

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

Hark! the cry of heathen nations
Sounding o'er the distant sea,
Calling on our land to help them—
Listen to their earnest plea.

Men and brethren, we are dying:
Send us men without delay;
We are longing for the gospel,
Come and help us while you may.

Tell us of your precious Saviour,
Him who died for us as we,
We are ready to receive Him;
Haste thee, now the message tell.

Life to us is sad and dreary,
Burdened with a load of care;
Death is but a hideous spectre
Lurking for us everywhere.

Let the blessed light of Jesus
Shine across a darkened world;
Lift on high the gospel banner,
Let its glories be unfurled.

Till at last the ransomed nations
Pardoned from their sins, shall sing
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Crown the Saviour, Lord and King.

The Cry to God from the Lighthouse Tower.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"You see I have an invitation up to
William Johnson's tomorrow. It is his
birthday, Madge."

"Oh, father, do you think you had
better accept?" said Madge, who was
dressing for an errand out-doors.

Her brown eyes were dimmed with
tears. Her father, stout Andy Thomas,
the light-keeper, looked like a castle un-
assailable, but he had his vulnerable
side. He was sometimes "the worse
for liquor," and in official circles there
had been an ominous growl of disas-
fection. If it were to be broken, the castle
lord would yet make some show of strength,
and the light-keeper said somewhat
testily, "Now, daughter, don't you
worry. I am all right there. Don't you
worry, girl."

Madge had the sharp perceptions of
her sex, and said—nothing. She only
sighed, pined closer under her plump
little chin her thick, warm shawl of red,
and then turning away quickly, put to
her eyes a bit of the shawl's drooping
fringe.

Andy caught a glimpse of this act, and
sprang to her side. "Now, Madge, trust
your old father!"

She looked up and in response flashed
a lot of sunshine out of her eyes, and
smiled.

The next moment she was gone. After
she had left, the short, stubby light-
keeper sat awhile stroking his gray
whiskers, and in his positive way he
was saying to himself,—he would not
say to Madge,—he will not go near
William Johnson tomorrow. I will just
send him a note. I will write it this
evening."

Something quickly happened, though,
that drove all thought of the note out of
his mind, effectually as the winter wind
chases a dove out of sight. It was
the body of some unknown sailor rolled
upon the sands by the waves.

The weather was wild. The mood of
the sea was angry. "Hope foul
weather won't last long," thought Madge
at twilight, hurrying to the door and
looking out. Their home was connect-
ed with the lighthouse by a covered
way.

Behind Madge, up in the air,
flamed the light in the lofty lantern.
At her right roared louder and louder
that crashing sea. Out of the lighthouse
was a cluster of rocks now in the mist
of a furious bonfire from a covered way
to the shore it was one wretched, mossy
undulation, one vast, continuous, toss,
throw, upheaval. Wave after wave
rose near the shore, towering, curling,
falling in cascades of foam and fury all
along the sands. The water was dully
at the edge of the beach, showing that
the plow of the storm-breakers was
reaching down to the bottom and throw-
ing it up. Madge looked off upon the
ocean, and, as far as the eye could see,
it was one frothing chaos, a prolonged,
angry, roaring, and tossing. She had
kept those to whom night comes white
she murmured, and returned to the
"bleeted kitchen."

The storm raged through the next
day.

"I think, Madge," said the light-
keeper, "I will go up to William John-
son's. His birthday dinner ought to be
noticed if a man has no invitation."

"Father," said Madge, laying her
hands firmly on his shoulders, "you
know your weakness."

"Yes, and what is the harm? Can't I
take care of myself?"

"Only with God's help."

"There's your religion!" he mur-
mured. "Next time drink gets the
better of me, I'll try your way."

"You—you will pray?"

"Keep your promise, father."

"Guess I can keep my word," he said
and left the house. "Nonsense!" mut-
tered the keeper looking at the heavy
clouds when on his way to the tavern
where William Johnson expected to
meet his friends. "I shall be home, too,
in good season."

But as it neared lighting time, he did
not appear at his home.

"Where is father?" exclaimed Madge,
anxiously going to the door and looking
out. "It is almost lighting time. I don't
see where he is."

The clock in the kitchen told that it
was sunset, though the western sky
above the sea gave no sign.

"I can't wait any longer," murmured
Madge. She left the room and hurried
along the passage way to the light-house.

"The storm has broken in," she cried.
She felt a cold blast from the sea driv-
ing through a ruptured window. Then
she raced up the stairway of the light-
house, exclaiming, "I thought it was
just time for lighting by the clock in the
kitchen, but what if it should be past
the hour! How people will complain of
father!"

age-way, opened the kitchen door, and
there on the floor, leaning his head
against a chair, was her father, drunk!
Madge clasped her hands, fell on her
knees and looked up. Her burden was
so grievous. It seemed as if the storm
crashing into the passage way had
broken into the house, had reached the
kitchen, had burst into Madge's soul,
and was deluging it with the breakers of
despair.

The drunken father was somehow go-
ing to bed. Madge sat up to watch.
The lantern must be visited, and she
dared not trust herself to retire to her
room and wake up at the right intervals.

