

The Inglenook

The Winds of the Sahara.

Most interesting meteorological observations made in the Sahara during eight excursions between 1883-96 have been published by M. F. Forneau, an abstract of which has been published in *Popular Science Monthly*. The most frequent winds are those from the northwest and southeast. Every evening the wind goes down with the sun, except the northeast wind, which blows all night. There is also a warm wind from the southwest charged with electricity and carrying fine sand and darkening the atmosphere. The compasses are much disturbed by it, because, it has been suggested, of a special condition produced upon the thin glass covers by the friction caused by the rubbing of the fine wind-carried sand upon them. But it has been observed that the spare compasses show the same disturbed conditions as soon as they are taken out of their boxes. The disturbance ceases when the glasses are moistened, and does not appear again until they have dried. Several hailstones were noticed. They were usually about as large as peas, but were larger in the heavier storms. He observed no snow in the Sahara, but was informed that snow falls in the winter on the tops of the mountains. Similar observations have been made by other travellers. A curious mirage phenomena was sometimes observed. He found frequent fulgurites in which sand had been vitrified by lightning strokes.

Prayer.

Almighty God, we come to Thee as the God of mercy as well as of judgment. We plead with Thee for the exercise of Thy pardoning mercy, lest we be condemned and carried in the whirlwind of Thy just anger. God be merciful unto us sinners! save us in the hour of temptation; deliver us when the enemy would carry us away captive at his will. If Thou dost hold us up we shall be safe; if Thou dost loose Thine hand from ours, we cannot stand! Have us in Thy holy keeping; establish our hearts in the precepts and statutes of all Thy will, and grant that, having served our day and generation with all the simplicity, trust, meekness, and strength, we may be called to enter into Thy rest. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

When a man defends his castle unto blood, it matters nothing that the walls show bullet-marks; if he creeps down and opens a postern door, he is a traitor to himself.—*Ian Maclaren*.

The Messenger Hours.

By Amy Parkinson.

Of the following verses Professor Goldwin Smith has this to say:—

They are written from a bed of sickness and misfortune. If my taste does not deceive me, they are as good as anything that has come from a Canadian pen.

I.

I thought, as I watched in the dawning dim
The hours of the coming day,
That each shadowy form was surely robed
In the selfsame hue of grey
And that sad was each half-averted face,
Unlit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,
And I saw them true and clear,
I found that the hours were all messengers,
Sent forth by a friend most dear,
To bring me whatever I needed most—
Of chastening or of cheer

And though some of them, truly, were grave and sad,
And moved with reluctant feet,
There were others came gladly with smiling eyes,
And footsteps by joy made fleet;

But whether with gladness or sorrow fraught,
The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most
With trial and pain for me,
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed from sight,
"This cross I have brought to thee
Comes straight from the Friend, Who, of all thy friends,
Doth love thee most tenderly;

"He would rather have sent thee a joyous hour,
And fraught with some happy thing,
But He saw that naught else could so meet thy need
As this strange, sad gift I bring;
And he loved thee too well to withhold the gift,
Though it causes thee suffering."

II.

So now, as I watch in the dawning dim
The hours of each coming day,
I remember that golden threads of love
Run all through their garments grey;
And I know that each face as it turns to me,
Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And, whether they meet be sombre or glad,
No hour of all the band
But will bring me a greeting from Him I love,
With garments more gold than grey;
To hasten my steps as I traverse the road
That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I love,
And I know He keeps for me
A home of delight in His kingdom fair,
That I greatly long to see;
And the hours that shall speed me on my way
I must welcome gratefully.

III.

And soon I shall trace through the dawning dim
Mid the hours of some coming day,
A figure unlike to its sister forms,
With garments more gold than grey;
And the face of that one, when it meets my gaze,
Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest hour
Which my Lord will send to me;
I know that its voice will be low and sweet,
And thus shall its message be:
"Come quickly and enter thy Home of joy,
For the King is calling thee."

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited long
To behold His beauty rare;
But I surely shall see Him and hear His voice,
And a part of His glory share.
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

Toronto.

Tintelle's Mother.

A French-Canadian Legend.

Children Dear,—Once upon a time, in a little village beside a broad Canadian river, there lived a mother, with only one child. All the other mothers in the village had more than one, and some had ten or twelve; but Tintelle's mother did not mind. "For Tintelle is more beautiful than all the other little ones," she said. Tintelle really was very beautiful, with skin like a snowdrift at sunrise, and eyes like bits of blue sky reflected in the river; but the rosy sunlight died away, and the blue sky was hidden by a cloud, and the cold white body of little Tintelle was buried under a spreading maple tree. The poor mother spent a great deal of her time in the churchyard, kissing the little wooden tombstone and crying, crying, crying all the while.

"The grass ought to be very green," said old Bateste, the farmer, as he looked over the fence, "for she cries so much on it; but it is really getting yellow and withered, because her tears are so bitter."

Sometimes the mother sat on the river bank, crying, and crying and crying.

"The river would rise and flood the land," said Francois the ferryman as he rowed across, "only her tears are so hot that they go up in steam as soon as they have frightened the fishes away."

Sometimes the mother used to spend hours and hours in the church, crying, crying, crying. One day she prayed and wept till she fell asleep. When she awoke it was night, and the sexton had locked the door and gone home to bed. She was not afraid.

"Now I can spend the night praying and weeping alone," she said; "perhaps God will hear me better when there is no one to interrupt us."

So she prayed aloud, begging God to give Tintelle back to her.

Suddenly she heard a door open, and, looking up, she saw an old man come out of the vestry with a candle in his hand.

"Dear me," she said to herself, "it is the old sexton who died twenty years ago!" But she was not afraid.

The old man lit the lamps and went back into the vestry. When he came out again he was followed by an old clergyman, with a face as white as his hair, and his eyes almost shut.

"Ah," said Tintelle's mother, "it was he that took me in his arms when I was a baby and baptised me. It is more than twenty years since he died."

The bell in the tower began to toll. At the twelfth stroke the vestry door again opened, and out came a procession of little children, walking two and two. The biggest of them could not be more than six years old, and the smallest could hardly toddle. They all wore wreaths of immortelles, and in their hands they carried baskets full of flowers, or vases of delicious scent, or little gold and silver urns containing a fluid clear as crystal. Their steps were light and airy,