



AT REST: MY QUARTERS AT KAHINDA BY THE SEA.

The Sweet Old Story.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

READ me some message of comfort
While the sunset's tender light
Is paling away in the Westward
And heralding coming night.
I am a-weary, a-weary,
And I long for a word of peace
That shall bid all these vexing worries
And fretting cares to cease.

Read to me of the Master,
Of the gracious truths he taught,
Of his mighty works of healing,
With love and mercy fraught,
Of his never-wearyed patience,
His compassion and his care,
That never turned unheeding
From the poorest suppliant's prayer.

Yes, read to me of the Master,
For the story grows more dear
As the clouds grow dark above me
And life seems bleak and drear.
When my heart is sore and wounded
It comes like a healing balm,
And over its griefs and tempests
It breathes a peaceful calm.

Now read me the dear old story
Of the love that is mighty to save,
And the never-failing forgiveness,
That I may grow strong and brave;
For how I have sinned and fallen
No one but Jesus knows,
And I long to taste the sweetness
That from his pardon flows.

Then I know that his love and mercy
Are still as strong and near,
And that my feeblest whisper
Will reach his listening ear.
And when I am sorely tempted
Or sorrow doth befall,
I know that the loving Saviour
Knoweth and pitieth all.

—American Messenger.

The Emperor and the Child.

A story is told of a certain Indian monarch, many years ago, who took a great interest in his people, but who made very strict laws, and severely punished those of his subjects who broke them. He was fond of going about in all parts of the country dressed in rough clothes like a workman, to see whether his people were well or ill-treated, and how his laws were observed. Although he was very kind, there were many persons who hated him bitterly, and thought him unjust and cruel.

On one occasion, as he was walking through the city, there was a terrible uproar—men, women, and children running about in all directions, and screaming as if well-nigh frightened to death. An enormous elephant had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and was tearing through the streets, destroying all before it.

A poor, little half-starved child had slipped, and fallen in the elephant's track; and in another

moment would have been crushed to death. But a man, dressed as a laborer, sprang out in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant. As the man jumped back, his turban fell off; and every one saw that he who had risked his life to save a little child was none other than the emperor himself.

But we read in the Scriptures of the King of kings, who became poor that poverty-stricken rebels might be made rich. (2 Cor. viii. 9.) And the Saviour not only risked his life to rescue poor, perishing man, but deliberately offered himself a sacrifice for sins; became a substitute for the sinner, and "bare our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Have you, my friend, received the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John i. 12.) "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

Musical Kites.

THE art of constructing kites is much cultivated in the East, especially among the Chinese, who have at hand the bamboo, Indian-paper, and thin silk. In China, Annam, and Tonkin it reaches a form of artistic and scientific industry quite unknown in other countries. Musical kites, kites simulating the forms of various animals, real or imaginary, and scientific kites, in which the stress and tension caused by the wind on different parts of the surface afford most interesting illustrations of physical laws, are among the cleverest trophies of the art.

The musical kites are provided with a bamboo resonator containing three apertures, one in the centre and one at each extremity. When the kite is flying, the air in rushing into the resonator produces a somewhat intense and plaintive sound, which can be heard at a great distance. The transverse rods of the frame of this kite are connected at the extremities, and give the kite the aspect of two birds'-wings affixed to a central axis. This kite sometimes reaches large dimensions—say, ten feet in width. There are often three or four resonators, placed one above another over the kite; and in this case a very pronounced grave sound is produced.

The musical kite is very common in China and Tonkin; hundreds of them are sometimes seen hovering in the air in the vicinity of Hanoi. It is believed among the superstitious to have the power

of charming evil spirits away, and with this object it is often tied to the roofs of houses during the prevalence of winds, where, during the whole night, it emits plaintive murmurs after the manner of Æolian harps.

Hang On.

WHEN our Tom was six years old he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a pretty steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses were trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tommy. Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach this life lesson: In all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean while you ask God to help you, you help yourself with all your might.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 5th and 12th, have the following contents: Italy Drifting, by the Marchese Alferi de Sostegno, *Nineteenth Century*; Russian Characteristics, *Fortnightly Review*; Wordsworth and the Quantock Hills, *National Review*; Elephant Kraals, *Murray's Magazine*; Spanish and Portuguese Bull-Fighting, *Fortnightly*; The Court of Vienna in the Eighteenth Century, *Temple Bar*; The Origin of Modern Occultism, *National Review*; Parallels to Irish Home Rule, by Edward A. Freeman, *Fortnightly*; Eucalyptus, Pine, and Camphor Forests, *Gentleman's Magazine*; Lepers at the Cape; Wanted, a Father Damien, *Blackwood's Magazine*; A Real Working Man, *Macmillan's Magazine*, together with instalments of "Sir Charles Danvers" and "The Minister of Kindrach," and poetry and miscellany.

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