

GENERAL READING.

PATIENCE.

Weeping may endure the night, Joy will come with morning light; Purest joys that mortals know In their life while here below Spring from suffering hours of pains, Proving an eternal gain.

Sunshine only cannot bring Into life in early spring Tiny plant or beauteous flower; Darkened clouds and rainy shower, Too, are needed to produce Things for beauty and for use.

God Himself, that rules o'er all, Ever lists to human call; Yet his wisdom may decree What will seem most grievously Checking hope and life and aim, Proving whence the motives came.

Be the trial what it may Certain limits has its way; All-sufficient for the need Is the grace of God indeed; None are ever made to wear Heavier cross than they can bear.

Oh, the night is not too long, Nor its trying vigils wrong; When our Saviour's helping hand Beckons to the "Better Land" Joyful will the morning be Waking in eternity."

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:-

"How far is it to the nearest village?" "Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way; leave your sheep and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," returned Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep to me while you go to the village and get some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and" - he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master; how do I know that you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:-

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendant came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years, Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day. -Selected.

THE USES OF INSECTS.

We often talk about the plague of insects. They are often great plagues, but we must not forget that we owe insects a great debt of gratitude as well. Only a very small portion of the insect world are noxious; the others are engaged in good works for us - some engaged in warring against the same insect foes that we war against, and the others in clearing away dead and injurious matters. On this last head, an English scientific paper well says: "Insects are useful in destroying dead vegetable substances, which are even more pernicious to man than animals in the same condition; and not only the soft and succulent portions, but even the solid wood is destroyed by them. In the immense forests of the tropics, the ground would be covered, and new shoots choked up, by the ruins of trees which had fallen by accident or age, and which it would require ages to disperse without the aid of insects. But no sooner is a tree fallen than one tribe of animals cuts its bark to pieces, another bores holes in it in all directions, so that the moisture from dew or rain may come in to rot off the parts that are softened and so on until it is entirely broken up and scattered; and this is done with such despatch and carry away the trunks of large trees, without leaving a particle behind; and in places where, two or three years before, there was a populous town,

if the inhabitants, as is frequently the case, have chosen to abandon it, there will be a very thick wood, and not a vestige of post to be seen.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.

In the sepulchre of Metalla, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times, in five different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line, which requires two and a half seconds to utter it. On the banks of Naha, between Engen and Coblenz, an echo repeats its words. The speaker may scarcely be heard, and yet the responses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance. Echoes equally beautiful and romantic are to be heard in Scotland. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, when the door of the chapel is shut the reverberations are equal to thunder. If a single note of music is breathed, the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes till it dies in soft and bewitching murmurs. In this chapel is interred Margery, the daughter of Bruce and the wife of William Wallace. The echo at the "Eagle's Nest," on the banks of Killarney is renowned for its effective repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments, until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon, the loudest thunder reverberates from the rock, and dies in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains. At the Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times; and Addison, who visited this place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavourable to the experiment, counted fifty-six repetitions. At first they were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. It is asserted that this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert. The echo is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length, between which the wave of sound is reverberated from one to the other until it is entirely spent.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with cedar, and the gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity Himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another, but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its cistern and aqueduct remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours in Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmore, in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountains sparkle in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark it save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should hang over the deep ocean time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity, it would probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility or benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works some of its own immortality, and in some degrees rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monument of historical tradition or mere magnificence. -Edinburgh Review.

SAY NO! - "Alice, what will you say when they offer you wine at dinner?" asked Dick. "I shall say, No, I thank you." "Suppose, for politeness' sake, we take a sip." "O, Dick, you don't mean it. Think how we promised mamma we wouldn't. Think of the trouble intemperance brings!"

HUMMING-BIRDS.

What, then, shall be said of the humming-bird, that tiny dweller in lovely tropical forests, fluttering and darting among wildernesses of orchids, creepers, and air-plants, as gorgeous and fairly-like as the great blue Brazilian butterfly, its playfellow in those Amazonian plains, lone-lying as enchanted? Professor Orton, writing of the South American wilds, says: "Lithe lianas, starred with flowers, coil up the stately trees, and then hang down like strung jewels; they are counted only by myriads, yet they are mere superfluities. The dense dome of green overhead is supported by crowded columns, often branchless for eighty feet. The reckless competition among both small and great adds to the solemnity and gloom of a tropical forest." In these untrodden bowers the humming-bird makes its home. It is peculiar to America and the adjacent islands, and although bearing some relation to the sun-bird of Asia and Africa, it is never found across the water in all the Northern United States, and are often seen sporting over beds of flowers in the Summer sunshine. Their motion is rapid and graceful. Now close at hand, plunging into a deep flower-cup, in an instant it is off like a ray of light, and disappears no one knows whither.

