

### The Garden of Years.

I entered the beautiful Garden of Years  
In a springtime of long ago.  
Through heaven the breezes, like charioteers,  
Drove in pageants of cloud as white as  
snow.  
The sunlight fell soft as the moonlight at  
eve,  
And the night was as fair as the day.  
And I thought there was nothing on earth that  
could grieve,  
But that all the sweet world must be gay.

I was only a child in the Garden of Years,  
And my hopes were in bloom with the rose.  
And the music of life rang in chimies in my  
ears  
From the dawn of each day to its close:  
So I played with the butterflies, enrobed with  
birds,  
And dreamed of the stars while I slept.  
The language of life was my mother's kind  
words,  
And into God's bosom I crept.

But I learned, as I grew in the Garden of Years  
A lesson of mournful surprise:  
I learned with the hopes of the world there  
were fears.  
And I found there were sorrowful eyes:  
I found the heart weary in many a breast.  
And I saw that to many a home  
Where love had invited some radiant guest  
The Angel of Sorrow had come.

I found, in the beautiful Garden of Years,  
I, too, had a cross to bear:  
But whenever I looked for God's smile through  
my tears.  
I found my life's rainbow was there.  
And one day I chanced the Wise Gardener to  
meet.  
Who taught me, what love should have  
known,  
That he who from sorrow leads others' woe  
Shall find paths of peace for his own.

And now grander still is the Garden of Years  
Than in that old springtime sublime.  
Whose memories fall like a curfew that  
cheers  
From the far away towers of Time:  
For blessed is he who life's sorrow abates,  
Forgiving as he is forgiven:  
For him shall life's angel, through death, open  
the gates  
Of that Garden Eternal called Heaven.

### Walking for Health.

Few things, if any, are so effectual in building up and sustaining the physical organization as walking, if resolutely and judiciously followed. It is a perfect exercise. It taxes the entire system. When you walk properly, every member and muscle, every nerve and fiber has something to do. The arms swing backward and forward, keeping step, as it were, with the legs; the chest expands and contracts as the lungs fill and discharge; the drummer-boy pulse beats a tune for the march; the legs curve and straighten; the feet rise and fall, while the head rides over all—but not as a deadhead. Every sense it has is employed, every faculty alert. The nostrils expand to quaff the breeze; the ears turn to every sound; the eyes roll in their sockets, sweeping from left to right, from earth to sky; the brain is at work through all its parts. Progress under such conditions is the very eloquence of physical motion. What is the effect? The flesh is solidified; the lungs grow strong and sound; the chest enlarges; the limbs are rounded out; the tendons swell and toughen; the figure rises in height and dignity, and is clothed with grace and suppleness. Hunters, who walk much, are tall and straight, while sailors, who walk scarcely at all, are low and squat. The whole man is developed, not the body merely. The mind is broadened by the contemplation of creation's works, the soul is enlarged, the imagination brightened, the spirits cheered, the temper sweetened. The moral forces are strengthened equally with the physical. A loftier, reverent feeling is awakened, if not a profound religious sentiment. No one who rightly walks the fields and groves or climbs the heights beneath the heavenly dome, with its blazing sun by day and its moon and countless stars by night, but is irresistibly drawn toward the infinite as he "he looks through nature up to nature's god."

### Rare and Costly Metal.

Didymium, says *Iron*, is the rarest metal in the world, and its present market price, if one may thus term the quotation of an article that never appears on the market, is £900 per lb. The next costliest metal is barium, an element belonging to the alkaline earth group; its value is £750. Beryllium, or glucinum, a metallic substance found in the beautiful beryl, is quoted at £675. Yttrium, a rare metal of the boron-aluminum group, so called because first noticed at Ytterby, in Sweden, is stated to be worth at present £450 per lb. Niobium, or columbium, a name suggestive of the American origin of the metal, it having been first discovered in Connecticut, is valued to-day at £400 per lb. The price of rhodium, an extremely hard and brittle substance, which owes its name to the rose-red colour of cer-

tain of its solutions, is also £400. Vanadium, at one time considered the rarest of metallic elements, has been reduced in price to £375, at which value there will no doubt be many eager buyers. Iridium, a very heavy metal of the platinum group, so named from the iridescence of some of its solutions, and well known in connection with its use for the points of gold pens, may be bought to-day at approximately £140 per lb. The present price of platinum, the better known tinwhite, ductile, but very infusible metal, is on a par with that of gold—viz., about £70 per lb; but generally its value fluctuates between its more popular brothers, gold and silver.

### Maggie.

The mother of the family was an invalid, and there were so many little helpless children and only Maggie to do for them all! It was Maggie here and Maggie there, from morn to night, and often the sick mother would lie and suffer rather than ask for what she needed and so increase the haste and worry of the little housekeeper.

For Maggie was only a child—a little girl who had learned to work instead of to play, who when other children were amusing themselves with dolls was bathing her sick mother's fevered head, and keeping the house still. There had been no school room nor play house for her, yet she had somehow learned to read, and it was the aim of her young life to send all these other children to school, as she knew her father would have done if he had prospered. And to keep home so bright that he was contented with it, to make an altar in the sick room around which all the family should meet at night—this was the work of little Maggie.

It was not easy work, nor pleasant work, and except that she had unseen help to bear her through, little Maggie would have fallen by the wayside long before her work was accomplished. For sometimes when the little troublesome children were asleep, and the sick mother settled for the night, Maggie sat down at the window and "took a spell of thinking." She wondered why some people should be born rich, and others poor; why some should do nothing and others everything; what it was to know all about the world, to be a fine lady, and wear nice dresses, and sail away in a grand ship, as she had seen them do in pictures. And she looked at the moon and stars, and wished she knew if Heaven really did lie on the other side.

Then always a stern human voice broke in on her dream, and it told her to go to sleep, for she must get up again in the morning, ready for work.

When Maggie was 12 years old all her dreams came true. A grand ship of state was sent to bear her to a distant country, where she could wear beautiful clothes, and learn all that she wanted to know. It sailed away with her to the Blessed Isles, and as her friends saw her face for the last time, they knew she was forever happy.

But her work, her influence, are still here. In the house where she lived she still exists. Not as a memory, but as a precious presence. For you will hear there all day long her name repeated in tones of loving remembrance. "Maggie used to do so and so;" "Maggie said we must do this;" "Maggie said God would hear us say our prayers when she was gone;" "Maggie said if we were good we would go to her some day." And the stricken mother, when appealed to settle some vexing question, answers humbly and lovingly: "Do as you think Maggie would have you."

Is this not the perfect spiritualism that challenges no criticism, the living influence of the ministering angel who still controls the household she has left? No stone marks her grave at Woodmere, but she herself erected a monument whose tops shall reach the skies:

"To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die."

The Puritan iconoclasm which tore from church walls pictures of the lovely Madonna and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned, which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the multiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty-loving, and self-denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England. Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are probably enough dead saints in the calendar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints, as saints for the days.

### A Woman's Adventure.

One of the most remarkable incidents of Mrs. French Sheldon's journey to Kilmanjaro was the circumnavigation of Lake Chala, the small sheet of water which fill the crater of a volcano a short distance to the east of the base of Kilmanjaro. This beautiful lake was first discovered by one of the earliest missionary explorers of this region (New), who descended to the edge of the water—a feat that Thomson some years afterwards seems to have thought impossible. The natives have, however, always held that there was a way down the almost perpendicular sides of the crater, and only three or four years ago another missionary explorer succeeded in making the descent. Mrs. Sheldon was not, however, content merely to touch the waters of this mysterious lake. A party of Russian sportsmen had left behind them at Kilmanjaro a sort of pontoon boat in sections, which had eventually come into the possession of Mr. Keith Anstruther, a young Scotchman, who was at Taveta when Mrs. Sheldon arrived there. Mr. Anstruther suggested the daring project of launching this boat on the waters of Lake Chala, and Mrs. Sheldon at once offered to join him in the attempt. There was a difficulty in obtaining porters, for local superstition is busy with the crater lake, which was once—the story runs—the site of a great Masai village that was utterly destroyed when the eruption took place which resulted in the formation of the present lake. This difficulty was, however, at length overcome, and after great danger and fatigue the edge of the lake was reached, and the boat was found to be but slightly injured by its rough journey. It is probable that Mrs. Sheldon, if her health permits and she is back in England in time, will read a paper descriptive of this incident in her journey at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association in August.

### Had Two Lives.

A despatch from Beloit, Kas., says:—Mr. and Mrs. Vennum, parents of Mary Vennum, are at a loss to explain the marvelous actions of their daughter. In her little more than fourteen years she has lived two lives—two separate, individual existences, neither related in the least to the other. Living near the Vennums, when Mary was about 13 years of age, was a family named Koff. Mary was subject to cataleptic fits, and after coming out of one of them she became, at all intents and purposes, Mary Koff. Her past life was entirely forgotten, and she talked, acted, and in every way demeaned herself as another person.