How busy were her thoughts, as she sit-
tently watched in the little kitchen!
If I could go to other different sur-
roundings," she thought, "get him away
from his associates! A change of en-
vironment! How many souls are held
down by circumstances who in new sur-
roundings would have an exchange of
letters for wings. And to begin again
in life, what a bugle note of hope rings
out in that thought! To dare once more
the assault on some old stronghold that
has been past capture, to believe in suc-
cess, to expect it! Could this ever be her
father's situation?"

"His surroundings can't be changed,"
thought Madge. "Then he must be
changed within. If he must stay here and
meet his old associates successfully, it
will be because God is in his heart. Oh,
that he would pray! He said he would
if he'd again. I wonder if he will re-
member it!"

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"At a later hour, Madge visited the
lantern. The light burned well. How
quiet it seemed up in the lantern. The
storm had ceased. The wind had gone
down into its shadowy caves. At sun-
rise, she extinguished the lamp. Then
she lingered. The place seemed so still
that it invited meditation. She took a
little Bible out of her pocket and opened
it. She sat upon the floor and began to
read. When she rose to leave, she did
not see that her Bible was left behind,
for, startled by a noise down in the tower,
she hastily left.

In her way through the successive
stories in the tower, she met her father
in one of the rooms. He did not say
anything, although she spoke to him.
He hung his head in a sheepish, guilty
fashion, and stumbled past her.

At first she said there was no hope for
him.

"No, no," she murmured. "I won't
say that. I'll pray for him and for my-
self."

Up in the lantern, Andy Thomas
looked upon the lamp and saw that it
had been faithfully extinguished.

"A mean, miserable man!" he thought.
"I don't deserve to have a daughter.
She's an angel. What's that?"

He stopped, picked up a book and
then started back when he discovered
that it was Madge's Bible! Oh, how that
book reproved him. His soul seemed to
lie in the depths of hopelessness. He
did not want to open it, and yet he could
not seem to help it. He opened it at the
fifty-first Psalm.

"Have mercy," he began to read and
then stopped. He began again, and now
went through the Psalm.

"And didn't I promise Madge I would
pray?"

He turned over the leaves of the book
that is such a faithful physician in prob-
ing the soul.

"What is this?" he cried, and began
to read again. "Out of the depths have
I cried unto Thee, O Lord!"

The miserably man got down upon his
knees, covered his drooping face with his
hands, and sobbed. "That's me. That's
Andy Thomas!"

The light-house lantern never
went out as it came before a soul agoni-
ing in its shame before God. It was a
long struggle.

"Where, where is father?" wondered
Madge down in the kitchen of the light-
keeper's room. In her uneasiness, she
went up to the tower of the light house.

"He'll be here," she said, and she
softly stepping as she entered it, and
there was her father on his knees. What
a thankful, happy day that was! What
a blessed opening like a door into a long,
victorious after-life!

Snip.

"What's your name?" asked Johnny.

"Snip," said Snip.

"Is that all the name you've got?"

"Snip," said Snip.

"Guess so," said Snip.

"What you doing," said Johnny.

"Makin' a thing to go in the wind."

"O, a windmill," said Johnny. "I've
seen 'em. I'd like to make one too."

"I'll give you a piece of this old
shingle," said Snip.

"Johnny sat down on the curbstone be-
side Snip and the two whittled busily.

Johnny looked up once in a while at
Snip. He had never seen him before,
but thought he would like to see him
again. His clothes were very shabby,
and his toes, peeped out through the
very worst pair of shoes Johnny had
ever seen, but he had such a merry,
good-humored face that Johnny liked
him very well for a playmate.

"I guess I'm going to get mine done
first," said Snip, after a while.

"You don't seem to get along very
fast."

"That's cause my old knife don't cut
worth a cent," said Snip, laughing as he
held it up.

"It certainly was the poorest knife
which had ever been seen," Johnny
thought. It had two broken blades, the
bone casings of the handle were all gone
and the whole thing was rusty.

"It's a mean old knife," said Johnny.

"Let's change knives a little while,"
he said.

"Don't it cut, though?" exclaimed
Snip in delight, as he tried it on his
windmill.

"I don't think it's very much of a
knife," said Johnny. But Snip did, and
before long both windmills were done,
and the two had a merry time running
with them in the wind.

"Snip don't look as if he had nice
things at home," he wondered why (and
guesses it must be to me and none to him).

"Yes, you must take it—you must,"
he insisted, as Snip drew back, bewil-
dered. "If you don't I'll never come
here to see you again."

That awful threat settled it. Snip
took his knife, and after a moment
entirely touched the knife. Then, looking
closer, he started in surprise.

"If it ain't the one with a shine like a
rainbow—that I picked up!"

"Was that you?" asked Johnny, in
great delight. "I'll tell papa you're that
boy."

They whittled until the whistles were
such successes as to promise being great
nuisances when taken to their homes.

Snip sat on the curbstone after Johnny
left him, and he realized that such a
shiny treasure could be his.

"Snip," he said slowly to himself, "if
you'd a kept that knife yesterday you'd
a been a thief for all the days of your
life. Yes, you would, Snip."—Sydney
Lay.

