

disappeared from the cottage house at the end of the woodland way, and all the gossips had to guide them was a newspaper paragraph which said that a man bearing a distinguished name had married her, and they were going abroad. And they never knew the inwardness of that late romance, because they never learned the secret of the woodland way.—British Weekly.

"I WILL NOT SAY."

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends even on the threat of death is told by Major Seely, M.P., as an illustration of deeply rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer War:

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandment at a place twenty miles away. I got the men readily and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farmhouse, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer General had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the General catching us, and not we catching the General. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandment had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.'

"I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the General. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was levelled at the boy.

"Now," I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the General gone?'

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."—Singapore Straits Budget.

A GIANT GORILLA.

They are showing in Paris the photograph of a giant gorilla which was recently killed on the Sanga River, one of the northern tributaries of the Congo.

This gorilla weighed three hundred and fifty kilograms, or more than three hundred pounds, and was seven and one-half feet in height. Its body, placed sitting against a tree was as high as that of an ordinary native standing by its side. The animal was killed near Uessu, the chief station of the River Sanga, and was one of three gorillas living together in the forests. They had been seen several times at a distance, and for some time their movements had been known by the imprint of their very large feet upon the ground.

The animal reached the enormous breadth of three and a half feet across the shoulders. It took eight porters to bring the body to the station.

Others of these enormous gorillas have been seen within the last year in the upper valleys of the Lom and the Sanga Rivers. On one occasion they seemed to be on the point of attacking a caravan, when a rifle shot induced them to retreat without injury.—The Advance.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—Whately.

THE SILENCE OF SYMPATHY.

Pleasant is the silence of perfect sympathy. This is the test of intimacy. A fellowship is only complete when the partners in it find themselves entirely at ease without the necessity of a word. We are a long way from this condition when, as often happens, we talk and walk simply because we realize that a pause would be awkward on both sides. The picture of Carlyle and his mother sitting at opposite sides of the fireplace, in absolute content, but without passing a word, illustrates precisely what we mean. We get here, perhaps, a foretaste of a stage of being when souls will communicate without the cumbrous apparatus of language. Under present conditions even the degree is marvellous to which sympathetic souls can influence each other without words. There are souls, which in silence, seem to give off their very essence, and to interpenetrate others with it. It is as though the harmony within communicated a rhythmic pulsation which played on responsive natures like spirit music. A volume lies in the sentence of Lord Lawrence, which says that he felt uneasy if his wife left the room. Happy man! To possess as one's own this benediction of a presence that can bless without a word is to be rich indeed. If the sympathetic natures could all find each other what high brides would there be!—From "Studies of the Soul."

DON'T YOU?

Did you ever watch the sunbeams
At play among the flowers?

Or ever see the little stars
A-shining after show'ers?

I think the little children
Were made for shining, too,
To make this old world brighter,
Don't you?

Have you ever seen the lambskins
Out in green meadows frisking?
Or spied a gay red squirrel
Along the branches whisking?

I think the little children
Were made for playing, too,
Because they're happy-hearted,
Don't you?

Did you ever see the farmer
His sheaves of ripe wheat binding?
Or ever catch the miller
Just when the corn was grinding?

I think the little children
Were made for working, too,
To be the big folk's helpers,
Don't you?

Did you ever find your pussy
Upon the hearth rug sleeping?
Did you ever watch the chickens
When darkness comes a-creeeping?

I think the little children
Were made for sleeping, too,
When each long day is over,
Don't you?

—The Mayflower.

GOD'S WILL.

"Oh, don't let us always be a-talking about bearin' His will, and sufferin' His will. Let's talk about enjoyin' His will. When the baby is pinnin' away and sickly, an' dyin', that be His will, perhaps; but that be His will, too, when the baby eb a great big thumpin' boy, and thrives uncommon. It be God's will, perhaps—if it be'n't our own carelessness—when the house be burnt down, and we escape with our lives. But it be the Lord's will, too, all the days that we come and go, and find all safe and sound. The Father's will isn't that we should be out in a far country perishin' with hunger. His will is the best robe and the fatted calf; the comin' home, and the bein' merry. 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.' You may say, what you like about sufferin' the Lord's will; I shall talk about enjoyin' it, and delightin' in it."—Daniel Quorum.

ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of baby's health and happiness is constant vigilance on the mother's part. The little ills of babyhood come suddenly, and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. In promptly relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and they are guaranteed absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. Mrs. William Sinclair, Hebron, N.B., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for curing the ills of young children. I always keep the Tablets in the house, and do not know how I could get along without them." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE NEW PASTOR.

Back of his coming to you there lies a history which, if known to you, would make you treat him with great consideration. There was a time when he was not a preacher, when he was living an almost purely secular life, doing as little as you are now for the salvation of men. But he began to feel impressions of duty, to hear a voice directing him to preach the gospel to perishing men.

He obeyed the call in the face of discouragement. Ridicule, opposition, unkind treatment at the hands of those for whom he labored have not turned him from his course, and in the providence of God he comes to you to teach you, or remind you of the greatest truth it is given to mortals to know—truth so great that even the angels stand in awe before it.

Take care how you treat a man that comes to you on such a mission. He is a messenger of God, and God is looking. Welcome him, and thank God for the message he sends, however imperfectly it may be expressed.

Your treatment of your pastor as a servant of God will help him to bear in mind his high office, and never fall in dignity below it in his association with those he is sent to instruct, or warn or comfort.—Our Church Record.

S. S. CONVENTION AT ROME.

The next world's Sunday School convention will be held in Rome in May, 1907, and a notable gathering it will be. The present enrollment shows about 250,000 schools with 26,000,000 scholars, and the fact that Rome has been chosen as the site of the next convention will without doubt make that meeting the most memorable in the history of the work. The arrangements for transportation will be in the hands of a committee of which Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, is chairman, and that is guaranty that this most difficult problem will be most satisfactorily solved. The convention will be preceded by a communion service in the various churches of the Protestant denominations having houses of worship in Rome, May 19, and the good people of Rome will find in these ten of thousands of Sunday-school workers a new order of pilgrims, but a sort sure to command their respect.

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 25.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto.