

ingly across the table at the bright face and slender figure clad in pale blue cambric.

'You'll have a bit of fish, won't you?' he asked kindly. 'This air hereabouts is wonderful for giving folks an appetite.'

Breakfast over, the deacon rose briskly. 'Bring the Bible, Annie,' he said. Then seeing her look of surprise he went on bravely, albeit a little confusedly, 'I've concluded, wife, that it's better to have worship every day. You know we are commanded to pray for our daily bread.'

Mrs. Barlow made no reply, but happy tears dropped on the family Bible as she placed it in her husband's hands.

Truth compels me to admit that the deacon's prayer was much more restricted in scope than on the morning before. It was little more than a childlike appeal for help and guidance.

'Help us to live unto Thee, O Christ,' was his fervent cry. And each one listening was impressed with the heartfelt earnestness of the prayer.

The next day the deacon gave Alta a check for fifty dollars.

'Will you send that to Ellice?' he asked. 'Tell her to come to Barlow Farm as soon as she is able. She is all alone now, and Annie and I will enjoy having her with us until she is well and strong.'

'And, Alta,' he went on, 'Annie says she would just as soon have a couple of your Fresh Air Children a few weeks as not. I—well, I would a little rather they should be children who are fatherless, for—'

'Oh, Uncle Nathan,' and Alta's arms were around his neck, 'You are so good! It was a rude thing I said Sunday morning, but I did not mean to hurt you.'

'You spoke as directed by God,' he said solemnly. 'I've lived fifty-three years, child, and have just learned that the most acceptable prayer to God is an honest effort to do His Will.—The Examiner.'

### The Right Spirit.

Writing in Harper's Magazine about the Jameson Raid upon the Boers of South Africa, Mr. Poultney Bigelow gave this episode:

When the Boers had silenced the firing of Jameson's men, and had saved their country from what they feared might prove an invasion disastrous to their independence, they did not celebrate the event by cheers or bonfires. They fell upon their knees and followed the prayers offered by their elders; they gave praise to Almighty God for having protected them; they searched their hearts and prayed to be cleansed from the spirit of boasting; they prayed for Jameson and his men, that they might be guided by the light of justice and Christian fellowship—and this they prayed while some of the dead lay unburied about them.

When Jameson surrendered, nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, both Dutch and English, who came up afterward. Milk, brandy, meat and bread were sent for the wounded,' said Dr. Hatheway, one of Jameson's surgeons. 'We were nothing but pirates,' he added, 'and richly deserved hanging—every one of us!'

Mr. Bigelow, commenting upon this forgetfulness, apparently, of the Boers of everything except their duties as Christians, says:

'This is the nearest example I know of in history of soldiers in the field acting practically on the precept, "Love your enemies."'

If Mr. Bigelow should ever visit Lichfield Cathedral, he would see there a memorial window to Bishop Selwyn commemorating the deed of a New Zealand Christian. He was an officer of the Maoris,—one of Dr. Selwyn's converts while missionary bishop of

that island,—and had taken up arms with his people to resist the encroachments of the English.

The British made an attack on a native fort, and were repulsed with great slaughter. During the attack this officer, hearing the groans of a wounded Englishman, crept out from the fort, and crawling on his hands and knees, carried a cuse of water to his enemy. The man proved to be a British captain, and the water saved his life.

The next day another assault on the fort was made, and was successful. The Maori Christian was slain. A New Testament was found on his person, and Romans 12:20 was underlined with blood, as if his fingers had traced the words: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

A fort—the story is also told in Bishop Selwyn's biography—which commanded the channel of a river was so infested by the Maoris that the English garrison was near starvation. One morning they beheld a native canoe bearing a flag of truce floating down to the fort, and at some distance behind several other canoes. On landing, they were found to contain provisions from the Maori officer in command of the besieging force, and with them came this message:

'Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

We wonder if the English officer commanding that garrison ever fired another shot against these Christian enemies.—Youths' Companion.

### Grandmother's Story.

In a little dingy but otherwise comfortable-looking cottage in a California city dwells a widow with her three children and her aged mother. The mother goes daily from home to work, leaving the home cares and toil to the grandmother; for all that stands between this little family and want are the mother's earnings. And, when the rent and the grocer and butcher bills are paid, there is a pitiful small sum left for the growing needs of a bright family in a city.

