

for five minutes, but then jumps up again, declaring that it is time to go, for the timetable may have been changed. An inspection of the table (fortunately at hand) removes this fear, and five minutes more are passed in evident discomfort. Then he again springs up, seizes his umbrella and bag, announces that he knows it is very late, and starts, despite all remonstrances from his cooler companions who follow him at the appointed time, to find him breathlessly awaiting them. He is tired and nervous before the journey begins, and all for nothing, since the moments are always of the same length, and the railway officials have observed their usual time, notwithstanding that our worrying friend is a passenger. And this peculiarity runs through all the acts and ways of some lives, depriving them alike of dignity and repose.—'Christian Globe.'

Jacob's Sermon.

'Had a good sermon, Jacob?' my wife asked me last night when I came home from church.

'Complete, Rachel,' said I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

'Good singing, Jacob?'

'I'm sure I couldn't tell you.'

'Many people out to-day?'

'I don't know.'

'Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?'

'The sermon.'

'What was the text?'

'I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it.'

'I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time.'

'Indeed I didn't. I never was so wide awake.'

'What was the subject, then?'

'As near as I can remember, it was me.'

'You! Jacob Gay!'

'Yes, ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too.'

'Who preached? Our minister?'

'No, he didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too.'

'Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely! Those woman's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?'

'Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post-office, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first one at meeting, and we sat by the stove warming. I had seen her a good deal in the post-office and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant-spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there is quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one and that one who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and trembling in her voice, and a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just a starting:—

'Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer meeting, last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian.'

'Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life.'

'Why, bless your soul,' I said, 'my child, I have been a member of the church forty years.'

'My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they wasn't so tanned.'

'Do excuse me, Mr. Gay,' she said. 'Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer meeting or Sabbath school, and I never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings.'

'Tut, tut, child,' I answered. 'No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer meeting or Sunday school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it.'

'Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat; but the looks and words of

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that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. To think that some of the young people in Wharton didn't know I was a member, and were concerned for the old man! I said to myself, by way of application, Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.—'Golden Rule.'

Fathers and Daughters.

(By Lucy Elliot Keeler, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

A man and a young girl came in laughing, their hands full of wild flowers which they had gathered in a ramble on the hills. 'Put them in water, Papa,' the girl commanded, thrusting her own collection into his hands, 'while I dress for dinner.' The man went off happily and was soon laboriously arranging the faded treasures in bowls and vases.

Two women looked on in amusement. 'See Oliver,' exclaimed the wife, 'doing another of the things I have tried all these years to spare him!'

There was nothing like reproach or jealousy in her tone, merely a quick recognition of the mysterious and wonderful tie which binds a father to his young daughter.

In what immortal fashion have Shakespeare and Balzac depicted this relation! Horace Bianchon, the great Paris physician, said that he had examined Pere Goriot's head, and found only one bump on it, that of pa-

ternity; adding, 'He will be a father forever.' Such fires of paternal passion were perhaps never lighted elsewhere. His selfish, worldly daughters were the thread by which he guided himself through life. No wonder the better of the two exclaimed, 'There are not two such fathers under heaven!' He was the incarnation of fatherhood:

'If they are amused, happy, bravely at-tired, walk on carpets, what matter with what I am clothed, or the place where I lie down! If they are warm I feel no cold. If they laugh I am never bored. I have no sorrows but theirs. When you become a father you will feel how they hold on to each drop of your blood of which they are the fine flower. Some day you will know that one is happier in their good fortune than in one's own. I cannot explain it. When I became a father I understood God.'

Aside from the supreme examples of father love as exemplified in Pere Goriot and King Lear, literature and life abound in instances.

Lord Brougham's daughter died in 1839. He went long afterward to call on Harriet Martineau. By some accident a drawing of the girl was on the wall. Brougham caught sight of it and hiding his face in his hands wept bitterly. The same drawing was at his own home, but the greatest care was taken there that he should not see it.

(To be continued.)

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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