

voice broke most pitifully. "God must have sent you. But—but are you sure? Look at me well. I'm old and tired; I've given myself—"

"Yes, to an ungrateful, selfish, howling pack, my darling, but we shan't speak about that. You're mine now. Go and get your hat and come away."

"Where?"

"That's my business, my lady! Am I not to be trusted, even at the eleventh hour?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I'm coming now, but I only want to ask one thing. How did you know the time had come, that I needed you so desperately?"

"It was the 3rd of December, in the night. Have you anything to connect with that?"

She was silent a moment, clinging to him, hiding her face.

"Yes, on that night I was on my knees asking God to bring you. It was the end of all things, and I knew that I had made a mistake. But are you sure, even now, Gilbert? It is just the fragments, as you say."

"They're mine, anyway, all mine, aren't they, Priscilla?"

She did not say him nay. Within the hour they had left the house together, he a strong man rejoicing in his strength, she tired and sad, and very, very thankful to creep into the shelter of his love.—British Weekly.

#### FRIEND OF WILD ANIMALS.

The gratitude and affection which wild animals will exhibit when kindly treated has been pathetically instanced recently in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens through the death of a keeper. This man, John Feeney, for thirty years walked the houses and grounds of the gardens from six o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock the following morning. It was said that in all these years he never spoke a harsh word to any animal, and even those which had killed other keepers were most docile with him. To the most ferocious he could give a friendly pat. So jealous were the animals of his kind words that if he remained too long at one cage or failed to appear at the usual time, a long wailing showed the desire for his presence. The day after his death a strange air of quiet pervaded the gardens, broken only by an occasional mournful howl. In some way the poor creatures seemed to understand that they had lost their friend.—Journal of Zoophily.

#### FIRST HYMN IN THE BIBLE.

It seems incredible that there were no hymns in the Patriarchal age. Contact with nature was close and other conditions made favorable the contemplative life from which poetic springs. Pictures are not wanting of these old shepherds walking afield alone at evening time. How could they help but sing? Again that other condition which rarely fails to strike the harp of praise was not infrequent, namely transition from impending evil to complete deliverance. Yet strange as it may seem, there is not a trace of a hymn in the Bible, until we come to that Marcellian of Israel, the Song of Moses on the deliverance from Pharaoh at the Red Sea. It is in all respects a worthy prelude to the great volume of sacred hymns to which every age and land has since contributed. This battle hymn of a new born nation is in measured prose and must have been effective in the highest degree when chanted—with a refrain from woman's voices and all to a primitive orchestral accompaniment.

I will sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously:  
The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea.  
The Lord is my strength and song  
And He is become my salvation.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

—D. W. Clark, D.D.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving. Every ounce of self-denial behind a gift doubles its value and its joy. It is the small gifts, too, in this world, and the gifts of unpurchasable things—such as smiles, sympathy, encouragement, personal effort and love—that make the best and biggest totals.

#### THE REAL GOOD.

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.  
Order, said the law court;  
Knowledge, said the school;  
Truth, said the wise man,  
Pleasure, said the fool;  
Love, said the page;  
Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Home, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldiers;  
Equity, the seer.  
Spoke my heart full sadly,  
"The answer is not here."  
Then within my bosom,  
Softly this I heard:  
Each heart holds the secret;  
KINDNESS is the word."

#### PIGEONS IN HISTORY.

Doubtless you admire the pretty graceful creatures that perch upon the eaves of your house, or daintily trip across your yard, but did you ever think what a factor they have been in the history of the world?

Pigeons, as commonplace as they appear, are characters of antiquity. We hear of them when the waters of the Deluge covered the face of the earth, when the faithful dove flew from the hand of Noah and returned to her master, bearing the significant olive branch. Dove is the Anglo-Saxon name; pigeon, the Norman name.

During the fifth Egyptian dynasty, three thousand years before Christ, it was the fashion to domesticate pigeons, and to train them as carriers and messengers. The promptness with which Caesar was informed of the rebellions in Gaul, and thereby enabled to cross the Alps before those uprisings could possess the entire province, was due to the use of carrier pigeons. In the Crusades these birds were skilful and faithful messengers.

