

A Bird's Ministry.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON

From his home in an Eastern bungalow
In sight of the everlasting snow
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row.

Thus wrote my friend . . . "I had travelled far
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
Through the sand-white plains of Sindh-
Sagar;

And once, when the daily march was o'er,
As tired I sat in my tented door,
Hope failed me, as never it failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside lane,
By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,
I had taught, —and my teaching all seemed
vain.

"No glimmer of light (I sighed) appears;
The Moslem's Fate and the Buddhist's fears
Have gloomed their worship this thousand
years.

"For Christ and his truth I stand alone
In the midst of millions a sand grain blown
Against your temple of ancient stone

"As soon may I level it! Faith forsook
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look
Then rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof, for the cooler air
I gazed, and marvelled, how crumbled
were
The walls I had deified so firm and fair

"For wedged in a rift of the massive stone,
Most plainly by its roots alone,
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown:

Whose gradual stress would still expand
The revic, and topple upon the sand
The temple, while o'er its wreck should
stand

"The tree in its living verdure? Who
Could compass the thought? —The bird that
flew

Ratherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall
Than earthquake, war, simoom, —or all
The centuries, in their laps, and fall

"Then I knelt by the risen granite there,
And my soul shook off its weight of care,
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air. —

"The living seeds I have dropped remain
In the cleft Lord, quicken with dew and
rain,
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in
twain!"

Where the Money Goes.

A MEDICAL gentleman was taking a
walk in Regent's Park, London, when
he observed an old man seated upon
one of the benches by the roadside,
whom by his dress he recognized as a
pauper belonging to the Marylebone
Poorhouse. The gentleman stopped
and spoke to him. "It's a pity," said
he, "to see a man of your years re-
duced to spend the remainder of your
life in a poorhouse. How old are you?"
"Close upon eighty, sir." "What was
your trade?" "Carpenter, sir." "Well,
that's a good trade to get a living by,
surely. Now let me ask you plainly,
were you in the habit of taking intoxi-
cating liquors?" "No, sir—that is, I
or've took my beer three-times a day
like all the rest—I was never a drunk-
ard, sir, if that's what you mean."
"No, I don't mean that, but I should
like to know how much on the average
your beer cost you per day?" "Well,
sir, not more, I should think, than six-
pence a day." "And how long did
you, speaking roughly, continue that
expenditure?" "I can hardly say, sir,
but it would be about sixty years." The
gentleman taking out his pencil,
began to make a calculation, while the
old man kept on rambling about his

temperato habits, and the misfortunes
that had overtaken him. When the
sum had been worked out, the gentle-
man, very much to the astonishment
of his listener, said to him: "Temper-
ate as you say your habits have been,
my friend, let me tell you that your
sixpence a day for sixty years, at com-
pound interest, has cost you *three thou-
sand two hundred and twenty-five
pounds sterling*, and if, instead of
spending it on your beer, you had put
it aside for your old age, you would
now have been in the receipt of *one
hundred and sixty pounds* a year with-
out touching the principal, or in other
words, of *three pounds a week*, in place
of living in a poorhouse and being
dressed as a pauper." That was an
eye-opener to the old man, and if he
had opened his eyes about it sixty
years before, it would have been a good
job for him.—*Seymour's Temperance
Battlefield.*

The Unexpected Happens.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York
Observer* writes:

When Mrs. Dr. Augusta Smith,
of Springfield, Missouri, was a little
girl, she received a letter from her
uncle, Millard Fillmore, of Buffalo.

"And what does your uncle say to
you?" asked her mother.

"He says I must fear God, be good,
and do all the good I can—that's what
he writes me."

"And what will you say to him in
reply?"

"I will tell him that I will do just
as he says—that's right, mother, isn't
it?"

"Yes, my child—but in what way
will you do good?"

"Oh! in many ways—I will learn to
be a doctor, and help the sick people."

"What an idea, my child; I would
as soon believe that your Uncle Fill-
more would become President of the
United States, as that you would be-
come a physician!"

In the course of time Millard Fill-
more became President, and his little
niece, after a thorough course of study,
has become a physician.

There is a moral in this anecdote.
The mother was not correct in her
prophecy, and the child, influenced by
the words of the uncle, is doing great
good.

Here's the Medicine for You.

It is easy to invent excuses about
the fine medical virtues of drink, when
a man wants it badly. It is like the
Indian who had a sore toe and who
asked for whiskey to cure it. Instead
of applying the whiskey to the toe, he
greedily drank it, and said, "Now,
whiskey, go down and cure my toe."
"And you have taken the teetotal
pledge, have you?" asked somebody of
an Irishman. "Indade I have, and I
ain not ashamed of it either," he re-
plied. "And did not Paul tell Timothy
to take a little wine for his stomach's
sake?" "So he did; but my name is
not Timothy, and there is nothing the
matter with my stomach." There was
some honesty about that.

