

Perfectly absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was round him, heard nothing of all the scoffing, laughing and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until on a sudden he was waked out of his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was accompanied by the question: "Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book?" You need it more than any of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament?" "So I am," he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recognized in that rough joke. "Give me the book. I will pay its full price." The next day the brigands dispersed through the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. The man who bought the Bible went also on his errand, but he directed his steps to no receiving house. He repaired to a lonely place where he spent the whole day in the agonies of unspeakable remorse. and but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have made away with himself.

But God had mercy on that repenting sinner, and sent a message of mercy and peace to his heart. The next day on entering a village where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison. His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment for some years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.—*Sel.*

—Shaftsbury was the philanthropist of his generation. No man of his age had such skill in reaching, touching, moving, moulding, even the worst and most hopeless criminals. One man recently discharged from prison went to him for counsel; and years afterwards, redeemed to God and humanity he was asked where his reformation began. "With my talk with your earl." "But what did the earl say?" It was not so much anything he said; but he put his arm around me, and he said, "Jack we'll make a man of you yet." It was his touch that did it. *Women's Tribune.*

#### GENTLE WORDS AT HOME.

What trifles make or mar the happiness of home! Mr. Jones comes home to dinner, red and perhaps a little cross. The dinner is not quite ready, the meat is a little overdone or no quite done enough, and Mr. Jones thinks he does well to be angry. It is trying, to be sure; and Mrs. Jones, if she be a loving wife, will do her very utmost to prevent such contingency; but it may be she has had the charge of several small children, with an inefficient servant in the kitchen, and has really done her best. "I wonder why I can't have my dinner in comfort like Tom Smith," says Mr. Jones. Now Tom Smith has just twice his income, and Mrs. Smith is able to keep a thoroughly efficient servant, besides which she has no children. All this Mr. Jones forgot in his anger, but not so his wife. It makes the question doubly galling to her, and she replies quickly, "I wonder why I can't have as much house-keeping money as Mrs. Smith." This turning the tables on Mr. Jones is very consoling at the time, but is another of the trifles that destroy the peace of home. A soft answer, a conciliatory word, would have stopped the quarrel at its beginning, but now retorts fly back and forth and an atmosphere of irritation and anger pervades the household for the remainder of the day—aye, for the remainder of life—for each family jar paves the way for another, unless some mighty, reforming force, some new birth of love and holiness comes in. The children catch the tone of their parents and bicker among themselves, and that house ceases to be a home except in name. Only where love reigns in every heart, where slights are neither given nor imagined, where no bitter, cutting word is ever spoken, can there be a happy, an ideal home.—*Sel.*

The Japanese Papers give gloomy accounts of the terrible floods of August 20th. in the city of Wakayama and in the districts of Nishi-Muro and Hidaka. From 10,000 to 15,000 persons are represented as drowned, and 20,424 as needing relief. The river Kinokuni rose from thirteen to eighteen feet above its usual level. Towns and embankments were wasted away. Enormous losses in property were sustained. The disaster to Johnstown which stirred public sympathy so deeply was nothing like this in extent. Probably later intelligence may modify the present reports, but there seems to be no doubt that the destruction and suffering are of an appalling character. It looks as if 1889 was determined to be memorable in the Old World as well as in the New on account of its watery devastations.