Never appearing to alight, they hover on delicate wing, true creatures of the air and sunshine.

"Bright humming-bird, of gem-like plumage By Western Indian 'Living Sunbeam' named. There are many species of this little creature, which is found in the greatest abundance in the West Indies and all through South America. Its coloring is a marvel of beauty. Now like a ruby, now a topaz, or emerald, or shimmering gold, it seems a fluttering rainbow, the most lovely and dainty of all the bird family. Like the bird of paradise, the humming-bird is never seen on the ground. Its tiny nest, often no larger than a walnut shell, is fastened in the fork of a branch, or suspended by fine spider's web to a leaf or the stalk of a creeper. Some varieties weave a nest as firm and durable as leather; others, those that build on a branch - cover it with dainty lichens, so that it appears as a portion of the original twig, being completely concealed. There are nests hard on the inside, others soft and downy as the finest silk lining the fibre of certain plants can make them. The female, which, like all other bird species, is plain and dull when compared to her gorgeous consort, deposits one or, at the most, two tiny white eggs. In ten days they are hatched, and in a week after birth the young are able to leave the nest, although some months must elapse before the male acquires the full beauty of his plumage. Much has been written about the food of these tiny creatures, the early naturalists believing that they existed solely upon nectar of flowers. But it has now been proved that they can not long endure a diet of sweets alone. Minute flies, spiders, and almost invisible bugs are eagerly sought for by the humming-bird, and it has been seen to make a fine breakfast on the gossamer spider, which it neatly abstracts from the centre of its silvery web. -Harper's Magazine.

CENTRAL AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

At the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the leading important discoveries of the year were reported and discussed. Mr. Stanley's journey across the African continent, and his actual tracing of the course of the Congo from the Nyangwe, where Livingstone, and afterward Lieut. Cameron, saw it, to the Yellaha Falls, is of course the greatest discovery of the year. Mr. Stanley came back with a new map of Central Africa in his hands, in which he has not only filled in details where before we had merely outlines, but actually covered a blank with ascertained results. The sources and the drainage basins of the two greatest rivers of Africa, the Congo and the Nile, are now tolerably well known; but the water parting between them is still a geographical secret, which the President thinks will not soon be revealed to the world. The African continent is still likely to be the favorite field of geographical discovery. There is some hope that the Albert Lake the size of which is still greatly disputed, may before long be effectually surveyed. If Colonel Mason-Bey's results are correct - which Sir Samuel Baker doubts - it is much smaller, and the interval between it and Lake Tanganyika is much greater than our maps at present represent. The natives, however, told Colonel Mason-Bey of many other lakes in this mysterious district in which the Nile reservoirs are still partially hidden. The calamity to the Nyanza mission, after it had successfully opened the route from Uganda to Zanzibar across Victoria Lake, is not to be allowed to defeat the mission to Uganda, reinforcements for which are now on their way by the Nile route, but it forcibly illustrates the danger which attends civilizing and exploring work in the African continent. The Lake Nyanza, a district better known, but a tract north of it has lately been explored by an expedition under Captain Elton, late consul at Mozambique, who sacrificed his life in the work. He has, however, filled up another of the blanks in our map of Africa.

FIXED. - Sitting for a picture, you can change your position, readjust your clothes, push around your hair, retie your cravat, select your expression, and make other desirable changes before the operator exposes the plate for the impression. After the cloth is removed from the camera no changes are possible. What you have prepared will abide in the picture. If you look slovenly or awkward, or ragged the defects will be preserved for all the future. You are sitting for character. Soon death will remove the covering from the camera. Your condition will be fixed.

FAMILY READING.

GENTLENESS AND POWER.

