THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

- I see a lark in the far summer sky, My darling seated at her harp I see, Playing the while our little children sing The world is full of music—not for me!
- I dreamed last night of some dim abbey choir The lights were burning where the singers stood Chanting my Anthem. I crouched in the dark, Weeping for joy to know they call it good.
- O music of my sleep, that mocks my soul With cruel joys that are fulfilled no more Than his who dreams of light and love at home And wakes to find himself on Arctic shore!
- It haunts me always through my silent days, With life before me like a closed gate. If God had only bidden me to die, Or anything but this nard work-to wait.
- To wait and work, and know my work but as Some poor fond mother from her infant reft. Shuts the sweet memory safe from change and time And dreams te find her boy the babe she left!
- And yet there is a thought will sometimes creep-It even mingled in my dream last night-I'd rather make my music in the dark Than only stand and sing it in the light !
- Maybe the dream is nearer truth than sound And could I bear my tune mine eyes might miss Some of the sweetness soaring in my soul, Better go wanting that and having this
- And there are songs in heaven. God for give A poor deaf man for wondering what they are, Perchance it is their echo that I catch, And I snall hear those same songs sweeter far -Good Words.

THE HABIT OF FRIVOLITY.

The duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or to accustom ourselves to look on the dark site of things. No sense of the solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour or unhappy temper. Though sadness must at times fall across our path, and our heart and souls be often impressed with the weight and seriousness of imposed duty or of surrounding circumstances, yet sadness and seriousness ought by no means to be considered synonymous with gloom and despondency. From the exercise of trustfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, we are never absolved, whatever discouragements or temptations beset us.

But cheerfulness and frivolity are utterly different things, and those who confound them make a sad mistake. Some of the noblest and serenest natures, which are cheerful and wholesome the whole year round, can not assume a manner of light playfulness, nor utter tripping words of banter and jest, nor rouse their companions to merry laugh. And on the other has there often lies beneath the thin veneering of real or affected gayety, when with men and women win the reputation of being happy and hearty, a true disposition toward insincerity and cowardice and cynicism, and all the essentials of genuine misery. True cheerfulness. whatever its reserve and modesty, will surely show itself sooner or later-if not in spontaneous outburst at unimportant times, then all the more at such seasons of trial or danger as threaten to overwhelm the more superficial nature. But the frivolous mind, however it may seek to conceal its real charcter behind its slender barricade of outward manner or spoken word; is equally certain to reveal to others, at some time when it is least prepared, the essential feebleness and the consequent wretchedness and misery which it fain would cover.

Since frivolity is plainly to be distin-

guished from that wholesome and na-

tural gayety which is either innocent or positively praiseworthy, it often seems strange that persons of a frivolous disposition so deceive themselves as to the effect which they produce upon others. Every community, however small, is pretty sure to contain within its society, and sooner or later to rate at his true value. some person-man or woman-whose walk and talk are utterly given over to the frivolous and the trifling. If the conversation turns upon some topic of the utmost importance to religious or social welfare, such persons find nothing in the words of those who are wiser than they, save material for some cheap pun or would-be witticism. If news comes to their ears of a sad casualty, or a woeful downfall of personal character, they gayly intimate that "those people won't travel on that railroad again," or that " he has been found out at last," By them a political revolution is measured by its effect on their personal comfort, and a foreign war is reckoned only in view of its effect upon the price of dry goods. All the true work of life-in the betterment of men's souls, the instruction of their minds, or the welfare of their bodies—is to them but food for playful jest and humorous saffy. They seek to conceal ignorance on some important subject by hollow jokes or ill-timed personalities, and they seem to think that their ewn superior wisdom and importance are sufficiently proven by the fact that they are, in their idle way, more ready to attack and criticise than to defend and upbuild.

If the babit of frivolity were only a thing affecting young men and women

of storm and stress is sure to come-a time beneath which the nature accustomed to nothing better than frivolity is sure to quail. And whether in life or in death-for a frivolous death is really no worse than a frivolous lifehe must indeed have little forethought cape a tempest by relying upon any habit of jocose speaking or superficial thinking, however long and however painstakingly that habit may have been acquired .- S. S. Times.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SHOES.

