

Lost Names.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life."

They lived, and they were useful; this we know

And naught beside;
No record for their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,

Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell;
One only thing is known of them, they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through
prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame!
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper, or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth:
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please
Although unknown,
And there lost names shine forth in brightest
rays
Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be.
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God rebound
For all his grace!

—Christian World.

On Her Majesty's Service.

The post system of Great Britain and its dependencies, and indeed of the civilized world, is one of the most wonderful things of modern times. To think that for a penny I can have a post-card sent to Japan, or China, or India, or Persia, or Russia, or almost any place on the globe, is one of the greatest marvels of the age. And the post-office is one of the most beneficent institutions as well. The time was, and not so long ago either, when letters from their friends were luxuries that poor people could not afford. I remember when a letter from Nova Scotia to Toronto cost three shillings and four pence. This was really a tax on the affections. When the poor left home, they could not afford to keep up the tender tie of love by writing—even if they did not leave their native land. And as for the poor emigrant to Canada, the parting was almost like death. Sir Rowland Hill, by giving the boon of penny postage to the poor in Great Britain, did an incalculable good, enabling them to keep up the family tie; and added immeasurably to the sum of human happiness, and of human virtue as well. For, badly-written, badly-spelled as the letter might be, no poem, no eloquence was half so dear to a father's or a mother's heart as news from Tom or Mary, at service in a distant city; and in the loneliness of their little garret, while writing home or hearing from home, Tom and Mary have the spell of home influence—of a mother's prayers and a father's blessing thrown around them.

To our young readers I would say, Wherever you are, write often home. While my own dear mother was living, for years and years I wrote to her every week. When at college, when on a circuit, when I had a home of my own, and many cares, I always wrote home at least once a week. Often I had no news and little to say, but I knew that it gladdened my mother's heart to hear from her boy, and so, no matter how busy, I found time to write. And do you suppose that I regret it now that I can write to her no more? No, a thousand times, No!

And when I am away travelling, I try to send, at least, a post-card home every day. It costs only a cent, and takes but a minute, but these little love-tokens are worth a great deal. And oh! how glad the traveller, far from home, is to get tidings from the loved ones, and how bitter the disappointment when he fails to get his letters where he expected them! Some of the brightest memories to the writer of Rome, Venice, Milan, and other foreign cities, are the letters from home. And the way letters will follow one from place to place is wonderful. Some of those which missed me were re-directed over and over again, and some even followed me back to Canada.

Her Majesty's servant in the mail cart is driving over a bleak and snowy road in some remote and lonely place, but he is bearing his messages of joy, or mayhap of sorrow, to many an anxious heart. I wind up this rambling talk with Cowper's lines to the post-boy in Book IV. of the Task.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestride the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and
frozen locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load
behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bags, pass
on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks;
Births, deaths, and marriages; epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's
cheeks,

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent
swains,
Or nymphs responsive—equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops
awaked?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the music of the Atlantic wave!
Is India free! and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

WHETHER it be a blessing to be good-looking begins to be doubted in some quarters. "What a fine-looking man that is," said one gentleman to another, noticing a face and form such as would attract attention anywhere. "Yes," was the reply, "he looks like an encyclopedia, but he talks like a primer."

The Torpedo-Fish.

UPON a sandy beach a fisherman had landed, and among the finny game was a rare fish—a torpedo. "I don't want any more o' them in my net," said our informant. "I couldn't calkerlate what I had. My hands got numb-like when I was pullin' of it in; but when I took hold on't to heft it, wall! I thought I'd been struck by lightnin'. I've heard on 'em, but never seen one afore. Jest touch him right here." But we declined the invitation.

The torpedo is often found on Cape Cod, but rarely up in this section. It belongs to the ray family, and fishermen are often made painfully aware of its presence in their nets, the shock passing up the lines, and even following up splashes of water, completing a current in this insecure way, and giving the men a violent shock. A specimen, half dead, gave shocks when handled by Dr. Atwood, and in handling others in good condition he experienced hard usage, and many shocks that threw him upon the ground as quick as if he had been knocked down by an axe. He also received shocks by taking hold of the pole of a harpoon when at the distance of eight feet from the fish, and felt numbness while holding the rope attached to the harpoon. Even when cutting the fish the fingers were so affected that he with difficulty grasped the handle of the knife.

The largest specimens of torpedo found in our waters weigh nearly two hundred pounds. The liver of this fish yields, in the largest, about three gallons of oil, which is regarded as of superior quality for burning.

An experiment has been made in giving the torpedo a shock, which was evidently unpleasantly affected, swimming out of the way, and shaking its body with a peculiar motion, and opening its gills spasmodically, thus proving that it could be caught with its own weapon. The battery, if it can be called such, occupies a position between the skull and the pectoral fins on each side, and is the most wonderful and complicated provision of nature. It is composed of a large number of upright columns, each of which is covered and enclosed by an extremely thin membrane. These columns are again built up of flat disks, separated by a delicate membrane, which seems to contain fluid. This structure may be roughly imitated by piling a number of coins upon each other, with a bladder between each coin—in fact, a kind of voltaic pile. The length of the columns, and consequently the number of disks, varies according to their position in the body. The columns extend almost through the creature, from the skin of the back to that of the abdomen, and are clearly visible on both sides, so that those in the middle are necessarily the longest, and those at either end become gradually shorter. In many large specimens more than 1,000 columns were counted, and the number of disks on an average a hundred to an inch. It seems from the best researches, that the growth of this organ is produced, not by the increase of each column, but by a continual addition to their number. A vast amount of blood-vessels passed through the electric organ, and it is permeated with nerves in every direction.

The use for this formidable weapon is obvious, as the fish is extremely slow and clumsy in its movements, and were it not for this assistance it would stand a poor chance of obtaining food.

In ancient days the animal was pressed into use for medicinal purposes, and was the original electro therapeutic medium. Dioscorides, the physician who attended Antony and Cleopatra, is said to have made use of its powers. *New York Evening Post.*

A Girl's Equipment for Self-Support

No ONE will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say idiotic—thing to do. Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or, if she is a skilful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance. Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge in which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessor from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.—George Cary Eggleston in *Harper's Magazine.*

EVERY man must work at something. The moment he stops working for himself, the devil employs him.—John Bright.