

ed in each other and in
t the child forgot for
w.
im how the Turks had
ins of Thessaly, where
and destroyed all
r he and a half a dozen
on a mountain and
near the pathway where
would pass on their re-
had shot so many of
nge. All these were
rounding a listener, but
ghter to relate in the
ople during those dark

to join the brigands?"
are such wicked men?"
said Themistocles,
never had. But you
other almost seventy
one daughter and one
ed when I was a little
ven children. "Then
r the mountain they
the fight and burned
soon after took sick
a prisoner for a long
ish fort. My poor old
lived in an old shed
en, with nothing but
ad on their backs, and
Oh, it was too pit-
iful of prison I tried
ot, so I joined these
t, that my old mother
en might not die of
ving even now, yet

k the English consul
er? He has a little
n and brigands from
n other people."
istocles thoughtfully
e in order to protect
and I believe I will
permission to join it.
ldier would be better

h you," begged the
w him, and he'll take
r.
adly replied Themis-
go until I can take
se you that."
ite was finished, all
Themistocles went
tment of the cavern
permission to blow
nted, as they were
ing of every one.
d the Greek national
five notes sounded
the cave. Thus en-
passed and at the end
nd the child found

er, the only meal
ake, Ernest had
own on the ground
the captain, and he
everything their table
n, cut to pieces and
n vessels with rice,
formed a large part
ets, boiled with the
n vinegar and oil,
joyed by them all.
white cheese com-
was spread upon a
nd the brigands sat
the ground. But
was a savory chop
the coals, two fresh
um milk from the
of grapes. These
pre-
dged some eight or
country below to

nest went soundly
let, but not without
f the cave and sayer
in Greek, to his
aid at his mother's
; so earnestly to be
ide a good boy, he
please, God, make
nd give their little
t, but don't let them
her and bring them
men."

robbers, whose deli-
erily-reader prayers
in rapid crossings of
acted picture, this

seemed strange and touching. They had never felt any need of forgiveness of sin, nor had they ever gone to God in any trouble and asked for help; and although, "May God help us" or "God forgive," was often on their lips, they knew nothing of any religion of the heart, and as little Ernest got in bed every one of them wiped from his eyes the tears they could not keep back.

Late that night the captain called a council of war and decided what proposition should be first sent below to the Consulate for the redemption of the child, also exact particulars of his condition. This was all to be arranged through accomplices, who, of course, would give no clue to his whereabouts, though the recapture of a prisoner is too dangerous to be undertaken, as it necessarily results in his murder. The brigands, of course, demanded at first so enormous a ransom that there would be no possibility of its being paid; but this was always done, accompanied with threats, and with the expectation of receiving in return an offer much smaller than they would receive. These negotiations would generally occupy some weeks until the two parties came to terms.

We cannot follow out each day in the life of our little captive. Every morning during the time he would awake and call old Nicholas, who slept right by his side, and ask him if it was still raining, always receiving the same answer. "Yes," he would reply, "do you not see how dark and cloudy it is? You can't go home to-day." This would often bring tears to the boy's eyes, but still, as he was never permitted to go outside the inner rooms of the cave, he never knew that it was not raining all the time, and so was content to wait. Once during this period a large army of Turks were ordered to cross over the mountains not far from this retreat of the brigands, and fearing it might mean a surprise and attack upon them, they dispersed in small parties out through the mountains to watch their movements. Those few days were very trying to little Ernest. He was taken up in the night blindfolded, though it was perfectly dark, and carried by old Petros he never knew where, but for several days he was kept in a dimly-lighted snail cave by the old man with nothing to eat but coarse bread and cheese, and water to drink from an earthen jug. Old Petros had never been specially friendly towards the child, and had always been feared by him, so the little fellow had a sad time of it, and those three days seemed long and weary. But at the end of that time his two best friends came, and Ernest was overjoyed to see them. They again blindfolded him and took him on their shoulders, this time not to the cave, but to the foot of the mountain. Old Nicholas could not help whispering to him, when it came his turn to carry the child, that it had stopped raining and they were carrying him to see his mother. The movements of the Turkish army had had no connection with his capture, and during those three days of his close confinement all the arrangements for paying the ransom and the safe delivery of the child had been made. This had not been done until the consuls in the village below had signed a contract that no effort should be made to capture the brigands who brought the child down and returned with the money. Under cover of night, near one of the mountain villages, the child was brought by Nicholas and Themistocles, who met others of the band at the appointed place, and there a party from the Consulate brought the money. The child was kept back and under concealment until the money was counted out, then the exchange was made. Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski were both there awaiting anxiously the first sight of their boy. A torchlight lit up the scene and little Ernest, no longer blindfolded but still pinioned, could see the brigands, closely masked, the party from the Consulate counting out the gold, and his father and mother standing by, fearing that even now some mistake or misunderstanding might cause their little one to be murdered. But at last the money was all counted, and as it was laid on the back of mules the child was unloosed and soon clasped in his mother's arms.

