

students grind and are being ground, and think how largely the work is spreading, I think it is no presumption on your part to claim to write it among the institutions of this continent as a university.

I understand that Chautauqua means a bag tied in the middle. I think that Canadians and Americans are thus bound together. I am reminded that this high ridge, 700 feet above the lake, is the dividing watershed of the St. Lawrence on the one hand and that of the Mississippi on the other; the waters that start from this lake go down to the Mississippi while the waters of Lake Erie go down over the falls and through the St. Lawrence, one of the grandest rivers on the earth. I believe that from this high latitude, the religious attitude into which this institution has lifted up this place, divine streams of blessing are flowing east and west, north and south, and you are helping to bring about that time coming—for it is the golden fact of divine prediction—when every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill made low, and the crooked places made straight, and the glory of the Lord Jesus shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together. (Applause.)

DR MEWEN, OF THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. COM., CANADA.

I wish to speak one or two sentences, Dr. Vincent, in behalf of the Sunday-school teachers of Canada, with whom I stand especially related—in behalf of at least forty thousand teachers. We all appreciate our indebtedness to the United States and to her Sabbath-school workers, and we all appreciate and heartily enter into the progressive movement of Chautauqua from year to year, and on their behalf, and my own, I close with this prayer, that God may multiply them abundantly, and yet more abundantly, in the years that are to come. (Applause.)

REV. DR. WILLIAMS, OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Mr. President Vincent: I am happy for a minute or two to respond: I am here as a Chautauquan. I went home from this gathering last year to my pastorate and we organized a class of forty members, and I wish every minister here to-night would go home from here when they go and do the same thing. They have been very thorough in their work during the year.

I am just in from a long journey to the Rocky Mountains and back and I am very weary. I hope to be better before I leave this ground, better prepared for an occasion of this kind.

In our country we are striving to do for humanity what you are trying to do here. We want to make our country the beacon of the world, the light of truth and of righteousness, the palladium of liberty. We want to give every man the Gospel and teach him the way of righteousness. We seek to sanctify everything in the building up of our country, and we know that we shall never succeed only as we develop righteousness of character. We are trying to make all our institutions point this way. I believe that Jesus Christ not only redeemed the soul, but the life, and it is the business of the Church to make the life of the world Christ-like. We would seek the sanctification of every endeavour for the lifting up of men everywhere, that the world may be full of light. This is our mission and yours.

Of all the men that come to us from this side, there is none more welcome than the President of this institution. (Applause.) In every place his name is honoured, he has a large place in our prayers, and we petition God for the success of this movement in your country and in ours. (Applause.)

#### Pluck and Prayer.

"As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."—James 2, 26.

THERE wa'n't any use o' fretting,  
An' I told Obadiah so,  
For of we couldn't hold on to things,  
We'd jest got to let 'em go.  
There were lots of folks that 'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while  
To make such a drellle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,  
An' corn an' pertaters scarce,  
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap  
But water,—an' apple sass.  
But then—as I told Obadiah—  
It wa'n't any use to groan,  
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he  
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! of you'd only heard him,  
At any hour of the night,  
A-prayin' out in that closet there,  
'Twould have set you crazy quite.  
I patched the knees of those trousers  
With cloth that was noways thin,  
But it seemed as if the pieces wore out  
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little  
Of the thorny way we trod,  
But at least a dozen times a day  
He talked it over with God.  
Down on his knees in that closet  
The most of his time was passed;  
For Obadiah knew how to pray  
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary  
That of things don't go jest right,  
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high  
And gettin' ready to fight.  
An' the giants I slow that winter  
I ain't goin' to talk about;  
An' I didn't even complain to God,  
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle  
I drove the wolf from the door,  
For I know that we needn't starve to death  
Or be lazy because we were poor.  
An' Obadiah he wondered,  
An' kept me patching his knees,  
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,  
'An', stranger, we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,  
"God knows where His gifts descends;  
An' 't isn't always that faith gits down  
As far as the finger ends."  
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon  
My Obadiah a shirk,  
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,  
And others the gift to work.

