

## I Wonder.

BY MRS. W. F. ROBINSON.  
WHEN I gaze on the glowing colours  
Of the sunset's gorgeous dyes,  
That paint in their gold and crimson  
The far-away Western skies,

I wonder how much more radiant  
The walls of sapphire are,  
That enclose the beautiful city,  
In that promised land afar.

And oft when the morning gloweth,  
Like a bride, in her jewels rare,  
Diamonds and rubies, and sapphires,  
Flashing on brow and hair.

And the sun, with soft caresses,  
Wraps her in robes of light,  
I wonder how much fairer  
Is that day without a night.

And oft when the summer smileth  
Over hill and dale and stream,  
And the earth lay bathed in beauty  
As fair as an infant's dream,

I wonder how much more beautiful  
The home of the blest could be,  
If only the trail of the serpent,  
We never more here could see.

But I know, for the Bible tells us,  
That earth, nor sea, nor sky,  
Can of its matchless splendour  
The faintest type supply.

And so I marvel and wonder  
Of the things laid up on high,  
In the city that hath foundations  
In that land beyond the sky.

And I think of the glad surprises  
That await the glorified,  
In what place prepared by the Master,  
Where His loved ones shall abide.

And how it brightens the earth-paths,  
And chases the shadows away,  
To look beyond the gloaming  
Towards the break of eternal day.

And their cometh such sweet contentment  
In the blest security  
That perfect in all its appointments,  
Shall the home of the spirit be.

For the hand that formed in beauty,  
What delights our senses here,  
Will far exceed in glory  
The fashioning up there.

## Where do the Gypsies Come From?

WHERE do the Gypsies come from? The word Gypsie means "Egyptian," and has suggested the old story that the Gypsies came from the land of the Pharaohs, either because the Egyptians failed to entertain the Israelites hospitably, or because the Holy Child and the Virgin Mary were treated rudely when they took refuge in Egypt from the persecution of Herod. The French call the Gypsies Bohemians; but this name is not significant, as the real Bohemians are a people of high intelligence. In fact, the Bohemians are the Frenchmen among the Slavs. The German name of the Gypsies, Zigeuner, has puzzled etymologists, and German erudition has invoked Herodotus, Turkish, and Ethiopic to explain the word. But, were the word explained, the Gypsies themselves might remain a mystery, for there is a wide gulf between words and the things of which words are but symbols or names.

There are about 600,000 Gypsies in Europe, and 90,000 in Hungary alone.

Poetry, operas and music have been partial to the Gypsies. Sir Walter Scott, the opera of "Carmen," and scores of German productions have dealt in Gypsies, and Frank Liszt has immortalized their music. The gloomy, melancholy eye of the Gypsy has been explained as the result of persecution, or as the yearning for a happier lot. Gypsy girls have been admired for their charms. But the sober truth is, that the melancholy eye of the Gypsy

indicates stupidity, sensuality, and lazy brooding. Gypsy girls may have a certain charm—young people generally have—but Gypsy women are ugly in the fullest sense of the word. And romance itself comes to an end when people are on bad terms with soap and water, and revel in roasted cats or half-decayed meats of any kind. Most Gypsies are dirty, lazy, thievish, cowardly, malicious, and strictly unpoetical. They abominate policemen; they like people who are romantic. They are nomadic in the fullest meaning of the term, and they like to be recognized as such.

More than a century ago a scholar investigated the language of the Gypsies, and decided it to be Indian in origin and Aryan in character. The greatest etymologist of this century, Prof. Pot, studied the Gypsy dialects of all Europe, and concluded them to be nearer the original Sanskrit than are most languages now spoken. More recently, the eminent Miklosich, the illustrious Slav scholar, has traced the migrations of the Gypsies from the Upper Indus, through Syria and Asia Minor, to Greece. They left India about the year 1000; they began to make Greece their home about 1250; they entered Roumania about 1300, Hungary about 1350, Bohemia about 1410, Germany in 1417, Spain in 1440. Later on they invaded Scotland, Sweden, Russia, and Siberia. When did they enter America? We do not know. Only the Jews surpass the persistency of these nomads. But the Jew adapts himself to civilization as he finds it; the Gypsy remains himself wherever he is, and all Gypsies have a common dialect.

## "Is the Link On."

I WAS waiting at the railway station one day, when I saw a porter, who was attaching a number of heavily laden vans to an engine by a single link. "When you have connected the engine with the carriages," I said, "I presume the train can be moved?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then the engine does all the work?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And when that link is on, the engine will convey the train to its destination?"

"Yes, sir, if it don't break."

"Well, now let us ask you another question, Are you linked to Christ in Heaven? Shall I tell you what the link is? 'Faith' is the name of the link; faith connects with Christ; 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Just as that engine does all the work, and by its strength conveys all the carriages to their destination, so surely has Christ done all the work for a poor sinner, and all that believe on Him, are connected with Him, and He will convey them safely to glory. God's 'hath' will never, never fail. Tell me now, is the link on? Do you believe in Christ?"

