

*The Family.**PEACE.*

How sweet that word to those who love
To tread the heavenly way,
It charms the ear, it calms the heart,
And spreads a blissful ray.
How blest are those who look beyond,
The fleeting things of time,
Whose peace is made secure above,
To taste the joys sublime.

What blessed hopes are ours to share,
By God the Father given,
To those whose peace is made with Him,
And sealed by love in Heaven.
O, happy home beyond the skies,
Where we shall meet and rest,
Where peace forever reigns supreme,
Eternal ages blest!

O, blessed peace! what can compare,
With all the priceless joy,
Throughout eternity to spend,
In bliss without alloy.

The crown to wear, sweet bliss to gain,
Are worth the toil we give,
In this great vineyard of the Lord,
Where souls, though dying, live.

—F. A. P., Bermuda.

THE LARGEST IDOL.

Few are aware that the largest idol in the world is in Mexico, and very significantly, it lies prostrate at the foot of Popocatepetl. It is constructed of stone, the hardest of granite, and is indeed immense in its proportions. Mr. Joaquin Miller, who recently visited this wonder of the Mexican mountains, thinks that Rev. J. W. Butler, of the Methodist Mission, and himself, are the only two Saxons who have ever looked upon this monster idol. He took its measurement, which is thirty-six feet long and eighteen feet from shoulder to shoulder, and eighteen feet through from front to back. Its estimated weight is one hundred tons. As to when it was constructed and by whom we have no certain knowledge. It is supposed to have originally occupied its place in a temple, higher up the mountain, and to have been displaced by the Spaniards at the time of the invasion of Mexico, who also defaced the image, chiseling and battering its face, and breaking off a portion of the left hand and left foot. It now lies sprawling on its back, its head down hill, in a most desolate place on the mountains. On the head of the huge idol is a basin which would hold many barrels of water, demonstrating it was the great rain-god of the ancient Aztecs.—*Journal and Messenger.*

WE MUST LEAVE THEM BEHIND.

A story is told of a robber named Akaba, who lived in Arabia. He was the captain of a robber clan which by its depredations, had filled his tent with gold and many precious things. But he was not happy. His mind was greatly disturbed because he realized that his wealth had not been honestly gotten.

He went to a religious teacher living at the foot of a mountain, and asked him how he might win heaven. He said:

"Five hundred swords obey my nod; innumerable slaves bow to my control, my storehouses are filled with silver and gold; but now I wish you to tell me how I may add to all these the hope of eternal life."

The old hermit pointed to three great stones, and told him to take these up and carry them with him to the top of the mountain. The man went to them, but it was as much he could do to lift them.

He could scarcely move a step when they were all laid on his back. So the hermit told him to follow him to the summit without this load.

One by one they were cast aside, and the ascent was easily made.

"My son you could not climb this hill until you had cast away the burdens which you at first took upon your shoulders. Let me say to you now, you have a threefold burden to hinder you from climbing the road to heaven. Dismiss your robber band, set free your slaves, give back your ill-gotten gains. Sooner could you climb the mountain, bearing these heavy stones, than reach heaven or happiness in such power, lust and wealth."

So must we cast aside every sin if we would advance heavenward.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Toll your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off; and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful!"

Before long the teacher did see that father and that home. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer, but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*Echange.*

ESQUIMAUX ENDURANCE.

"The amount of cold these northern nomads can endure," says Lieutenant Schwatka, "borders on the phenomenal. I have seen the little babies, two and three years old, play, perfectly naked, for hours at a time, on the reindeer robes of the bed in the igloo, the temperature, as I have said, being constantly below freezing; and in the fall I have seen them naked, playing and splashing in a pond of water, long needles of ice forming in the quiet places. I once saw an Esquimaux baby boy taken from its mother's hood, and naked, made to stand on the snow until she found its reindeer clothing from the sledge, a fairly strong wind, sufficient to drift the loose snow along with it, blowing at the time, the thermometer minus thirty eight degrees, the only protection it had being behind a sledge

loaded about three feet high, around and over which the wind poured. Its exposure was thus a good minute, and to appreciate this one must take a watch in hand and see that length of time drag by, a time that a not unconscientious but sensational writer might readily jot down as five or ten minutes. And I have known a naked man, surprised asleep in his igloo by a polar bear, grasp his gun and pursue his enemy 200 or 300 yards in the snow, the thermometer fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, and slay him. These Esquimaux rub slushy snow, dipped in water, on the bottom of the runners of their sledges, the thermometer being from zero to twenty below when I have known it to be done. I have seen an Esquimaux traveller throw himself on the snow and rest comfortably for half an hour, the thermometer seventy-one degrees below zero, or 103 degrees below freezing, and probably doing some work with ungloved hands. The Kinnoptoo Esquimaux, who seldom build over the small fires of the native stone lamp in their igloos during the very coldest weather of winter, are probably the hardest of all these boreal tribes in withstanding low temperatures, and sit around in their cold, cheerless houses with only their undergarments on (the Esquimaux has two suits of reindeer skins; the outer with the hair turned outward, and the inner with the hair turned toward and resting against the body), their arms withdrawn from their sleeves and resting on their bare bodies across their breast, chatting all the while pleasantly about various matters, the thermometer often being below zero. In fact, the only warmth the snow house has is that given off by their bodies. I have known one of these Kinnoptooes to take an undressed reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair which was frozen stiff as a plate of rolled iron, put the same against his naked body, and not only hold it there until it was thawed out, but until it was perfectly dry, so as to use it as a drum-head (keo-low-tee) in their peculiar savage rites. In fact I might say that I have been naked myself in a temperature of minus sixty-eight degrees, during the short time, it took to undress, roll my reindeer coat in a bundle for a pillow, and crawl into my sleeping bag; but, my movements partook more of the character of a small boy going to a base-ball match than one sawing wood.—*Selected.*

A HELPLESS GOD.

A missionary, accompanied by a Christian native, visited a grand heathen temple lately in India, at a place called Rossrah. There was a huge brass god here, weighing more than half a ton, which used to be covered with precious jewels. The visitors found no worshipers, but the temple door locked. The priest in charge, on being asked the reason of this, said, "To keep the god from robbers."

"What! did any one rob the god?"

"Yes," said the priest; "some time ago a Brahman who came here to worship, stole all the jewels which the god had on his right arm, and now we have to keep the temple locked lest the other arm be stripped too."

You may be sure that the missionary was not slow to declare that a god who could take no better care of himself than this was hardly worth trusting in.

Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wildwoods. How much better it is to tell the truth at all times!

Man loves what is lovely, but God loves what is unlovely, to make them lovely.