

liard Watts, are you handin' it out to me straight about this here Jesus Christ?" he cried bitterly.

"Well, it's this way, Jack," said the old man, "jes' this away an' plain as the nose on you' face; Now here's me, ain't it? Well, you know I won't lie to you. You believe me, don't you?"

The outlaw nodded.

"Why?" asked the bishop.

"Because you ain't never lied to me," said the other. "You've allers told me the truth about the things I know to be so."

"But now, suppose," said the old man, "I'd tell you about somethin' you had never seen—that, for instance, sence you have been an outcast from society an' livin' in this cave, I've seed men talk to each other a hundred miles apart, with nothin' but a wire betwix 'em."

"That's mighty hard to believe," said the outlaw, grimly.

"But I've seed it done," said the bishop.

"Do you mean it?" asked the other.

"As I live, I have," said the bishop.

"Then it's so," said Jack.

"Now that's faith, Jack—an' common sense, too. We know what'll be the earthly end of the liar, an' the thief, an' the murderer, an' him that's impure—because we see 'em come to that end all the time. It don't lie when it tells you the good are happy, an' the hones' are elevated an' the mem'ry of the just shall not perish, because them things we see come so. Now, if after tellin' you all that, that's true, it axes you to believe when it says there's is another life—a spiritual life, which we can't conceive of, an' there we shall live forever, can't you believe that, too, sence it ain't never lied about what you can see, by your own senses? Why ever star that shines, an' ever beam of sunlight fallin' on the earth, an' ever beat of yo' own heart by some force that we know not of, all of them is mo' wonderful than the telegraph, an' the livin' again of the spirit ain't any more wonderful than the law that holds the stars in their places. You'll see little Jack again as sho' as God lives an' holds the worl' in his hands."

The outlaw sat mute and motionless, and a great light of joy swept over his face.

"By God's help I'll do it!"—and he bowed his head in prayer, the first he had uttered since he was a boy.

It was wonderful to see the happy and reconciled change when he arose and tenderly lifted the dead child in his arms. His face was transformed with a peace the old man had never seen before in any human being.

Strong men are always strong—in crime—in sin. When they reform it is the reformation of strength. Such a change came over Jack Bracken, the outlaw.

He carried his dead child to the next room. "I've got his grave already chiseled out of the rocks. I'll bury him here—right under the columns he called Mary and little Jesus, that he loved to talk of so much."

"It's fitten," said the old man tenderly; "it's fitten an' beautiful. The fust burial—we know of in the Bible is where Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah for to bury Sarah, his wife. And as Abraham bought it of Ephron, the Hittite, who offered it to Abraham for to bury his dead out of his sight, so I give this cave to you, Jack Bracken, forever to be the restin' place of little Jack."

And so, tenderly and with many kisses did they bury little Jack, sinless and innocent, deep in the pure white rock, covered as he was with purity and looking ever upward.

He who trifles with the wine-cup is tapping the flood-gates or sorrow. When the dike is but a little more broken the sea will overflow him.

BRIDAL GARMENTS.

It is interesting to note that the choice of white for wedding dresses is comparatively a modern fashion. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in the most Eastern countries pink is the bridal color. During the middle ages, the Renaissance brides wore crimson, and most of our Plantaganet and Tudor Queens were married in this vivid hue which is still popular in parts of Brittany where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade. It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis II of France, in 1554—which took place, not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame—she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length. This innovation caused quite a stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, till quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white, the color hitherto worn by Royal French widows—became popular for bridal garments in England.

SHE WILL NOT WAKE.

By Jane Barlow.

No need to hush the children for her sake,
Or fear their play:
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.
'Tis the long sleep, the deep, long sleep she'll take,
Betide what may.
No need to hush the children for her sake,
Even if their glee could yet again out-break
So loud and gay,
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.
But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make
This many a day:
No need to hush the children. For her sake
So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache
At their dismay.
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake
To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake,
Small heed they'd pay.
No need to hush the children for her sake;
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

—Academy.

MARRIAGE FLIGHT OF ANTS.

People living along the River Stour, at Sandwich, England, were the other day treated to a wonderful sight. Suddenly the stream, the shores, and the streets of the town became covered with flying ants that seemed to be dropping like hail from the clouds. The phenomenon was a marriage flight of ants, such as always takes place in the Summer. The ants thus swarming were young queens and winged males. In these marriage flights countless millions of ants take part, yet the noise of their tiny vibrating wings is scarcely as loud as the hum of a bee. So frail are their dense columns that a little puff of wind will disperse them out of sight.

Comparatively few of the myriads which come forth from their nests into the air live to enter a nest again. Practically all the males die, lonely and shelterless. The surviving queens found new communities, or, entering old nests, are at once taken care of by the workers, and start new colonies in their old nursery.

Guideboards are not always to be trusted. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

ALL ABOUT THE BIRDS.

The course of flight is a distinguishing character of many birds. The grouse rises gradually while flying in a straight course; the woodcock rises to a height of several feet, or even yards, then flies straight away; the cuckoo's flight is also in a straight line, but peculiarly arrow-like, being graceful and silent, the long slender tail and body of the bird still further suggesting an arrow. A number of the birds, notably the brown thrasher and the song sparrow, progress in short flights, as from bush to bush, with a queer, eccentric or bobbing motion as if flapping tails were a great hindrance. A Wilson snipe flies in a zig-zag line; a gold-finch in long undulations or bounds. All of these and many other ways of flying can be indicated by dotted lines in the notebook, supplemented by such words as "sailing," "rapid," "slow," "heavy," or "graceful" flight, and "rapid," "slow," "silent" or "clattering" wingbeats; the wings of the grouse hum, those of the woodcock and the mourning dove whistle. How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time in watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true fly catchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk, just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight, the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds whereby we may know the birds even if they themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color, or the shape of its bill and feet; for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance; and so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to talk them for a nearer view. —St. Nicholas.

IGNORANT WRITERS.

Andrew Lang's statement that Sir Walter Scott would have been horrified if he could have foreseen that, within less than three hundred years, male and female novelists, often as ignorant of books as of life, would monopolize the general attention, and would give themselves out as authorities on politics, ethics, society, theology, religion and Homeric criticism. Scott wrote true to facts, even in novels. Dickens caricatured, but he knew the life he described. So did Thackeray. Nothing is worse than the novel which undertakes to teach when the author is ignorant of the subject. Unconsciously thousands of people who read stories in daily papers, and many of the cheaper magazines, assume that the fiction corresponds with fact; that they are learning manners or customs, or at least receiving an idea of life under some circumstances. In nine cases out of ten the reverse is true. The story writers know little of the life they imagine. Many of them betray their origin, and their ignorance of good usage.

All our relaxations, and every holiday we enjoy, are but means to that important end, the better discharge of our duty.

The atonement is a mystery. The human soul is also a mystery. Deep answereth unto deep.

Some able men are in youth bitter and ripen into sweetness under the frost of circumstance.

In the great Pantheon of the world's best works hang two masterpieces—the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son.