

Thank you very much."

"Oh Mr. Phillips, how can you speak like that?"

"I tell you what is true. Your influence in this place has been untold. We shall never, never be able to fill your place. There is so much noise in the world, my dear, and so very little of the silent dew which nourishes grace."

The wonder of these words had not left Rachel Drew when she was called to hear some broken words from a motherless lad, to whom in her quiet way she had shown much kindness, and which she had already forgotten.

Her eyes were wet, and her lips refused speech, when she bade him good-bye. She walked a little unsteadily through the dismantled house once more, and at the back door, from which she could look sheer down the hill to a more fertile valley where green things grew, she spoke aloud.

"If only I had known, how different they would have been, the years I thought the locust had eaten."

She looked up wonderingly, meekly reproachful, to the dappled softness of the April sky.

"God," she said very softly, "I wonder why you didn't let me know."—British Weekly.

#### SVEN HEDIN'S TRIUMPH.

Of the results achieved by Sven Hedin's latest plunge into the wilderness of Tibet, it is probable that he himself, possessed as he is by a passion for scientific geography, would rank as the greatest of his discoveries of the sources of the Brahmaputra and the Indus. A sense of exultation is quite apparent as he writes, of his standing by the small spring, sacred in the eyes of the Tibetans, which is the uppermost of the headwaters of the Indus. "We passed a remarkable evening and a memorable night at this important geographical spot, situated sixteen thousand nine hundred and forty-six feet above sea level. Here I stood and wondered whether the Macedonian Alexander, when he crossed the Indus two thousand two hundred years ago, had any notion where its source lay, and I revelled in the consciousness that except the Tibetans themselves, no other human being but myself had penetrated to this spot. Providence had secured for me the triumph of reaching the actual sources of the Brahmaputra and the Indus and ascertaining the origin of these two historical rivers, which, like the claws of the crab, grip the highest of the mountain systems of the world—the Himalayas. Their waters are born in the reservoirs of the firmament and they roll down their floods to the lowlands to yield life and sustenance to fifty millions of human beings. Not without pride, but still with a feeling of humble thankfulness, I stood there, conscious that I was the first white man who had ever penetrated to the sources of the Indus and the Brahmaputra."

#### HONORED WITH RESPONSIBILITY.

Most persons whose lives amount to anything are carrying so many responsibilities that the burden of these often well-nigh reaches the breaking point. And with the pressure and strain comes a longing to "get out from under." It is a good offset to any such feeling to ask ourselves how we should like it if we had no responsibilities. Suppose neither God nor man cared to trust us with any important tasks! There are derelicts of humanity in the world who are without obvious responsibility. It is a glorious, undeserved privilege that we have heavy responsibilities. The heavier and more numerous they are, the greater is the privilege. For it shows that we are counted capable. It would be a pity to forfeit the privilege by proving that we do not deserve it.—S. S. Times.

#### UNHEARD MELODIES.

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,  
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;  
The soul that sings must dwell apart,

Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us ye who read!  
Our largest hope to unfulfilled—  
The promise still outruns the deed—  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blessings; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
Accept them; but to me more fair  
The buds of song that never blow.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

#### WHO WAS GENEROUS?

The baby lifted the saucer in two flat hands. "Mo' pud! mo' pud!" he said.

"There isn't any more, dear," mamma answered, gently.

"He can have mine," Alec cried, generously; "all of it."

"An' mine, too," cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby and two round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

"He can have half o' mine," little Elsie said, slowly, pushing her saucer across, too.

"That will be just enough, Elsie," said mamma, dividing the pudding, and giving baby half. "Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't."

After dinner Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock.

"She didn't say 'Thank you,' to us, an' we gave baby the whole o' ours," remarked Alec, in a dissatisfied tone.

"No, she never! I think 't was 'most mean," cried Beth.

"Elsie gave just half, an' she ate up the rest—so there."

"Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'; I didn't want a single bit of mine."

"Nor me, either; I 'spise it."

Mamma heard the scornful little voices, and smiled. She had known that Alec and Beth "spised rice pudding," and she had known, too, how much—how very much—little Elsie liked it. That was why she thanked Elsie.—Watchword.

#### FRETTING.

There is one sin which is everywhere underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other which mostly probably, every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidly or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble "as sparks fly upwards." But even to the sparks that fly upward, in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all "time wasted on the road."—Herald of Peace.

If God be the God whom the great mass of humanity has by common consent declared him to be, then he is too great to have any bounds set to his character or power. Grant him omnipotence, and we must also grant him omnipresence. If he, being such as he is, is anywhere, he must be everywhere.

#### HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

The baby that cries half the night does not cry for nothing. It cries because it is not well, and has no other means of saying so. The chances are the trouble is due to some upsetting of the stomach or bowels, which would be speedily removed if the child were given a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets make children sleep soundly and naturally because they remove the cause of the crossness and wakefulness. They are a blessing to children and a relief to worried mothers. Mrs. John Sickles, Douglastown, N.B., says: "If anything ails my little ones the first thing I give them is a dose of Baby's Own Tablets and they are soon well again." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### QUEERLY PLACED EYES.

There is a most astonishing diversity among animals in respect to the number and location of their eyes. In mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes they are limited to two and are invariably placed in the head; but others of the animal kingdom may have anywhere up to fifty thousand, and they seem to have been placed anywhere that seemed handy. The dragon-fly possesses eyes composed of an aggregation of about fifty thousand smaller eyes, and the common house fly has about ten thousand, which may be seen by the aid of a magnifying glass of even small power.

In spiders and scorpions there are usually eight or ten eyes in one or more clusters on the dorsal aspect of that part of the body which is formed by the union of the head and thorax. The starfish has an eye on the tip of each of his five rays or arms, and in the sea urchin, which is homologically nothing but a starfish with the ends of its rays drawn close together, the five eyes are gathered in a circle around what is considered the hinder portion of its body.

The scallop has numerous eyes on the ledge of his mantle, extending from one end of the animal to the other and forming a semicircle. Some marine worms have eyes in clusters not only on the head, but also along each side of the bmoody, even to the tip of the tail, and they are connected individually and directly with the median nervous cord. In the lowest forms we may find many infusorians which have neither eyes nor nerves, but are nevertheless sensitive to light, either seeking or avoiding it.—Harper's Weekly.

#### BIRD'S SENSE OF DIRECTION.

The migratory instinct in birds is combined with another equally mysterious, that of the sense of direction. A gentleman who is engaged in scientific research work for the Fishery Board on board the government steamboat Goldseeker records a very interesting observation he made of this characteristic of migratory bird life. An oyster catcher that was being buffeted by a head wind in its eastern flight across the North Sea toward the continental shores alighted on the boat. It took kindly to the attention paid to it so long as the boat kept its eastern course, but when the course of the boat was altered a few points to the northward the bird immediately showed signs of uneasiness and after an apparent consideration of its bearings flew into the darkness of the night on its eastbound course. The alteration in the boat's course was revealed to those who were watching the bird only when the compass was examined.—Scotsman.

Conscience punishes our misdeeds by revealing to us our guilt, and ill dessert. It can not be put off or cheated, or bribed. For it is inside us; it is an aspect of ourselves; and to get away from it is as impossible as to get away from or around ourselves. Repentance confession and attempted restitution are the only offerings by which offended conscience can be appeased.—William DeWitt Hyde.