

If Anna had been surprised to have her brother offer to relieve her for that day, she was still more so when Harry quietly dropped into the place of daily reader. It was not always a pleasure to him, and many times Harry looked longingly after the boys as they went by on some afternoon excursion in which he had refused to join them. It was very tiresome to sit reading item after item of no interest to him, but he was always in readiness for his duty and never disappointed the old man, to whom this was one of the greatest pleasures of the day.

There came a day, early in September, when the house was darkened, and grandfather was missing from his accustomed seat. Footsteps were softened and voices hushed, and in the upper room Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Anna and Harry were gathered around the bed on which lay the form of the grandfather.

Never again would they see the kindly old face break into a smile at the approach of the loved ones; never again would the faded blue eyes look out upon the scenes of earth. Grandfather had gone home, and his eyes even now were looking on heavenly sights.

As Harry stood there, his eyes dim with tears, a great lump in his throat, all of the sacrifices he had made, all of the pleasures he had denied himself sank into insignificance. Oh, if he had only been more thoughtful; more anxious to cheer and brighten the last days of the dear, old man! True, he had for a few months been trying to render what service he could, but he could not forget the days and years before that had been spent in seeking his own pleasure. Harry bowed his head, humbled and sorrowful at the recollection. "O God, our Father," he whispered, "help me to serve others as I have opportunity.—*Lucy Henrietta Wright in the Presbyterian Banner.*

#### A SECRET OF A GREEN OLD AGE.

In a beautiful article by Dr. Cuyler in a recent issue of the *Evangelist*, he notes the fact that on May 22, Rev. Dr. Newman Hall celebrated, in London, his eightieth birthday. Letters of congratulation came to him from many quarters. Dr. Cuyler says of him that at the age of four score he has the vigor and alertness of youth. And Dr. Hall said on that occasion:

I am not an old man. I take a cold bath every morning all the year round, and have always been a great walker; I can now do ten miles at a stretch without any fatigue. My sight and hearing are perfect.

Dr. Newman Hall has been a hard worker, preaching on an average, even at the age of four score, four and five times every week, and writing with frequency and with vigor for the press. His one little tractate, "Come to Jesus," has been considered worthy of translation into about fifty languages, and more than three million copies of it have been circulated.

Now for the secret of his continuing, while not youthful, yet young and vigorous. It is: 1. He says, "I have obeyed the laws of health, retiring to sleep in decent time, and not working hard late at night." 2. He has not been given to indulgences of the palate: "I have never been a diner out, nor indulged in heavy suppers." 3. Teetotalism has had "a great deal to do with my excellent health."

(This latter remark is perhaps more suggestive in England, where the use of ale is so common among good men, than in the United States, where it is so vehemently reprehended.) 4. Instead of resting on his early mental acquisitions, Dr. Hall continues as a vigorous student.

In this little narrative there is a hint to those of our ministry who do not desire to cross the dead line at sixty years of age or under.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The following is a fair idea of the many incidentals that come free to a President: Every bit of linen, bedding, towels and such things is furnished. He is shaved by the White House barber. His table is spread with the finest, daintiest damask, set with the most exquisite china, and bountifully supplied with flowers from the White House conservatories. If he sends a telegram, it is done from an instrument in the White House, for which the Government pays. His stationery, postage, etc., cost him nothing. Should he desire a game of billiards, there is a beautiful table at hand; or if he wants to take a drive, his stables, which the Government pays the rent for and takes care of, are amply equipped. When he enters his business office, a man is stationed at the door to open and close it; and a private secretary, to whom the Government pays a salary of \$5,000 a year, assists him with his correspondence. The services of a type-writer are also furnished. He is protected from the curious by a number of private watchmen. Should he want a cruise, a magnificent steamship from the navy is placed at his disposal.

There are many other things that cost him nothing, such as the culinary arrangements, his steward, who does the marketing, the many fancy delicacies sent him by enterprising firms. This, by the way, is a sort of nuisance, for it seems to be the desire of every manufacturer of some new eatable or drinkable to get it into the White House. Things of value that find their way there are never accepted.—*From Harper's Round Table.*

#### TIMES REVENGES.

Here is an example of "Time's revenges." Two Jews of Bagdad have lately purchased all the land on which ancient Babylon stood. That Babylon by whose waters the Jews in exile wept and prayed is now the property of those who, in their despair, hanged their harps upon the trees that are therein. All that remains of palaces and "hanging gardens" in that city where Daniel was cast into the den of lions, and "the three children" into the fiery furnace, is now held in fee by Hebrews. We have here another illustration of the marvellous tenacity of the ancient chosen race. The Jews have survived all the races and civilizations which clustered about the capital of the mighty Babylonian Empire. Though in their long history the predictions of the prophets have been fulfilled and the cup of suffering has been drunk to the dregs, their permanence has not been affected. On the other hand, the Powers who became their conquerors and oppressors have fallen one by one. Assyria and Babylon perished ages ago; the Greek power waned and passed away; the Roman Empire is gone; but the Hebrew race is indestructible. In the race itself is fulfilled the old legend of the Wandering Jew, doomed to survive the rise and fall of nations till the last great day.

