TEMPESTS FOR OUR SOULS

Threatening Clouds Gather and Thicken and Blacken.

[Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.]

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew xxiii, 37, "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved and apostrophizes, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its head-dress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only

CLUCK AND CACKLE.

Yet Christ in the text uttered while looking upon doomed Jerusalem declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisle of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pulls away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath! When the breakfast or dinner hour arrives, she begins to prepare the repast and calls all her young to partake.

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old fashioned hen because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn —that the gaining of a livelihood implies work and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of loaters, so full of deadbeats is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say, go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to

A DESCENDING DOVE,

but Christ in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text compares himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling round and round and down and down, and, not seeing us as we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip and it had two flames of fire for eyes and it was a hawk. But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us, or not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted back into the clouds. So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter. Ah, now I see: there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plungs, there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much have you been through? With most life has been

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarctic. Once in a while the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antarctic hardly ever. When at the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver. But when I say that this is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the

"COLD SHOULDER"

get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts. Almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under her wing if a dog or a hawk or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul? What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the kennels? Yes the hen takes the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto death! And does it not make you think of Him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood spattered wings, are night shadowed wings, are

TEMPEST TORN WINGS.

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the waggon shed and the house and the fireside with the big backlog before which you sat and the neighbors and the burial and the deep snowbanks and hear the village bell that called you to worship and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting house and those who sat at either end of the church pew and, indeed, all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all those thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop. Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth preparing for everything that may come and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness, why she did not return the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside "Immediate" and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and Heaven, come under the sheltering wing. Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, MARCH 23.

Text of the Lesson, Eph. v., 11-21
Golden Text, Eph. v., 18.

11, 12. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." This week's study in this epistle and the next on the resurrection need not necessarily break the continuity of our study of the acts of the apostles, for in all the Scriptures we have the things concerning Him of whom Philip spake to the eunuch and whom we must see as the centre of every lesson. In this epistle we are, as one has said, taken into the presence chamber of the King and made acquainted with His secret counsels and purposes concerning us. Only as we by faith enter into His love and purposes will we be delivered from the works of darkness mentioned in chapter iv, 31; I. Cor. vi, 9, 10; Gal. v, 19-21. Intemperance, as generally understood, is one of the many works of darkness, but the child of God should be free from all if he would know the joy of being a child of the Lord Almighty (II. Cor. vi, 14-18).

13, 14. "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." The three apostles, heavy with sleep on the Mount of Transfiguration and actually sleeping in Gethsemane, show us how the most highly favored believers, may be indifferent to the great things of God and how this cry, "Awake thou that sleepest," may apply to us all.

15, 16. "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." The Revised Version has on these two verses either in the text or the margin "Look therefore carefully how ye walk," "buying up the opportunity." The life of the believer is spoken of as a continual dying to self, an overcoming, a conflict, a race (II. Cor. iv, 11; I. John v, 4, 5; Eph. vi, 12; Heb. xii, 1), but in this epistle and elsewhere it is also called "a walk." In the climax in Isaiah xl, 31, the walking—that is the steady plodding —is more difficult than the mounting on wings or the running. We are entreated to walk worthy of our vocation, not as other gentiles walk, to walk in love, as children of light, to walk worthy of God, who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory (Eph. iv, 1 17; v, 2, 8; I. Thess. ii, 12). As to buying up the opportunities, if we had the zeal of unscrupulous business men, who for their own gain make corners even in the necessaries of life, how much might be accomplished in the service of Christ? If we walked as Christ walked (I. John ii, 6), all would be well, but who is sufficient? Our sufficiency is of God (II. Cor. iii, 5).

17. "Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of God is." It is not the will of God that any should perish, for He will have all to be saved and has made full provision for the same (II. Peter iii, 9; I. Tim. ii, 4; John iii, 16). When sinners are saved, He desires that they should be holy and so fully yield to Him that they may prove in daily life how good and acceptable and perfect His will is (I. Thess. iv, 3; Rom. xii, 1, 2). Our blessed Lord could truly say "I seek not mine own will." "I delight to do thy will, O my God" (John iv, 34; v, 30; vi, 38; Ps. xl, 8).

18. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." Drunkenness belongs to the unfruitful works of darkness; to be filled with the Spirit is the privilege of every child of light. Wine stimulates and exhilarates unnaturally, but the Holy Spirit stimulates supernaturally; the one is for self, the other for God. There is a drunkenness that does not come from wine or strong drink (Isa. xxix, 9), but is just as much the work of the adversary. Only that which is of God through Christ gives light and life; all that is not of God causes stupor and drunkenness, and the manifestation of the flesh as God only can give life, so God only can live in us the life He desires, and He is pleased to do this by His Spirit, therefore the necessity of being filled with the Spirit by whom alone the life can be lived.

19. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." A drunken man is apt to make himself known by his noisy talk or ribald song, but a Spirit filled person, having true melody in his heart, will sing unto the Lord. Each proclaims his master by that which comes from the abundance of his heart. In Col. iii, 16, we have the same result from the word of Christ dwelling richly in us; therefore, according to an axiom which says that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, there is probably some connection between being filled with spirit and filled with the word of God. We know that the Spirit has written the word, and the Spirit is the word, and the word of God, the Lord Jesus, is the embodiment and manifestation of the written word. If we would be filled by the Spirit and used by the Spirit, let us lay up His word diligently in our hearts (Ezek. iii, 10, 11).

20. "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." In I. Thess. v, 18, it is written "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." How earnestly we should covet to be filled with the Spirit since he alone can live this holy and beautiful life in us! "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things" (Rom. viii, 32), and since "God is love" and has so loved us, He cannot give us anything that is not love, so we will thank Him for all things if we believe this. Mrs. Bottome tells of two waiters whom she saw accidentally jostle one another, the one thereby spilling some hot water on the other, who meekly replied, "Never mind, it is all in the will." A lady whom I know told me that having spilled a bottle of ink on her carpet she was able to take it meekly and as part of His will.

21. "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." Some one has said that submission is the highest mission on earth, higher than home or foreign missions and that unless one has learned it he is not fit for missionary service anywhere. In His life at Nazareth, in His baptism, in His public ministry and in His sufferings our Lord fully manifested this grace of the Spirit. As we can only show our love to God by our love to others, so we can only manifest true submission to God by submission to others.

ABSENT-MINDED.

Most men would "feel lost" without a watch, but after all, the absence can be borne.

A certain gentleman decided the same on one occasion. In company with a friend he was one morning hastening to catch a train when he stopped suddenly and exclaimed:—

"There! I've come away and left my watch under the pillow!"

"Let's go back and get it," said his friend.

"Wait a minute!" said the gentleman. "I don't think we shall have time." Upon this he drew the lost watch from his pocket, looked carefully at the face of it and added:—

"No, we sha'n't have time." Then he pressed on to the station, saying: "Oh, well, I can get on for one day without a watch!"

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Should always remember that he is not beyond criticism.

Takes care not to wound the feelings of a sensitive person.

Never forgets the respect due to advanced age.

Will not boast of his ability to hide little peccadillos.

Never speaks sneeringly of a person not so well informed as he.

Has no time for the tittle-tattle of women acquaintances.

Can pass through a crowd without an exhibition of rudeness.

Shows cordial regard for a woman's objections to tobacco smoke.

Carries himself in a way to show he is not a make-believe gentleman.

Never enters a private office without doffing his hat.

Kitty, who is only just three, was always most wide awake at her proper hour for bed. Her mother, going through the nursery to reconnoitre the other night, found her, as usual, with wide open eyes. "Oh, Pussy, you really ought to be asleep," she said, reproachfully. "I really would go if I could, mummy dear," was her daughter's reply, "but my eyes won't button."

Recently a school-teacher wrote the sentence: "Them boys are sliding down-hill," and asked someone in the school, to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and, on being asked, said "Correction: Those boys are sliding down hill. Why: Because they can't slide up."

"Daddy," asked little Jack, "where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?"

If You Could Look into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

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INSTINCT VERSUS REASON

CREATURES THAT CAN GIVE LESSONS TO MAN.