Early the next morning found Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski and little Ernest on a French steamer ready to set sail to England. They felt that the danger to their child was too great in this unsettled country. Themistocles came on board and was gladly recognized by Ernest. When Mr. and Mrs.

Kamanski learned of his great kindness to their boy, they wrote a warm letter of recommendation to the English consul who gave him employment with ample wages for the support of his old mother and little nieces and nephews. Old Petros, Nicholas, Papa Demetre, the captain, and others continued with the band till the evening of Thessaly to Free Greece two years later, November, 1881. Thus the hearts of all were made glad except perhaps old Dionysius, who, like Othello, had lost his occupation, and whose cunning and craftiness brought him more gain in times of trouble than in peace and prosperity.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

BY HOPE LEDTARD.

We all know it is most unjust to show any spirit of favoritism, yet every mother must watch against an inclination to do this very thing. Perhaps it is not the brightest or best child that she favors; perhaps just because she feared being too fond of her good, dutiful, talented boy she has overdone matters as regards a blundering, heedless, unattractive child. A relation or visitor sees her partiality in act towards the blunderer and tells her of it, and the mother not realizing that "by our deeds we shall be justified" or condemned feels hurt and indignant. Instead of watching herself carefully, she only remembers that she was once tempted to partiality towards her eldest boy, and so will not believe she can be partial to any other.

But this spirit of partiality has to be cut down and rooted out again and again. We mothers must not treat all alike, for each child requires special treatment; this one needs to be sent alone, that one is brought to the right-about by a smart whipping, a third is punished most effectually through his stomach, or rather his palate (a child's stomach should never be denied what it needs.) But while we treat our children differently, we must love them all alike. How can we do it?

I know of but one way. Ask God for his love: the natural mother love, the mere animal love which we have in common with all the brute creation, will not suffice. For instance, a child mortifies you by doing an unmanly thing before some friend. Your natural love will at once give way, and you strike out just as a cat strikes her kittens; or if you are too well-bred to strike, you have no love, no pity, at the moment for the child. You are simply provoked and perhaps would "like to shake him." But ask God for his love; let him abide in you, and you are only anxious to correct sin, loving the sinner, day by day and hour by hour, with his strong tender love. This love can only flow into our hearts as we let it flow out; it must be used if we would have it. I know this may seem unreal and paradoxical; but act it out and see how it will help you in your home. The next time Dick heedlessly breaks something, think for a moment before you say a word to the boy; try to find out God's thought as to the act, and ask Him to give you His wisdom; you know we have Scripture warrant for this.

This is the only way I know of to escape being partial, and you must give this secret to the children as they grow up. Boys should not be allowed to have their favorites. One sister may be more congenial to a boy than another, and he may choose her oftener for company, but all must share his favors alike.

We mothers should so bring up our children that they will stand by each other all through life; if one is more successful than another, let him share his success with the others. This is not a mere theory; two mothers (at least) have already brought up their children to do this, and I trust there are others.

One set of brothers in Boston agreed to share their net profits every year. The eldest brother made much more than the others, but he put his large amount in the general fund, and year after year all divide their profits. Shall we not be stimulated by such examples to cultivate in our children the spirit of that wisdom from above which is "without partiality."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TAKE ME ON SHORE.

