is so simple as to scarcely merit recognition. The fact that self is not thought of is the reason often why so much real good is accomplished. The word spoken in love by one who is neither great or renowned is received and thought of for its own worth and need, while the same message spoken in eloquence of personal utterance is forgotten in the remembrance of the way and manner of its expression. The unconscious service of love is an irresistible argument that it is done for its own sake, and such words and acts are conquering forces. Men are brave to stand against influences back of which they see obtruding personal pride or planning, but let them be convinced that what is said or done is simply from a supreme desire for their welfare and good and they are broken down.

When the Master welcomed His faithful servant the exclamation of glad surprise leaps from his lips, "Lord, when did we these things?" He knew it not until then that those deeds of unconscious service that prompted him to help the lowliest of his fellow men was remembered as if done for the King of kings. It is the unconscious ministry of loving hearts that is held in eternal remembrance.

"BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN."—The day had been dark and gloomy; when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon everything.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look, papa! the sun's brightening all it can!" "So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me how?" "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any fearful rain come into the blue of those eyes. Only be happy and good."—FExchange.

HOME.

Many parents find it extremely difficult to make home attractive to the children. The reason is because they have never tried the refining influence of music. Home can and should be made attractive, regardless of cost, as the early home influences of each child form the foundation of his or her future career in life. Some parents seem to think that, so long as they clothe and feed the bodies of their children, their parental duties are performed; but this is a great mistake.

While they are very particular about feeding the bodies, they are utterly neglecting the minds, which are constantly in action, and must be occupied with either good or bad, according to the surrounding circumstances. If you wish your children's minds to expand with a knowledge of the good and beautiful, place pure and beautiful things around them, such as books, pictures, flowers, and above all things give them music.

Who has not been held spell-bound by the sweet and soothing influence of music at some period of their lives? They were melodies perhaps, that were learned in infancy, or sung by beloved voices now silent; and in memory we live bygone days over again, surrounded by images of past affections and past happiness, and awake at last from the play of fancy as from the charm of a romantic dream.

There is no place on earth more fascinating than home to the husband and father, tired out with the trials and toils of the day; and as the shades of night gently close, over the earth, hushing the busy hum of industry, and while the spangled heavens, like a benediction sweet, form a grand and glorious canopy overhead, the family circle naturally gather around the music-stand, and drink of the delicious strains until the mind becomes refreshed, and they retire to rest feeling in harmony with the peaceful adornings of nature, perchance to dream, during their undisturbed slumbers of the quiet night, of heavenly music in the higher spheres above.

PARENTS' PARADISE.

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table.—We spoke of it to our host, and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called "Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise."

- 1. Shut the door after you without slamming it.
2. Never stamp, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud and snow off your boots and shoes before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best compliment be your mother. —Oliver, Oliver's

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