

Four Ways not to Drown.

As each summer season comes round, we begin to hear of many lives lost through boating accidents. Some of these are due to criminal carelessness. The following suggestions from 'Outing' are well worth bearing in mind for all who expect to include rowing or sailing among their vacation pleasures:—

First—Do not go out in a canoe, rowboat or sailboat, small or large, unless it carries enough life-saving buoys or cushions to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

Second—Do not go out in a sailboat except with a skipper of experience. Many a boatload is upset through the mistaken idea, prevalent at summer resorts, that anyone can handle a small sailboat. In case of fatal accident the guilty, incompetent skipper should get ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Third—In case of a party in a rowboat, be sure you are finally seated before leaving the shore, particularly if there are girls. Permit no one to attempt to exchange seats after leaving shore, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to exchange seats, or to rock the boat. Rocking boats for fun by rollicking young people loses many lives every year. When the waters become rough from a sudden squall or a passing steamer, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, until the water is smooth again—and don't scream or talk to the oarsman.

Fourth—If overturned, a non-swimmer by drawing the arms up to the sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair climbing, or treading water with the feet, may keep up several minutes, often when a single minute means life, or throwing out arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something, may keep one at least afloat until help comes. A woman's skirts, held out by her extended arms while she uses her feet as if climbing stairs, will often keep her up until rescued.

The Ideal Missionary.

At the Conference of Christian Workers, in Brummana, Syria, each of the two hundred delegates was asked to write on a paper the 'three most important characteristics of the ideal missionary.' The following are some of them:—

- Sound in body and mind.
- Able to eat all kinds of food.
- Prepared to rough it if necessary.
- A natural gift for languages.
- Bible study, heart study, language study.
- A student of the problems of his field.
- The gift of humor, in being able to laugh at yourself and begin again.
- Able to preach Christianity and not laugh at the superstitions of the people.
- Earnestness in prayer and soul winning.
- An overflowing, Spirit-filled life.
- Believer in the possibilities of human nature.
- Tact, courtesy, and kindness to other missionaries and the people.
- Common sense.
- The ability to set others to work.
- Interest in every one he meets.
- A warm heart, a hard head, and a thick skin.
- Selflessness in accepting the station assigned.
- One who lives up to what he preaches.
- Of a single purpose.
- Baptized with the Holy Spirit.
- A witness of what God has wrought in him.
- Much in prayer and intercession for others.
- Of unfailing faith.
- Holds on, though seeing no fruit.

Belief in God, that he will have all men to be saved.

Sure of the ultimate triumph of the gospel.

Constrained by the love of Christ.

Perfectly surrendered to God.

Willing to efface self and exalt Christ.

A Christlike humility.

A bond-servant of Christ.

Emptied of self.

A keen ear to detect God's whisper.

Gentle to all.

Apt to teach.

An unadvertised self-denial.

A firm belief in the people, ever striving to find the angel in the rough block of marble.

A life laid down at the feet of Christ.

A Christlike love for souls.

Sanctified common sense.

Able to understand the people and win their confidence.

All things to all men.

Patience.

Power of living at peace with all men.

A Divine sense of proportion, putting things first which are first.—'Morning Star.'

Pietro.

THE STORY OF A CANARY BIRD.

(Julia A. E. Buck, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

(Concluded.)

We had a small mirror standing on a table in our sitting-room, in front of which Peter often stood, holding his head first on one side and then on the other, then straightening himself up until his entire tail touched the table, and with many little airs he would sing one of his most charming songs to the bird in the mirror. After this he spent much time searching for the bird on which he had bestowed so much attention, often peering under, over and behind the mirror. Failing to find him, he would hop away, apparently quite disgusted, and would pay no more attention to the mirror for days.

If he saw me eating anything, he fluttered his wings excitedly, and asked me in so cute, coaxing a way to share it with him that I often put a little morsel on the tip of my tongue for him; this he took without the slightest fear; indeed, he ate anything I gave him in this way.

