

there regularly, for people came as if to an entertainment.

In her yearning for others she forgot herself; and while still hardly more than a girl in years, the dear voice was hushed for ever; and yet not hushed, for its sweet tones echo ceaselessly. 'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.'

Not long ago I made a visit to that plain little house. There I saw the tributes of genius and affection: Pictures painted by noted artists hung on the papered walls among the common prints. Stored away are gifts she could not refuse, because they came from such thankful givers. Everywhere about this home, now dear to thousands, are evidences safely treasured of a queen of song and her splendid reign.

This is why that old farm-house is so precious to the dwellers of a great city. For a dark-haired girl seems to stand on its threshold looking out on humanity in the spirit of the One she loved. There she seems to sing evermore, as a messenger from heaven. She sings as she sang with clasped hands years ago saying, 'Love not the world'; and that voice will go singing through years to come as parents tell their children the story of her song.

Some Arab Games.

(By L. S. Dubois.)

'Do Arab boys have any fun?' I hear some boy ask. Indeed they do, and plenty of it. They are just as eager and active a set of lads as can be found anywhere. They are children of Abraham, and the promises that God made to the old patriarch are fulfilled in the Arabs of to-day just as truly as were the prophecies concerning the Jews. They are not scattered abroad as are the Jews, but they are a powerful factor in the countries which they do inhabit. Though they have often been beaten, they have never been conquered, either in war or in diplomacy. Naturally the boys of such a race have characteristics which are worth noting. They have the blood of warriors for four thousand years flowing through their veins. Their favorite game is a play founded on war. They call it 'jereed' or spear. A group of boys will choose sides and form in two lines facing each other, each boy with a bunch of wands about six or seven feet long in his left hand. At a word they grasp a spear by the balancing point and hurl it with all their might at the opposing line. The game consists in discharging all one's own spears, and to dodge and catch as they fly past as many as may be of those from the opposing line. It is an exciting game, and calls for considerable skill, and much cool judgment.

Then they have another game called 'shoooha' or hawk. One boy will sit in a wing, his toes just touching the ground; the others will swarm round him; he swoops after them like a hawk. The boy that gets caught then has to be 'it.'

They play a game much the same as 'blind man's buff,' only they call it 'ghummiada.' Another game just the same as 'pussy wants a corner,' they call 'biz zorvaia.' 'Kurd murboot,' or tied monkey, is a favorite with them. One boy is tied to a peg or a tree and the rest circle about him, snapping at him with switches or handkerchiefs, with a knot in one corner, teasing him and coming as near as they dare. The boy that is 'it' gets many a jerk to his tied leg if he is not careful, and that's fun for the rest of them, especially if he gets mad, which he is pretty apt to do.

Marbles! Who ever saw a boy who did not know how to play marbles? Arab boys in Syria have two very decided advantages over American boys in that game. In the

first place, their marbles don't cost them anything; and in the second place, after they are done playing they can eat them up if they want to. Their marbles are the nut of an almond called 'kelajby' or little dog. Those same nuts rubbed on a stone and the meat dug out make whistles that you can hear a mile away. If any boy who reads this can get some Arab boy to show him how they shoot the marble, holding it in one hand and firing it out with the other, he will have learned a lesson well worth his while.

They play ball, too; many varieties of the game, but all of them are rather tame games we would think. An American boy would turn up his nose at an Arab ball. They call it a 'tahby,' and it's just about as big and as soft as a mandarin orange.

But of all things an Arab boy loves to gamble. Let one boy get hold of any money and he goes swelling around till he finds another boy with some, and they two go at it and before long one boy will have it all.

Comparatively few Arab boys have come under the influence of the missionaries. Most of them are dreadfully profane. To you or me their oaths would sound very, very strange. Instead of cursing a boy himself who had done something he did not like, the other boy will curse the beard of his grandfather, or the ears of his uncle's donkey, or the water jar that goes to the fountain. Are they not queer lads? Yet when the missionary does reach one of these lads he makes a grand man of him; strong, sturdy, noble in all his words and deeds, a splendid companion, and a thorough Christian gentleman, and, boys, that's the noblest man that walks the earth.—'Wellspring.'

