

and manifest their impatience at his speed. The parchment-like face of the university dean—"a philosopher first," as some student had expressed it, "and a theologian afterwards"—was working itself into uneasy shapes. The dons in their silk gowns, riveted by the fascination of such unlooked for extempore eloquence, sat like statues. And still the stream of burning gospel eloquence proceeded. It was an appeal also for more faith and less analysis, for the spiritual discernment of spiritual truth, for the childlike spirit as distinguished from the scholastic and polemic. And it was remarked afterwards that few words comparatively were of more than two syllables.

As the young preacher warmed towards his peroration, there were suspicious signs in the congregation. Men who had read with scholarly delight his magazine essays, cold, polished, argumentative, seemed to behold the image of their thought suddenly clothed in ruddy flesh and incandescent with its own light. The air almost of an olden revival seemed to have breathed over an assembly which had gathered to hear a thesis. Eyes were growing reluctantly moist, and frames quivered under the fire and overmastering magnetism of the preacher. At that moment he seemed transformed, now with hands outspread in earnest entreaty, now his head thrown back, and his eyes fused in the tense gazes of those who hung upon his every syllable. The silence was almost painful. The barriers of reserve and professional and social pride were visibly broken. The scholar and orator was lost and forgotten in the man, pleading like a modern Philip or Bonaparte for human souls. At last, the tension was relaxed. The voice of the speaker died away as if naturally in the half-breathed benediction, and the choir, as if with the impulse of the moment, arose and sang "Rock of Ages."

It was a day and scene never to be forgotten in that parish.

"Of course I have killed myself with this university set, Mary," said Robert Ayleworth, as they sat together that afternoon discussing the events of the day. "But I would not recall it. I did what I thought right, and the Lord seemed to give me utterance."

"Wait and see, Robert, what they say," said his wife, surveying him more proudly than ever, "I think the faces of the people showed that they felt. I never saw a congregation so still—they seemed positively rapt."

The next day there came a unanimous and urgent call from the session of the First Church, and it was suggested that the new minister should "follow out his own line of gospel preaching without reference to the possible prejudices of theological or social critics."

"Didn't I tell you so, Robert?" said Mary Ayleworth delightedly. And yet, as her husband smiled at her rather archly, she suddenly colored. "O, no," said she, "I remember I was the Eve who would have tempted you from the strict line of duty, and now I am rejoicing that you listened to your own promptings."

"Not my own promptings exactly, Mary," said her husband, thoughtfully, "I believe there was a direct call to me from heaven to preach in that way and none other, and that I should have been unhappy in my new charge if I had not heeded it!"—*Wm. B. Chisholm, in New York Observer.*

### ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Eliza R. Scidmore discusses this subject in the *May Century*. The writer says:—

The change of boundary indicated by the Cameron Line would not only take from Alaska several rich mineral sections, but our most unique scenic possessions. Portland Channel itself is a fiord of surpassing beauty; Behm Canal is justly extolled as the finest landscape reach on the coast; Revillagigedo is the scenic island; and John Muir is author of the saying that the Stikine River is "a Yosemite one hundred miles long." The Cameron Line would annex all these to Canada, crossing the Stikine at its muddy mouth, and taking away over sixty miles of that navigable Yosemite, on whose banks four places have been accepted as the temporary boundary in the past. Three times the Hudson Bay Company post and the British custom house were removed and rebuilt, until at last, during the Cassiar mining boom, the British custom house was allowed to remain on acknowledged Alaskan soil, at the foot of the Great Glacier, for the temporary convenience of the British authorities and the United States military officers at Fort Wrangell, near the mouth of the Stikine River. Later a town site was surveyed around this very custom house, and entered at Victoria, B.C.

The most beautiful tide-water glacier on the coast would be lost to us by Gen. Cameron's penciled annexation of Taku Inlet. The boundary line, which had always been drawn at the crest of the mountain range at the head of Lynn Canal, was moved down to tide-water on the Canadian map of 1884; and in 1887 Gen. Cameron moved the line sixty miles farther south, to the very entrance of that magnificent fiord, gathering in all the Berner's Bay mines, the canneries at the head of Lynn Canal, the great Davidson Glacier, and the scores of lesser ice-streams that constitute the glory of that greater Lyngenfiord of the New World.

