

waters," is grand and inspiring. The "Pulpit" occupies a distinct and important field, and will, by preachers and students (and the latter includes very many more than those in colleges), be found helpful and valuable. Over 220 large quarto pages, containing 100 of the best sermons of the year.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT STUDENT. \$1.50 a year, 336 Asylum St., Hartford. Prof. W. R. Harper, of Yale, is the Editor. The September number has some good and suggestive articles. "The literary character of Paul's Letters," "The titles of the Psalms," and "Bible Leprosy," are articles to repay attentive study.

For the Young.

BABY.

A little form so dainty small,
So soft, so tender, and so dear;
A little voice whose helpless call
Is music to a mother's ear;
A little pulse of delicate breath,
Like Eve's when Zephyr whispereth;—

A little arm that nerveless lies;
Red, curling fingers, tiniest things;
Two round, blue, upward-gazing eyes,
All filled with silent wonderings,
That, as the kiss of Heaven's light bids,
Now open, now close their downy lids;—

A little head so smooth and white,
Pert, rosy mouth and fairy chin,
And cheeks all rounded to the sight,
Save where a dimple draws them in:—
All in one tiny frame enwove,
As light as laughter, soft as Love.

—*The London Spectator.*

LEARNING HEATHEN LANGUAGE.

In that extraordinary work, the autobiography of John G. Paton the missionary, we find an interesting account of the way in which, on first landing among the native and painted savages of the New Hebrides, he began to pick up their language:

At first they came in crowds to look at us, and at everything we did or had. We knew nothing of their language; we could not speak a single word to them, nor they to us. We looked at them, they at us; we smiled and nodded and made signs to each other; this was our first meeting and parting. One day I observed two men, the one lifting up one of our articles to the other, and saying, "Nunksi nari enu?"

I concluded that he was asking, "What is

this?" Instantly lifting a piece of wood, I said: "Nunksi nari enu?"

They smiled and spoke to each other. I understood them to be saying: "He has got hold of our language now." Then they told me their name for the thing which I had pointed to. I found that they understood my question, What is this? or, What is that? and that I could now get from them the name of every visible or tangible thing around us.

We carefully noted down every name they gave us, spelling all phonetically, and also every strange sound we heard from them; thereafter, by pains taking comparison of different circumstances, we tried to ascertain their meanings, testing our own guess by cross-questioning the natives. One day I saw two males approaching, when one, who was a stranger, pointed to me with his finger, and said; "Si nanging?"

Concluding that he was asking my name, I pointed to one of them with my finger, and looking at the other, inquired: "Si nanging?"

They smiled, and gave me their names. We were now able to get the names of persons and things, and so our ears got familiarized with the distinctive sounds of their language; and, being always keenly on the alert, we made extraordinary progress in attempting bits of conversation, and in reducing their speech for the first time to a written form—for the New Hebrideans had no literature, not even the rudiments of an alphabet.

THE OPEN VISION.

One summer evening, while stopping in a beautiful suburban home not far from our city, I was told this story by one who had lately been an inmate of the house:

A maiden, some sixteen years of age, had all her life been the unconscious victim of a blemish in her eyes that hindered perfect vision. A surgical operation was finally agreed upon, and successfully made. The girl was kept within the house until her eyes gathered strength, and was permitted gradually and sparingly to go out-doors. It so happened that some time elapsed after her recovery before she went into the open air after nightfall. One evening she rushed into the parlor with her face aglow with excitement. The joy of a great discovery illuminated every feature.

"Oh, come!" she exclaimed, "come out quickly to the lawn, and see what beautiful things have appeared in the sky!"

"What do you mean?" they asked her.

"Look!" she said, pointing eagerly heavenward. "Don't you see those bright things up there? They are there, and the resparkling all over the sky."