

over him. "Oh dear, mother!" she cried, starting up and going to the window, "he'll get drowned, he will! I must go for him."

"You go for him!" Mrs. Gray might well look astonished.

"Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned!" said Phoebe, in distress.

"Oh no, dear; there's no danger of that," answered Mrs. Gray, trying to pacify her child. "Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard."

"Are you sure of it, mother?" asked Phoebe.

"Yes, very sure."

But Phoebe's heart was not at rest.

"I'll just look out and see if he is coming," she said after a while. And then she went to the door, as she had so often done before, night after night, to watch for her father's return.

"I'll look out just for a little minute," answered Phoebe, lifting the latch. As she did so, a gust of wind and rain swept into her face and almost blinded her.

"Oh, how it rains!" she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close only for a moment or two. The thought of her father out in such a storm made her open it again. And this time she bravely faced the wind and rain, and looked along the pavements as far as the next corner, where a street-lamp throw down its circle of light.

"Oh, there he is!" she cried, and then, shutting the door behind her, ran toward the gas-lamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen; and her heart sank in painful disappointment. Down upon her bare head and thin clothes the heavy rain fell, and the wind blew against her so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

If Phoebe had thought only of herself, she would have run back home. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post on the corner, and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen. Far down one of the streets a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself; and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran towards the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath; but she kept on, thinking only of her father. Love for him kept her from being afraid for herself. At last she got to the tavern-door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the crowd of noisy, half-intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, only five years of age, drenched with the rain that was pouring in streams from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness nor fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men.

"Oh, father!" leaped from her lips, as one of the company started forward, and, catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom and ran with her out into the street.

If Mr. Gray's mind was confused, and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a few moments afterward, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears. "My poor baby! It's the last time."

And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had thus wrought. Oh! love is very strong.

Phoebe did not think beyond her father. Love for him had made her fearless of the night and the storm. But he whose love is over all things made her the instrument of a wider good. She was the means of his conversion.

Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another, and sought their homes. Said one of them, as he came in full an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing when she should have been at rest—sewing, because she must earn to make up for what he spent in drink:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is!—looking for her father in a gin-shop! It made the tears come into my eyes when her poor drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her held tightly to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me at least. And Jane," he added, with a strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled: our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin-shop on any night, fair or foul! I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

And he kept his word. Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father was so affected by the scene that he too stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and by God's grace, which he prayed for, walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.

"SPEERING" THE BOYS.

AN English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited one of the best schools in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and enquired, "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman, having ascertained that to "speer" meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to "speer" the boys, and at once began. "How did Pharaoh die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed. "I think, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them." And he enquired in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawroah dee?" Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said, "I think, gentlemen,

you can't speer these boys; I'll show you how I do it." And he proceeded: "Fat cam to Phawroah at his hinder end?" The boys answered promptly, "He was drooned;" and, in addition, a smart little fellow commented, "Only lassie could hae told you that."

THE LOST COLORS.

WHIO said we had lost the Colors? Who carried the tale away, And whispered it low in England, With the deeds of that awful day? The story was washed, they tell us, Freed from a touch of shame— Washed in the blood of those who died, Told in their sacred name

But they said we had lost the Colors, And the Colors were safe, you see, While the story was told in England, Over the restless sea They had not the heart to blame us, When they knew what the day had cost; But we felt the shame of the silence laid On the Colors they thought were lost.

And now to its furthest limit They will listen and hear our cry; How could the Colors be lost, I say, While one was left to die? Safe on the heart of a soldier, Where else could the Colors be? I do not say they were found again, For they never were lost, you see.

Safe on the heart of a soldier, Knotted close to his side, Proudly lie on the quiet breast, Washed in the crimson tide! For the heart is silent for ever, Stirred by no fitting breath, And the Colors he saved are a fitting shroud, And meet for a soldier's death.

What more would they know in England? The Colors were lost, they said; And all the time they were safe, of course, Though the soldier himself was dead. The hand was stiff, and the heart was cold And feeble the stalwart limb; But he was one of the Twenty-fourth, So the Colors were safe with him.

"UPSETTING MOSES."

ISAY, Deacon, Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on Genesis. Of course we don't know yet how it will turn out; but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses."

The deacon made no answer. He surely must have heard Jim's remark. Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly, and with pauses for thought between each enumeration. After awhile Jim ventured to ask: "Counting your saw-logs, deacon, aren't you?"

"No," said the deacon; "I'll tell you. Your remark set me to thinking. I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses. First of all two old jugglers, named Jannes and Jambres, undertook this, but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting. He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, went at the job. They failed in the upsetting part; but they secured a bit of ranche for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day. Later on a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump; and when he had changed his mind, was a sadder and wiser man. His successor met with a still greater disaster in a similar attempt. Since that time there have been no end to persons who have

tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen, Celsus, and Porphyry, and Julian the Apostate; and latterly these German critics and these scientists, so-called, are at the same thing. Years ago when I was in Boston, I heard of a meeting of freethinkers at a place called Chapman Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there. Three or four of them were women; all the rest were men. And what do you think they were doing? They were engaged in the old enterprise of upsetting Moses. And yet Moses hath to-day in the Synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before.

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to being upset, and does not mind it. It always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some man who nobody has ever before heard of, has found out a sure way of doing what all others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manley, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well"—and the deacon sighed.

There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw-mill ring, and all joined in it except Jim.—*Christian Observer.*

THE SCIENCE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

HOW many of our boys and girls know what is meant by the science of anything? The word "science" means true knowledge; and to know truly, perfectly, about an object, we must know of what it is made, or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form, colour, and weight.

How shall we make our soap-bubble? Of soap and water, you will all say. Only soap and water? One such bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long time.

Now the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one-half ounces of castile soap, one pint of water, and three-quarters of a pint of pure glycerine. This is Plateau's solution; and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though being blind he can see them only with the eyes of his mind.

A bubble consists of a portion of air enclosed by a film—something very thin—which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter—the solid, liquid and gaseous.

When blown from the mouth the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. This rising and falling is due to pressure of the air, which, some of the boys will tell us, is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin, and a gas will be set free which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match,