

and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughing to see Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But I tell you, Hezekiah prayed. He allers prayed well, but this was a brand new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday came, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.—*Dora Dennis, in Presbyterian Journal.*

A Good Daughter.

THERE are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows a weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

Wine at the Passover.

A MEMBER of the editorial staff of the *Methodist Times*, London, in the issue of that paper for April 10th, gives a very interesting account of what he saw and heard at a modern celebration of the Jewish Passover, at the house of an orthodox Jew, to which he had been invited on the occasion. The account is too long to be inserted here, but we give the closing paragraph. The writer says: "Supper being ended, I said, amongst other things, to an intelligent and affable Rabbi, who sat next me, 'May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?' With a non-intoxicating wine,' he promptly replied. 'Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it on the Passover either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of "leaven," which is proscribed in so many well-known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the Chief Rabbi's Board, and by these only. Each bottle is sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing on-

the sideboard from which the wine used to-night was taken was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine, make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else but an infusion of Valencia or Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used upon that occasion was unfermented. Jesus as an observant Jew would not only not have drunk fermented wine on the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use in the service at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth can take what he could not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine, at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

Loving Words.

BY EBEN K. BEXFORD.

LOVING words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life,
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way,
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.

Garibaldi, the Patriot.

ONE of the most pleasing stories of the famous patriot Garibaldi is an incident told by his biographer in relation to the General's great anxiety about a poor lamb which had got separated from its mother. It is said that the beatings of the dam were so painful to him that he quickly stole away from some friends for the purpose of going in search of the lost one. He continued his wanderings for several hours, even into the dead of night, and at last was successful in finding it and brought it in his arms to the distressed mother.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of an old sea-captain of Nice, and was born there in the year 1807. His early life was chiefly passed amid the fishermen of the district. In his seventeenth year he entered as a midshipman in the Sardinian navy, and remained in it till his twenty-seventh. Becoming involved in Mazzini's first attempt toward the liberation of Italy, he was obliged to seek shelter in Marseilles. He shortly afterward entered the service of the Bey of Tunis; but this inactive life was too quiet for his restless spirit, and he soon took service under the Republic of Uruguay in South America.

After the revolution of 1848 he was constrained to emigrate to the United States of America; he there met with a variety of experiences. When his

poverty compelled him to resort to the humble calling of a cattle-maker, he was exposed to plunder and to insult. Shortly afterward he purchased a small farm on the island of Caprera, in the Mediterranean Sea.

So soon as there was a prospect of once more striking a blow for the independence of his native land, Garibaldi offered his services to King Victor Emanuel. With a body of volunteers he took Palermo in May, 1860, marched on the main-land, and the struggle was carried to Naples, which King Francis abandoned. On his march to Gaeta he met Victor Emanuel, and saluted him "King of Italy."

He did not get on well with the Sardinian lieutenants of the king, and, as poor in purse as he was when he set out, he went on board a vessel, and returned to his home.

The last ten years of his life were spent quietly at Caprera, where he died, after much weakness and suffering, on June 2, 1882.

In a Coal Pit.

AN accident occurred in a coal pit by which several lives were lost. Two boys managed to get hold of a chain hanging by the side of a pit, and so had the prospect of being saved if they could hold on till help came. As soon as possible a man was sent down with a rope to see if there were any alive who might be drawn up. In going down he came first to a boy named Daniel Harding. When he offered to help him, the noble-minded boy said, "Don't mind me, I can hold on a little longer; but Joe Brown there is nearly exhausted. Save him first." Joe Brown was saved, and so was the noble-hearted boy who saved him.

Which Way Are You Going?

A LITTLE girl went home from church, full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question, and in an angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your aunt Sally who has put you up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said that all good people pray, and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said: "Well, you and your mother and aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with great simplicity, "Which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the same way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

"Which way are you going?"

GRACE means mercy, or unmerited favour. It is illustrated in the case of the mother who sought the pardon of her son from the First Napoleon. The Emperor said it was his second offence, and justice demanded his death. "I do not ask for justice," said the mother; "I plead for mercy." "But," said the Emperor, "he does not deserve mercy." "Sire," cried the mother, "it would not be mercy if he deserved it; and mercy is all I ask for." "Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will have mercy," and her son was saved.

Dress Plainly on the Sabbath.

It is taste.

It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.

It would lessen the temptation to dress beyond the income.

If every one dressed plainly but neatly, for church service, persons in moderate circumstances and the poor would be more likely to attend.

Moderation in dress would improve the manners of the congregation by preventing the wandering of the eyes and thoughts.

It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.

It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations of envy, uncharitableness, and discontent.

It would save time for rest on the Sabbath day.

It would relieve our means of a serious pressure and leave more opportunities for doing good.

At the same time we do not believe it is required of us to wear sack-cloth and long faces on the Sabbath. Nature herself seems to wear brighter garments on the blessed day of the week, and it is meet that we should dress well and tastefully, even cheerfully, and enjoy the golden day of the week with grateful hearts and comely attire.

A LITTLE while back, in the East of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course there was a great deal of excitement; and, standing by the brink was a man looking—I grant you with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there!" Oh! you should have seen the sudden change. Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Oh, sirs, amidst the masses of the poor, and the degraded, and the lost, your brother is there!—*Selected.*

Do you Sing?

Good singing adds much to the attractiveness of a Sunday-school. Through its gracious influence many have been induced to attend who otherwise could not have been reached; and in order to hold them we must see to it that this exercise be made as delightful as possible. Besides, God is worshipped in the song-service; and that in itself is sufficient reason for entering into it with heart, soul, mind, and strength. So we must get rid of the notion that we are at liberty to join in the singing or not, just as we please. In this, as in other Christian duties, we should seek to please our Heavenly Father and benefit others, rather than consult our own preferences. The scholar who fails to cultivate voice and heart in the Sunday-school falls short of his duty in an important part of the Master's work. If you cannot sing well, do the best you can, and your reward is sure. Remember, it was for neglecting to use his one talent that the wicked servant was cast into outer darkness. Give God your voice.—*S. S. Quarterly.*

Trust not so much to the comfort of God as to the God of comforts.