

meet him, as he turned up the drive. His face was ghastly. What on earth ailed the man!

"I say, Hewitt!"—he clasped his hands mechanically as he called—"stop a minute—hold on—I want to tell you—man, how can it? The lightning struck—Esther's dead! Whoa there!" catching the reins that fell from Hewitt's palsied hands, and leaping to the seat beside him. "Lean on me. There! there! You had to know it. Oh, but it's rough!"

Kind neighbors stood aside in silent groups as Giles Hewitt tottered into the room where Esther lay.

Oblivious of spectators, he fell on his knees beside her with an exceeding bitter cry. "Esther! Esther! You are not dead! Speak! Look up! You were always good, Esther; you were never unreasonable. You shall have that door made! You shall, I say! Somebody get Johnson."

Crazed with shock and anguish, he stroked her cold hands. "Speak to me, Esther! Speak to me! Do you want the door?" Some of the neighbors left the room weeping. In the next room Mrs. Only rocked hysterically back and forth.

"The Lord knows I can't stand it to see a man going on so," she cried. "I says to Dan, says I, 'Break it to him gently, Dan—kind o' lead up to it'; and there! he's just gone and right out with it, and shocked him crazy. Hark! there he goes again, talking senseless-like about a door. He's clean out of his mind!" The Independent, New York.

An Australian Cattle Stampede.

When a cattle rush comes in the blackest of the night, among the dark-standing, low-limbed trees, with the murmur and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman. As he dodges, swerves and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him. If hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battle cry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment of the driver's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelstrom, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nibbling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn.—Harper's Magazine.

I am glad to think that I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

God's goodness hath been great to thee; Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done. —Shakespeare.

New Cure for Seasickness.

Among the most interesting recent electrical developments is one for the relief of those who suffer from seasickness, says the New York Post. It consists of a small electric hanging stove, supported by a bracket, which can be attached to a stateroom wall, with a device for holding securely a polished cup containing about a pint and a half of liquid food or drink. The electric heat supplied is just sufficient to keep the contents hot without boiling.

A common experience of ocean travellers who feel the approach of qualmsiness, or, seasickness, is to ring for the steward or maid and ask for a cup of hot food or drink, and though it is the constant effort of all first-class steamship companies to provide the best possible care for their passengers, however watchful and attentive the attendants may be, it is impossible to make the innumerable visits necessary to keep passengers supplied with fresh cups hot from the galleys. An occasional swallow, if taken hot, is an excellent preventive, but if taken in larger quantity, or when grown tepid, the trouble is aggravated. Hence the value of the electric heater, which is at hand day and night.

Another electric device for the comfort of passengers is the electric heating-pad, which takes the place of the hot water bottle. The electric pad is a soft piece of light woollen material, with a wire attachment to an ordinary electric light socket. As long as the current is turned on, the pad remains heated at an even temperature.

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That gives a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When Heaven threatens nigh
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lesse not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—Charles Dickens.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—Phillips Brooks.

Two Legends.

There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favored saints—St. Cassianus, the type of monastic asceticism, individual character; and St. Nicholas, the type of genial, active, unselfish, laborious Christianity.

St. Cassianus entered heaven, and Christ said to him:

"What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?"

"I saw," he answered, "a peasant floundering with his wagon in a marsh."

"Didst thou help him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was coming before thee," said St. Cassianus, "and was afraid of soiling my white robes."

Then St. Nicholas entered heaven, all covered with mud and mire.

"Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas," said the Lord.

"I saw a peasant floundering in the marsh," said St. Nicholas, "and I put my shoulder to the wheel, and helped him out."

"Blessed art thou," answered the Lord; "thou didst well; thou didst better than Cassianus."

And He blessed St. Nicholas with fourfold approval.

It is like the legend of one who saw an angel writing in a book the names of those who loved the Lord, and he said, "I pray thee have my name written among the lovers of my fellowmen." The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night he came again with great awakening light, and showed the names of those whom God had blessed; and lo, this man's name read above all the rest. One thing, my friend, is certain—the more truly we love the Lord the more thoroughly shall we love and serve our fellowmen.—Dean Farrar.

The Negro as a Business Man.

To give a measure of justification for the bad treatment of the negroes in the South, we hear much of the vices and weaknesses of the negro character, declares Leslie's Weekly. It is well to have some facts and figures on the other side. Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta University, has been at work for a year collecting information to show the colored man's capacity for business. Reports have been received from about 2,000 negro business men, covering all the Southern and several Northern States; 1,624 reports have been tabulated. These statistics represent a capital of \$5,416,329. In twenty cities tabulated, fifteen of them in the South, the capital represented is \$2,281,620. These cities are in fourteen States. New York city stands first, with \$393,000; Richmond, Va., second, with \$303,000; Charleston, S.C., third with \$212,000; Pine Bluff, Ark., fourth, with \$210,000. These figures throw a broad beam of light upon the negro problem. It is Booker T. Washington's contention that peace, happiness and prosperity for his race lie in the direction of industrial education and the development of the business instincts, and these statistics show that his teachings are already bearing fruit. It is sound doctrine, and here is the proof of it.

True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.—Francis Quarles.

How can the sense that the living God is near to our life, that He is interested in it and willing to help it, survive in us, if our life be full of petty things? Absorption in trifles, attention only to the meaner aspects of life, is killing more faith than is killed by aggressive unbelief.—George Adam Smith.