The piety which brings glory unto God must be like the light, exquisitely gentle. It is a marvellously beautiful fire in nature that the most stupendous results in the material world are brought about by agencies noiseless and unpretending. The grand master-force of nature is what we term gravitation - an influence or law which sends every separate world into a system of worlds into one immense and harmonious universe. And yet this tremendous power is with no flash of fire and no voice of thunder; it dashes no dew-drops from the lily's leaf; it disturbs no feather on an insect's wing. And so, too, it is of "light" - an agent of immense results, and yet so subtle and gentle that philosophy questions its old nomenclature, and favours the notion that it is rather an undulation than a force. Certainly of all physical agents it is the calmest and blandest. It comes with the day-spring, flooding the whole world with celestial splendour. Yet the whole disturbs not the sleeping insect, rends not the gossamer, stirs not the golden dust on the tiny fila-

ment of a wild flower. And yet this most silent, dull, subtle of all forces is the world's, yea, creation's great life and glory. Destroy it, remove it, withhold it only for a brief season, and the universe will become a desert and a desolation; vegetation sickens, animals grow frantic, man trembles and despairs. Then comes wild famine; the fields yield no corn, the vineyards no wine, the rivers all freeze, the forests decay, the seas become adamant, all life dies, and this world, and all worlds, as sepulchres of universal death, wander through the blackness of darkness forever.

"Light," of all things the most widely and radiantly beneficent, is of all things as well the most exquisitely gentle. And so is true godliness. There are men, indeed, who emulous of the title of "champion Christian," have not drunk of its soothing cup nor been bathed with its gentle baptism. Their delight is to roar for Christ like the rushing wind, and crumble the world in God's behalf like the roused earthquake, but have no gift of love to shine as the sun in mid-heaven for man's good and God's glory. And they may be of use in their day and generation. Even in the natural world rough and violent things have their own office. Storms purify the air, earthquakes upheave metallic strata, cataracts and volcanic blaze and roar, working out God's great purposes. And thus, doubtless, does God make use of a fierce, stormy, turbulent Christianity to break up dead forms of error, and purify spiritual atmospheres of deadly mists and malaria. Nevertheless, such is not the type of piety most efficiently beneficent. The glorious triumphs of the gospel have been won not by the thundering artillery and onsets of logic, but by love's sweet strategy; and powerful as Christianity has ever been in the grandeur of her miracles, far mightier she has ever proved in the grace of her meekness.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went up-stairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs, and in a timid voice called out:- "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling." "All right," said the little one, and went on with her play. By-and-by the question was repeated:- "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling." "All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play. All this is just the way we should feel towards Jesus. He has gone upstairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in the lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he speaks to us from his Word, as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." -Rev. Dr. Newton.

EDITH'S TEMPTATION.

BY BESSIE.

"Edith, dear, you stay here and take care of brother Willie till I come back. I am going over to Mrs. Johnson's and will not be back for some time. Be a good girl, and do not leave the house for a moment." These were the parting words of Mrs. Gray to her little daughter Edith one beautiful July morning. As her mother disappeared from sight she took Willie into her lap, and tried to get him to sleep by singing "Jesus loves even me." Soon the little eyelids began to droop and Willie was fast asleep. Carefully placing him in the cradle, and fixing the bar to keep away the troublesome flies, she busied herself about some little household work. Everything went off quietly for perhaps an hour, when suddenly she heard bursts of merry laughter, and hurrying to the door, she saw three or four of her playmates coming up the lane. When they reached the door she saw that they had bright in their hands. She asked them where they were going, and they said "Blackberrying," and that they wanted her to go with them. "Mrs. Johnson is sick, and mamma has gone over to see her, and left me to take care of Willie and keep house. So, you see, I can't go," said Edith. But when she went out to the gate, and saw the grassy paths and shady trees, she thought how nice it would be to go just to the end of the lane with them. But Conscience said, "You will not be minding." Then she thought, "Well, it will not be wrong. It will just be a moment. Mamma will never know it." Again Conscience whispered, "But mamma said, 'Not to leave for a moment.'" So she told the girls she would not go. Then, with a little sigh, she went into the house, and the little girls went on down the lane. Just as she got to the house baby Willie awoke. She took him out of his cradle and tried to amuse him, but he was fretful and cried for mamma. As the little girl tried in vain to hush his crying, she thought of the pleasant times the other girls were having, and the tears gathered slowly in her eyes. Just then her mamma's well-known voice called out:-

"Edith, where are you?" and she answered: "Here, mamma." Her mamma coming into the room said, "I met your playmates going to the hill for berries. They said they asked you to go, and you told them you could not. As you have been such a good little girl this morning, you may take your bonnet and pail and go and find the girls."

Edith thanked her mamma, and with a light heart ran to get bonnet and pail. Running down the lane she soon overtook her playmates, and spent the day in their

company, feeling much happier than if she had disobeyed her mamma. Edith learned that day how pleasant it is to "Honor thy father and thy mother."

CURIOS CLERGY.

