

the gentleman's office. Nothing daunted he entered, and presented himself at the door.

"Some of your folks have lost something, ain't they," he asked.

"To'y have," said the gentleman. "Will your honour tell me what it is like?"

"I is a gold cross set with diamonds," and the gentleman described the relative position of the stones. "It was lost either in the Academy of Music last night, or on the way from that place."

Johnny's coat was off in a twinkling, and with the rip at the stitches which confined the treasure, he took it out, and put on his coat again. "I suppose that is it," he said, handing it to the gentleman. "I wanted to keep the suiters awful bad," he continued. "They'd a set me up in business them shiners would, but you see I couldn't be such a offscouring as that, though I have been trying to be a thief all night long. If I were your folks," he went on, "I'd get a stronger string to hold on them shiners for fear they'd be gone for good next time."

"What is your name?" the gentleman inquired, as the lad, with his cap in his hand, stood modestly before him.

"John Resnoy," the boy replied. "Have you a father and mother?" was the next question.

"Nobody, yer honour, but myself." "Which would you prefer to do, Johnny," the gentleman next inquired, "go into business or go to school?"

"Well, I would rather go to school, ten to one," said Johnny, "but there ain't any show for that."

"We will see," said the gentleman. "Will you come into my office, Johnny, until I see what is best to be done?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny replied, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she thinks of you."

"All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now, yer honour?"

The following Sunday Johnny went to the mission school for the last time, and in such clothes that Miss Lee hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows:

"I am going away to school to-morrow, and I've got the 'ear-ing stuff in me I can go to college; but Miss Lee, if it had not a been for you and God, I shoud have been a offscouring a'l the days of my life."

AN EXTRAORDINARY TREE.

In Nevada there is a species of acacia which possesses all the features of a sensitive plant. It is growing rapidly, being now eight feet high. At sunset its leaves fold together, and the ends of the twigs coil up, producing, if handled, evident uneasiness throughout the plant. When it is transferred from the pot in which it had ripened into a larger one, it displayed great agitation; as the gardener said, it went "very mad." It had hardly been in its new home ere its leaves began to stand up like the hairs on an angry cat's tail, and it was soon all in a quiver. Besides, it gave forth a most pungent and sickening odor, which filled the house so that doors and windows had to be opened, and it was fully an hour before the tree lapsed into a state of tranquillity.

KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

The recent widespread labour agitation in this country has brought into special prominence the organization now so well known as the "Knights of Labour." This is not only the most formidable, extensive and powerful league of working-men which was ever formed in the United States, but also the largest ever formed in the world. Its membership embraces thousands of labouring men in every State, and it is so organized as to act in concert whenever it takes action at all.

The Knights of Labour have been in existence about seventeen years. They were founded in Philadelphia by a tailor, not well-educated, but earnest and energetic, named Uriah S. Owen.

At first the society was a strictly secret one. The members were bound by oath not to reveal the proceedings of the meetings or the object of the league. Passwords, signs and grips were ordained in order to identify the initiated.

The method of calling the meetings of the Knights of Labour, in the days when it was a secret body, was a curious and mysterious one. It was by making singular chalk-marks on the pavements, walls, and fences. When these chalk-marks appeared in the morning, large gatherings of working-men would assemble in the evening, with every precaution of secrecy.

It was not even known to the public, until four or five years ago, what the name of this secret organization was. But in 1881 the public learned that a powerful body had been organized, numbering many thousands of working-men, banded together for the purpose of protecting themselves whenever they were brought into conflict with capital.

Then the Knights of Labour became so numerous, and their movements so conspicuous, that the society could no longer remain shrouded in the mystery which sheltered the early years of its growth. It became known not only that such an order existed, but that it had branches throughout the Union, all of which obeyed the instructions of a central power.

The members of the body are still not generally known. All that can be said is, that it has reached into every by-way and corner of the country where labour is, to any material extent, employed by capital. During the past few months, particularly, their acts and demands have caused them to be much talked about.

The order admits every sort of labourer, and enters into every department of manual industry. Artisans, in factories, railway workmen, tailors, shoemakers, even horse-car conductors and drivers, are alike enrolled among the Knights of Labour.

At the head of the society is an executive chief, having large and indeed almost absolute powers of command, who is called the "Grand Master Workman." A Pennsylvanian named Powderly has for many years been the occupant of this office.

There are, besides, a general assembly, district and local assemblies, and an executive board to advise the head of the order. Each local assembly is composed of men following a single trade or occupation.

For instance, the shoemakers of a city form one local assembly; the tailors, another; the railway labourers, another; and so on. These send

delegates to the district assemblies, which, in their turn, send delegates to the general assembly, which is the legislative body of the whole country.

The Knights do not exclude any one from membership on account of sex, colour, or religious belief; but their laws forbid that any lawyer, stock-broker, banker, gambler, or liquor-dealer be admitted to their fellowship.