Remarkable Instances of Intelligence in Beasts, Birds and Insects.

We human beings are very proud of our superior powers of reasoning, but it should make us feel humble to realize that hardly a single beast, bird, or insect exists which has not powers quite beyond us to imitate—often even to understand. Take such an everyday example as the building of a nest by a bird. A man could not build a house for himself without much teaching. A bird weaves its wonderful home, choosing always the best of material, the very first year of its life. More than this, the bird knows just how to harmonize its nest with its surroundings, so that enemies will pass it unnoticed. Nor is the nest ever built among branches which are rotten or liable to be snapped by even a heavy gale.

Without the mechanical aid of the compass man would never dare to venture out of sight of land. Yet a swallow, only six months old, starts upon a two-thousand-mile migration.

AS CALMLY AS ANY OLD

stager; and not only that, but will keep along the same fly-lines which its ancestors have used for uncounted ages.

It is calculated that the various civilized nations of the world spend three and a half millions a year in neteorolocal observations, made with the object of forecasting the weather. After centuries of experiment, our greatest authorities can now make certain of foretelling the weather correctly for twenty-four hours in advance in 82 per cent. of cases. Compare this result with the weather lore of the animal and insect kingdom. Swallows and swifts and nightjars, and dozens of other insect-eating birds, are able to foretell the first cold snap of winter a full fortnight in advance, and so depart before their food supply runs short.

While the sky was still bright and cloudless, and the barometer had shown no sign of fall, red ants have been seen to come out of their holes in the ground, and to migrate, with all their eggs and young to a safer spot.

IN SOME MYSTERIOUS

fashion these insects know when heavy rain is coming long before any sign of change is perceptible to man.

A man must have long and careful training to make him expert in the use of an axe. The great test for a clever axeman is to be able to throw a tree in any desired direction. Yet a beaver can do this without any training at all. He knows—instinctively as we say—where to make the proper cuts so as to throw the trunk into the stream to help build the dam. The beaver knows also exactly how strong to build his dam so that it may resist any flood pressure and allow the surplus water to run over its top.

The cell of a honey-bee is a perfect hexagon. No human creature could fashion a single such cell without dainty instruments for measuring. Yet the bee turns them out by the thousand merely by inherited instinct. Bees also have a sense of temperature far beyond that of the most sensitive man or woman. When the warmth increases sentincls are put to

WORK AT THE ENTRANCE

to fan fresh air into the hive. When it is too cool, they close up the entrance, and cut off the supply of cold air.

In the same way, ostriches, alligators, snakes, and many other creatures which trust their eggs to natural heat for hatching, seem blessed with an exact perception of how deep they should be buried, or what amount of rotting vegetation should be piled upon them to create the necessary warmth. The mound-building bird of Australia makes a hot bed to hatch its eggs with a skill which the most experienced gardener would have difficulty in matching.

Children, if left to themselves, will put anything they may get hold of into their mouths, and every year there are many cases of lives being lost by their poisoning themselves in this fashion. Wild creatures are gifted with some sense which enables them to tell what is wholesome and what is not. Although domestic animals, such as horses and cows, will sometimes kill themselves by eating yew and poisonous weeds, yet really wild animals never throw their lives away in this fashion; and even when trappers have hidden poison in bait for wolves and foxes it is but rarely that such treacherous food is touched.—London Answers.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Leading People.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley will share with His Majesty the privilege of having what might be termed a private box of his own in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the coronation, to which he may invite his family and personal friends.

Mr. Kruger spends a good deal of his time in playing cards and has himself invented several games. He is also quite an adept at making puzzle-boxes, and keeps in his pocket one of a particularly baffling description which he not infrequently offers to a visitor to open.

Paderewski keeps a valet whose principal occupation is to rub the great pianist's fingers at stated times, to knead the palms of his hands, and to massage his knuckles. Before stepping on a platform to play a solo he plunges his hands into hot water and keeps them there as long as the pain will let him.

A hobby of the Princess of Wales is the collection of parasols. It is said that she possesses at least 150 no two of which are alike. They are of all colors and shades, and the handles are perfect works of art. At present from the Princess of Wales to a bride not infrequently takes the form of a parasol.

