



### "TENTING."

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

The summer air was bright with sunshine and fragrant with blossoms, but Ethel, sitting by her open window with hands dropped listlessly in her lap, looked out wearily upon all the beauty of earth and sky. Up the street a hand-organ was grinding out "Sweet Home," and the girl's eyes filled with tears as she caught the strains. She was not longing for her home—in other circumstances she would have enjoyed this visit to a quiet Southern town—but she was home-sick for the old free, active life before she became an invalid.

Aunt Jane, Ethel's attendant and censor, was constantly reminding her that she "ought to be thankful it was not something likely to last always, after having had such a fall," instead of an injury which the physicians thought a year of rest might wholly overcome. But a year appeared a great deal to take out of her busy young life just when—so it seemed to Ethel—she needed it most. No school for her in all that time, and the other girls would gain so much.

"It is so much taken out of my life!" sighed Ethel.

Nearer came the organ, until it stopped before Ethel's window, and began playing "Sweet Home" once more, while its owner sent a dejected-looking monkey around to collect pennies. The little creature ran here and there among the group on the sidewalk; then, spying

Ethel at the window, he scrambled up the railing, clung to the shutter, and in a moment dropped into her lap. So sudden was the movement, such a queer, old little face it was that looked with odd grimaces into hers, that Ethel laughed, though half frightened. But when she would have pushed him aside, the monkey chattered and whined and seemed begging to stay in the comfortable quarters he had so unexpectedly found.

"Poor fellow! Has the music made you, too, home-sick for the old free days?" said Ethel.

The monkey whined and laid his hand on his head, as if he were trying to recollect old times; but an impatient twitch of his cord from the master outside reminded him forcibly of the present, and he departed as he had come.

The incident had aroused Ethel a little, and she leaned forward and looked from the window. The organ had changed its music to "Tenting To-night," but the girl had heard the tune with the words of an old hymn, and these came back to her now:

"Many are the voices calling us away  
Calling to the better land.

"Once they were mourners here below  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
'With doubts and griefs and fears,"

she hummed softly, under her breath.

"Fears and griefs not so very unmine, either—some of them," she mused. "There were such long waiting-places—some of their lives also—Noah in the ark, Elijah alone on the mount, and Moses those forty years of keeping sheep in the desert must have seemed a dreadful large portion out of his life, and after had been fitting himself for such great things, too! But then God was fitting him for still greater things, and by the very means, though he could not know when. It was not loss; it was gain."

The organ-grinder completed his tune and moved on, but Ethel still sat busily thinking. Aunt Jane, coming in a little later, found Ethel gathering books and writing-materials about her and cheerfully taking up what she could do.

"Well!" exclaimed that worthy lady in astonishment. "If I had known that monkey and an organ-grinder were all you needed to cheer you up, I'd have had him something of the sort long ago."

Ethel only laughed, but years after, her busy, useful life, she traced her most efficient preparation and drill, for her we back to that long season when she was "only encamped and waiting for marching-orders."

### SLEEPING IN JAPAN.

We look at the picture and think very strange. The bed is a mat laid up the floor, and the pillow is a small wooden block upon which the head just at neck rests. Our own customs, modes of sleeping, eating, dressing, etc., are being introduced into Japan, and, best of all, they are being taught about our Jesus.



SLEEPING IN JAPAN.