A godly minister had a careless son, who left his home and sailed for a foreign land.

His sorrowful parents could only pray for him and send him good advice. The ship which bore their boy reached a distant port, and was waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music.

He amused them for a long time; but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him he must not go yet. "O, I can't stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ. This is about the hour when he meets us under a tree to tell us more; I want to go and hear him."

The sailors were overcome by the boy's entreaties, and rowed him ashore.

The minister's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus than that poor boy, and yet caring far less for him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the Word of Life, while I am stupid and careless."

In great distress of mind he retired that night to his bunk. There his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation he so much needed. He became a sincere Christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.—*Foreign Missionary.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 7.—Pa. 27: 1-14.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. The Lord is my light. In all the departments of vegetable, animal, moral, and spiritual life, light stands out as the foremost blessing and benefit which God confers. In physical existence this is especially true. Thousands die for lack of light. No vigorous vegetable life, no healthful animal life, can long exist without light. The pestilence "walketh in darkness." Hundreds of dark kitchens, on the north sides of houses, are responsible for the deaths that have so bedeviled the household, and left the home without a mother. Creeping vines, overshadowing verandahs, heavy curtains, closed blinds, all help to increase the death-rate, and prevent the recovery of the sick. Sir James Wyllie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent in the hospital of St. Petersburg, and he discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted was four times that of those confined in dark rooms. These different results are due to the agency of light, without a full supply of which, plants and animals maintain but a sickly and feeble existence. Light is the cheapest and best of all medicines. Nervous ailments yield to the power of sunshine. Pallid faces grow fresh and ruddy beneath its glow. The sun's rays have wonderful purifying power.—*H. L. Hastings, in The Christian.*

11. Teach me thy way. Rev. E. P. Hammond was once walking in the famous labyrinth at Hampton Court, and lost his way in it. He had thought he could find his way out by himself, but was utterly bewildered. At last, looking up, he saw a man in a high tower in the centre of the labyrinth waiting for him to look up to him. He from above could see all the way plainly, and was well acquainted with all the turnings and mysteries of the labyrinth. By his aid the evangelist soon found his way home. So God stands above us, waiting for us to look up to Him for guidance. And He sees all and knows all, will lead us in a plain path, if we trust to His direction.—*Sermon by Rev. E. P. Hammond in W. E. Crafts' book of Sermons to Children.* These facts are exactly adapted to show the effect of divine light upon the soul.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 2, 3. Prosperity, ease, and safety often tend to draw men away from God. They find the world so well ordered outwardly, that it seems able to go on its way without a God. They have themselves so

few sorrows that they never feel that sense of helplessness, of danger, of ignorance, which has made the hearts of men in every age yearn for an unseen helper, deliverer, and teacher. According to the testimony of history, the most happy and successful communities are those who, through perpetual danger and struggle, have learned in the depth to cry out of the depth to God.—*Charles Kingsley.*

2. Ver. 4. The most desirable of all things is to walk with God and to abide in perpetual communion with Him.

3. We must dwell in God's house, abide in communion with Him, in order to receive the blessing.

4. Ver. 5. Often through trouble we are led to see the inmost heart of God; we become acquainted with Him as we do with friends in the hour of need. From trouble we are taken to the secret pavilion of God.

PUZZLES.

THE PUSSY PUZZLE.



Add 65 to this Pussycat,
And see what you can make of that.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.

My body, He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when, from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen men I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I never shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.

R Rev-vamp P
O Oportio
E Barfe L
E Edmell L
R Rocco O
T Thwack K

BEHEADINGS.—1. Post, col. 2. Share, hare. 3. Revolve, evoke. 4. Splash, plash, each used. 5. Brush, rush. 6. Bleach, teach, each. 7. Dangle, angle.

WORD SQUARE.

CORN
O BOE
R O P E
N E E D

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

S C R A P E
C R A P E
R A P
R A P
C R A W
C R A W
S P R A W I S