One of his brightest tricks, and one which seemed to interest my friends most, was 'playing dead.' I placed him on his back in the palm of my hand, and, stroking him gently, said, 'Poor little Peter is sick.' He would say, 'Peep, peep' and again, when I said, 'Poor, sick little Peter' he responded with a faint little 'Pe-e-p.' Then I said very sadly, 'Poor little Peter is all dead now'; and he closed his eyes, and lay very still and limp, with his head hanging over the side of my hand until I said, 'Now, Peter is alive again.' All this time I held my hand as still as possible. Then he turned over, and started up with a chirp, apparently very much alive. I always petted him then to his entire satisfaction.

Strange to say, he seemed to enjoy this trick immensely, and did it quite readily for my grandmother, though he always showed a marked preference for me.

I went from home once for a short visit, and I must say that, much as I wanted to go, it was with a sad heart that I left little Peter, fearing that he might forget me during my two weeks' absence. I knew I should be missed by him; for both my grandfather and grandmother often told me how lonely he was when I was away for an hour or two.

On my return I went at once and sat down near his cage to see whether he recognized me.

Imagine my delight when he came directly to the side of his cage, and in every possible way showed that he was rejoiced to see me, twittering, and crowding as close to me as the wires would allow, bobbing his head, and looking intently at me, as if he feared he might lose sight of me again.

After he had bidden me welcome he commenced to chirp and peck at one of his feet; then he would look at me and talk and peck at his foot again. Of course, I could not understand these strange actions, and looked to my grandmother inquiringly.

She smiled, and said, 'It is certainly the most wonderful thing I have ever known him to do.' Then she said: 'I did not write you about it for fear it would take all the pleasure out of your visit. Just a few days after you went away Mary, the cook, was trying to catch him to put him into his cage; you know he always objects to Mary's catching him because she swoops down upon him so like a hawk instead of scooping him up in her hand as you do. Well, after making several unsuccessful attempts, she put her clumsy hand down upon him, and her big, hard thumb came down on that very foot, and crushed the delicate little back toe. It is only within a day or two that he has been able to sit on his perch, as he could not cling on with that foot; and now he is telling you all about it. What wonderful intelligence the little fellow shows!'

I was delighted to know he had not forgotten me, and so sorry he had been made to suffer so much that I both laughed and cried.

His foot was never well again; the toe became stiff and of little use to him, though I think in time it ceased to be painful. Poor little fellow, he was never able to dance again, which was, by the way, another of his accomplishments. In his dancing-days, when he was on the floor, if I held up my finger, he would hop and skip along opposite to it, keeping up with it, and all the time dancing sidewise, stepping backward and forward, keeping time with my finger, singing with all the energy of his little being, and poised as erect as possible.

His injury, however, did not prevent him from playing 'kite,' which was another of his favorite pastimes. To play this game, we used a piece of thread about a yard long. I took hold of one end of the thread, while he took the other end in his beak. As I moved about the room, swinging my arm high and low, this way and that, he kept hold of his end of the thread. When I feared he might be getting tired, I laid my end of the thread on the table, then he would at once drop his end. But as soon as I took it up again he laid hold of it, and was ready for another 'kite-flying' trip around the room. I was always the one to give up first at this game.

Peter was very fond of his home, and, wherever he chanced to be, if he heard me close his door, he flew to it at once, and, hopping around the cage, tried in every possible way to get into it. The door was one of the kind that opens by being pushed up. When he was inside, and wanted to go out, if the door was closed, he would take hold of it with his beak and raise it. This he did many a time, notwithstanding that he never once succeeded in effecting his escape.

In the autumn, after the injury to his foot, through the carelessness of some one his cage was one day left hanging in a cold draught of air, and he took a very severe cold. His throat seemed to be affected much like that of a person who has diphtheria, and he was soon unable to swallow. He thus became a terrible little sufferer.