

lessly on the manly protection nearest at hand if only a spider or earwig comes into view; and the affectation of unnatural courage which boasts itself not to be daunted by anything in the world or out of it, and that says it never knew the sensation of fear—the affectation of extreme sensitiveness, which takes the Eolian harp for its favorite emblem, and is as responsive to every wind that blows; and the affectation of nether-millstone denseness which ridicules nerves, impressionability, everything that the over-sensitive flourish before your eyes as their diploma of superiority;—the affectation of delicacy which cannot bear to hear of disease, suffering, vice, sorrow, and the affectation of that cold, hard, matter-of-fact nature which will talk of death at a ball, of diseases at the dinner-table, and of horrors everywhere, then if rebuked, and its charnel house conversation objected to, says it is human life, and all people ought to know the facts of humanity; these are instances of this vice of affectation known to most of us, and disliked by all.—Christian Globe.

**A Bethel in the Attic.**

Mrs. Prentiss beautifully expressed what many another soul has silently felt, when she wrote: 'A little room of my own, and a regular hour morning and night, all of my own, would enable me, I think, to say, "Now let life do its worst!"' We have heard of a mother with a large family in a small house, who often declared to herself that she would 'give up' if it were not for the bolt on the inside of the attic storeroom door. She had bought that bolt and put it on herself unknown to anyone. In among the scrap-bags hanging from the rafters, and the piles of trunks and boxes, there was the Bethel of one soul pressing its way heavenward. Not that she ever had a whole morning or night to herself. The most of her praying had to be done afoot, but there were sometimes precious, odd moments when she could kneel at her Master's feet.

**A Wayside Grave.**

(William S. C. Webster, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

I thought that I knew that cemetery thoroughly. My own little children's bodies are sleeping there. Many other graves make me stop and think, for I had been the village pastor for years and it had been my life to speak the words of Christian faith and hope when the earth, freshly upturned, hid the grass and the wild flowers.

But one day in going to my own plot I was surprised by a strangely marked grave. There was no stone at all at head or foot, only a wooden marker in the shape of a cross, a board so badly weather-beaten that one could not tell whether it had ever been painted or had been only whitewashed. On it were painted a name, a few figures and a verse of Scripture—a boy's name, a life so short that days rather than months would count it, and such a strangely chosen text:

'And while he was a blessing unto them, he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven.'

The inexplicable inexactness of the quotation was, however, not as puzzling as its grotesque inappropriateness. The sublime ascension of the triumphant Christ and the unnoticed dropping into the earth of this little leaf from the tree of humanity, contrast at every point, resemblance at none. But surely here is no place for the smile of derision, but rather for the tear of pity for the home that had lost its 'blessing.' Who, I wondered, had chosen that verse for an epitaph? It must have been either father or mother.

How true to life it is from the standpoint of the home-heart. 'He blessed them,' he was a blessing unto them.' Yes, they wished to tell of the joy this little fellow had brought them. Poor people they certainly were, for as surely as the pair of pigeons in the hands of the Virgin showed that her 'means did not suffice for a lamb' (Luke ii, 24, and Leviticus, xii, 8) so the wooden slab proved that they could not afford stone or marble. Poor, but rich in the treasure which they had kept for those three months, and which, although taken from them, is kept for them in heaven. Did these parents then, poor as to the world, but rich, we may hope, in

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faith, grasp the sublime gospel of Matt. xviii., 5, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me'? If so, he was indeed a blessing unto them, as they so quaintly put it, and a blessing he will ever be.

Of course it may be that a father's heart has read these thoughts into the inscription, and that they never were in the minds of those who set up this fragile memorial of their short-lived blessing. I know that after a long absence I visited the cemetery again and as I read the scarcely legible words, I said, 'Not so much God be pitiful as God be praised—God be praised for the visits, short as they are, of the little children; God be praised, too, for the hope that we, too, having become as little children, may be a blessing here and may be carried up into Heaven.'

**Is it Worth While After All?**

'Brain fever at 12—and we are left alone.'  
 'We pushed her, and God knows how we have suffered for our mistake.'  
 'She graduated, but she never recovered, and in two years we had no daughter.'  
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ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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