The custom of removing boots in Burmah is not so much an article of times owing to the insistance of the your dust at the great resurrection!" Lord Chamberlain at Ava or Mandaonly people whose feelings have been Dr. Eggleston represents. At another work, work hard, but it appears mehurt by this unpleasant discourtesy; time he preached in Columbus at a pro- chanical, and even unreal. Is it not and Asiatic, as well as European Am- tracted meeting. My class-leader was well that this earth is thus shown to be bassadors have been in the most ancient present and told me the story imme- not our home? By and by we shall be times subjected to the inconvenience. The first Chinese invasion of Burmah, sermon, seekers had been called for shall feel that our kindred and our in the year 1284, A. D., was brought ward, and the power of God was pre-about entirely by the "shoe difficulty." sent to heal. The meeting had pro-The Chinese envoys to the monarch Nara-thee-ha-pade had insisted, in spite low rose and delivered a most thrilling made it home for him vanish into darkof remonstrances, on appearing in the exhortation. As he proceeded, he rais ness and silence. One after another they royal presence with their boots on. They ought to have known better; for claimed, Zaccheus, come down, for to no confidence in human life. I feel less at Pekin such conduct would have been considered the height of bad manners; house. The effect was indescribable. seem to me provisional and temporary; and, as far as they were concerned, A gentleman, sitting in the gallery, leap- a few years ago, I talked of them as pertheir infraction of Burmese etiquette ed over the front into the congregation had a very unpleasant ending. They below, made his way to the altar, and were not allowed twice to insult the Lord of all the White Elephants, but were waylaid in a quiet part of Amarapaora, and had their throats cut, a sum- TALK OVER YOUR READING. and affections are far more taken off the an army upon Burmah from the Flow ery Land.

The habit of removing the outer shoe before entering an inner apartment of an Oriental house is a great deal more embarrassing to the European than it is to the native. The well-to-do Asiatic not uncommonly retains after passing the threshold a thin boot without a sole, reaching up to the ankle, of bright yellow or scarlet leather, the outer shoe being a sort of golosh, which can be shuffled off easily, and as easily replaced; whereas, to say nothing of the ignominy of appearing in stockings, his taking off and putting on the lace-up shooting boot, with which the Englishman is accustomed to brave the mud of Oriental cities, are matters of both time and inconvenience. And then a Turk experiences none of that nervousness which makes the operation appear so awkward when performed by a Frank of whatever nation.—London Globe.

THE OLDEN TIMES.

Father W., an active Methodist of about fifty years' standing, recently gave the following "memories" to a correspondent of the Central Christian Advocate :-

"I lived in Franklin county, Ohio, when the country was yet thinly settled. My father was a Scotch Presbyterian. whose regard for the Methodists was decidedly left handed. My mother was also a Presbyterian, but had no such violent prejudices as my father. One summer-it was in the month of Junewhen I was about eighteen years of directed us to halt at a distance. age, I attended a Methodist campmeeting, and was moved to seek religion. I sought earnestly and obtained a ed by the folks at home. I well knew drew on, a woman approached from the my father's prejudices, and I knew the height beyond which the village lay. levity of the young people with whom I had been in any number of 'larks.' The | and had a vessel of milk in her hand. more I thought of it the more troubled sibly bear the burden. But remember. returned to the village. A second time down in the forest and prayed. My on her head, and a leg of mutton in of light shone round me. My fears were gone and I wanted to meet those in their "salad days," it would still be persons as soon as possible. My father was. She remained silent till affectionsad enou, h to look at, and hard enough was in the corn-field. I told him of the ately entreated to give us a reason for to endur. But it is a habit which change, expecting a storm, but it did such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. grows a pac; with all indulgence of it, not come. He looked at me silently for Then, the tears stole down her saule and too cf. n fastens itself upon the a few moments, his features showing cheeks, and she replied: "I love Him

it must be shaken off, else it will surely my young friends joined with me in the therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel bring one down to the lowest depths of service of the Lord. None of them sur- to see you in this out-of-the-world that woe and misery at which it has vive-some fell from grace, but most of place." so long laughed and mocked. A time them held on to the end, and have gone up to glory.