The price of a handsome pair of pigeons in ancient Rome was not a trifle, for Aulus, a Roman knight, once sold a pair of pigeons for forty denarii—about thirteen pounds in English money, and about sixty-five dollars in our currency. At that time, too, they were by far the swiftest conveyers of news, and were much in demand at the celebration of the Olympic games.

Among the many pathetic incidents connected with the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, she begs earnestly for a pigeon, and writes in a letter: "I beg you to procure for me some pigeons. I wish to read them in cages; it will be such a pastime for a prisoner."—The Household.

#### ONE BY ONE.

One step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch, and then another,  
And the longest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look disheartened  
On the work you have to do,  
And say that such a mighty task  
You never can get through;  
But just endeavor, day by day,  
Another point to gain,  
And soon the mountain which you feared  
Will prove to be a plain.

#### WHEN BERYL AND JULIET FORGOT.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Beryl Brooks was in too much of a hurry to make her bed that morning. There had been plenty of time between breakfast, at seven, and school, at nine; but Beryl had loitered and played and chattered until there was not a spare minute left.

"I'll make it at noon," she told herself, just as she had promised a hundred times before.

But at noon when she went to her room she could discover nothing besides the mattress and the spring—there was no bedding anywhere in sight!

She went to Aunt Hester with a sobbing face. Mrs. Brooks was an invalid,

#### A MODERN MEDICINE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

No sane mother would wish herself treated under the condition of medicine or surgery of half a century ago. Why then should she give her tender little child the old-fashioned medicines that have not changed in half a century, and which more likely than not contain poisonous opiates that will not cure the child, but merely drug it into temporary insensibility. Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine prepared with all the care and skill of modern medical science. This medicine cures all stomach, bowels, teething and other ailments of childhood and babyhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analysis that it contains no opiate or poisonous drug. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

and Auntie took charge of the house. "Please, tell me where you have put my bedclothes," she said meekly.

"I told Mary to put them out on the line," Aunt Hester answered. "They have been in the sun all the forenoon. You can take them upstairs now any time."

Beryl stood for a moment undecided. Should she ask Auntie to let Mary carry them up for her? Finally she went to the yard for them. She had to get a box and climb up on it to unpin the things. It was hard work, for she was obliged to make several trips. They were too heavy to be carried all at once. By the time her bed was made her arms and shoulders ached.

"I guess I sha'n't forget again," she told herself. But she did—more than once too. Every time, her bedding received an extra airing, and Mary never carried it upstairs for her, as she always did on the regular days.

The last time was on the day that Juliet Kirtland went home with her from the afternoon session. Beryl had not happened to go to her room at noon, and so had entirely forgotten her bed. When she opened the door, with her friend close behind, her face flushed with mortification.

"Oh dear," she cried, "I forgot to make my bed!" and before her eyes rose a vision of Juliet's pretty room, as she had lately seen it. "You wait a minute," she said hastily, "and I'll get my post cards. We can look at them downstairs."

"Oh, never mind your bed!" answered Juliet. "I used to forget mine—till Mama cured me. Oh, it was so funny!"

"Did you forget yours?" exclaimed Beryl, feeling a great relief all at once. "Oh, I didn't s'pose you ever did! I was so ashamed when I saw the mattress, and thought of your beautiful room."

Juliet laughed. "I used to forget it and forget it, till Mama said something had got to be done—and then, one day, she did it!"

"What," smiled Beryl, as her friend chuckled.

"Why she folded all my bedclothes, and hid them, and I never got to bed till ten o'clock, trying to find them!"

"Where were they?" laughed Beryl.

"Oh, one of the sheets was on the foot of Baby's crib, and one on Jennie's bed. The counterpane was in Mama's room. It was the blankets that gave me such a hunt. I finally found one on a shelf in the hall closet—where we never kept any such thing, and the other was on a chair, under some work, in the sewing room. It was a cold night, or I should have gone without the last one. Mama s'posed I'd find them easier."

"I don't see how you could tell them from others," said Beryl.

"Oh, they were all marked with my name. But such a chase as I had, upstairs and down! Since that night I've never once forgotten to make my bed."

"I don't believe I shall now," laughed Beryl, "just for thinking of you."—S. S. Times.