#### Honest Dogs.

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and, as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in his mouth, fearing to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home.

The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, looked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds, "Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of paternal discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was inviolable, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the floor. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.—*Chambers' Journal*.

#### "Considering."

"EVELYN, what did you do with your old, dark blue cashmere, I have not seen you have it on this winter?"

"Let me see—" reflected pretty Miss Evelyn, who was at that moment buttoning on a stylish brown cloth suit, the third or fourth new dress she had acquired this winter. "Let me see; I think I gave it to Bridget, our housemaid; avaricious old thing, I can't think why she wanted it, for I assure you she has about two dozen dresses already, put away in various trunks and boxes, which she never wears. But she asked me for it, and as I didn't know what to do with it, I told her to take it, of course."

"Oh, I am so sorry," sighed her friend.

"Sorry?" cried Evelyn, opening her brown eyes so wide it suddenly struck her, in the glass, that they just matched her brown suit, "Sorry? why, Virginia, what do you mean? Are you going into the rag carpet business?"

"No," said Miss Virginia Shipley, with only a faint smile; "but I have just got poor Mrs. Bailey's oldest daughter a place in a store, and she really hasn't a decent dress to appear in. I've been quite counting on your old blue, knowing, you extravagant girl, how nice your cast-offs always are."

The gaiety instantly faded out of Evelyn's face; and down under her fine clothes her heart sank. For it was a Christian heart, one that loved her Lord, though the riches and pleasures of this world were doing all they could to choke out of it the generous thought for others that belongs to Christian birthright.

She knew all about the Baileys; and only yesterday, this very girl had

brought home some dog, and told her how good Miss V. Anna had been in getting her the place.

No doubt she was shabbily dressed, but careless Evelyn had not thought of it; had paid her promptly the money due and let her go away. Oh, how ugly and unworthy she felt herself, standing there in her fine attire beside that plainly-dressed friend, whose days were full of such sweet helpfulness.

Meantime, Miss Virginia, having dismissed from her mind the hope of the blue cashmere, had turned to Evelyn's table and opened a magazine to amuse herself during the latter's protracted dressing. When she looked up from a page that interested her, she was surprised to see her friend sitting on the bed, with an expression of self-reproach clouding her pretty face.

"Why, Evelyn," she cried, "are you ready—no, you haven't your gloves on; what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Jenny! I'm so ashamed of my carelessness and thoughtlessness."

"What, about the blue dress? Never mind, I'll make some arrangement for Maggie's getting a dress; and how could you know she wanted it?"

"How could I know? How did you know? How does anybody know except by making a business of it, a thing I have never done. I have contented myself by giving when people asked me for things, or when I happened to hear of somebody in need, or when the plate came round in church; but I never set about looking for people who need my help. It won't matter to the Bailey child; she shall have the dark green flannel with brass buttons (don't say a word, Jenny, I don't care if I have only worn it a few times, so much the better); but it makes me sick to think how many opportunities I must have wasted."

"I wonder," she went on comically, drawing on her many buttoned gloves, "if I should have the old blue dress photographed and hung up here in my room, if it would remind me to be on the lookout for ways of helping people?"

"Come," said Miss Virginia, rising with a bright smile on her face, "I can find you something that will answer better than that."

When Evelyn came home in the dusk, she brought back, along with the fresh roses in her cheeks, fresh purposes in her warm young heart; and lighting her gas she carefully fastened in one corner of her mirror a daintily illuminated card, bearing the text, "BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR."

#### Wet Clothing.

PROF. TYNDALL in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when it was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electric storm, unless a person stood at some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and though they were very much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lightning, and he escaped with his life. Had his raiment been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the uppers were torn to pieces by the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth; but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of hob-nails, formed a good conductor and was not hurt.