"About this time, I frequently heard Russell Bigelow preach. He was, I she kept up the light of God in her soul believe, stationed in Columbus. He in the entire absence of the communion was a most remarkable man, and could of saints. She drew from her bosom a you do when eternity comes?"—Westcontrol a congregation as few persons copy of the Dutch New Testament, are able to do. He was no ranter-his which she had received from Mr. Helm or brief experience, who thinks to es- power was not that of the actor, nor of when in his school, some years before. the elocutionist. He has been calle the indescribable—certainly I cannot whence I drink; this is the oil which describe him.

a few miles from Columbus. Bro. and Foreign Bible Society, and the Bigelow attended and preached on the reader may conceive my joy while we Sabbath. The crowd was so large that | mingled our prayers and sympathies the house was deserted and the meeting | together at the throne of our heavenly was held in the church-yard; some, my self among them, sitting among the etiquette observed by equals to equals graves in the grave-yard adjoining. In as an ingenious device to exalt the mon- the afternoon a number of converts arch of the Golden Foot and degrade were baptized. Then eight or ten inhis subjects, and strangers too, before fants were baptized. Among others, a him. It is carried further at Mandalay bereaved father, a young man who had than at any other Asiatic Court. If a been married by Bro. Bigelow, and European meets the King's palanquin whose wife had recently died, presented in the streets of the city he is expected his motherless babe. I can never forto stop then and there and divest him- get the manner or the words of the self of his boots. A moment's, hesita- preacher as he took the infant in his tion to comply with this degrading and arms. Said he: 'Here is a little one, uncomfortable custom has often entail whose father comes alone—his wife does ed very serious consequences on the not come with her baby. She is sleepforeigner; and our diplomatic difficuling there; and turning toward the ties with the Burmese Court have been grave, he cried out, 'Oh, sainted mothconsiderably intensified at different er, sleep on, till the trump shall wake

then and there gave himself to the Saviour.

mary mode of proceeding which brought Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read. and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear, connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempts to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.-Christian Union.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

In one of my early journeys in Africa. came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four remaining buttons left on my jacket for measure of peace, and at the close of a little milk, and was refused. We had the meeting started home. On the the prospect of another hungry night way, going through the woods alone, I at a distance from water, though within began to think how I should be receiv- sight of the river. When the twilight She bore on her head a bundle of wood, The latter, without opening her lips, she I became. I felt that I could not pos- handed to us, laid down the wood, and ing One who could help me, I knelt she approached, with a cooking vessel agony was intense, but He who hears one hand and water in the other. She the young ravens heard me, and a flood sat down without saving a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat, We asked her again and again who she

On learning a little of her history. and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how "This," said she, "is the fountain makes my lamp to burn." I looked on "A meeting was held at a log church. | the precious relic, printed by the British Father .- The Rev. Dr. Moffatt, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.

> DENIAL. We look with scorn on Peter's thrise-told lic Boldly we say, "Good brother ! you nor I, So near the sacred Lord, the Christ, indeed Had dared his name and marvelous grace deny." O futile boast! O haughty lips, be dumb! Unheralded by boisterous trump or drum, How oft, mid silent eves and midnight chimes, Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath come-

Knocked at our hearts, striven to enter there : But we, poor slaves of mortal sin and care, Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by spiritual sleep, Leard not the voice divine, the tender prayer ! -Paul H. Hayne.

EARTH NOT HOME.

