

blood could be rich, for there was nothing to represent accumulated wealth. The flocks of llamas were the property of the Incas; his was the gold and silver slowly gathered generation by generation. So far as we can now judge, the Incas were benignant conquerors. They carried their own arts into the regions which fell under them, and brought back with them those of the conquered peoples. It is often hard to say how much belongs to one and how much to the other, though there are, especially in their architecture, certain unmistakable distinctions, such as the great pyramidal structures and intricate labyrinthine buildings on the coast, and the massy stone fortifications, temples and palaces in the interior.—A. H. Guernsey, in *Harper's Magazine*.

UNWISE DOUBTING.

He is not doubting wisely, who loves doubting better than believing. Yet have I known more than a few who gave me the inevitable impression that this was their case. I have known those who were eager to read all that clever men could write against Christianity, against Theism even, and yet who would not get the books which equally competent men—often, indeed, more competent—wrote in reply. The last advertisement I noticed of "Supernatural Religion" announced the sixth edition, so that it has had a large sale. I wonder how many who eagerly welcomed it have been as earnest to buy and read the masterly replies by Canon Lightfoot and others? An acute and clever young fellow of twenty once asked me to lend him such and such a book, naming one I may be excused for not mentioning, which was written to undermine the foundations of Christianity. The book could not be read without almost certain injury to any one who was not prepared, by previous culture, to see where its subtle errors began. I told him as much, and, having enquired about his previous reading, asked him if he thought it wise, at his age to begin his reading on such subjects with a course of cleverly-urged sceptical objections, which, to him, must inevitably look more than plausible, whatever they might seem to me. He got the book elsewhere, however, and gradually, by such exclusive reading, built himself up into an accomplished unbeliever. Did he, think you, practise wise, or most unwise, doubting? I have read of men in days gone by, who, knowing that they would certainly be subjected to the action of subtle poison, took the precaution beforehand of dosing themselves with the proper antidote. But for persons unprepared to cope (without danger to themselves) with ingenious and often seemingly unanswerable objections to the contents of the New Testament, and to do this without any call of duty, and quite wantonly and lightly, is it a healthy sign, and one we should like to see in son or daughter?

There is too much reason to fear that in some cases a very poor kind of pride—though what form of pride is not poor?—may, albeit unconsciously, be at the bottom of a good deal of freely-indulged doubt and denial. There is such a thing as intellectual scorn, and just as the vulgar rich may toss the head in disdain of social "inferiors," "the common people," so certain minds may choose to be superior to believing things held by people who can form no conception of the scientific or philosophic attitudes where they sit as princes of the world of thought. Shall they believe anything in common with the Philistine crowd of church-and-chapel goers? This, indeed, may be the extreme and virulent form of the disease but the same devitalizing malady in its elementary stage has touched not a few. Many a young man thinks it a fine thing to intimate his emancipation from "all that the nurse and all the priest hath taught," and foolishly fancies himself, too, a thinker when he says, "I think with So-and-so." I have seen not a little of this paltry kind of unbelief, and wish, with all the earnestness I can, to warn young men especially against one of the most mischievous forms of falsehood that I know. Yes, deliberately do I write this word—falsehood—for is not this state of mind an utterly false one? Can there be "truth in the inward parts" when a lurking wish is allowed, and even indulged, to disbelieve what others believe, for the sake of seeming superiority, and being able to plume one's self on one's cleverness? The conceit which comes so easy to us all, and which in young men has not yet had time to be scourged out of them by the providential discipline of life, lies at the bottom of not a little of the scepticism I have met with. And in such cases, I do not know of any argument whatever that will convince the sceptic of the truth that he thinks it so fine to refuse and argue against. It is not an intellectual remedy, applied from without, that he needs. In his present mood he is not convincible. If Truth herself in all her majesty could be presented before him, he would pride himself on his sagacity in detecting at a glance that she was a cheat. It is a moral and spiritual cure that such a one needs. He is blind, and unhappily fancies that he sees.—*Rev. H. H. Dobney, in Christian World*.

MARY BURROWS

CHAPTER I.

"Now, I declare, John, it's really too bad! there's your wet things thrown over my nice clean fender. You don't seem to care a bit for all my work to keep your home nice!"

John frowned, and hastily gathering up his wet garments, hung them out in the passage.

"Mary," he said, "you seem to care more for the house than me, a great deal. It's nothing but grumble about this thing, or that, when I come home tired of an evening. But it's always the same now," he continued, with a sigh.

John Burrows was a good-tempered, steady fellow, and a good workman. Since his marriage, some two years previous, he had, by refusing to join his fellow-workmen of an evening in their visits to public-houses, saved sufficient to make his home as comfortable as his means would allow. But his wife's constant grumbling bade fair to mar it all. She was, as too many young wives are, over nice; they think almost more about the cleanly look of the house than their husband's comfort. For some time John paid little heed, thinking it would wear off in time. But as weeks went by, and it was still the same, he began to weary of her constant display of temper, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, a change came over his once free and happy spirit.