The motto of the Knights of Labour is "An injury to one is the concern of all." They declare the object of their league to be, in general, "to make industrious and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual and national greatness. To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create; sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties; all the comforts, recreation, and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honours of advancing civilization."

It is no wonder that an organization so powerful in numbers and extending into all parts of the country should attract much attention. Its future depends solely upon the degree of wisdom with which it is managed.

A WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

"God evidently meant the Burmans should have the Bible," said Grandma Edson, closing her book and taking off her spectacles.

"Haven't they got it, grandma?" asked Faith, looking up from her algebra, and wondering what grandma meant.

"Certainly, child, certainly," said grandma. "God always fulfils his purposes. Here is one of the ways in which he fulfilled this purpose of his:

"During the terrible Burman war, after Dr. Judson, who was translating the Bible into Burmese, was carried from his dreadful prison at Ava, to his more dreadful one at Oungpen-la, Moung Ing, his faithful servant, found, in one corner of the deserted prison, a hard roll, which had been a part of Dr. Judson's pillow. He supposed it a worthless thing, but took it home as a memento.

"Afterwards it was opened, and found to contain a part of the very manuscript which now forms the Burmese Bible. And so, in this remarkable way, this precious work of years was saved."

"Isn't that what you call a Providence, grandma?" asked Faith.

"Yes, and a wonderful one, too. But, after all," she said, a moment later, "it's no more wonderful than the providence by which our lives are ordered every day, only it is all laid out before us, so we can see it in all its parts, complete and perfect, while the plan of our lives is learned only a little at a time."

We are of the opinion, 1. That a large portion of human misery, poverty, disease and crime, is produced by the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage. 2. That total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigour, . . . and would greatly promote the health, morality and happiness of the people. —Ninety-six Physicians of Montreal, 1877.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

THE rain, the rain,  
The cool, sweet summer rain,  
Flow its falling, softly calling,  
With a rich melodious strain,  
From its thousand silvery voices  
And the earth how it rejoices,  
That so soon, bath thirsty land,  
Longing so, and growing, sighing,  
Over the leaves and flowers dying,  
O'er the parched and drooping grain,  
O'er the withering vines and grasses,  
Where the sad breeze, as it passes,  
Murmurs forth its bitter pain.  
To the birds who do not love it,  
That there's nothing left to love it;  
That its music floats in vain,  
Since the flowers are drooping, dying,  
And the leaves all listless lying.  
Since the clouds withheld the rain,  
The cool, refreshing rain!

The rain, the rain,  
The welcome, welcome rain;  
Hark! its calling,  
How its falling,  
On the thirsty earth a rain!  
Now it plashes,  
Now it dashes,  
'Gainst my chamber window-pane,  
Now it murmurs,  
Of lost summers,  
With a low and sweet refrain,  
And it bringeth,  
As it singeth,  
Brightest blessings in its train,  
From the southlands,  
From the cloudlands;  
From the deep, mysterious main!  
Life to all the drooping flowers,  
To the leaflets in their powers,  
To the rose a richer stain!  
And the red fruit blushes deeper,  
While each wasted vine and creeper  
Feels through every throbbing vein  
The fresh pale life current stealing,  
Like to that which wakened feeling,  
In the widow's son of Nain.  
And the breeze, among the grasses,  
'Blasting low and solemn masses,  
And the brooklet on the plain,  
With the beebot and thrasher,  
Tell their joy in silvery gushes  
As the precious draught they drain!  
While our prayer of deep thanksgiving,  
To the Father of all living,  
Reaches up a golden chain,  
As we listen to the murmur  
Of the blessed, welcome comer,  
The sweet refreshing rain,  
The pleasant summer rain!

"HIS WORKMANSHIP."

THEODORE MONOD once made use of this beautiful illustration. He said: "If a piece of iron could speak, what would it say? It would say, 'I am black, I am cold, I am hard.' Perfectly true. But put that piece of iron into the furnace and wait awhile, and what would it say? 'The blackness is gone, and the coldness is gone, and the hardness is gone'—it has passed into a new experience. But if that piece of iron could speak, surely it would not glory in itself, because the fire and iron are two distinct things that remain distinct to the last. If it could glory it would glory in the fire and not in itself—in the fire that kept it a bright molten mass. So in myself. I am black, I am cold, and I am hard, but if the Lord takes possession of my soul, if I am filled with love, if his Spirit fills my being, the blackness will go, and the coldness will go, and the hardness will go, and yet the glory does not belong to me, but to the Lord, who keeps me in a sense of his love."

"Why, pa," said little Tooser to Senior Alley the other day, "here comes Mr. Jones into the house, and it has only just begun to sprinkle. Isn't it funny?" "Why so?" asked Mr. Jones, who overheard. "Why," said Tooser, locking up with a rapid countenance, "papa said yesterday that you didn't know enough to come 'n when it rains."