

thrust their long bills in the soft ground, sinking it almost to the roots, and draw it forth immediately with a worm on the point of the bill. They never draw the worm from the ground suddenly, but are very careful not to mangle it. When they have laid the worm on the ground, they throw it into their jaws with a sudden motion and then swallow it. They consume insects and berries in the same way, and take up small stones.

In the London Zoological Gardens the cage of this bird is in a dark stall; some straw is piled up in one corner. The kiwi conceals itself behind this straw during the day. If the keeper takes it out from its hiding place it looks puzzled for a time, but when it is placed on the ground it turns its back and runs back to the straw in the most absurd style. After the sun goes down it runs about in a lively manner, and thrusts its long bill into every corner.

The female in the London gardens has laid several eggs. The bird weighs a little more than four pounds, and the eggs, which are remarkably large, weigh between fourteen and fifteen ounces.

"The skin of these birds is very tough, yet flexible, and the chiefs in New Zealand set great value upon it for the manufacture of their state mantles, permitting no inferior person to wear them, and being extremely unwilling to part with them, even for a valuable consideration."—From *Brehm's Animal Life*.



Temperance Department.

THE LITTLE TESTAMENT.

BY MARY D'INELL CHELLIS.

Mr. Goodale, the minister of a seaside parish, was sitting in his study late at night. A sermon which he had just completed lay upon the table before him. To-morrow would be the Sabbath, and he needed rest, but some power seemed to hold him in a waiting attitude, as if expecting a summons to active duty.

The clock struck twelve, and as it ceased a rap was heard upon the window looking seaward. He threw it up, asking:

"Who is there?"

"A friend who brings a message from the dead," was replied.

"Go to the door and I will admit you," said Mr. Goodale.

By the light of the stars he saw that his visitor was dressed as a sailor but the moment the young man entered the room he doubted if the dress had not been assumed as a disguise.

"I thank you for allowing me to come in," said the stranger quickly. "I should not be here to-night but for a promise I have made, and one is never sure of to-morrow."

"True, my friend;—was thinking of that when you rapped upon my window. I had finished my sermon for to-morrow, and I thought how strange it would seem if another should read it. But you told me you had a message to me from the dead."

"And I have, sir. Three weeks ago at this very hour a shipmate of mine died, and he wished me to tell you he had died trusting in the Lord Jesus, because of a conversation he had with you one day on the beach. You gave him a little Testament, which he always carried with him. He gave it to me before he died, and here it is. I promised to read a verse in it every day, and I have kept my promise."

Mr. Goodale took the worn volume and read the name he had himself written more than a year before. Then it all came back to him—the terrible oaths he had heard, and the daring recklessness of the sailor who had uttered them. This recklessness resulted in danger, from which he had saved the swearer, and thus a bond of friendship was established between them. Their acquaintance was short, but it was long enough for much earnest conversation, and when they parted the little Testament was given with many prayers that it might prove the means of salvation to him who received it.

"And John Drury is dead."

"Yes, sir; and when he went I lost my best friend. He was a brave man and true; and oh! sir, he did so long to live to see his mother once more and tell her that he had given up his drinking and all his other wild ways. But when he found he must go he said it was all right and the Lord would take care of her."

"Tell me of his sickness."

"There is not much to tell, sir. He was taken down with a slow fever, and though the best was done for him that could be he grew worse until he died. He wanted to ask his mother's forgiveness. I promised to do it for him, and Monday I must go to see her. He said he should never have been a Christian but for you."

"Is his mother a Christian?"

"Yes, sir. He told me more than once that he knew she prayed for him every night and morning. He said that troubled him when he first left her, but he could drown it all out with liquor, and he got so at last that he didn't care."

"He must have been a hard drinker. I judged so from his looks and appearance when I saw him."

"Yes, sir, he was, but after he began to read the Testament he stopped. He signed a pledge never to taste liquor again, and he kept it too. He couldn't be laughed out of it, and finally nobody tried."

"I am thankful to hear such a report of him, and to see a friend of his. You will, of course, spend the remainder of the night in town?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to-morrow? Will you be here to-morrow! I would like to see you again."