Instead of alcohol being a good thing
to cure diseases, it would be far more
suitable to regard it as just the thing
to create disease.

In regard to doctors prescribing it in
sickness, an eminent physician truly
says, "What if some other great cause
of mortality—say of consumption—

were at work, slaying forty thousand
victims every year, would the physician
be indifferent about it? would he hand
it about, partake of it himself, give it
to his children, laugh at those who are
trying to sweep it away—or tell the
afflicted that it is a necessity? I am
sure he would scorn to do any such
thing."

The London Temperance Hospital
during six years of its operation, had
about eight thousand patients under
its care. Alcohol has been excluded
in the treatment of all these cases,
except one, and with the very best
possible result; and singularly enough,
in the one case where it was thought
best to employ alcohol, the result was
very unsatisfactory.—*Seymour's Tem-
perance Battlefield.*

Moth-Eaten.

I HAD a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves—
In a napkin fine and fair.
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself under clasp and key
In the perfumed dust alone,
Its wonderful broiery hidden,
Till many a day had gone

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And, clad in the summerest raiment,
I bore them company;
I knew I owned the beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor that stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them tenderest pity,
But had nothing beside to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shining colours fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty,
Must seek for the use it seals
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

The Temperance Battlefield.

A CERTAIN Finance Minister of our
Dominion said, at a Temperance Meet-
ing, some years ago: "I have stated
that the loss in the actual consumption
of liquor to our country every year is
not less than sixteen millions of dollars.
But we all know—painfully know—
that the indirect cost in its evil in-
fluence on society is infinitely greater.
I would gladly see the whole of the
sixteen millions thrown into the St.
Francis River, if I could be sure we
had in doing so wiped out the dreadful
evils that arise from these drinks.
I have had a good deal to do with the
question of revenue and the raising of
taxation, and I am quite prepared to
establish before this audience, that the
Finance Minister who, by prohibiting
the traffic in intoxicating liquor, should
save this direct and indirect cost, would
have no difficulty whatever in raising
all the amount now derived from the
liquor trade."—*Seymour.*

Brevities.

HE slipped quietly in at the door;
but, catching sight of an inquiring
face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry
so late, my dear. Couldn't get a car
before." "So the cars were full, too!"
said the lady. And further remarks
were unnecessary.

THE Richmond State claimed that a
coloured man never took out a patent.
The *Critic* says this is not a fact, and
it gives a list of seven coloured men
who took out patents between the
years 1875 and 1883. The inventions
were a screw propeller, a ladder scaffold
support, a printing press, and other
useful articles.

HERBERT SPENCER says Americans
are so driven by business cares that
they never stop to leisurely examine
anything. Guess he never saw five or
six hundred busy Americans standing
around for two hours watching three
men raising an office safe to a fourth-
storey window.

A SUCCESSFUL strike occurred when
the Richmond night express train
struck a Negro walking on the track,
who got a glimpse of the locomotive's
headlight just before being landed in
the woods a dozen or two yards from
the road line. His first conscious
words were: "For de deah sake, boss,
who frow dat lantern at me?"

FROM various little scraps of intelli-
gence, scattered through the ancient
writings, it appears certain, as it was
reasonable to conclude, that the notes
now used by birds, and the voices of
animals, are the same as uttered by
their earliest progenitors. With civil-
ized man everything is progressive;
with animals, where there is no mind,
all is stationary.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,
weddings among persons of the lower
classes were always published, and the
bride and bridegroom were accompanied
to the church by their friends and
neighbours, a band of music playing be-
fore them, and a troop of young maidens
following, crowned with flowers, and
bearing large bridecakes to distribute
among the crowd.

A BISHOP ordained a rather brilliant
young gentleman as deacon, and the
very next day sent for the excellent
clergyman who had recommended him.
"What may your lordship want with
me?" "I wish, sir, to speak about
that young man." "What young
man, your lordship?" "The young
man, sir, whom I ordained. I want
you to keep him in check. I had
great difficulty in keeping him from
examining me."

A LITTLE boy in one of the city
German schools, while engaged in the
delightful exercise of defining words a
few days since, made a mistake which
was not all a mistake. He said: "A
demigogue is a vessel that holds beer,
wine, gin, whiskey, or any other kind
of intoxicating liquor." He was prob-
ably thinking of "demijohn," but he
hit the truth just the same.

THE duties of the genuine dyed-in-
the wool, simon-pure editor, are multi-
farious and multitudinous. His work
is not only "to do a little writin'," as
is sometimes supposed, but to cull, to
glean, to select, to discriminate, to
decide, to foresee, to observe, to grasp,
to explain, to elucidate, to imitate, to
boil down, "to be, to do, and to suffer,"
and several hundred other verbs, with
a large number of districts yet to hear
from.