## Our Young Folks.

### BLANKET STREET.

O come with me, baby, to Blanket Street,  
'Tis a famous place, dear, for tired feet;  
Up Stairway Hill, across Landing Ridge,  
Past Banister Lane, and then Kissing Bridge,  
Where somebody always you're sure to meet.

Over the bridges and at last we are there,  
Right in the middle of Little Crib Square;  
The street is as white as the driven snow,  
But warm like the blossom-tide snow, you know—  
Warm to toes that are soft and pink and bare.

And speaking of toes, 'tis in Blanket Street,  
That the five little pigs so often meet,  
And the littlest always goes squeak, squeak,  
Though the weather is never cold and bleak—  
For 'tis always summer in Blanket Street.

And the yellow bird talks as well as sings,  
And the humbees hums but never stings,  
And the love-lamps burn like stars all night;  
O come, and be sure to listen right,  
For the Blanket Street birds say wonderful things.  
—Once a Week.

### THE BOY HERO.

He was only fourteen. He is a boy full of fun and perhaps some mischief, but he loves his books dearly. He has already looked into the future, and chosen what he wants to be. His sense of honor is keen, and he has a high ideal of manhood, both in scholarship and morals. How so much fun and ambition to be useful can be bundled together is surprising.

His body is a compound of good health, vigor and good muscles, developed by play and work.

One of the sports in which he most delights is swimming. He is quite at home in the water, and might be called a water-animal or sprite.

In the country where he lived is quite a large mill-pond. It was rare sport to swim from shore to shore, swim on his back, dive to the bottom, and cut up all manner of antics, as if he were a sea-lion or seal.

One day he was swimming with a little fellow not far from his own age, though not quite so strong. He said to his mate, "I'm going to swim across the pond." "So will I," was the response. In they plunged. In a few minutes they reached the opposite shore, puffing and blowing. After a little rest, he said, "I'm going to swim back." "So will I," was boldly said. But our hero said, "No, no; it's too much; you are not strong enough." But, boylike, confident of his strength, he insisted, and in they plunged, our hero leading. When more than half-way over he heard a cry of distress. Turning, he found his friend had given out and was sinking.

What a situation! It might well have appalled the heart of the strongest swimmer. But his wits and his courage and his strength did not forsake him. This is the story he told his father after it was all over:

"Papa, when I saw him go down, I just thought how bad his papa would feel if his little boy never came home. So I said, 'I will never go home without him.'"

He swam to where his friend was struggling, to see whether he could help him. As soon as he touched him, the little fellow seized him with a death-grip, and both went under. But our hero came to the surface, the other clutching him.

"Then I remembered," he said, "that you must strike and daze the one who is drowning; so I stunned him, and then caught him, and tried to swim, but was so tired that we both went to the bottom. Then it came to me that my foot touched

bottom; I must kick and try to force the body towards the shore. As soon as I came to the top down I went. Again and again I rose and sank, but at last I got to the shore. My friend seemed dead. Then I remembered that I must roll him, and get the water out of him; so I carried him to a log and worked till he began to breathe. Then I felt so happy that his papa didn't have a dead boy!"

Was there ever anything more heroic? That act is worthy of a place with Graco Darling. Indeed, when one thinks of the presence of mind, the thoughtful love and courage, it is unsurpassed in history.—*R. N. Stubbs, D.D.*

### WHAT PUZZLED MARGERY.

This is Margery's first year in school, and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One morning recently, she came home at noon greatly excited: "O mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music-lesson and asked us how many turnips there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma couldn't understand it either, and the more positive Margery grew about the matter, the more her mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher, Margery's mamma asked her what she had meant by asking the children how many turnips there are in a bushel, during a music-lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she exclaimed, laughing:

"Why, I asked the children how many beats there are in a measure?"

Margery's bright mind had done the rest.—*Companion.*

### HOW BASIL CROSSED OVER.

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London. Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs, who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare has to be crossed each day, and Avis has taught Basil to run ahead a few steps and bark loudly at the policeman whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot-passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk, and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual grand air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks, and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark, he held up his baton and immediately the crowded buses and the other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand, who should step out on the crossing but Basil! He made his way deliberately across to the opposite sidewalk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers, the passengers, and the dazed policeman burst into a hearty laugh as they realized how, unconsciously, the knowing dog had tricked them all.—*Our Animal Friends.*