Least pleasant to contemplate in this proposed partition or gerrymandering of scenic Alaska is the taking away of Glacier Bay, which, discovered by John Muir in 1879, visited and named by Admiral Beardslee in 1880, has been the goal of regular excursion steamers for thirteen seasons past. Alaska tourists learn with dismay that the Cameron Line, cutting across Glacier Bay at its very entrance, would transfer the great glaciers to the British flag, and prevent United States steamers from landing passengers at Muir Glacier, just as the Canadian excursion steamer has been debarred from landing visitors in Muir Inlet for want of a United States custom house.

So far the so-called Canadian "aggressions" are all on paper. The Cameron Line has been drawn, but has only imaginary existence. For a quarter of a century there has been complete indifference to the unsettled Alaska boundary line on the part of the United States, followed recently by excited and intemperate utterances in the newspapers, based on half information, miners' yarns, and imagination, as deplorable in effect as the former indifference. Public opinion is being misled and prejudiced to a degree that renders peaceable considerations of the question difficult. Wild editorials have given such hints, points, and suggestions for Canadian "aggressions," were such intended, that one might believe the Jingo journalists hypnotized from across the border, so much better do they serve the Dominion's ends than those of our "neglected estate" of Alaska.

### Our Young Folks.

#### THE DAY OF REST.

O sweet, fair day of silence,  
When echoes come and go,  
Of voices praising him, the King,  
Who died so long ago.

As though in benediction  
It brought us nearer heaven.  
His face to see, his own to be—  
Day sweetest of the seven.

—Selected

#### MEN WANTED.

To be courageous like Joshua.  
To be self-reliant like Nehemiah.  
To be obedient like Abraham.  
To be persevering like Jacob.  
To be decisive like Moses.  
To be administrative like Solomon.  
To be above reproach like Daniel.  
To be long suffering like Paul.  
To be self-disciplined like David.  
To be prayerful like Elijah.  
To be masters of passions like Joseph.  
To be bold like Peter.  
To be self-surrendered like Noah.  
To be Godlike like Enoch.  
To be faith-acting like Abel.

—Young Men's Era.

#### THE TRUTH IS BEST.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and trying to hurry up matters, I sent a whole lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course, you wouldn't think of anything else?"

"No; I only thought I would keep it to myself. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired, until one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, and so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place where he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight for a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed careful people about me," said the man, good humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I'll try very hard," said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James, turning, found himself face to face with his old employer.

"O," he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughingly, "keep him from from spilling all the wet goods, and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the young man, "I shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going home, after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best," said his mother, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

#### A BRAVE MOUSE.

I met a little mouse on my travels the other day that interested me. He was on his travels also, and we met in the middle of a mountain lake. I was casting my fly there when I saw just sketched or etched upon the glassy surface a delicate V-shaped figure, the point of which reached above the middle of the lake, while the two sides as they diverged faded out toward the shore. I saw the point of this V was being slowly pushed toward the opposite shore. I drew near in my boat, and beheld a little mouse swimming vigorously for the opposite shore. His little legs appeared like swiftly revolving wheels beneath him. As I came near he dived under the water to escape me, but came up again like a cork and just as quickly. It was laughable to see him repeatedly duck beneath the surface and pop back again in a twinkling. He could not keep under water more than a second or two. Presently I reached him with my oar when he ran up it and into the palm of my hand, where he sat for some time and arraged his fur and warmed himself. He did not show the slightest fear. It was probably the first time he had ever shaken hands with a human being. He was what we call a meadow mouse, but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight.

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing. But it was not long before he became very restless and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally he could brook the delay no longer and plunged boldly overboard, but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—*From Little Nature Studies.*

Colored prints and muslins, likely to fade when washed can be "set" with salt and water, and their pristine brightness never afterwards lost, no matter how hard the washing. This is especially true of blue the mournful prints of white figures on a black ground so treated will be black to the end of the chapter.