

later held the weapon in his hand. His next move was to take his stand by the open door. He covered the few feet necessary, the puma's eyes following his every motion. Oliver saw that the beast knew what was expected of it. But would it obey him? "Come Prince," he called soothingly, imitating Adam's voice as well as he could.

The puma seemed to slink closer to the floor and to fasten its gleaming eyes upon him even more fixedly.

"Come, Prince, get in there," he repeated sharply, his heart in his throat, but not a tremor apparent in his voice.

The animal showed more of his teeth. It snarled ferociously and thrust out its great, cruel-looking claws.

"Get in there, Prince. Do you hear me?" spoke Oliver savagely, at the same time raising his whip threateningly.

Still the beast did not move. The man and the puma glared at each other, both fighting for the mastery. To Oliver the tension was nerve-racking.

The man had given himself up for lost. His brain began to reel and he was about to collapse when the puma, its belly sweeping the floor, commenced to creep toward its cage. Nearer and nearer it came until Oliver could have touched its body with his foot. Then with a bound it leaped through the door and flung itself in the furthest corner, whining and crying in abject fear.

"That was fine, man—splendid," he heard a voice exclaim, and wheeling about the superintendent saw Adams running toward him.

"I saw the whole thing from the doorway, but dared not enter the building for fear you would take your eyes off the beast and give him the chance he wanted to leap at your throat," the trainer continued, as with deft hands he pushed the cage door to and fastened it securely with a piece of rope.

A WOMAN'S CAREER.

The name of Dorcas has been adopted by thousands of organizations of helpful women. Her example is a good one to meditate upon in this day when there is such widespread discussion of woman's sphere. Some of us are uneasy as we see that woman is made the commonest "problem" of the novel, the play, the essay, and the lecture. The sign is not a wholesome one. For when men begin to regard woman as a curious and complex social enigma, and try to analyze and dissect her, they cease to pay her the old-fashioned deference which we like to regard as her unquestioned right. The less woman is considered as a "question" the surer she will be to fulfil her natural destiny. If this Sunday school lesson leads older students to recall and reassert the primary place of woman in the social organization it will have done a service entirely germane to its original purpose.

Old-fashioned, indeed, was Dorcas. She had no other thought of a career for herself than to be helpful up to the limit of her powers. She was not a famous "church-worker," nor had she the gift of prophecy. Her office was the simple, lowly one of helping the poor, who blessed her upon every remembrance of her name. She could not teach to edification, perhaps, but she could demonstrate her faith by her works. Many were the new babies whose first wardrobes came from her deft fingers. And even the praiseful lips of the friends who gathered about her bier could not call the roll of all the sick and aged and poor whom she had clothed. All the while, doubtless, Dorcas looked with admiration upon such "superior" women as Mary of Bethany. Little did she dream that her swift needle was stitching her own name in letters of fadeless gold upon the world's brief roll of immortals.—(Selected).

The only way to make sure that tomorrow will be good is to do the best to-day.

GROWING OLD.

The tallest lilies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;
The rarest things on earth cannot abide
And we are passing, too, away like them;
To think we're old.

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams
of youth!
They faded, and 'twas well. This
after-noon
Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet,
forsooth,
We drop a tear now in this latter
time
We are growing old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the
past—
A saddened smile, almost akin to
pain;
Those high desires, those purposes so
vast,
Ah, our poor hearts! They cannot
come again!
We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this
earth is, too;
Much have we lost, more gained, altho'
'tis true
We tread life's way with uncertain feet.
We are growing old.

We move along, and scatter as we pace
Soft graces, tender hopes on every
hand;
At last, with grey-streaked hair and
hollow face,
We step across the boundary of the
land
Where none are old.

WHEN I COME HOME.

"Mother, will you be here when I come home?" Every day and twice a day the child asks it with lifted face and earnest eyes. "When I come home from school will you be here?"

If the answer is "Yes," she dances off happily, and if for any reason the reply must be "No," the momentary disappointment is very real.