As the young man hesitated to reply, Mr. Goodale said:

"Will you be my guest? I have a room which is often occupied by sailors; sometimes by one I know well, and sometimes by a stranger."

"I am a stranger."

"But we have some sympathies in common, John Drury was your friend, and he was also mine."

"But, sir, he did not know much of me. If he had known more he might have cared for me less."

The speaker was young, yet there were deep lines of dissipation on his face. His eyes were blood-shot, and it was with an evident effort that he maintained his part in conversation with so fitly chosen words. Mr. Goodale looked at him earnestly, seeing another soul to be saved or lost. Perhaps that very night was to be the turning point in a life which would continue for ever.

"I return you the Testament," he said placing it in his visitor's hand. "When I gave it to your friend I prayed that a blessing might go with it. Will you allow me now to pray with you? Perhaps you have praying parents, who have remembered you while out upon the sea."

"I never heard my father or mother pray. If I had I might have been different."

"Then let me pray for you now, as we are together for the first time. Will you kneel with me?"

Jerould Nason had never bowed the knee in prayer. He had not been religiously educated. He had come to the parsonage that night to redeem his promise before delivering himself to the debauch he was sure awaited him; but he could not refuse to kneel with one who had so trusted him. The prayer was short, but it touched a heart long hardened; and when the two rose from their knees the sailor said in a broken voice:

"There may be hope for me after all, though I told Drury he wasted his breath on me, I want to tell you my story, if you are willing to hear it."

"I shall be glad to hear it. Perhaps I can help you in some way, and if I can you may be sure that I will."

"Can you take away from me the appetite for strong drink? I am almost crazy for it now."

"I can give you something in place of it. I can make you a cup of strong coffee."

"Then do, sir. I am going mad with thirst."

The coffee was soon prepared, and drank with eagerness. Then the story was told.

A boy reared in luxury, learning to drink wine at his father's table, and so outraging his family that before he had attained his majority he was ordered to leave his father's house for ever.

An allowance was made for his support and directions given for obtaining it.

"I never drew a cent of that allowance," he said proudly; adding: "I am not going to blame my father for disowning me, but I do blame him for teaching me to drink wine. I would have starved before I would have been indebted to him for a crust of bread. I have done all kinds of work, and lived in all kinds of quarters, except such as I was used to at home. I have never revealed my true name to any one but John Drury and yourself, and I shall probably never reveal it to another."

"I think you will, my friend," responded Mr. Goodale; "I have faith that you will yet honor that name. You are only twenty-five years old. You may have a long life before you. Can you think of living forty or fifty years as you have lived the last five?"

"I would rather die this very night. I have just lived on from day to day, and when things got so bad that I was desperate I drank until I forgot it all."

"How about the awakening?"

"I can't tell you that, sir. Nobody can ever know what that is unless he has felt it. It is past description."

"Have you never felt any desire to reform?"

"Yes, sir. Twice since I left home. I have tried and failed. If I try again it will be for the last time. Three times and out."

"No, my friend, no! Never give up, although you fail seventy times. Will you try again now? Will you be my guest over the Sabbath and refrain from drinking?"

"Yes, sir, I will. It is my last chance and I will take it."

This was said after a silence of some minutes; said, too, with an emphasis which betrayed something of the struggle this decision had cost.

The Sabbath services were unusually impressive. People said the minister spoke with greater solemnity than ever before; as if the burden of souls pressed heavily upon him.

Jerould Nason could not rest. He had risen from his bed at early dawn. Indeed, he had hardly laid himself down before the light gleamed faintly in the east. If without forfeiting his word he could have obtained the drink he so much craved he would have sacrificed for it his every hope of the future. A score of times that day he opened the little Testament, yet at night he had not read a single word.

"You are tired, my friend. Why not seek rest?" said Mr. Goodale kindly.

"Where can I find it?" was asked in reply.

"Let me show you." And the minister pointed to Christ's words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"How can I go to Him?"

The Christian minister explained simply as to a little child.

"And will the fight all be over if I give myself to Christ?" asked the young man.

"I dare not promise you that it will, but I can promise that God will give you grace to conquer if you trust Him to the end. Will you do this?"

"I will try. I can do nothing else. Will you pray for me?"

