

the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colours, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-coloured quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large, common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libbân*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family at Nazareth.—*Farrar's "Life of Christ."*

"'Twas the Kind Word You Spoke that Saved Me."

"ROSA! look at that horrid, drunken man sitting on the curbstone. Do come across the street, for I wouldn't pass him for anything." And Mary ran away as fast as her feet could carry her.

Now Rosa was afraid, too, but the song she had been learning that day was still fresh in her memory. "Speak a kind word when you can," she had been singing; and the man before her, with his head bent on his hands, looked forlorn and wretched—so sadly in need of a kind word—that she went a little nearer, and said, timidly, "Poor man! I am sorry for you. Can I do anything to help you?"

He raised his head, looked at her in surprise, and his haggard face and despairing eyes almost caused her to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have helped me already. I never expected to hear any again, for I am without a friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend if you will ask him," said Rosa softly, going nearer still, while Mary beckoned anxiously for her to come away. "Did you ever ask him?" continued Rosa.

"No; I have been sinning against him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man! Let God be your friend. He can do everything for you. I am your friend; but I can't do anything but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word has saved me. Good-bye!" and he held out his shaking hand. Rosa was not afraid now, and she placed her plump little hand in his, and as he bent down and kissed it, two hot tears fell upon it. Then he went away, and Rosa rejoined her companion.

"Oh, you queer creature! How

could you let that awful-looking man take hold of your hand? I thought he was going to eat you up when he bent down his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary; but I am so glad I spoke to him. Only think! he says my kind words have saved him."

"Well, he never would be saved if it depended on my kind words, for I always run away from such folks," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger—a noble, silver-haired old man—was addressing a Sunday-school, and telling the scholars always to be kind to the friendless and distressed ones, especially the drunkard. "For when I was friendless, and sinful, and wretched," said he, "God sent a dear child to speak a kind word that saved me."

When the school closed, a young lady held out her hand to him, and, with tears in her eyes, asked: "Sir, do you not know me?" He looked at her long and earnestly, and then taking both her hands in his, he said, solemnly and slowly: "Yes, dear madam, 'twas the kind words you spoke that saved me!" And Rosa wept for gladness.

Dear friends, "Speak a kind word" when you can.—*Selected.*

The Effect of Stimulants.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so.

"I said: 'Count it carefully. What does it say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, 'Your pulse has gone down to seventy.' I then lay down on the lounge, and said, 'Will you take it again?' He replied: 'Why, it is only sixty-four. What an extraordinary thing!'

"I then said: 'When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and, if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because, in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred. Multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and, as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest; for the influence of alcohol

is to increase the number of strokes; and, instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is that you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruddy bumper," which you say is the soul of man below."

There is no Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fail and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walk's o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And where he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise;

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Rain from Heaven.

ONCE a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir. I earned it."

"But how Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child, "when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain-water, and selling it to washerwomen at a penny a bucketful. That is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him. Now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir! Please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but HIM. I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from heaven.'"

Prince Harry's Thread and Needle.

MANY customs handed down from olden times, are still observed at the ancient seats of learning in England—Oxford and Cambridge.

At Queen's College, Oxford, a bear's head is served up on Christmas-day, as was done three hundred years ago, and on New Year's-day, every guest at the dinner-table in college-hall is presented with a needle and thread, the latter being in three colours—red, black, and blue—emblems of medicine, divinity, and law.

Clever men have long tried themselves to find out the origin of this very ancient custom. One solution given is, that the name of the founder of Queen's College was supposed to be taken from the French words which mean "needle" and "thread;" but another historian tells how King Henry V., when he was Prince of Wales, presented himself before his father in a blue satin coat, which was full of eyelet-holes, and in every eyelet the needle and silk used to work it was left hanging; and it is supposed that Prince Henry was a student of Queen's, whence arose this curious observance every New Year's-day. King Henry IV., his father, was very much afraid his son would take the crown from him, and was therefore glad to see him habited as a scholar.

The Porter's Mistake.

ALEXANDER, the late Emperor of Russia, was remarkable for his affable disposition. His attachment to his tutor, La Harpe, was rather that of a son than of a pupil. One day he went to visit La Harpe, as was his custom, alone; the porter was a new servant, and did not know him; he asked his name, and was answered, "Alexander." The porter then led him into the servants' hall, told him his master was at his studies, and could not be disturbed for an hour. The servants' homely meal was prepared, and the prince was invited to partake of it, which he did, without affectation.

When the hour was expired, the porter informed La Harpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting some time, and wanted to see him. "Show him in." But what was La Harpe's surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologise; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said, "My dear tutor, do not mention it; an hour to you is worth a day to me; and, besides, I have had a hearty breakfast with your servants, which I should have lost had I been admitted to you when I first came."

The poor porter's feelings may be better imagined than described; but Alexander, laughing, said, "I like you the better for it. You are an honest servant, and there are a hundred roubles to convince you that I think so."