The Fourteen Mistakes of Life.

What have been termed "the four-
teen mistakes of life" are given as fol-
lows: 1. It is a great mistake to set up
our own standards of right and wrong,
and judge people accordingly; to mea-
sure the enjoyment of others by our own;
to expect uniformity of opinion in this
world; to look for judgment and experi-
ence in youth; to endeavor to mould all
dispositions alike; not to yield to im-
material trifles; to look for perfection
in our own actions; to worry ourselves
and others with what cannot be
remedied; not to alleviate all that
needs alleviation as far as lies in our
power; not to make allowances for the
frailties of others; to consider every-
thing impossible that we cannot per-
form; to believe only what our finite
minds can grasp; to expect to be able
to understand everything. The greatest
of mistakes is to live for time alone,
when any moment may launch us into
eternity.

Chewing-Gum.

A correspondent inquires whether the
use of chewing-gum is really beneficial
as some persons have asserted.

The opinion has been a plausible argu-
ment in its favor. The saliva is an impor-
tant digestive fluid. On it depends the
digestion of all starchy substances—bread,
mush, potatoes and the like. It is for
this reason that thorough mastication of
such foods is necessary, in order that the
saliva may be duly mixed with their par-
ticles. For the same reason it is better
to eat bread dry than to moisten it, and
dry bread is practically easier of diges-
tion than mush, which is often swallowed
without sufficient mastication.

As the saliva is copiously secreted
in gum-chewing, it might be thought
that the stomach would thus be aided in
the digestion of starchy food; but just
here comes in another physiological fact,
namely that saliva loses its digestive
power very soon after entering the stom-
ach, being neutralized by the action of
the gastric juice.

But can gum-chewing be regarded as
to any degree harmful?

1. The habit is unnatural. It meets
no normal need, as does the chewing of
food, and it is therefore to be considered
unnatural. Whatever is abnormal is pre-
sumptively injurious, even though we
may not be able to trace its effects. It
took a long time to find out that toba-
cco-chewing caused one of the most fatal
diseases of the heart.

2. Every exertion of the body has its
natural limitation. Artificial stimulation
greatly beyond this point must be hurt-
ful. This is a general law. Gum chew-
ing stimulates the salivary glands vastly
beyond their normal limit, and the re-
sult must be injurious.

3. Muscles are enlarged by use. Wit-
ness the enormous muscles of the athlete.
Now the normal use of the masticator
muscles tends only to keep them in
proper working condition; their overuse
in gum-chewing must tend to their en-
largement, and thus to the dis-
figuration of the face.—Youth's Compan-
ion.

Gems from Jean Paul Richter.

Life is a beautiful night in which as
one star goes down another rises.

Every virtuous and wise being is in
himself a proof of immortality.

We carry and seek up a heaven of
starry light within our own breasts.

That tenderest, kindest angel of the
last hour, whom we harshly call death.

The stars burn as altar lights in the
great temple of the night.

Fate mangles poets as men do singing
birds. We are proud of the singer and
make it dark; until at length he has
caught the tunes, and can sing them
rightly.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those
performed within the four walls and in
domestic privacy.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affect-
ed, as that of a mother over the good
fortune of a child.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, &c.

Then he hesitated with a sudden thought.
The pale face and ragged clothes struck
a feeling of sudden pity to his heart.
He could not in the happy prosperity
which blessed his life, dream of the
weight of want and privation which he
longed with the days of the poverty-
stricken child, but he could dimly guess
at what he still more feebly expressed
to himself.

"Snip don't look as if he had nice
things at home," he wondered why (and
guesses it must be to me and none to him).

"Yes, you must take it—you must,"
he insisted, as Snip drew back, bewil-
dered. "If you don't I'll never come
here to see you again."

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THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a cash
capital of \$50,000.

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. O. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and
study, has given to the world an Electric Belt
that has no equal in this or any other coun-
try. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does
not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
It is a disease which utterly failed to afford
relief in rheumatic cases. Although elec-
tricity has only been used as a remedial
agent for a few years, it has cured more cases
of Rheumatism than all other means com-
bined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous gal-
vanic current, as generated by the Owen
Electric Belt Battery, which may be applied
directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN.

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence
the woman's friend, for its merits are equal
as previously and curative for the many
troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's
gift.

The following are among the diseases cured
by the use of the OWEN ELECTRIC BELT:
Rheumatism, Spermatorrhea, Chest-
Neuralgia, Impotency, Diseases of the
Dyspepsia, Neuritis, Neuritis, Neuritis,
Sciatica, Neural Exhaustion, Paralysis,
Lumbago, General Debility, Nervous Diseases,
Liver Complaint, Urinary Diseases,
Kidney Disease, Female Complaints, Genital Health.

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric
Belt where the current is under the control of
nature, as completely as this. We can use
the same belt on an infant that we use on
a giant by simply reducing the number of
cells. The ordinary belt does not do so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW.

Other belts have been in the market for five
years, but we have never been followed. We
are more than 100 miles ahead of our rivals.
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