

was, and how greatly this library would help his Sunday-school work, the girls felt more than repaid.

"After all," said Mabel, "did you ever enjoy anything in your life, girls, more than covering those books with fascinating cambric?"

"Tom," said Mrs. Eaton to her brother, as they gently withdrew from the doorway, "Ethel's idea has turned out so well, I do not see why a hundred libraries might not easily be collected in the same way, and sent to the western missions. I wish I could suggest it to girls in other towns!"

"Do it!" said Dr. West, "I'll tell you how. Just write it as a story, and send it to the *Sunday-School Times*. Change the girls' names, if you wish, but tell it all as it is, and perhaps, a year from now, every Sunday-school in the West will be provided with a first-class library."

So Mrs. Eaton wrote it out, and here is the story, and nearly every word is true; but my name isn't Mrs. Eaton, and I never had a brother Tom; but if you do not believe that a few girls sent out a hundred and twenty-one books to a Colorado Sunday-school this very last spring, almost exactly as I have told you, just write to the Rev. H. P. Case, Colorado Springs, Colorado, and he will tell you that his letter is given *verbatim*, and that "Ethel's idea" was a fact.

EVANGELISM.

THREE vast iron tabernacles, each seating 5,000 people, and made in sections, that they may be moved from one quarter to another of the great London mission-field, have been used by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in their evangelistic work during the past winter. Of the wonderful success that continues to attend the labours of the evangelists, the London religious papers never tire of speaking. The size of the audiences is only limited by the capacity of the buildings in which the services are held. Of late, admission has been only by ticket, and even then, every seat would be taken, and the doors locked long before the hour appointed for opening the meetings. A close observer, the Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis, who was present at many of the services, writes thus, in *The Advance*, concerning the evangelists and their work: "Mr. Moody's bow abides in strength. I never heard him preach with so much breadth and earnestness and pungency and power. There is a pathos and mellowness about it, very sweet to all who love the Lord. Of Mr. Sankey also this is true. He sings better than two years ago. His singing is an untold help in the service of praise and salvation." And concerning the hearers: "There are always present some of London's leading Christians in wealth, and intelligence, and position, to lend their influence. The day of doubt and questioning as to the worth of the work has passed, and God's people seem to have settled down to try to reach all souls possible in this great city."

A MISSIONARY in the Province of Quebec, who receives a grant of papers from the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund, writes:—"You have no idea how the papers are appreciated, and after some of them are read, we gather them up and distribute in the leading houses."

RESCUE OF THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

ABOUT three years ago Lieut. Greely and a strong force of explorers set sail for the Arctic regions, and succeeded in getting four miles nearer to the North Pole than any other travellers. But disaster overtook them, and they had to abandon their ships, and nineteen of the party perished from cold and sickness. A relief expedition was organized, to which Great Britain gave a fine Arctic steamer, the *Alert*. On the rescue of the survivors the Queen telegraphed as follows:

THE QUEEN'S CONGRATULATIONS.

"London, July 21.—To the President of the United States, Washington:—The Queen heartily congratulates the President and people of the United States on the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the gallant survivors of the Arctic expedition. She trusts that favourable reports have been received of the sufferers. (Signed,) THE QUEEN, Windsor Castle."

The President replied as follows:

"To the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Windsor Castle:—The President, for himself and for the people of the United States, sincerely thanks the Queen for her most welcome congratulations upon the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the survivors of his party, and is happy to say that favourable reports are received as to their health. The President takes this occasion to express anew his high appreciation and that of the people of the United States for the timely gift of the *Alert*, which generous act added spirit and encouragement to the expedition. (Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President United States."

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS, MAMMA.

NOT long ago I stood by the deathbed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said: "don't let me die! Hold me fast! Oh, I can't go!" "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will take care of you." But she cried out again, despairingly, "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there!" She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go!" But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for

those who would gladly have died in her place.

"Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are strangers. I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among its pillows and she was gone.

A CAT'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

WE all know about pussy and her playful, prankish little family; and many stories are told of the wisdom of the cat.

We can tell you a story about a very sensible cat which we are well acquainted with. She had one kitten left, and she had her home in a small room, or closet, where her kitten stayed. It was a snug, cosy place, but she did not like her quarters very well.

A stranger came to stop at the house who used to go into this little room every day to smoke. This pussy did not like, as she was a well-bred cat. One day her kitten seemed stupid, and puss seemed to think something must be done at once. So she took her kitten by the neck, and carried it upstairs to a nice, large, airy bedroom.

The people who lived there thought that was no place for the kitten, and carried it back. But puss thought differently, and pretty soon the kitten was in the bedroom again. He was carried back repeatedly, but the wise old cat had no thought of having her kitten learn to smoke; she was a minister's cat, and was too well brought up to have a smoker in her family, and so she carried that kitten up stairs by the neck five times in one day, and she finally conquered, and they let her put her kitten where she pleased.

So the little chap is growing and climbing, and frolicking about the house; and when the man who smoked heard about it, and found how offensive tobacco smoke was to the cat and all the rest of the family, he stopped smoking. So you see a cat's good example may be useful even to a man who has been to college for years. —*Little Christian*.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

ROUGH natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and aint had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickle in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said—

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickle away, and whispered to his comrades,—

"Jist look here—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out,—

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said,—

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE COAST-GUARD.

DO you wonder what I am seeing, In the heart of the fire, aglow Like cliffs in a golden sunset, With a summer sea below? I see, away to the eastward, The line of a storm-beat coast, And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves, Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness, And over the frozen sand, I hear the men of the coast-guard Pacing along the strand. Beaten by storm and tempest, And drenched by the pelting rain, From the shores of Carolina, To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging, No matter how wild the night, The gleam of their swinging lanterns Shines out with a friendly light. And many a shipwrecked sailor Thanks God, with his gasping breath, For the sturdy arms of the surfmen That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing, And the air grows dim with sleet, I think of the fearless watchers Pacing along their beat. I think of a wreck, fast breaking In the surf of a rocky shore, And the life-boat leaping onward To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors, The boom of the frozen sail, And the creak of the icy halyard, Straining against the gale. "Courage!" the captain trumpets, "They are sending help from land!" God bless the men of the coast-guard, And hold their lives in His hand!

—*St. Nicholas*.

A TRAMP rang the bell of an up-town flat, and the Irish servant responded through the speaking tube: "Who is it, and phwat d' yeess want?" "Will yer pleeze give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp pathetically. "Put your mouth to the trumpet," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour ye down a drink." The tramp did not reply, but departed in disgust.