But to return to our tale. After changing his clothes, John drew his chair in to the nice little supper prepared for him by Mary's skillful hands; and as the warmth began to circulate through his nearly numbed limbs, he forgot the hasty words which had given such offence, and chatted away as merrily as usual.

"Mary, lass," he said, at length, "would you like a day out? You trouble yourself too much over the bits of chattels: say, wouldn't you like a little change?"

"I don't know, John, I'm sure," replied Mary, in rather testy tones, "and as to worrying over the house, surely, John, you'd be the last to wish an untidy home."

John saw the rising storm, so only answered, "Well, well, as you like, but I do wish you wouldn't worry so of an evening, when I come home tired and wet."

Mary colored slightly and said nothing. Too well she knew her husband's laborious work, and the distance he had to walk home, often through wind and rain. So as neither seemed anxious to renew the conversation, it was dropped, and no reference was made to it afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

The next day, on going to work, John found his things damp and cold, and shivered slightly. Mary had fully intended the previous night to put them to dry, but had been called out rather late in the evening, and on her return John had gone to bed, and the house being dark she had forgotten them. The thought of his working all day in damp clothes troubled her deeply, and as she went about her work, a secret uneasiness seemed to haunt her which she in vain tried to shake off. At last she sat down and covered her face in her hands. What, she thought to herself, if he should catch cold! and she shuddered as she thought of the numberless consequences which arise from that root of all evils—a bad cold. And then if he were to die,—the thought seemed madness, and yet it forced itself on her mind until she fairly burst into tears. Of what avail would her care for the house be then, if an over regard had caused her to neglect her husband, whom, in spite of her faults, she loved dearly?

She had sat thus for some time, when her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor. A glance was sufficient to show that she was not over troubled with tidy habits. Her dress, all loose and untidy, was dragging behind her, while her hair, rough and uncombed, was kept back by a bonnet, which looked more as if thrown on than put on.

She was the gossip of the village, and her presence boded no good to any one.

"How now, neighbor?" she said advancing towards Mary. "Why! what's the matter? Been crying, too, as I live!"

Now, if there was any one in the village Mary disliked it was Mrs. Perkins, she generally avoided her, and paid little heed to what she said, knowing that its truth was doubtful. But on this particular afternoon, feeling so dull and lonely, she was rather pleased.

By degrees Mrs. Perkins elicited from her the cause of her trouble, and, then, in a sympathizing tone, assured her she thought she had acted quite right.

"I'm sure," she continued, "I set your house up as a pattern to all the villagers; and it's too bad, as soon as he comes home, to have it all put in disorder. And as to catching cold, why, he ought to have known better than to put his clothes out there," she added, pointing to the passage. "It'll just serve him right if he does, I think."

This and much more pernicious advice did

Mrs. Perkins instil into Mary's mind, and when at last she took her leave Mary thought herself less deeply to blame than before.

CHAPTER III.

When John came home that evening, instead of his usual warm greeting to his wife, he threw himself moodily into a chair, and flung his tools beside him on the floor. Mary glanced at his flushed face, and a feeling of uneasiness crept over her. He couldn't be ill, she thought; but perhaps (and the thought made her tremble) he'd been drinking.

As he continued sitting thus, and taking no heed of the tea which stood waiting for him, she said, hastily.

"What ails you, John, that you come home in this disagreeable mood? Has anything upset you?"

John made no answer, but continued to gaze into the fire. His thoughts were hard at work. What was the use of all his labor and toil, if, when he came home, he found no comfort. At last he hastily ate his supper, and without a word to his wife, took his candle and went to bed. His wife sat as one stupefied. He had never acted so before, and she began to think herself almost as deeply to blame as she accused her husband of being.

Presently the clock struck ten, and folding up her work, she prepared to retire to rest. She thought she heard a groan; she listened, no, she must be mistaken. Presently another sound, though louder than the previous one, met her ear. She hastily ascended the stairs leading to the bedroom, and gently pushing open the door, went in.

There, to her horror and amazement, lay her husband tossing to and fro, sometimes calling for her, at other bidding her go dry his things.

"John," she said, softly, but no answer came, excepting a low groan.

She went down stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl and went out; soon, however, returning with an elderly gentleman, whom she conducted upstairs. He glanced at his patient, and after careful examination, told Mary that "delirium had set in."

"But what is the matter with him?" said Mary, hurriedly and anxiously.

"I can't tell, to-night," said the doctor, gravely. "He has all the symptoms of rheumatic fever."

Mary covered her face in her hands and burst into tears.

The doctor approached her, and said, gently, "My good young woman, tears are useless. I must trust him to your good nursing; meanwhile, look to God for that help and comfort which He alone can give."

