

Oh, yes, among his possessions he counted a sympathetic friend, also poor. Harry and this young theological student secured second-class passage on a good steamer, for twenty dollars each way—on a steamer where the clean quarters made up for the plain food and lack of style. They had a fine passage, during which they studied, read, and grew intellectually.

After landing they wheeled off on the smooth roads, seeing something noteworthy every mile of the way. Each night, they found some little inn or a clean cottage, and for a small sum had good beds and abundant food. What appetites they had! They shunned high-priced hotels, and obtained good dinners elsewhere for twenty-five cents. If it stormed they rested or went by rail, third class, improving this opportunity of meeting people and talking with them.

Every day was filled with profit and pleasure, and they spent only about one dollar a day. At the end of three months they were not penniless, and felt indeed richer than millionnaires. Their trip was a success.

Again, two teachers, women, took their wheels and for very little more than the young men had spent, passed a delightful and profitable vacation in England. One of them returned with photographs illustrating the whole trip—castles, mountains, lakes, palaces, and lovely landscapes. In the notebook of her companion were pages of material which later made the writer able to fix to each picture its own proper study or story, and so there crept into print a pretty little book that justified its being and paid its way so well that its young and enthusiastic author said, 'Some day I will go again and know more.'

If it is right for you to travel, if you long to see the old world and its accumulated treasures, assure yourself where there is a will there is usually a way, sooner or later. Learn all you can, by way of getting ready, and you will have a sure recompense in that, if you never go at all. If you find that you must, after all, stay at home, remember the saying of the old man that, 'mankind in general is very much like the generality of mankind,' and that if one sees all there is to see, and learns all there is to know, in and about any one spot on earth, that person is very wise; and he can be very interesting, if he will be simple-hearted, unselfish, and love his neighbor as himself.

The story is told of one who 'dined with the gods,' and returning to earth 'remembered only the pattern of the tablecloth.' There are many who have travelled this world over and have come home no wiser, no richer, morally or intellectually.

'Diving and finding no pearls in the sea

Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.'

said the old Persian poet, and it is as true to-day as it was centuries ago when it was written.

I would rather face heathenism in any form than the liquor traffic in Africa. I have gone many times into the native heathen towns to preach the gospel, and found the whole town, men, women and children, in excitement over a barrel of rum that had been opened to be drunk by the town people. And when I reproved them they have replied: 'What do you white people make rum and bring it to us for if you don't want us to drink it?'—Miss Agnes McAlister.

## Prayer Killed the Grasshopper.

Between the years 1873 and 1877 Minnesota was visited by a plague of grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locusts, which so increased from season to season that the farmers of the state were practically ruined, business was at a standstill, and men's desire to fight the pest was so worn out that the state of mind of the entire community was one of despair. Every means known had been tried to exterminate the insects except prayer, and finally towards spring of the year 1877, Gov. John S. Pillsbury made a proposal to some of the ministers who had importuned him to issue a proclamation appointing a day for prayer throughout the state.

'Get up an expression,' said he, 'setting forth just what it is that you propose, and have it general, and if it meets with my approval I will do as you wish.'

This was done, and an expression from many of the ministers of the State requesting that a day be appointed for fasting and prayer was handed to the Governor.

Upon this he decided to act, and a proclamation, of which the following is a copy, was issued:

'State of Minnesota, Executive Department, St. Paul, April 9, 1877.

'A general desire having been expressed in various religious bodies in this State for an official designation of a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in view of the threatened continuation of the grasshopper scourge, I do hereby, in recognition of our dependence upon the power and wisdom of Almighty God, appoint Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of April, instant, to be observed for such purpose throughout the State; and I invite the people, on the day thus set apart, to withdraw from their ordinary pursuits, and in their homes and places of public worship, with contrite hearts, to beseech the mercy of God for the sins of the past and His blessing upon the worthier aims of the future.

'In the shadow of the locust plague, whose impending renewal threatens desolation of the land, let us humbly invoke, for the efforts we make in our defence, the guidance of that hand which alone is adequate to stay "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction which wasteth the noonday." Let us pray for deliverance from an affliction which robs the earth of her bounties, and in behalf of the sufferers therefrom let us plead for comfort to the sorrowful, healing for the sick, succor for the perishing, and larger faith and love for all who are heavily laden.

'Let us, moreover, endeavor to deserve a new prosperity by a new realization of the opportunity vouchsafed to those things which make for the well-being of men and the glory of God.

J. S. PILLSBURY,  
Governor.'

Of course this attracted widespread attention and caused much comment. In the State the Governor's action was in general heartily endorsed, though a few so-called liberal leagues ridiculed his proclamation. One member of such a society wrote to the Governor and asked him carefully to take note of the condition of the grasshoppers the day before the day of prayer and again the day after to see the

effect of the invocations which would go up from all the churches.

Among the God-fearing people the proclamation created a profound impression. Though not prepared to hazard an opinion as to the probable effect of their united prayers, they resolved to observe the day in the most devout manner. I well remember hearing our minister read the proclamation from the pulpit, and then in solemn tones exhort his people to assemble in the house of worship on the 26th day of April, and there lend their voices to the general appeal from an evil for which the power of man was helpless.

When the day came an air of Sabbath stillness proclaimed that it was not as other days. The unusualness of the occasion impressed all alike, and the scoffers had little to say. Shops and places of business were generally closed, and when the bells announced the hour of service, men and women in Sunday attire, went their way to their places of worship.

In recalling that day, recently, Gov. Pillsbury said:

'I never saw a stiller day in Minneapolis.'

The 27th of April, the day following the day of prayer, the sun shone clear and hot over Minnesota, and an almost summer-like warmth penetrated the moist earth, down to the larvae of the myriads of grasshoppers. Quickened by the genial warmth, the young locusts crawled to the surface in numbers that made the countless swarms of the preceding summer seem insignificant; in numbers sufficient to destroy the crops and hopes of a dozen States. For a day or two the mild and balmy weather lasted, then it grew colder, and one night the moist earth was frozen and with it the unhatched larvae and the young and crawling locusts above ground. And though the earth thawed again in a few days, the locusts, with the exception of a few, had disappeared. 'And,' to quote Gov. Pillsbury, 'we have never seen any grasshoppers since.'—Philadelphia 'Saturday Evening Post.'

## How a Quarrel Begins.

(Hindu Folk Lore.)

(By Effie Hallock Braddock, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Once upon a time said a farmer to his wife, 'Suppose we keep a buffalo.'

'Very good,' said the wife; 'only it were wise to count up the necessary cost before buying her. If we get a buffalo we must get a peg to tie her to.'

'Yes,' said the farmer, 'and a rope to tie her with.'

'And a cask to feed her in.'

'And a blanket to keep her warm.'

'And a pail to milk her into.'

'And a churn.'

'And a butter paddle,' said the wife, 'and I think that is all, except that we might get a second pail so that I might give my mother half the buttermilk.'

'What!' shouted the farmer, 'you feed your mother on my buffalo's buttermilk!'

'And why not, pray? If my mother hadn't fed me you would have had no wife to churn your buttermilk for you!'

'And a good thing that would have been for me. If my mother hadn't been inveigled into promising me to you—who knows? I might have married a princess!'

'Well, since you are so grieved you got me instead of your grand princess—who