If we desired to obtain some knowledge of what the Church of England was as represented by her clergy when George III. was king, we should go to her own records, notably to the life of that High Church bishop, yet learned, active and amiable man, Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London, whose memory was a wonderful repository of anecdotes, not tending to elevate the clergy of those times in popular estimation; intonation was a vice very characteristic of the cloth. On one occasion the bishop reproved one of his Chester clergy for drunkenness: he replied, "But my lord, I was never drunk on duty." "On duty?" exclaimed the bishop; "and pray sir, when is a clergyman not on duty?" "True," said the other, "my lord, I never thought of that." The bishop went into a poor man's cottage in one of the valleys in the Lake District, and asked whether his clergyman ever visited him. The poor man replied that he did very frequently. The bishop was delighted and expressed his gratification at this pastoral oversight; and this led to the discovery that there were a good many foxes on the hills behind the house, which gave the occasion for the frequency of calls which could scarcely be considered as pastoral. The chaplain and son-in-law of Bishop North examined candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as one of the players; the chaplain of Bishop Douglas examined whilst shaving; Bishop Watson never resided in his diocese during an episcopate of thirty-four years.

And those who preached seemed to have rarely been of a very edifying order of preachers; Bishop Blomfield used to relate how in his boyhood, when at Bury St. Edmunds, the Marquis of Bristol had given a number of scarlet cloaks to some poor old women; they all appeared at church on the following Sunday, and the clergyman made the donation of the Marquis the subject of his discourse, announcing his text with a graceful wave of his hand towards the poor old bodies who were sitting there together; "Eben Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!" This worthy seems to have been very capable of such things; on another occasion a dole of potatoes was distributed by the local authorities in Bury, and this also was improved by a sermon: "he had himself," says the bishop, "a very corpulent frame, and pompous manner, and a habit of rolling from side to side while he delivered himself of his breathing thoughts and burning words; on the occasion of the potato dole, he chose for his singularly appropriate text (Exodus xvi. 15), "And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, it is manna," and thence he proceeded to discourse to the recipients of the potatoes on the warning furnished by the Israelites against the sin of gluttony, and the wickedness of taking more than their share. Such were some of the modes in which the gospel was presented to the ignorant multitudes in the times I have undertaken to review. There might be here and there an exception, but on the whole the pulpits of the Establishment were filled with little men, empty men. When that admirable man, Mr. Shirley began his evangelistic ministry as the friend and coadjutor of his cousin, the Countess of Huntingdon, a curate went to the archbishop to complain of his unclerical proceedings: "Oh, your grace, I have something of great importance to communicate; it will astonish you!" "Indeed, what can it be?" said the archbishop. "Why, my lord," replied he, "throwing into his countenance an expression of horror, and expecting the archbishop to be petrified with astonishment; he actually wears white stockings!" "Very unclerical indeed," said the archbishop, apparently much surprised; he drew his chair near to the curate, and with peculiar earnestness, and in a sort of confidential whisper he said, "Now tell me I ask this with peculiar feelings of interest - does Mr. Shirley wear them over his boots?" "Why no your Grace, I cannot say he does." "Well, sir, the first time you ever hear of Mr. Shirley's wearing them over his boots, be so good as to warn me, and I shall know how to deal with him." -Sunday at Home.

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

(T. S. L. in Free Methodist.)

Holiness in the fullness of its beauty is a removal of the cause of sin in man, an uprooting of the carnal mind - not a doctoring of symptoms, but a curing and a cleansing of the springs of life. So desirable is a heart pure in the beauty of holiness, that to secure this for man the Godhead has united in this great work the Old Testament dispensation in all its parts converges to this. Patriarchs and prophets and priests, were called for this, the miracles, the temple, its magnificence, millions of sacrifices offered, all were designed for this. Christ came for this. His name Jesus means "Jehovah that saves," or in other words, who makes holy. The burden of the mystery told in the words, "For unto us a child is born, the burden of the mystery, the child born, and yet 'the mighty God' - 'the Son given,' the Babe in swaddling clothes, and yet 'the everlasting Father,' the burden of it is to secure to man a heart beautiful in holiness. The work of Jesus - his miracles, his teachings, the bloody sweat, the cross, the hands of him who fashioned the worlds nailed to the tree, the bruised feet there treading the wine press alone, the breaking heart when he cried "It is finished!" the earthquake, the rent veil, the assurance of the ascension, the sitting down at the right hand of the Majesty on high - all from Eden to the manger, from the manger to the cross, from the cross to the throne, is to secure for you and me a heart pure in the beauty of holiness. Let us have it then!