"It's all my fault," she moaned, "all my fault!"

"All things are ordained of God," said the doctor, gravely; "and whatever betide, be sure He knows all, and it's His will." Then taking his leave, he bade her follow well the instructions he gave.

The next day dawned slowly. When the doctor came down from his patient, Mary waited eagerly to hear his decision. She saw at once, by his grave countenance, that all was not as she wished.

"It is as I feared," he said. "Rheumatic fever has set in; and should we, by God's help, get him through it, he will suffer with his heart. Good morning!"

Mary sank down, and on her knees implored that Heaven would be merciful, all she could say was "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner!" Of the weeks of anxious watching which followed, I need say nothing, suffice it that John at last slowly recovered. But he was never again like his former self, and, as the doctor had predicted, he suffered acutely with heart disease.

Mary never forgot the terrible lesson she received, and ever after, instead of the house, God's will came first, husband second, and house duties last. That they were always happy together, is all I will say, and I wish it may prove a warning and blessing to all who read this tale.—*British Workwoman*.

A SERVANT GIRL'S WORK.

I believe it was John Wesley who, when told that his congregation consisted largely of servant girls, replied that he was glad of it, as they had the care of children, and if the servant girls were converted they would train the children in the fear of the Lord.

A most notable illustration of this truth is found in a case of one of England's most honored noblemen. A half century or more ago his mother had a servant maid and housekeeper, named Mary Milas. She had the care of this child, and trained him up until he was seven years of age, when she died. But the seed which she had sown was not lost. She had set an indelible mark upon the tender mind of the young nobleman, and her example, precepts and prayers, remembered by him, fixed and formed his character for good at that early age. To-day that little child is known and honored throughout England, by every class from the beggar to the prince, and his name is graven upon the hearts of the poor

throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Let those who deem their position lowly and their work obscure, take courage and be faithful, and if at any time their hearts despond or repine, let the name of LORD SRAFTSBURY, with all the nobility of his consecrated and generous life, encourage them to toil on, as Mary Milas did, assured that God shall give the increase, and that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.—*League Journal*.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

VII.

1. The man whose name is first mentioned in connection with a victory over the Amalekites.
 2. A prince of Midian slain by the Ephraimites.
 3. The father of Jehu.
 4. The captain of Absalom's host.
 5. The only weapon used at the siege of Jericho.
 6. A propheteer who foretold the evil that should come upon the kingdom of Judah.
 7. The country to which the murderers of Sennacherib fled.
 8. A king who was deprived of his dominion until he would acknowledge that all earthly power was the work of God.
- The initials and finals of the foregoing names (or words) form the names of a father and son; the initials give us the son, who was sent to warn David of Absalom's intentions. The initials, the father, one of the priests in the reign of David.

VIII.

1. A servant of God, who allowed Him fully.
 2. Another servant of God, who feared the Lord greatly.
 3. The woman to whom Jesus first appeared after his resurrection.
 4. A woman who is said to have been righteous before God.
 5. The birth place of the father of the faithful.
 6. A city where Jesus raised one from the dead.
 7. A city in the wilderness, built by King Solomon.
 8. A place from which gold was brought to King Solomon.
 9. A prophet who lived in the reign of King Ahaz.
 10. A prophet who lived in the reign of King Ahaz.
- The initials form a gracious invitation of the Lord Jesus.

THE CHEAPNESS OF GOOD THINGS.—The problem of cheapness is thus discussed in *Scribner's* for January, by Professor Carroll. Though the observations are calculated for the longitude of New York City, they will probably be found reliable for other localities. "I have scolded about Broadway prices," says the pedagogue, "and ransacked side streets and down-town lanes and corners for cheap tailors, restaurants, apothecaries, grocers, or what not, but always with much the same result. The gain in price was generally slight, the loss in quality, style, finish, durability, and so on, both constant and perceptible. When I occasionally found an article in some by-corner which could fairly be called a bargain, I found I had spent in fussing about it enough time and energy to earn the whole price several times over—even at the very limited money value which my time bears to me." (glancing at a pile of manuscript on his writing-table). "People don't sufficiently consider in this matter," he went on, "how great is the value of mere insurance as ordered by high-class, and therefore high-price, establishments. If I can find, as practically I often can, a butcher who gives me the best of meat nineteen days out of twenty, it is worth a heavy percentage more to me to deal steadily with him at any price within reason, than to try to bring down my expense account by buying of his cheaper and less responsible rivals, who give me a good article to-day, and then disappoint me to-morrow."

— If we pray one way and live another way which will God answer? Since actions speak louder than words, He will answer our actions, and if we go on in a life of worldliness, showing by our behavior that this world is our chief portion, and with more anxiety about our temporal welfare than our spiritual and eternal, the lack of harmony between those two things will spoil all good results of our supplication.