Two weeks ago yesterday my wife, lay that our envoy should take his boots 'Circuit Rider,' of one of Russell Bige- aspect. I don't know whether you will off, and the reluctance of our proud low's sermons, Seeking a bride for my understand me; but perhaps you will diately after the occurrence. After the strangers in it, as our fathers were, and gressed for some time, when Bro. Bige- home of his youth and love, as all that ed his hand toward the gallery, and exare going. For some years I have felt night the Lord must abide at thy than ever now. All my arrangements mananent. There is no permanence here; God does not mean that there should be. There, and there only, where Christ and it is perhaps for this result that afflictions have been rained upon me so heavily and incessantly. It needed great affliction to remove the film from my eyes, and let me see the world as it How worthless, how trifling do all purely earthly enterprises and affairs seem, when the shadow of death hangs over us, as it now perpetually hangs over me.-Life and Letters of Dr. Mc-Clintock.

MONEY PUFFED AWAY.

It is a startling truth that New York pays more for cigars than bread, and this is easily seen when individual cigar bills run up to \$300 per annum. I know one man who was unable to save anything on an income of \$12,000 a year, and who gave among the reasons that it cost him \$10 per week for cigars. If all his expenses were at such a rate there could be very little chance at accumulation. There are many smokers who average 100 cigars a week These are the men who build up such fortunes as the Gilseys and others have made. Peter Gilsey landed in New York a poor emigrant. He was a piano maker, but opened a cigar shop in the Bowery, which his wife attended while he wrought at his trade. From this humble beginning Gilsey became one of the most extensive dealers in the city. He had at one time nearly a dozen ci-\$2,000,000

WHEN ETERNITY COMES. Rev. J. M. Caldwell related the follow-

In my native State there was a certain town remarkable for its wickedness. The few Christians there seemed powerless to stay the torrent of iniquity that swept the place. One summer a campmeeting was held in the neighborhood, Among the converts was a poor, illiterate fellow called " Tim Hutchins, the fool," who went to the meeting out of curiosity, but was most wonderfully saved of the Lord. When he got back to that wicked town-for he was a citizen of it-his soul was stirred within do for so long-put his name where it him. He ran from house to house, could not be forgotten; written it on opened the doors without knocking, and thundered out that awful question, "What will you do when eternity comes ?"

do when eternity comes?" Conviction's because he would have learned to know a full character so that it can be shaken the struggle that was going on in his whose servants you are, and surely it The few Christians, stirred into activity in ever asting remembrance."—The if at a'l, only by an effort that mind. At last his prejudices gave way is my duty to give you a cup of cold be their strange ally, sent for a minis Appeal.

shakes the whole moral nature. And and he rejoiced with me. Several of water in his name. My heart is full, try. A mighty revival followed, and a great harvest of souls was gathered: and within the memory of the speaker that profane and wicked community was reformed, a church built, a large congregation and Sabbath-school gatheredall the result of that heaven-sent messenger, who startled them from their slumbers by the question, "What will ern Christian Advocate.

AN UNERRING MARKSMAN

"Whiskey never misses fire," said a man to us the other day. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low in the social or intellectual scale. And fluttering all about him will always be the wounded hearts of mother. father, wife, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while behind and beyond all this is too often a train of ruined virtue and contaminating influences. At least six hearts, on an average, carry a life-long overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The undertone of all family and social life is largely silent sorrow and dreary heart-ache over the victims of alcohol. No, whiskey never misses fire, never .-Advance.

Our Young Folks

CARVING A NAME.

The children, tired of playing hide. and-seek among the bushes, sat down my dear Augusta died. I cannot yet to rest. It never took Joe long to rest: "Edward Eggleston has told, in his realize it. Everything wears a strange and by and by he wandered away from the others, and finding a great smooth tree, began to carve his name upon it and diffident representatives to appear | Master.' I heard him preach that ser- | when I tell you that a sort of mist hangs | as high as he could conveniently reach. in public in their stockings. The Brit- mon. It was one of wonderful power, over every thing. Even streets, houses, It was slow cutting, and before he had ish, however, are not by any means the and its effect was just as striking as and all familiar objects appear thus. I finished it the others came to look at his work.

"Oh, cut my name, too!" said Lily.

Won't you, Joe?" "I have n't done my own yet."

