

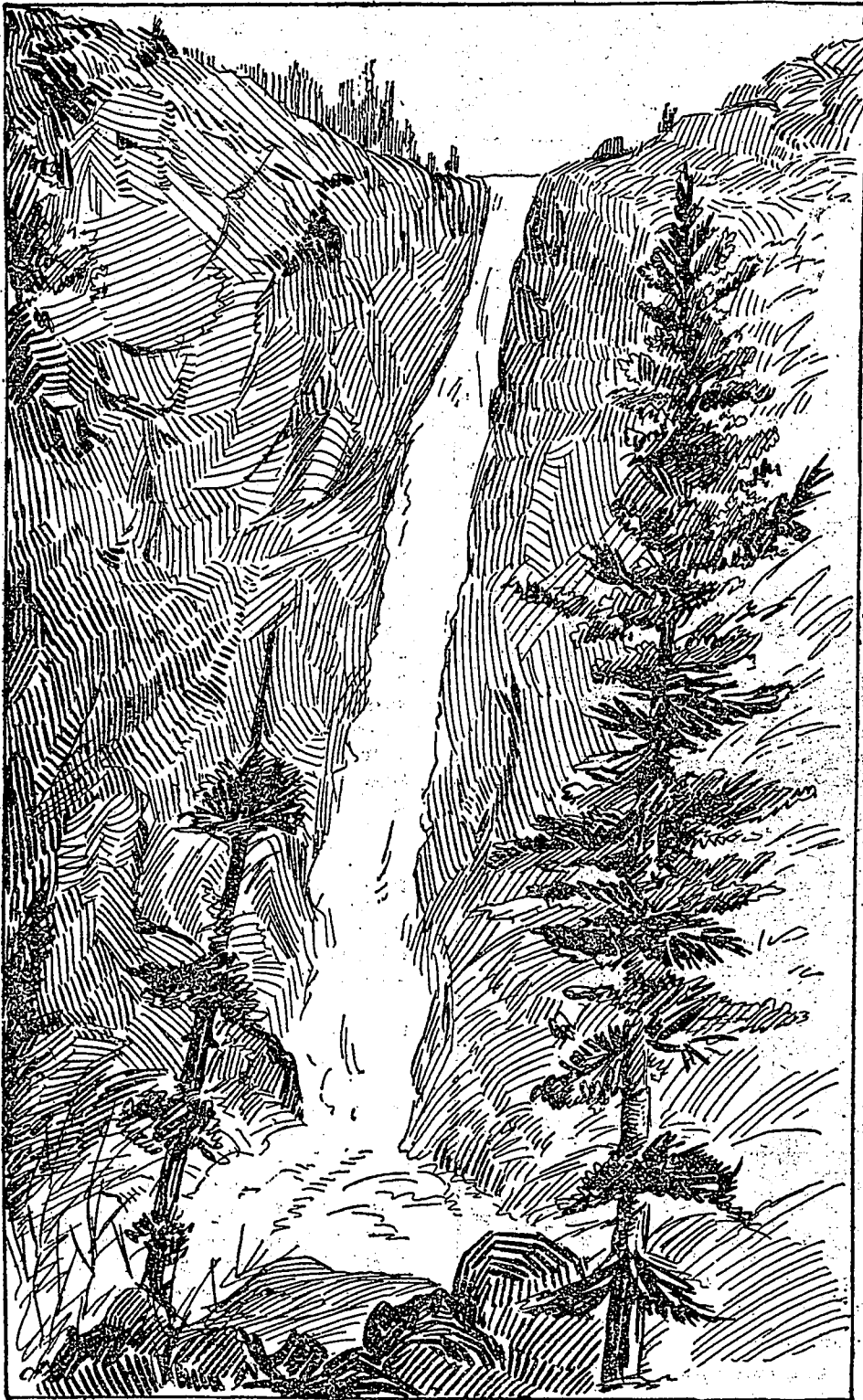
the far Sierras stretch away to the blue horizon.

The very grandeur of the valley gives it a solemnity that, especially in the hush of a Sabbath day, inspires a feeling of intense and holy awe. Never was a nobler temple built for the worship of God than the shadow of grim El Capitan; and never can there be a service more impressive than under the calm, shining stars, with the circle of worshipping faces lighted up by the fire of blazing pines. The music of the falls sounds an

A Native Christian Strangely Protected.

Mr. Hearn, missionary of the Bethel Santal Mission in India, writes: Kuar is the only Christian in Monohor. The head-man of the village abhors him, and his eldest son, a man of thirty-five, determined to kill him. While Kuar was ploughing near the jungles Bhoto secretly under the cover of the trees watched to shoot him. Santals are splendid shots. Twice he raised his bow and drew

had planned to kill Kuar, God impressed him to go to Telia to bring his family. It seemed a very foolish thing to do, for at night all manner of wild beasts walk about. However, he reached Telia in safety. When Bhoto stood with his battle-axe before Kuar's house in the dark to kill him, a great awe overcame him. 'God is fighting for this man; I dare not touch him again.' Kuar is a preacher of righteousness, and doctors many people; and often since the above instance Bhoto has come to him for medical aid, and he is now Kuar's best friend. However, his father hates Kuar, and only threatened to thrash him a few days ago. Several of his rice-fields they have also taken away, and ploughed them. — 'Christian Herald.'



BRIDAL VEIL FALL, 860 FEET—FROM THE BRIDGE.

endless monotone to the songs of praise to their Creator; here and there stand the huge trees like giant sentinels, and behind rise the great watch-towers of the mountains, that lift their heads far into the sky and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the world comes not.

Two Friends.

'In a Minute,' says a keen observer, 'is a bad friend—he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.'

'Right Away' is a good friend—he helps you to do what you ought to do pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.

it to its full length, but a power greater than his prevented him from letting his arrow fly. "I do not know what is the matter, but I cannot shoot that man," he said, "But it does not matter. Mrs. Kuar has gone on a visit to Telia; so he will be alone in the house to-night, and I shall kill him with my axe."

After dark he went to Kuar's house to kill the sleeping man; and great was his surprise when a boyish voice asked him, "What do you want?" "Where is Kuar?" "He went this evening to Telia to bring his family, and asked me to sleep in his house to-night; he is coming back to-morrow." It was Kuar's shepherd-boy. While this heathen

A Wise Boy.

People who want to live right are often placed in a position as difficult as this of Joab's—they have an enemy without and within, as Joab had a foe before and behind. A boy who lived in an English town, where his associates were wicked lads, who thought nothing of stealing from the fruit-stands or the stores, went to a mission-school, where he was taught that such things were sinful. After a time he resolved to quit stealing and other evil ways, and he asked God to help him. Some time afterwards his teacher came to the school without a book that she needed, and she asked the boy if he would go to her home and fetch it. He was glad to do so; but the teacher standing at the window of the school, saw the boy turn south at the end of the block, when his direct course lay north. When he returned she asked him why he took that longer way. The boy blushed, and did not like to answer. At last, being pressed, he said he avoided that street because there was a barrel of apples outside a grocery store there. Old habit was so strong in him as yet that he did not want to have to fight inclination and opportunity at the same time. — 'Christian Herald.'

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to recollect his love,
Always shining from above,
Always new,
Always true,
Just to recognize its light,
All enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All upholding;
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away,
Is it not enough alone,
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and then to ask,
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As he will.
Just to take the joy or pain,
As he sends it.
He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day, and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings,
Just to let him take the care,
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all, and yet the way,
Marked by him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day;
Secret of his promised rest.
'Times of Refreshing.'