

## ROUND US, EVERYWHERE."

## ANSWERED PRAYER.

He asked for strength that he might achieve. He was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things. He was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy. He was given poverty that he might be wise.

He asked for power that he might en- pay the praise of men. He was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.

He asked for all things that he might enjoy life. He was given life that he might enjoy all things. He was given nothing he asked for, more than he hoped for.

His prayer is unanswered. He is most blest.—From the Congregationalist.

## WHAT YOU CAN DO.

"Will you not pray for us? Each day we need

Your prayers, for oft the way is rough and long,

And our lips falter and forget their song,

As we proclaim the Word men will not heed.

"Pray, pray for us! We are but vessels frail;

The world's appalling need would crush us down,

Save that in vision we behold the crown

Upon His brow who shall at length pre-  
vail."

—Selected.

## A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

"My! isn't it hot! How my temples throb! The air is like a furnace seven times heated! That's right, boy, put down the tatties (screens) to keep out the glare, and shut the wicker doors. Pull, punkah, pull!" The wet towel on my head soon gets dry, and the sheet attached to the punkah soon needs to be soused again. From 10 until 3 p.m. the heat is almost unbearable, and in the noon hour as we recline one almost pants for breath. The punkahs are good, too—to a long board suspended from the ceiling pleated cloth, 18 inches wide, is tacked. A rope attached to the board passes out a hole in the wall over a pulley, and the punkah puller sits outside. Its swish back and forth causes a circulation all through the room, but it is a circulation of hot air. However, one knows very readily when the punkah man has gone asleep—one of the best ways of disturbing his slumbers is to silently steal out and throw some water on his so-called holy tuft of hair.

At 3 p.m. Draw up the tatties, boy. What does it look like outside? Not a leaf on the trees—oh, yes! see that big Flame of the Forest tree by the gate—in the hottest weather it has the brightest red flowers. There is not a blade of green grass to be seen—the whole land is parched and baked—great cracks appear as a result of the shrinkage from the heat.

Look out from the back verandah—the river has disappeared, and the people are bending over holes made in the sand, and are scooping out the water to quench their thirst. At this time the tanks often go dry, and cholera and other diseases result from drinking filthy liquid.

Oh! for some iced water! Yes, if we send to the station, nine miles distant, it may be bought on the train. But the water we drink is not too bad—it is brought from a well two miles away,

"Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are seldom gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties,  
Active be, then, while you may."