"Well you need n't cut it all; only make your first name, and then put Lily' under it," she coaxed. "But, you see, I want my whole name,

and real deep, too, so it will last for years and years," answered Joe. "Never mind, Lily, I'll cut yours," said Fred, good naturedly, and selecting another tree, he drew his knife from his pocket and began to carve the letters,

while the little girl watched him. "There! I've put mine where it will stay for one while," said Joe, when he had completed his work.

"Fred has put his where it will stay is, and where our loved ones are, is too," said Aunt Lucy, who had been our continuing city. My own thoughts quietly looking on. "Fred? I don't see where he has

world than they have ever been before, carved his name at all," answered Joe. "Once upon a time-" began Aunt Lucy, leaning back against a tree.

"A story! a story!" laughed the children, gathering around her.

"Once upon a time," she repeated, smilingly, "there was a very ambitious man. He knew that he must some time die, but he did not want to be forgotten, so he determined to put his name where it would always last. Perhaps he began by carving it on a tree first; but the owner of the forest felied the tree, and his name was gone. Then he built a great monument, and cut his name on the top of it; but the lightning is drawn to high points, and his monu-

ment was shattered in a single night. Then he said, 'I will find the very highest and most solid mountain in all the world, and I will cut my name on its topmost rock, and then it will last,' So he travelled over oceans and plains, through towns and villages, to find the mountain. He passed tired people by the way, who asked him to help them, but he was too anxious about carving his name, and he would not stop. At last he found the highest mountain, and, after long and toilsome climbing, he cut his name on the top. Then the earthquake shook the mountain and tumbled great rocks from its summit to the valley below, and his name was swept away.

"Tired, disappointed, and growing old, he said, 'It is no use! Nothing on earth will last, and I will try no more. gar shops, and he left an estate worth I will be as happy as I can, and make others happy too, and think no more about my name.' So he began to help At the Lake Bluff Camp-meeting, deeds of kindness wherever he could, and people began to love him. One day a little girl said to him: 'I shall love you always for helping us so much; I am sure I never shall forget you if I live a thousand years.'

"But you will not live so long,' he answered, with a smile at the child, who looked up at him so lovingly.

"Yes, I shall—a great deal longer, she said. Souls do not die, and I'm sure I'll remember in heaven, and I will remember you.'

"Then the man knew that he had now done what he had been trying to something that could not be destroyed."

The children were silent, and after a minute Aunt Lucy added, thoughtfully: "But any one who had been living such On he went, up one street and down a life of unselfish service to others-a another, with all his might. No other true, good life-would have ceased to be words did he speak, but, "What will you anxious about his name by that time, arrows flew thick and fast. The people the Lord, who says to all that serve "remembered God and were troubled." him: "The righteous shall be held Sunday

LESSON I JACOB'S PREVA

TIME-B. C. vision at Bethe to Kennicott years old.

PLACE-Pên God),on the n Jabbok, which the East, abo Dead Sea and fords, probably of the Jordan.

After Jacob' and his sons Jacob determin bom: in B are lived, though dead. As he a gins to fear Es to him at Edo word that Ess band of 400 m bering his wros all be has into at least may be carnest prayer gine.

O God of my the gromises. in covenant." with our fathe in distress. I him, as well as

He went fort acced with Reas for their respective mother world from the bird

Make thy see Such a destruc ens him would vine promise. Although he

Lord alone, Ja doing what m brother. Hay for the night, la present of 55 ent kinds, and to meet Eeau, vant Jacob,' The division is followed one a was to serve mitigating the are always app the respect exp most magnificanged and camels alone the she-camels the Arab wealt tiele of diet, they are of the that night, and took his whole and sent them self staid behin the rest of the assured that th could afford the nipotence in th There westl

4, 5, the man verse 30 him God. the Angel of th nal Son of God necessarily in ling. The idea poreal conflict. sical strength from the crips rested the co Jacob understo with no vagran God. For the to escape that seemed to feel, for me from G till he gives it. wrestling with give ? The re but in our w There must be the best gifts, Books are no desire knowled served reliance with which G lesson which power in his w breaking of the prayed all night of saints by This intense, p needed among

When he (the ed not. Just a