

scented with a sprig of southernwood, and with a deep light in her meek, sweet eyes, awaited the message from on high, delivered to her through the mouth of her own son.

It did not fail.

David Fairweather was one of the few who are born for the pulpit, and whose rare gifts seem to have upon them the seal of heaven. His clear, young voice, his quietly impassioned face, his winning and persuasive manner, made his message one of peculiar fragrance to all who opened their hearts to receive it. Old men and women felt that they could gladly leave the cares of earth for the delectable hills where the weary are at rest; the middle-aged still wrestling with the problems of life, were arrested and reminded that they could possess their souls in patience, because by faith all else is added; the young looked out wistfully from the threshold, and felt within them the stirrings of holier desires; to each and all David Fairweather had a message. The little lad who had run the braes of Ord in the springtime of his days had grown to man's estate, and in some wondrous way seemed to have held converse with the Unseen.

The congregation dispersed slowly and with a subdued air of gladness; and if there was a dissentient voice, it was not raised. The vacancy in the parish had been filled.

Mother and son walked back together to the cottage on the brae, and very little speech passed between them.

"Did I do right, mother?" asked David, as he paused with the sneek of the low door in his hand.

"Ye did well, my son; an' the Lord spoke through ye, blessed be His name. I'm like Simeon now, laddie—I could depart in peace."

"Not you, mother; what you've got to do is to get ready to fit to the Manse of Ord, and make it a fragrant nest as you have made this all your days for me and my father before me."

She shook her head, gently smiling, like one who had inner knowledge, which she was in no haste to impart.

David Fairweather slept that night under his mother's roof; and when he awoke the sun was on his bed. He sprang up, astonished to find how late it was, and, as he dressed, was disturbed a little by the quiet of the house. When he went downstairs, the blinds had not been drawn, nor the fire lighted in the little kitchen, though the honest hands of the wag-at-the-wa' pointed to nine o'clock.

In haste and fear and awe he opened the bend where his mother slept. The blind was partially drawn there, and the sun lay across her bed. She had died in her sleep. On a small table her Bible was open at the text from which he had preached in the morning. The wedding dress lay across the bed.—British Weekly.

KIND WORDS—WHY USE THEM?

1. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in. 2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying about in all directions—sour words, cross words, overbearing words, irritating words. Now, let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing. 3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and makes them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul. 4. Kind words beget kind feelings toward him that loves to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

A MODEL TELEPHONE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls can make a model telephone by taking two empty condensed milk or oyster cans and stout, smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string—say fifty to one hundred feet in length—is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly stretched string will permit, and while one operator holds his ear to one of the cans and his companion his mouth to the can at the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on so that most tones, and even a whisper, will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first seems to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicated sound-producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so change that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing and yet hear nothing.

A HONEY COMB.

A Honey Comb.—There are three bodies, and only three, that can be placed close together without leaving any interstices; these are the perfect square, the equilateral triangle and the hexahedron, or six sided figure. No other forms can be placed together without some interstices being left. And the third, the hexahedron, is at once the strongest and the most capacious. Now how remarkable it is, that the bee has chosen the hexahedron, and that every comb in a hive of bees is that which contains the greatest amount of honey in the least possible space, and leaves no interstices! Kepler, the mathematician, calculated the angle that must be at the bottom of the cell, in order to ascertain what would be the best to form the base of a hexahedron comb the most capacious and most fitted for juxtaposition with others; and the very demonstration which mathematical calculation proved, is exactly realized in every comb we find in the beehive. We have therefore in the bee and in the hive, and all the characterized, the traces of palpable design—the evidences of an existing and a wise God.—Dr. John Cumming.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Joy and sorrow; pain and pleasure.
Sunshine, shadows, smiles and tears,
Intermingle in this earth life.
Mid the passing of the years,
Life is cheery; life is dreary;
As we journey on the way:
With our eyes upon the homeland.
Naught on earth to bid us stay.
Homeward bound. Homeward bound.
O the joy, the joy of meeting,
On that distant shining shore.
Where the angels wait our coming,
Those who journeyed on before.
From the homeland light is gleaming,
Through the dark and gloomy space,
Cheering many lonely pilgrims
In this long and weary race.
Homeward bound. Homeward bound.

You cannot sink the sinner in the gentleman.—Rev. J. G. Stuart.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

An occasional dose of gentle laxative such as Baby's Own Tablets will clear the stomach and bowels of all offending matter, and will keep little ones well and happy. For this reason the Tablets should be kept in every home. Mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. McLean, Springfield, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and know them to be a cure for all the minor ills of childhood. I recommend them to all mothers." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHISKERS AND LANGUAGES.

"How long does it take you to shave?" asked the man with the brushwood whiskers.

"About ten minutes, usually," answered his fellow traveler, who was trying to land a few scrapes between the lurches of the Pullman car.

"And how often do you shave?"

"Every day of my life."

"Have you ever thought that if you devoted this time to study you could learn a foreign language in two years?"

"No I never did. That's rather interesting. How long have you been wearing a beard?"

"It's sixteen years since a razor has touched my face."

"That makes eight languages. Well, you beat me. I am professor of modern languages in a college, and so I have had to learn French, German, Spanish and Italian. I suppose you began with those, too. What four did you take up after that—Portuguese, Greek, Russian, Swedish?"

"Ah—that is—to tell the truth, I never had a head for languages. They wouldn't do me any good if I had."

AN ADOPTED MOTHER.

Arthur Allen was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay wagon and killed.

"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?" he asked. "They are out under a currant bush, all peeping for their mother."

Mrs. Allen went out into the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They musn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty old bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allen went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the old bin to look at the motherless chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens.

"I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mamma," said Arthur. So Mrs. Allen left the duster in the bin, and the little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—Youths' Companion.

Praise God, then, praise His holy name, at the remembrance of such mingled mercy and love and wisdom; and while the heart and soul are abased at the thought of a Savior's agony, let them exult in His triumph; for it is His purpose that, through grace, all His ransomed should share it.—W. K. Tweed, Jr., D.D.