

praying, shouting, sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The boy, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the centre of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then with a mighty bound he reached it, and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The rope was brought and flung toward him.

"He has it. He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put the babe in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help pull him in. As he swung across the chasm, going half way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but its hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety. Everybody talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the government council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. Mothers held their babies closer to their breast that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile Nicholas lay in his cot, tended by his old father and mother. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at home.

In the afternoon a messenger from the council knocked at the door, and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the town.

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now, father, you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting, and shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later his father put a little case into his hands.

"Look at this, my son. Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honors."

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

"And here," said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeannette left for you."

Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal, but the flowers he held close to his lips.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### THE JEWELLER'S STORY.

"About forty-five years ago," said Mr. Linzeler, "I had a small jewelry store in a side street off one of the principal boulevards. Business did not prosper. Sale were little or nothing. My small savings vanished, and I was tortured with the thought of debts that I had no means of liquidating. One day I was seated by my nearly empty show case in despair at the situation, and in doubt whether to close up my store and go out of business entirely, for I had not a sale in five days, when a stranger to me, an Englishman, entered the shop and said:—

"I have lost the swivel from my watch chain, can you sell me one?"

"Certainly sir, I will replace it for you," I said, leaving my seat with alacrity. The matter in itself

seemed of slight importance, but in its consequences it was highly important. What if I had no more swivels in stock I thought? Opening my box I found two, which, unfortunately, were too small. One of the last gold watches left in my case had a chain attached, and seizing this with my pincers, I took off the swivel and fitted it on the Englishman's chain. It was an exact fit.

"How much is the watch and chain?" asked the stranger.

"I named the price

"Put on one of those small swivels that wouldn't fit my chain," he continued, "and I will take it."

"Putting the watch into his pocket the Englishman turned to me and, in a foreign accent that made it all the more impressive, said these words which I have not forgotten from that day to this:—

"The jewellers of the the great boulevard are not obliging. They have no time to attend to the small wants of a customer. They may be reading the paper, perhaps, and will not disturb themselves to set a swivel. At the three or four stores which I have just visited I have failed to find a swivel, although I am anxious to make a call and need one greatly. You were more obliging than your competitors and put yourself to some trouble to accommodate me, and for that reason I have bought a watch that I didn't need. My daughter is to be married soon and you shall furnish the trousseau."

"A few days afterward I received a letter from him requesting to me to call at his hotel, where a cordial reception and order for a trousseau costing 200,000 francs awaited me. This stroke of good fortune left me a cash capital of 40,000 francs after liquidating my debts. Notwithstanding the warning of the Englishman I moved up into one of the fashionable boulevards and had him and all his friends for customers. But as a matter of principle, both myself and my sons have ever shown a willingness to oblige our customers in the smallest matter. This has been the corner stone of my fortune."—*Jewellers' Review*.

"There are moments when silence prolonged and unbroken

More expressive may be than all words ever spoken."

Look at that wan and wasted woman, once the picture of health, now so pallid. She cannot begin to tell her sufferings, but as from day to day she goes through the house, attending to her many cares, her attenuated form, her white face, her stooping shoulders, her pinched features, all tell that she is a silent martyr to disease. Her once cheery voice is seldom heard, but her silence tells her suffering more than words could do. O! ye silent, sorrowing, suffering sisters, there is a cure for your troubles; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign remedy for the derangements and maladies peculiar to your sex. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, "Favorite Prescription" is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

#### BOY CHOIRS.

You have permitted a great deal to be said against boy choirs. May I say something in their defence? I will jot down several notes.

1. Of music I am not entitled to speak learnedly, being only an amateur. For what is called fine music, for music which one would like to sit in an opera chair and listen to, perhaps the quartette, or mixed choir, is preferable, though for my own part I would rather listen to the music of York minster than that of La Scala. But even granting that for concert, religious or other, or for the mere non-participating listener or critic or newspaper correspondent—admitting that for these the mixed choir is superior, it yet remains true that boy choirs are gaining favor for religious worship, it still remains true that clergymen and others who have personally tried all sorts of choirs believe that boys furnish the most satisfactory and ap-

propriate music, with the fewest objections and the least friction. I say clergymen who have fairly tried all kinds of choirs. One or two exceptions to this rule will not seriously affect it.

2. Nor is the statement affected by the mention of an instance here and there of boys misbehaving—for example, those boys breaking out, as they returned to the choir room, into a spontaneous fit of boyish laughter. It is a fact, confirmed by the experience of choir masters and clergymen, that boys in these choirs set a beautiful example of reverence and devotion. As I am not the choir master in my own church I may be permitted to say that a boy in that choir is marked for speaking, dropping a book, or other inattention; that there are forty members of the choir, and that no mark has now been given for more than seven months. More than this, the boys seem to love the choir in proportion to the rigidity of the discipline.

3. The boy choir gives the nucleus for a congregation on all occasions. On the rainy Sunday night the rector is sure of thirty or forty men and boys to gather around him with hearty responses and singing.

4. The boy choir is also the nucleus of your St. Andrew's Society or Young Men's Guild.

5. If a clergyman does not use this large number of youths to strengthen the male element of his parish he has lost a golden opportunity. It seems to me a sad confession if a rector can say he has no influence for good upon a number of boys and men who were constantly in his presence and under his influence.

6. By change of voice and other causes boys are constantly passing through the choir as through a school at the rate of about one hundred in five years. What possibilities here to the faithful rector.

7. These boys are procured partly from Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist families. Most of them will come to confirmation and become intelligent and devoted Christians and Churchmen.

8. There are innumerable instances of Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist fathers and mothers coming to the church to see their "little cherub" and hear him sing, and staying to sing themselves to their life's end as true Church people. "And a little child shall lead them."

9. Outsiders have no more prejudice to a surpliced choir than they have against a surpliced minister.

10. Nearly all boys and men in these choirs become communicants of the Church and remain loyal and devoted Churchmen all their lives.

11. In nearly every church where boy choirs have been in use for a number of years the proportion of males in Sunday schools, confirmation classes and every department of Church work is noticeable.

12. A town need not be large to sustain a good boy choir. As proof of this we might mention many towns even in the South, such, for example, as Fernandina, Fla., Huntsville, Ala.

13. Surplices are exceedingly useful, by giving uniformity and equalizing the clothing of the rich and the poor members of the choir in a becoming and inexpensive way.

14. Boy choirs delight the rector's heart; they are a constant source of encouragement and comfort; they furnish him with an ever ready body guard, and take away the sense of isolation and loneliness with which he might otherwise enter his chancel. Instead of being the makeshift, as has been said, they constitute one of the most helpful and hopeful features of the parish.—*R. S. Barrett*.

#### RACE PRIDE.

The Rev. George Owen, of Pekin, says that ancient race pride, strong national prejudice and political suspicion, are giving way in the Empire of China. There are now thirty-two thousand Chinese confessing Christ. Chinese women, who can seldom come to mission churches and chapels, are being powerfully influenced in their homes by American and English women. Entire families are now coming over, and in Pekin three generations of Christians worship side by side.