In spite of evenings spent by the deft-handed mother in contriving and making new garments from old, Maggie, Frank and 'Babe' present, even in their best, a marked contrast in dress to their more fortunate fellows. 'We're a shabby lot,' sometimes remarks the mother, as she walks out with her little flock on Sunday. 'But never mind, we'll keep our hearts bright and fresh; and they will be in keeping with good clothes, when they fall to our share.'

It must be confessed that this cheerful frame of mind does not extend to all the members of the family. Maggie, a lass of nine years, is wont to fret her little heart, and wound her brave mother because of the patched and faded dress which she must wear; and Frank and even Babe sometimes turn up their little noses at dingy jackets and coarse shoes. But, on the whole, the family of which I write is happy in spite of these trials.

One evening they were gathered around the supper table. This was wont to be the happiest time of the day, for the mother was at home again after hours of absence. Tonight, however, there was discontent expressed in at least one little face at the board.

Maggie had on a few occasions dined at the house of a playmate; and, as she noted the food before her now, she compared it with the more lavish table at which she had eaten.

Her mother observed the scowl, and set herself to drive it away by relating, in a lively manner, some of the happenings of the day. The children laughed at mamma's

tales, and enjoyed their supper, but, when Maggie had eaten her meat with bread and butter, she lapsed into moody silence again for a few minutes. Then, as the family were about to rise from the table, she said pettishly, 'What are we to have for dessert, mamma?'

'A contented mind and a cheerful manner is the best I know of, dear, for us,' said the mother smiling.

'Well, Carrie Fielding's people have fruit and lovely pudding and cake. Why couldn't grandma always make us a dessert for supper. Everybody else has desserts for supper,' persisted Maggie.

'Everybody else, did you say?' interposed the grandmother. 'Well, I can tell you that little do you know—or others either, for that matter—what the poor children have for supper and for breakfast, and dinner, too, in some parts of the world.'

'Listen to me, Maggie. In the country where I spent my childhood, and several years of my womanhood, many families lived in little huts of one room. The fathers and mothers and all the children, excepting the babies, often worked all day in the fields.'

'In the evening a little before dark the mother left her work, and went to the house to get supper. Later the rest of the family quit the field, and in a little while gathered around the board for the evening meal.'

'The father and mother sat, occupying the only seats in the hut. The rest stood. Now how do you think the table was laid, and what do you think they had for supper?'

'First the eldest girl took a dish of salt, and with a wooden spoon placed a little heap of salt before each one on the bare boards. Then she set an iron pot of potatoes, just taken from the fire in the centre of the table. Each one took a potato from the pot, peeled it with the thumb and finger, dipped it into the salt, and ate. They had not knife, fork or spoon.'

'When all had finished their potatoes, the meal was ended; and they left the table, the children to sit or lie on the floor before the fire. No one asked for dessert, nor indeed for any other food than that which was before them; and all knew well that throughout the days, weeks and months to come they should breakfast, dine, and sup on potatoes and salt alone.'

As the grandmother ceased speaking, three deep sighs were heard. Maggie glanced over the table. The white cloth, the common but pretty dishes, and the shining glasses and cutlery had an air of plenty, and even luxury, in contrast to the picture that had been drawn for her. Her look of discontent was gone, and she was silent as she thought of the hardships of the little Irish boys and girls in the far-off home of her grandmother's childhood.—Christian Register.

We note with satisfaction the growth of the movement for the suppression of the cigarette. Chicago school teachers have commenced a vigorous crusade against this evil which a leading city daily declares is sweeping through the schools like a scourge and leaving a wake of havoc and incipient mental wreckage. When the two great educators of American citizens—the public school and the daily newspaper—unite forces for the extermination of the cigarette, the cigarette must go. It is not enough to have laws prohibiting its sale to minors, for the difficulty of obtaining conclusive evidence against violators of the law makes this method of attack comparatively ineffective. The law must be supplemented by watchfulness on the part of parents and by teaching in the schools which shall demonstrate to pupils the effect of the cigarette habit upon the human organism. The goal to be aimed at is the prohibition of the manufacture of the deadly cigarette!—Union Signal.