The first call that rings through the house when the door opens is, "Where's mother?" and if she is not immediately in evidence, all over the house go the eager feet, at every door sounds a soft knock, and the childish voice asks its insistent question, "Is mother there?"

How you miss it when the child is away, or when you yourself are detained. You hurry a little and glance at the clock; you decide that those last errands are unnecessary and, as often as you possibly can, you are there to answer "Here dear," when the loving call comes.

I have often thought of the mothers who used to hear it and hear it no more, whose children have grown, or have entered the other home whence they shall go no more out. That is one of the dear, earthly things, deep down as mother-love itself, that I am sure we are going to find again if we must lose it here; some day the ear that warbles with the under-hearing of the heart is going to catch once more the sweet, familiar "Where's mother?" And for those whose mothers are waiting in the other home for the coming of their children it will be equally true. The wide spaces of heaven are not going to be wide enough to delay those who are seeking their mothers.

Out of life's weary school of experience, with lessons learned, tasks ended, we who are grown and who are tired and home-sick shall find the answer to the question that runs like a stream in the dark through all our lives, unseen, but singing, "Mother, will you be there when I come home?"—Congregationalist.

Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, they are without plan, and soon come to the end of their line.—Emerson.

There is no loss of fortune, no wreck of personal affection, no disaster in the sphere of the visible, but can be turned by the soul's inner energy into some higher phase of living.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE.

A minister's wife has a peculiar position to fill, not required of other wives, and she exerts an influence beyond that of any other woman in the church, perhaps. Many times of frail body, she would sink under the cares of her life did she not feel that she was doing the work the Father required of her. She must be strong for all of us, and are we always as thoughtful for her as we might be? Who so ready with a kind word and thoughtful act when we are in trouble? And when the death angel enters the door, who so ready with her loving heart and strong arms of sympathy to help us to live on and gather up the broken threads of life again? All hail to the grave, grand "mistress of the manse," and may God grant her a double portion of his grace! We love her, and we can't do without her.

NEST BUILDING PARTNERSHIP.

Shall I tell you how a pair of orioles took me into partnership with them in nest-building in June? They chose for a site one of the elms in front of the house and the end of a limb that drooped to a level with my window where I could sit and easily watch the proceedings.

They began the framework, but strings seemed to be scarce and the foundation grew slowly. I had a full supply of twine, some of which I broke into convenient lengths and threw over the low growing shoots of the elm trunks. They watched me closely, and when I got back to the piazza they nodded to me as to say, "Thank you." In three or four minutes they had carried up to the nest six lengths of twine. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to wind them about the twigs and weave them in and out and shape them. Then I carried out more twine and, in less time than I can tell it, that was also carried up to the nest, and so I continued to supply strings till they had all they needed. Then they felted in the filling without my aid, and the nest was quickly completed.

The parents have gone to the woods with their little ones, but every day or two the male comes back to the trees and utters a note or two to tell me all is well.—T, in Our Dumb Animals.

THE MOTTO HABIT.

A lady of our acquaintance called at a certain country house and was ushered into the dining room, for some domestic reason, to await the coming of her friend. The room was pleasantly furnished, but she was puzzled by several neatly printed mottoes which hung conspicuously on the walls. After the entrance of her friend, and the errand upon which she came had been discussed, the lady asked:—

"I hope you won't think me inquisitive, but I should like to know the meaning of those mottoes?"

The other woman smiled, as she replied:—

"That is an idea of my husband's. He grew tired of correcting the children, or hearing me correct them, and by way of example included our own shortcomings. 'Don't slump' is meant for my eldest daughter; she is growing fast and inclined to relax into a spineless, jellyfish attitude that annoys us. 'Don't fuss' is for her sister, who vents her feelings by arguing and disputing when things fail to please her. 'Don't grumble' is for my son, whose besetting fault is comprised in the admonition. And 'Don't worry' is intended for me—I assure you I find it helps. 'Be lively' is my husband's, and to those who know him requires no explanation."

"I think I'll go home and write out a few for my own family," the lady remarked, rising to go. "In any case, it is worth a trial."—Congregationalist.

Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and love.