

## The Abstinence of a Camel.

In nearly four years of experience I have never met with a really vicious camel, except when they are in a state called by the Arabs "saim," which means "fasting." As regards the camel's stomach, I believe it is identical to some as that of any other ruminant, or that, at any rate, there is no formation of stomachs which would enable him to do without water.

His abstinence is merely the result of training, and it is a fallacy to suppose that he is better without water or can work as well. In the camel corps, we watered our camels every second day in the summer, every third day in winter, giving them their fill of water morning and evening on those days; but if in the summer we expected a long desert march without water, we trained them beforehand by only watering every third day; but I never found that this improved their condition.

The Arabs keep their camels longer without water, it is true, but then they travel slower and their animals are grazed on soft food, containing a certain amount of moisture; this lowers their condition and makes them inferior to a corn-fed camel when hard work and long, fast journeys have to be done.

We always found that if we put a grass-fed Arab camel alongside of ours it failed in work and endurance; if corn-fed, it cried out for water as soon and sooner than ours did. I say "cried out," because a camel when it wants water moans continually, and there is no more painful sound at night in the desert than the ceaseless moaning of thirsty camels.—Cornhill Magazine.

## No Excuse Allowed.

A successful business man told me there were two things he learned when he was eighteen years old which were every afterwards of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do, then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lax and careless habit of the mind, which he cured."—Country Gentleman.

## A Queer Family.

"Snails are disgusting things!" said Lily.

Miss Edgewood, the teacher, said: "Nothing that God has made is disgusting. Even snails are interesting."

"I don't see how," grumbled Lily.

"Come to my house, and I will show you," said the teacher.

The children were all fond of their teacher, and on Saturday afternoon six girls went to her house.

"Oh, what funny things? Some snails, such as Lily had called 'disgusting.'"

Miss Edgewood had taken a glass jar and put a dozen snails in it. They crawled about and looked so "cute" that the girls were delighted.

Miss Edgewood tapped on the glass and the snails came to the top of the water.

"Let me do it," said Lily. But when she tapped, the snails would not come.

"Do they know you, Miss Edgewood?" said the girls.

"I do not know," answered the teacher.

What do you think about it?—Picture World.

## Let Us Go Home.

"Let us go home, the day is done,

And softly steals the pale young moon,  
A silver shadow of the sun,

Athwart the broken haze of noon,

Let us go home; the summer night

Is all for you and me, my lass;

The years have stolen half our sight,

But come; there's one more stile to pass.

"Let us go home, the corn is ripe,

And yellow falls the driven leaf,

What are they but the golden type—

The richer hopes that springs from grief?

Let us go home; the dawn was fair,

The noon was full, the eve is sweet;

The night may hide enough of care—

But love shall guide our homeward feet.

"Let us go home! we cannot stay,

Our eyes are blind—or is it night?

You, dear, shall lead our homeward way;

Let us go home; our love is strong,

But here, before you, stands the stile,

My hand, good wife, 'twill not be long,

I'll join you in a little while!"

—Frederick G. Bowles.

## The Luxury of Faith.

"What will Mildred do?" "How can she bear it?" "How hard it all is!" So Mildred

Lawson's girl friends exclaimed over what they called her hard lot! It was the old story of loss and changes, but it was a new story to this family, and Mildred's part of the burden seemed peculiarly heavy. "To think," said one of the girls, "that Mildred must go away now, when her mother is so far from strong! How anxious

she will be! And then there is no certainty about her finding work to do. Her friends in the city only promise to do all they can to find something for her." So the friend went on lamenting, and all the rest bewailed Mildred's lot.

But Jean Fraser, the most intimate friend of all, talked with Mildred herself. "You will have to give up so much and do without so many things!" she exclaimed, with passionate sympathy. "You don't know how things will come out, either. Oh, it is so hard."

But Mildred's young face was bright as she answered her mate: "Mother has made me feel," she said, "that I have one great luxury left that is worth everything. She calls it the luxury of trusting. She says there is a wonderful rest in simply believing that God will keep His Word and bring out everything right, and then leave it to Him to do it. Of course, when we see just how it is to be there is no faith needed; but when there's nothing else to do but trust, we can try the luxury of leaving it all to our Father. I mean to try it, Jean."

And she did. She had many an opportunity to fall back on this one luxury, and she was richer in faith because she was poorer in other things. The luxury of simply trusting is within reach of all. Who will prove its rest and comfort?—Julia H. Johnston, in *Classmate*.

Pardon commands holiness. "Go and sin no more," is the command to those forgiven and headed.

## Waste.

There is a tragic form of waste going on all the time, the waste of intelligent human thought in a dull family circle, the continual expenditure of ideas on an irresponsible audience, while persons exist to whom every word dropped might be full of charm, every hint a cue for enthusiastic appreciation. There is a waste of handsome musical instruments in hands that can bring from them no response, while those who might give us the music of the spheres pine in an attic, and perform their wonders on a tinkling keyboard acquired by hire system, or perhaps at a cheap auction. There is also the waste of books, where none care to open them, while others are clamoring for mental pabulum, for a chance for reference or for solace in desolation. Again, how many childish looks, how many caresses are thrown away by the young on mothers who are too encumbered with olive branches to spend time in small tendernesses, while lonely wives sit neglected with never a word to prattle delicious inanities into their sorrowful ears. And there is other waste, too—the waste of the words, "I love you"—that is banded like a tennis ball in the drawing-rooms of the frivolous, while some meritorious persons, really noble, if plain of feature, are doomed to pass from cradle to grave without once hearing so beatific, so coveted, a confession. There are some who may not even pick up the fragments that remain; there are others who spend their affections and their company on the unworthy, never understanding the giving of true sunshine, while there are those to whom such affection and such company would be worth more than Golconda. It is a topsy-turvy world, but perhaps, could we bear in mind the store some might set on the things we fail to appreciate, we might be assisted to cultivate toleration of our misfortunes and a certain stock of content.—New York Tribune.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them,

friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.

The first question is, What is my relation to God? Until that is answered, all else is in doubt.

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Thank God, there are some men and women full of the power of the gospel, who cannot rest satisfied till they have opened their very hearts, and given the poor wayfaring men the only thing which is really their own—their faith, their energy, their hope of God.—Phillips Brooks.

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Have we not too often forgotten the real meaning of the verb, "to comfort?" It is "comfort"—to strengthen much. He who increases the power to bear does even more than he who decreases the burden.—The Churchman.

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Be useful where thou livest, that they may Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still—Find out men's wants and will, And meet them there. All worldly joys go less To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—George Herbert.

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The rarest of all the graces is not faith, of which so much is said in the Scripture; not courage, which the world rates so highly; but love. "The greatest of these is love." And that is love but the holding of one's life at the service of whatever human need may appeal for help?—J. R. Miller, D.D.