

ger has not had an eruption before since 1880, when an extent of land seventeen miles long and seven wide was completely covered with the white and sulphurous mud so peculiar to the eruptions of Java. The peak of Gunung Tengger is 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the monument of flame on top of this made a scene of wonderful grandeur. Every moment a huge boulder at a red and white heat would be hurled from Tengger's crater with terrific force, and after going hundreds of feet into the air, would fall back with a whirr, crashing through the thatched roof of some Chinese fisherman's hut, or crushing beneath its huge mass the body of some native peasant. Much of the northern portion of the island, which was covered with tracts of forest, was soon in one great blaze. The red-hot vomitings from the craters had set the trees on fire, and the giants of the woods fell, one after another, like so many sheaves of wheat before a gale. As the eruptions increased in frequency and violence the disturbance of the waters surrounding the barren coast became more and more violent. Here the waves rushed with terrific force up the steep rocky incline, breaking upon the overhanging crags and receding rapidly, leaving a lava flow, cooled just at the moment when it was about to fall over a precipice, and there remaining quickly hardened by the water and forming distinct strata of black and bright red, purple and brown, all thrown about in the most eccentric masses, while huge peaks of basalt rose at frequent intervals.

Then came the waves overwhelming a marshy plain, engulfing a hamlet of fishermen's rude houses, and turning suddenly back, swept away every vestige of what a moment before had been a scene of bustling activity. What a few hours before were fertile valleys covered with flourishing plantations of coffee, rice, sugar, indigo or tobacco, the staples of the island, were now but mud, stone and lava-covered fields of destruction and ruin.

Consecrated Womanhood.

How great is the power of consecrated womanhood in domestic life! It has been shown by able writers that boys, who have sisters, and grow up in their society, are more likely to develop into strong and noble men than boys who are deprived of woman's influence. Whatever separates man from woman separates both from God. The great objection urged against social clubs is that they destroy domestic life by isolating the sexes; they furnish an amusement for the husband in which the wife cannot participate; open the social club to both sexes, and its evil tendency is removed. Then there is the marriage relation. How many wedded lives come to failure through ignorance! Men and women assume the most sacred responsibilities without preparation, and with no knowledge of themselves nor of each other. We say in the marriage service, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," but when God does not join, is there anything to sunder? Passion dies, novelty disappears, youth fades, and unless love be founded upon an intelligent and mutual esteem, shall it not also crumble? We need to cultivate friendship. Passion will come and go like the shadows of clouds over the smooth surface of a lake, and no love is abiding without friendship. He was right who exclaimed, "They who are joined by love without friendship, walk on gun-powder with lighted torches in their hands." They who build love upon the foundation of mutual esteem,

"Make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

The supreme glory of consecrated womanhood lies in the consecration itself. The love of God makes every other love immortal. What love through Him we give to others is for ever.

Only as we consecrate our lives to the divine love can we hope to become heavenly-minded and they only consecrate themselves to the divine love who, in imitation of our Saviour, give heart and hand to the service of mankind. There is a fable that four young ladies, disputing as to the beauty of their hands, called upon an aged woman who had solicited alms, for a settlement of the dispute. The three whose hands were white and faultless had refused her appeal, while she, whose fingers were brown and rough, had given in charity. Then the aged beggar said: Beautiful are these six uplifted hands, soft as velvet and snowy as the lily, but more beautiful are the two darker hands that have given charity to the poor.' Learn the lesson of consecrated womanhood. In the olden time when the children of Israel prepared the tabernacle in the wilderness, "all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair." The wise-hearted women of to-day are the daughters of modern Israel, who, from the love of God, serve faithfully the great family of mankind.

True Purity.

Purity is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone. It is not a mere recoil from impurity of thought. It is the quick, sensitive delicacy to which the very conception of evil is offensive. It is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart as of a citadel or individual sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart, the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it gives the peace, the triumph, and the serenity of heaven along with it. There is a health and harmony in the soul, a beauty which though it efforesces in the countenance and the deportment, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.

In The Arkansas Woods.

The diet of the people who live in the Arkansas woods, says a newspaper correspondent, is a remarkable thing in its way, not only in quality, but also in quantity.

Corn bread and bacon constitute the bill of fare, and in the meagre compass of its life-sustaining qualities, it combines all—and the only—delicacies of the season, never out of season. It's corn bread and bacon for breakfast, corn bread and bacon for dinner, corn bread and bacon for supper; that is all the year round. To moralize upon the ingredients of that corn bread would be as hazardous as to attempt to solve the mysteries that cluster round that world-famed dish, boarding-house hash. I know it is a horrible mixture of corn meal and water, but I am innocent of anything else it may contain—utterly devoid of salt, saleratus, or soda. This is poured into a small, rusty iron pot, half buried in the ashes, where it bakes and dries until it becomes hard enough to knock a hole through a brick wall, provided the aforesaid wall isn't more than ten feet thick. While the baking process