"Be sure I will. Will you pray for yourself?"

"I will try."

In the solitude of his chamber Jerould Nason made these trials. Shut up to himself and God, his whole soul went out in one long, agonizing prayer for strength and forgiveness. He was so worn and weary that he but half realized the peace with came to him, yet he slept.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke the next day, wondering and questioning. He looked around and there was the little Testament, which made all plain. He had begun a new life. He realized that it would be a continued struggle, but he would trust in God.

Two more days and he was still at the parsonage by the sea. He did not wish to meet any of the people, but at night he would sit by the ocean gazing out upon the waste of waters, as if he saw what others saw not. "I must go to John Drury's mother. I must go to her and then I must look for work," he said as he returned from one of his lonely vigils.

"Suppose I go with you," responded the clergyman. "I should be glad to see John Drury's mother; and I have a brother who, I think, may give you employment if you like to go into a store."

"I would like it of all things. My father is a merchant, and he expected me to learn his business."

Mrs. Drury was so thankful to hear of her son's conversion to Christ that she could hardly mourn for his death. The money he had left her was sadly needed, but she was ready to give it all for the little Testament he had carried next his heart.

"I won't take it from you," she said to his friend. "I have my old Bible that is enough for me, John was always a good boy to me till the drink got fast hold on him. It's the drink that does the mischief. It ruins the men and makes the homes wretched. What can a poor woman do?" she exclaimed. "If I was like some do you think I'd be here knitting stockings and doing my bit of work? No, indeed, I wouldn't. I'd call the people together, and I'd enlist every one I could to fight for the Lord against the demon of alcohol. That's what I would do; but as I am I can only pray."

"Pray for me, mother, and I will talk for you," responded Jerould Nason.

"Will you? Will you?" she asked eagerly. "God helping me, I will, as soon as I have proved myself worthy," he replied, and so the contract was sealed.

For two years he worked faithfully, know nasa consistent Christian, and winning many friends. Reconciled to his family, they were proud to own him as one of their number, and yet he chose to remain with the merchant who trusted him when he dared hardly trust himself.

The time came when he felt called to redeem his promise. A large hall was filled with a waiting audience. As he stood before this audience he held in his hand the little Testament which was his constant companion.

He told the story which had been told him by John Drury, and then he told his own story with a pathos which brought tears to many eyes.

"I am talking for Mother Drury, while she is praying for a blessing upon my words," he said when about to close. "If it were not for that I could never have spoken to you as I have this evening. I am speaking for her still when I repeat: 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'—*Temperance Advocate*."

MR. SMITHIES AND THE DOCTORS.

Dr. Dawson Burns tells the following story of the editor of the "British Workman." I knew him when he was working first as manager of gutta percha works in the City Road; but when he was getting more deeply engaged in his publications it was necessary for him to reduce the strain upon his constitution. A severe illness about this time was a cause of anxiety, and going to York to consult his family doctor he was informed that nothing could save his life but a small quantity of wine per day. When Mr. Smithies admitted that he might take this prescription medicinally, without breaking the pledge, but urged that his action, if known, would be liable to suspicion and weaken his temperance influence, the doctor could only reply that he was very sorry, and that being aware of the facts, he would not have given the order had it not been positively indispensable. Silenced but not convinced—though knowing the doctor to be both able and conscientious—Mr. Smithies came up expressly to London again to consult Sir James Clark, and when assured by him that wine was not necessary, he could scarcely restrain his joy. He thanked God, took Sir James Clark's prescription, and recovered. Had he yielded to his friend at York, and had he survived, he would have added one more to the number of cases where the use of wine in illness has been falsely regarded as the preserver of life and restorer of health.

LIQUORDOM IN NEW YORK.

FOOD versus LIQUOR.

FOOD.—Butchers, 2,098; Bakers, 1,110; Grocers, 4,118; Total, 7,326.

LIQUOR.—Hotel Keepers, 4,819; Beer Sellers, 3,722; Store Keepers, 534; Illicit Dealers, 1,000; Total, 10,075.

The above startling facts show that the sellers of Liquor out-number the sellers of Food by 2,749.—*Episcopal Recorder*.