Josef Hoffman, the celebrated pianist, has developed a taste for electrical invention. He has a magnificent laboratory at Berlin, and devotes many hours a day to chemistry and electricity. Among various inventions which he has patented may be mentioned an improved telephone and a novel method of recharging batteries.

The Earl of Portsmouth owes his baptismal name of Newton to the fact that his great-great-grandfather, Viscount Lymington, married the niece and co-heiress of the famous Sir Isaac. There has been a pretty constant succession of "Isaac Newtons" in the family since, but they have not notably inherited the tastes of their distinguished namesake.

The Shah of Persia has many hobbies, among these being the collecting of cats of all countries. He has perhaps, the most magnificent assortment in the world, and when he travels the cats always accompany him. They have special attendants, who are paid large salaries for looking after them. To neglect one of the Shah's cats is practically the same as committing suicide!

Henrik Ibsen fifty years ago was serving behind the counter of a country drug store. The dispensing of medicines, however, did not suit the tastes of the celebrated Norwegian, and during his apprenticeship he was hard at work reading for the profession of a doctor. In order to eke out a very small salary he took to writing, with what result the world knows.

Emile Waldteufel, the waltz writer, though an old man of eighty, still composes a remarkable amount of dance music. He is said to have a piano in every room of his magnificent house in Paris, and composes first one and then at another, just as the fancy takes him. Over 800 waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, and other dances have been written and published by M. Waldteufel.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., has painted some of his most successful pictures by gaslight. Indeed, he affirms that he can obtain better results in this way than if he painted by daylight. According to Mr. Solomon every artist should accustom himself to artificial light, especially if he lives in England, where sometimes, for days together, the sun fails to make its appearance.

The Czar is not the only Royalty who wears a ring to which tradition has given a strange value. The Kaiser always wears a queer old ring in which is set a stone of very little value, yet he attaches importance to it, for it is a Hohenzollern talisman. According to the legend, it was brought to the wife of Elector John of Brandenburg, by a toad; Frederick the Great's father had it set in a ring, and it has been cherished by the family ever since.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, was intended for an architect, and was articled to a well-known firm in London. His wife, however, persuaded him to give up this profession in favor of literature, copying out his first novel, which she sent to a publisher. It was immediately accepted, and Mr. Hardy never had any difficulty in disposing of his manuscripts. For many years Mrs. Hardy attended to the business side of her husband's work.

The Sultan of Turkey is a musician of some brilliance on the piano. The old masters such as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, etc., he does not care for, and devotes his time to accomplishing the intricacies of such works as "La Fille de Madame Angot," "The Mikado," "Madame Favart," etc. Owing to his dread of assassination he has lately taken to revolver practice, and can now shoot with unerring accuracy with either hand.

It is not generally known that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a poet. When a youth he indulged in much verse-writing till an unkind friend ridiculed him out of it. His school books were always scribbled over with verses, and he was often compelled to spend half-holidays doing tasks for indulging too openly in his hobby during school hours. He still finds a good deal of relaxation in composing verses, but very few of his friends have had an opportunity of criticising these poetical efforts.

The King has none of the aversions of some of his less genial relatives for "pet" names, and all the Royal Family answer to more or less undignified diminutives. Princess Victoria responds to "Vickie" and "Torie" alike, when Princess Charles of Denmark, owing to the spirited propensities of her youth, is called "Harry." The Duke of Connaught has always been called "Pat" in the family circle, and the Czar of All the Russias is familiarly known to his English relatives as "Nikki."

PRIZES FOR GOOD TENANTS.

A curious and interesting plan has been adopted in Glasgow by certain landlords who, having improved much of their slum property, have been naturally desirous to keep it in good condition. It consists in offering prizes to tenants who behave themselves well and pay their rent promptly. All tenants who fulfil these conditions are allowed in summer to live rent free for a fortnight, so that if they take a holiday they need not pay double rent. The plan has worked splendidly, and over 60 per cent. of the tenants have claimed the prize.

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