'I Cannot Afford it.'

A young man was invited by a friend to enter a place of amusement which, though very popular and by many looked upon as moral, would not be an uplift to him in his Christian life, and his reply was:—

'No; I cannot afford it.'

'Do not let that make any difference,' urged his companion, 'I will gladly buy your ticket.'

'You misunderstood me,' replied the more thoughtful of the two. 'I was not thinking of dollars and cents, but of precious time, and in how many more profitable ways I could spend my evening.'

'Oh! well, perhaps you are right in the main, but it won't do for a young fellow to be prudish and narrow; he will make a laughing-stock of himself. Go just this once to please me.'

But the other replied manfully and firmly:

'No; the last time I went there it cost me too dear, and I made up my mind I could not run such a risk again.'

'Explain yourself,' urged his friend. 'Didn't get your pocket picked, did you?'

'It was a spiritual loss I suffered,' was the low reply. 'Perhaps you will think me weak, but being there that night seemed to drive all good thoughts from my mind for many days; and when once I regained what I had lost, I determined that nothing should tempt me to go where my King would not lead the way.'

What a noble answer, says a writer in 'Young People's Weekly.' How it would rejoice my heart to know that every King's son who reads this paper had the courage to meet temptations with such a refusal.—'Forward.'

Intelligent Horses.

Do Horses Joke?—The 'Youth's Companion' has an interesting account written by Dr. Roberts, of a horse who had retired

from active service but exhibited a remarkable talent for playing practical jokes. One instance was slyly picking up a sheep which was in the pasture with him (casily accomplished by means of his teeth and the sheep's wool), and dropping it over the fence. He seemed to watch for a discovery of the feat, and when he saw that some one noticed the sheep he showed his delight by running, snorting, and kicking up his heels. At another time he dragged a heavy maul across the field with his teeth and hid it behind a stump. The men who had seen him do it pretended to hunt for it among the stumps and in fence corners, to the great delight of the old joker, who even tried to divert their attention from the real place when he saw that they were 'getting warm.'

Do Horses Reason?—The doctor gives striking incidents of his own horses. At one time he left 'John' at a post while he made his call, taking care to cover him carefully from the cold wind, but forgetting to tie him. He was soon informed that his horse was making good time towards home. After going a short distance, however, 'John' turned from the road, made a large circuit and trotted back to the post again, shaking his head in apparent appreciation of the joke he had played his master, by way of reminding him of his carelessness. Another horse had been trained to stop when anything was wrong about the harness. At one time he suddenly stopped, but the doctor could perceive no reason for his doing so. He bade him go on, but he would not stir. He gave him a sharp blow with the whip, but still he refused to move. As though thinking how he should inform his master of the trouble, he then turned sharp to the right until the wheel touched the carriage and then stood still. In pulling the left rein to bring him back to the road he found that it had become unfastened from the bridle. Did the horse reason it out that the necessity of pulling that rein would show what the matter was?—'Congregationalist.'

Evening Primrose.

(By Susan Hartley Swett.)

Your soft gleam guides belated bees
Through evening's misty shade,
And lights a pathway for the brooks,
That dance down through the glade
With freshness for the meadow flowers
And music for the listening bowers.

It cheers the sombre wood that holds
The shadows to its breast,
And the far, lonely pasture lands
Where spectral birches rest,
And white moths flit, and whippoorwills
Call weirdly from the silent hills.

A wonder 'tis, for baby's eyes
That peep out for the stars,
And a delight to Jack and Jill
Who linger by the bars;
A solace to the night winds cold,
Whose light wings brush your perfumed gold.

But should you wait for merry day
All in her summer trim,
Your own dull life would be a joy
From dawn till evening dim;
The silverest larks would sing to you,
The butterflies would come to woo.

Sunbeams would nestle at your feet
And kiss your eyelid fair;
The sky would smile into your eyes
With light beyond compare;
And crowds of sister blossoms greet
Your waking in the morning sweet.

But 'No,' you sigh, 'more sweet it is
To live for charity;
For they who dwell apart for this
Aye find fair company;
And songs more silvery than the lark
Chime softly when the world is dark.'—'Forward.'