"No sir," replied the man, "this link is not on."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, and you will find that God's link never breaks. That 'hath of God never gave way yet, and never will." Just at that moment the signal sounded for my train to move on, and as I was borne away I called out, "Good night: may the Lord enable you to believe."

Dear reader, let me ask you seriously, Is the link on? Are you connected with Christ who is in Heaven? Have you received His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? And remember, God's "link" never breaks.—*Faithful Words.*

## He Guideth Me.

I MAY not know the way I take;  
If it bring good or ill;  
But this I know; if faith is mine  
In love divine,  
That love will make,  
If I mistake,  
Light in the darkness shine.

So dark my path sometimes,  
I cannot see the purpose of Thy plan for me;  
And yet, I dare not pray,  
Father, in some brighter way  
Lead thou me home;  
Some path my own,  
That I would choose,  
Lest I a greater blessing lose.

'Tis mine to follow (not to lead)  
E'en though a cross it be:  
Simply to trust: nor ask  
One step ahead to see  
Assured: there is no ill;  
But all is good,  
If understood  
To be my Father's will.

Then why am I cast down,  
And filled with anxious fear?  
Since the Eternal Lord  
Hath promised in His word  
My every step  
He will direct  
And make my life His care

I'll rest upon His word:  
And claim each promise mine  
So shall I prove  
His faithful love:  
That each event  
To me is sent  
A Father's wise design.

## The Joy of Decision.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss.

"I do not dance now," she said. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved it. Becoming a Christian I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it."

In a later conversation on the same subject, when the decision of some other ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:

"I am glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a fixed decision. I enjoy the right so much more when I have finally and positively decided in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not assert itself as intellect and conscience direct clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smites.

He is the happiest who makes up his mind, puts his foot firmly down, dismisses forever the possibility of ever going back to his old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.—*Sunday School Journal.*

MET HIS MATCH.—Anderson, the wizard, met a Scotchman who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Scotchman: "I say, are you Professor Anderson?" "Yes, sir, at your service." "Weel, you're a smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, too, you know." "Ab, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow. "Weel, I can take a shilling and change it into a gold picco." "Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too." "No, you can't. I'd like to see you try." "Well, hold out your hand with the shilling in it. This is your shilling, is it?" "Sure, it's nothing else." "Hold on to it tight. Presto! change. Now, open your hand." Scotty opened his fist, and there was a gold sovereign

on his palm. "Weel, you did it, I declare; much obleeged to you!" and the Scotchman turned to go out. "Stay," said the Professor, "you must leave my sovereign." "Yours! wasn't that my shilling, and didn't you turn it into this 'ere yellow thing, eh? Good-bye!" And as he left the room he was heard to say: "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

## Varieties.

A LAD who started for Texas to become a cowboy returned in three weeks a perfectly cowed boy.

A SCIENTIST asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. We would respectfully add that that's all it generally needs to.—*Boston Post.*

ENGLISH inspectors have reported the most practicable way of teaching history is to begin with the present time and go backward.—*The Century.*

A LITTLE four-year-old upset in a boat was not alarmed. A surprised sailor asked her afterward why was this. She said: "I finked of Peter."

A NEW kind of bug has been discovered which bores holes through lead pipes. It is called the "plumber's friend."

FATHER TIME, though he tarries for none, often lays his hand lightly on those who have used him well.—*Chas. Dickens.*

LITTLE Flaxen Hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."

SCANDAL, when it has truth in it, is like a grease spot on new cloth; but when there is not truth in it, it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.

I WANT to give you this advice: Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. Just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.—*President Nott.*

WHEN President Harrison was leaving home for Washington he was advised to get a big dog to keep the boys from stealing his fruit. The President replied: "I would sooner get a Sunday-school teacher to tell the boys better than to steal. Find the boys a teacher, and I will give them apples enough."

EVERY child should be taught to pay all his debts, and to fulfil all his contracts, exactly in manner, completely in value, punctually at the time. Everything he has borrowed he should be obliged to return uninjured at the time specified, and everything belonging to others which he has lost he should be required to replace.—*Dwight.*

A YOUNG merchant, who had a few thousand dollars to spare, called upon a college friend who was a broker in Wall Street. "What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Fred," replied the broker confidentially, "there's a tailor's shop in the basement round the corner. Now you skip down there, get your pockets sewed up, and leave Wall Street as fast as you can."

REV. ABEL FLETCHER, a blind preacher, accounts for the proverbial cheerfulness of blind people from the fact that their lives are a continuous experiment, in which the other senses are made to do duty for the lost sense. This occupation of the faculties is the source of content.