

est to a degree. The responses, in their heartiness, were beyond anything I have heard even in Africa. There was a second service in the afternoon, at which there must have been fully 800 present. The same earnest attention was apparent, and the same spirit of devotion. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God for the glorious privilege of being permitted to preach to those dear members of Christ's flock."

The Bishop administered Confirmation to seventy persons, and publicly set apart six earnest native Christians for the work of lay evangelists, with the ultimate object, if the Lord directs, of the fittest being ordained to the work of the Ministry. So excellent is the spirit of the native Christians, and such an aptitude have they for teaching, that the Bishop writes: "I shall be greatly disappointed if, within a very few years, we do not have, not only a large body of native lay evangelists scattered over the land, but also the foundation of a zealous native Ministry." Concerning the self-support of the native Church, the following remarkable testimony is borne: "I should say that in no other part of the world is there to be found a native Church which is so disposed to support itself and its Ministry as the Church of Buganda. The land occupied by the missionaries is a gift from the people; the houses occupied by Messrs. Gordon and Walker were built for them by the Christians without any expectation of payment, and to crown all, a large house of three rooms has been built for myself, and two smaller houses for the other members of my party. I have said this crowns all, but it does not. Every day the Christians bring us food in such quantities that we have more than enough for sustenance. I do not expect it will be necessary for me to buy any food during the period of my stay here. The people are only too anxious to keep one here."

Bishop Tucker also writes that "the openings for workers are simply marvellous. I should say that such another open door does not exist in any other part of the world." He concludes his very remarkable letter by saying that he was about to return to England to obtain, if possible, at least seven additional missionaries.

Bearing his Burden.

A gentleman driving his own carriage, overtook a tired pedler with his pack on his back and invited him to take a seat behind him. This the man thankfully did, apologising however for the liberty. Presently the gentleman looked round, and perceiving that the pedler still carried the pack on his back, he asked him why he did not lay his burden on the seat. "Sir," was the reply, "you have been good enough to allow me to take a place in your carriage, but I would not also take the liberty of placing my burden in it too."

Many a Christian man behaves like this pedler, refusing in trouble to cast his care upon God.

The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers, determined to have a military levee, for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman, in the vault of which a large quantity of powder had been deposited. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next to the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed on the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jewelled hand above his head, and exclaimed,

"One dance more, and defiance to the flames." All caught enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," bursts from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sounds of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry, "The fire has reached the magazine! fly! fly for your life!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as these ill-fated revellers, yea, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak to them of death, the grave, judgment and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for pleasure, but soon dash into the world and forgetfulness as before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all, and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry is heard, "Prepare to meet thy God," but soon, like Carnot, they say, "one dance more, and defiance to the flames," and hurry on. The Spirit of the Living God speaks powerfully home to their hearts, and they shake, tremble and are amazed; but earth casts its spell around them, and sings to them in songs, and with the cry, "time enough," "by and bye," they speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere days and months have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost for ever—lost:

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee!

Our Modern Amazon.

I'm trying on my armour, dear,
With which my battles are won.
I shall count some brilliant conquests before
The summer sun has gone.

Here's a white dress and a lily-trimmed hat,
And a parasol like foam:
They'll make my eyes look darker yet,
As I fetch my prisoners home.

You would not think this simple silk,
As light as a sea-gull's wing,
Could bring down many a knightly heart
In the lists of "summering"!

And here's a fan—it is not smoke,
But lace and ostrich feather;
It will be watched by eyes that ask
My fancy's wind and weather.

And here's a yachting suit that says,
Upon life's merry wave
I, like an admiral, shall win
Engagements brisk and brave!

And at this shoe, all tipped with gold,
A trembling slave shall stoop—
A vassal whom a rival queen
Lost in some waltzing group.

In short, when autumn once more hangs
The land with gorgeous hue,
I shall come riding back to town
In triumph. Wouldn't you?

—ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

A Touch of Nature.

The district messenger boy comes in for a vast amount of ridicule for his slowness, but he is a pretty good lad after all, if the following happening in New York is any criterion:

"One day on Broadway," says an observer, "I heard a boy's voice ring out above the noisy roar of the vehicles, clear and distinct, saying, 'Hold on, blind man! stop still, blind man! wait till I get to you!' Looking for the owner of the voice, I discovered a slender but agile messenger boy of fifteen or sixteen years threading his way through a mass of vehicles to a spot just by the opposite curb, where a gray-haired man was standing as if riveted with a look of mild despair on his face. It needed only a glance to see that the poor man had sightless eyes; that he had become bewildered and was likely to be run over; that the quick-witted messenger boy alone of all the vast crowd had seen the dil-

emma and had rushed to the assistance of the unfortunate creature.

"As the lad brought the blind man safely to the sidewalk I could not help thinking that here was an expression of that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."—*Golden Days*.

Sleeping for Beauty.

Sleep is, under right conditions, a wonderful tonic to the human system. Few women realize its value, and yet it is said that Patti and Lucca and all the great singers and actresses and famous beauties, who, like Madame Recamier, were wondrously beautiful at an age when ordinary women retire from the festive scenes of life, have owed their preserved beauty to sleep. A beautiful woman who at fifty has the brilliancy of youth in her eyes and skin, and the animation of girlhood in her form, declares that she has made it a rule all her life to retire whenever possible at nine o'clock. And American women, of all classes, need the rest and refreshment which sleep can give to overwrought nerves and over-worked systems.

If sleep is not easily induced, light physical exercise should be taken nightly before retiring, until the blood is directed into proper channels. Then upon seeking the couch the eyelids close as naturally as those of a healthy child. The knowledge which women need above all else is a knowledge of self. To study intelligently nature's laws is to enter the widest realm that human feet can tread; to enter, in a word, the kingdom of righteousness, where all is beautiful and fair, because all is good that is in confirmation with the will of the highest.

The Energy of Children.

There is sometimes an element of fierceness in the energy of children. They are not only lively and active and noisy, but they are aggressively so. They are not satisfied without constant attention and sympathy. Their elders must look at that, know this, and praise the other: and their placidity being continually stirred, the elders get weary of schooling their souls to patience.

This aggressive energy is a terrible strain on rasped nerves and tired body. It is in such moments of stress of spirit that the mother makes the hasty, impatient speech, and then, with self-reproach, does for the child tenfold more than she ought, to punish herself for the brief sin.

It is true, however some may exclaim against it, that all mothers do not merge their whole being in motherhood. Sometimes the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and sometimes the spirit itself rebels.

A woman who was the mother of twelve children brought her sons and daughters to honour and love her. She was a model wife, friend, and neighbour. Years after her boys and girls had grown up and were scattered she confessed, "I did used to get dreadfully tired of my children!" She was a faithful mother in spite of the feeling, perhaps better because of her perception of it, but she was a woman first, and it was hard to forget that.

"Job's comforters" come around, saying: "Think how badly you would feel if you lost them! Think how you will regret the trouble when they are grown-up, solemn men and women!" All that is true enough, though, like some other truths, no present relief. But when the infliction is worst, it might afford a little help to consider what a wonderful mercy it is that children do have such an abundant stock of aggressive energy to start with. What a help it is in the chances and changes of this troublesome life! It is the energetic, enthusiastic man who keeps a bold front and a steadfast soul in the world's battlefields. It is the energetic, brave-spirited woman who preserves a happy youthful heart, and meets trials and tribulations with a smiling defiance. Yes, the children will need through life all the energy they can command. Let us try to be thankful they have such a good supply to begin on.

—Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.