The Mary Koff, who she became and remained for over a year, had died (as was afterward learned) nearly seven years before, at about the Vennum girl's age. Yet where her life had been broken by death Mary Vennum took it up and continued its interrupted duties. Her parents first noticed it when, after the fit, she began to talk of things in the Koff residence, which neither they nor herself, so far as they knew, had ever entered. Day after day she pleaded to be taken home, and finally, as a last experiment, they, to satisfy her, took her to the Koff home. The Koffs had recognized in her features a slight resemblance to their dead child, but they were thunderstruck when she, upon stepping inside the door, at once treated all the members of the household as old acquaintances. She understood their peculiarities as if she had been reared there, and remained with her new-found parents perfectly content, recognizing the furniture, pictures, and various parts of the house as if she had always been familiar with them. She went at once to the bureau in which the dead girl had kept her belongings and immediately recognized every object and called it her own.

They say, too, that the awakening was not less remarkable. One day she failed to wake in the morning. One day passed, the night and half the following day, and still she slept. Along in the afternoon she gave a shiver and a cry of pain, and sat up in bed wide awake, staring about her. She could recognize nothing and would not speak to the Koffs. She begged for her mother, and upon being taken home washed old self again, knowing nothing of her twelve months experience, counting it all as a dreamless sleep. Yet during the time she was as light-hearted and natural as any girl of her age.

Her story got abroad and many students of physical wonders called upon her to see the strange child. Among others, Dr. Hodgson, who is Secretary of the English Physical Society, had his attention called to the girl. He went step by step over Mary Vennum's whole life, verifying every incident as given above and securing much additional information bearing upon her remarkable double life.

### No Such Thing as Luck.

"You young people," said a successful banker, "are fond of talking of luck and chance. As for myself, I do not believe in either."

"Each year that I live I am more impressed with the order and meaning which underlie events—the least as well as the greatest. Under this inexorable law the smallest incident in our lives works for our good, if we try to do right. If you live long enough to look back, and are observing and thoughtful, you will find this to be true."

"There was a certain snow-storm, for example, which for twenty years I regarded as the unluckiest accident of my life. This is a true story, remember."

"At the time of this storm I was a young man just beginning my business career as a clerk in the employ of a large firm of cotton brokers."

"A heavy hail storm had broken down the telegraph wires coming into the place, and I was bidden to take a dispatch to the nearest city, and send it by wire to New York. The success of a large venture which the firm had made depended on it."

"I set out in a sleigh with a stout pair of horses; but the fiercest snow storm I ever knew set in, and before I had made half the distance to my destination the drifts were impassable."

"I was forced to turn back. As I plowed my way through the night and storm, I heard a feeble cry for help, and found buried in the snow by the roadside a woman and her child, nearly frozen. The almshouse was near, and I managed to reach it with them. The mother died that night, but the child lived and remained in the almshouse."

"I could not send the dispatch. In consequence our firm lost a third of its capital, and in the financial embarrassment that followed I was thrown out of employment and went to the West."

"For years, as I said, I regarded that storm as a cruel accident."

"But when I look back at it now, I find that the loss of money was but a temporary matter, which affected no human life seriously. The firm recovered from the shock in a year or two. My 'ill luck' forced me to exert myself as I never had done before, and new avenues of success opened before me."

"The boy, who would have died if I had not been driven back by the storm, was a thin, nervous little fellow, full of energy and courage. He pushed his way through school and college, became a specialist in medicine, and has made scientific discoveries which have benefited the civilized world."

"We grumble against fate whenever our plans are defeated by what we call accident or luck. It is not in a day, perhaps, nor in a year, possibly not in this life, that we shall see the whole meaning of defeat. But God sees it, and I am sure means the defeat as a part of our education in life."

### Dresses of Pure Gold.

I have seen women of Sumatra, says a New York *Star* correspondent, wearing dresses of pure gold and others wearing silver gowns. Both these metals are mined there in Sumatra and the natives possess sufficient knowledge of the arts to smelt and form the ingots into wire. The weaving of the handsome and costly cloths is quite the principal occupation of both the women and the men.

Never in Christian countries do women dress as extravagantly. I remember that once the chief told me he would have two pretty maidens dress as they would on their marriage. The two bright-eyed girls were gone some time and came back wearing, one a dress of gold and the other one of silver. They had bracelets one above another from the hands and above their elbows. At the elbows they wore peculiar bracelets, jointed to permit easily moving the joint. In brief, their arms were armored with precious metal. They had necklaces of gems and other costly ornaments, and the cloth-of-gold and cloth-of-silver dresses were made loosely fitting above the waist, and the skirts in flounces.

The spectacle of a peer entertaining a party of washerwomen with tea and buns was witnessed at the public bar of the House of Commons on Monday. Lord Aberdeen was the entertainer, and his guests were a deputation who had come to Westminster to interview members about their grievances. The ladies were disposed to be shy and retiring at first, but the Democratic Earl contrived to put them at their ease; and, having done so, left them to discuss their tea alone.