

Think that grandma, who was always kept like a hothouse flower and guarded from every sudden change in temperature, had been chilled like this; and had been left alone in the house, even for a short time. At first she was most indignant with the maids; both had grievously neglected their duties. Ellen had no right to go away so unceremoniously, or Nora to go over and gossip with her neighbors; but at last she said to herself honestly: 'I was to blame; I had no right to go with the girls, or going, to stay to shop; after a good walk I should have come home. I have plenty of freedom when mamma is home, and she depended on me to be caretaker in her place. Poor grandma! What if she should be ill?'

The gas radiator was hastily lighted, and then she and Nora went down to the furnace. A few live coals glowed feebly in the centre, and with the draughts open and a liberal feed of charcoal the furnace resumed its duty, and in an hour or so the heat was again diffused through the house, and grandma, warm and smiling, sat at her dainty little tea table and enjoyed her supper.

But Laura was not at ease. Grandma was old and fragile. What if she should have contracted rheumatism or pneumonia? Then, indeed, she could never forgive herself for that long absence; and how could she blame the maids over-much when she herself had not been trustworthy?

If anyone ever had a zealous and humble servant it was grandma that night, until from very excess of comfort and petting she fell sweetly asleep, like a little child.

But Laura could not sleep. She kept vigil with her conscience and her fears, and was glad when the night was over and the dear old lady was feeling as bright and well as usual.

And the granddaughter's untiring care did not relax until the mother came home two days later. Almost the first words were.

'And have you been good to grandma, Laura?'

'She is all right, mamma, and I have been good to her—nearly all the time.'

And then the whole little story, which fortunately had no disastrous sequel, was told.

So Much to do at Home.

(Mary Macklin, in the 'Evangelical Visitor.')

In the burning heat of an African sun,
One sultry Summer day,
I wearily walked at the hour of noon,
Almost wishing my work was done,
Till I thought of the love of my God's own Son
When he left his heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
There was work which must be done;
There were dying men to be visited,
And those who were mourning their buried dead,
Others whose hearts I could make glad
If I told of a heavenly home.

The sun was hot—but what mattered that?
Souls were waiting for words of life,
Those who were longing to learn of heaven,
Those for whom Jesus his life had given.
I forgot all else. I had not even
The time to think of home.

Time—when in the early morning light
The entreaty rang, 'O come
Teach us of Christ,'—and late at night
The old, the young, were in my sight,
Multitudes asking for Gospel light;
Was there time to think of home?

That day passed by, like every day,
With its heat and weariness,
O we know how to ask for strength by the way!

Strength from the Lord but for one day—
'Give us this strength, O Lord, we pray,
Until thou shalt take us home.'

On that day, from a region wild and lone,
An African chief had come;
There the word of life had never gone,
And he prayed that he would send him one
To tell them of Christ, but there was none
To go to that heathen home.

My frame was weary, and deep my sleep
When the hour of rest came on;
I slept, but I only slept to weep,
To suffer anguish great and deep,
Like those who their watch with the dying
keep;
And, sleeping, dreamed of home.

I dreamed that I stood on a distant hill,
And hundreds were thronging round,
Calling for teachers, calling until
They besought with tears, and urging still,
Both chiefs and people. They said, 'You win
Go for us to your distant Home.'

'In your happy land both joy and light
To all the people come;
They know no darkness of heathen night;
Many might come to bring us light,
Many to teach us of good and right.'
And, dreaming, I hastened Home.

The pain and weariness passed away
When I reached a Christian land;
I could not rest, I could not stay,
I cared not how far my journey lay;
I must find help, and, without delay,
Go back to my African home.

I stood in a temple large and wide,
Filled with the wise and good;
I told of our country beyond the tide
Told of the heathen on every side,
How they gather to us from far and wide;
I told of this at Home—

In that Christian land, and to Christian men
Who professed to love the Lord
Who died for them!—even God's dear Son—
Yet not only for them, but for heathen men;
Their answer was, 'It is true, but then
'There's enough to do at Home.'

Next I stood where assembled, only, were
God's ministers great and wise;
I told of these voices that called from afar,
Of our strength worn out in our daily care,
And entreated, 'O come to our help—come
there!'

But they answered calmly without a tear,
'There's enough to do at Home.'

Sharp agony then convulsed my frame
As I thought of going alone,
To tell the heathen, for whom I came,
They must die, not knowing of Jesus' name,
For Christians could not see their claim,
With 'so much to do at Home.'

Then I passed through that country near
and far

Through cities and villages green;
I appealed to strong men to maidens fair,
To the young, to the old with whitened
hair—
'O send! O come!' But all said, 'Not there;
'There's enough to do at Home.'

'We give our money, and some there are
Who perchance might go away;
But what are you doing? How came you
here?'

There is work in our land both far and
near;
'Tis not that we care not, not that we fear,
But—there's so much to do at home.

Deep agony then my soul o'erthrew
As I waked from that fearful dream
Waked, O so sadly—for well I knew
That, though but a dream, alas! 'tis true,
That none will come; all say, not the few,
'There's enough to do at Home.'

O say, can you wonder, in that far land,
At the words of those heathen men
With which my heart is ever pained?
At the stigma with which your names are
stained?
They say you are 'selfish,' and can they be
blamed,
Though 'there's much to do at Home?'

They say, 'In the home beyond the sea
The hearts must be hard and cold,
For they give us no light; how else can
it be?
They enter Heaven—but, oh, not we
Who are here! We never that land shall
see;
Only they have a Heavenly Home.'

Thus they long for truth and beg for light
In that heathen land who roam;
They have heard, mayhap, of a heaven
bright,
But say you have closed its doors so tight
You have doomed them to darkness and
endless night,
Because of the work at Home.

And, oh! when they in God's presence
stand
With you, at that great day,
When every nation of every land
To judgment is called away,
Say, say, can you stand in God's presence
then,
And remember that cry, 'O come!
We are dying—we know no Saviour's
name!'
Can you plead the excuse, will it not be
vain?
Will it weigh with God, though it did with
men—
'There's enough to do at Home?'

Giving Presents in Japan.

The custom of giving presents is very prevalent in Japan, and some of the occasions as well as some of the presents are truly extraordinary. For instance, if one moves into a new house one must take presents to the house on either side and to the three houses opposite—in this case it sometimes takes the form of soap and towels. Also in the case of a fire one must take a present (as a rule a can of sugar), or at any rate leave one's card, at the house in which one has friends, and which are anywhere in the neighborhood of the fire.

The trouble is by no means over when a suitable gift is obtained. The next thing is to wrap it up in the right kind of paper. Any piece of paper that one may pick up will not do, but it must be white and of a certain texture, size, and shape; the parcel must then be fastened either by tying with red and white string, also prepared for the purpose, or stuck down with rice, and with the ends of the parcel left open. The names of the giver and receiver must now be written on; special places are allotted for each, and finally a 'noshi' must be fastened on. A 'noshi' is a square piece of colored paper from one and a half to three inches in length, and folded into the shape of the kites children at home fly. If a 'noshi' is not put on to a present it is a sign of ill-luck.

This much accomplished, the present is practically ready to be taken, but as it is considered indecent to carry anything about without being wrapped up in a 'furoshiki,' into a 'furoshiki' it must go. A 'furoshiki' is one of the indispensables of Japan, and consists of a square piece of material. They are made many sizes and of many different materials, and range from big cotton ones about four feet square, used by shop-keepers, etc., to small daintily covered ones of silk crepe for the use of ladies. Shop-keepers rarely offer to wrap purchases in paper, as one is supposed to produce a furoshiki. Once a missionary who would not conform to the custom, was asked why he always

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