



THE OTIS ELEVATOR IN THE EIFFEL TOWER.

A. View of Car for forty passengers, with front removed, showing interior. B. General view of one leg of the Tower at the base, showing the actual incline. 1. Hydraulic cylinder. 2. Travelling multiplying pulleys. 3. Stationary multiplying pulleys. 4. Double landing platform. 5. Car ascending, moving on trucks at angle shown to first story, where, rounding a sharp curve, it continues in different angles to second story, rising 420 feet in one minute. 6. Cables lifting car. 6a. Same cables returning to cylinder.

STRIKE BEFORE IT IS COILED.

A SMALL boy killed a rattlesnake, one day, on a sheep ranch in Colorado. "What did you kill it with?" asked a lady, who was visiting at his father's house. "An old club—an old picket pin. I dug it out of the ground." "Weren't you afraid?" "A little, but then I struck it before it got coiled up. A rattlesnake can't strike until it gets coiled up." I don't know how correct Freddy was in this theory—I would not put much confidence in a rattlesnake, either coiled or uncoiled, but I believe there is a lesson in his words which is worth minding. Here I think I see the old serpent called Bad Temper quickly coiling itself, getting ready to strike its poisonous fangs somewhere. The voice is getting loud. The face is flushing with crimson. Fire is flashing from the eyes. A dark frown covers the features. It is almost ready to strike. Hadn't you better strike it before it gets entirely coiled? Better even throttle it, and hold it firm until it uncoils, and finally gives up its life. There is no telling what trouble this old serpent will give you unless it is put down. Two brothers once got into a quarrel about a top. It was a very trifling matter—all about whose turn it was to spin. But they became so angry that one pulled out his knife and stabbed the other to death. The serpent got fully coiled that time, and it made a deadly stroke. Here again I see another deadly old serpent getting ready to spring at a lovely youth. His comrades have asked him to drink with them so often, that he is getting almost ashamed to say No any longer. A voice is whispering, "Come now, don't be too particular. Do it just this once to please them." But just then he sees a man go staggering along the street. The boy's conscience awakes. He says, "No, I'll not do it, let the boys say what they will." And he means what he says. He struck just at the right time. If he hadn't struck just when he did, the adder would have fastened its fangs upon him.

Time and Eternity.

BY F. A. P.

ONE by one, life's sands are sinking,
As we near the heavenly goal,
And by faith we hear the harp notes,
Stealing on the waiting soul.

Little workers in the vineyard,
Firm and true, with armour bright,
Standing with the shield and helmet,
In the glorious morning light.

Armour bearers for the Master,
Girded with the sword of peace,
Rest not, rest not, till the warfare
Mid the storm of life shall cease.

Time is but a silent river
Rolling on 'mid storm and strife,
Waiting not, or heeding never,
Grief or sorrow—this is life.

Let us then be up and doing,
Here we cannot always stay;
Every moment makes a lifetime,
Short-lived as a summer day.

Though the storm clouds hover o'er us,
And the billows roll below;
With his rod and staff to guide us,
We need never fear the foe.

Onward then, the prize awaits us!
Onward through the glorious strife!
In eternity with rapture,
We shall wear the crown of life.

Bermuda.

JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.

HARVESTING-ANTS IN PALESTINE.

BY REV. JAMES NEIL.

It has been observed that the various species of ants which are found in Europe lie dormant during the winter; they therefore neither require nor lay up food for that season.

Notwithstanding the explicit statement of Scripture to the contrary, some will say it is the same in the East. On one occasion, while encamped about the middle of March, near Tiberias, on the western coast of the Lake of Galilee, I witnessed a sight that has left no doubt in my own mind on this subject. I was walking in the immediate neighbourhood of our tents, when I noticed a line of large black ants marching towards their nest, which was hidden at a distance amongst the rich wild growth; another party was passing them empty-handed on their return. Those who were making for their nest were each laden with a grain of barley longer and larger than themselves. They managed to drag the grain with singular rapidity, and had every appearance of having been thus engaged for a length of time. The work was proceeding in a most orderly and methodical way, every one of the host being loaded in similar manner. It looked like a moving multitude of barleycorns.

What was going on under my eyes was not the mere supply of the daily needs of the insect community, but the harvesting of food that was to be laid up in store against winter. No one who had witnessed it could doubt this, any more than if he had seen field-mice in England laying up a

store of beech-nuts at a time when their food is most abundant. Hence the accuracy and beauty of that striking figure of thrift and industry given by the inspired naturalist. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her bread in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Again, in his enumeration of four things which are "exceeding wise," he writes: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their food in summer."

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

ON the mantelpiece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my childish wonderment was: "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrow, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there. Just so we must catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the Church; for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.—Spurgeon.

"Hullo!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.

—Seedy Party (contemplating himself in a pocket mirror): "Here I am wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a baron's coat and vest, and even a count's hat, and in spite of all that, I look like a tramp."

JUST OUT.

A VETERAN OF 1812:

THE LIFE OF

James FitzGibbon.

BY

Mary Agnes FitzGibbon.

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This is a book every Canadian boy should have the chance to read. He will read it with delight, and will learn lessons of manly independence, integrity, honesty and industry from its pages.

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