

church, he politely made I, "Pardon me, sir; but I think you are occupying my pew." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the facts of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colosse to the Epissians," while the other read "knee of an idol" for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the writer has frequently attended, was liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus we have heard him speak of the "imperfurities" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfections" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into one.—*The Spectator*.

A Long Voyage.

BY ELIZABETH H. FENN.

He came I say one summer day,
And we remember him
As we remember all things bright
When the great world is dim.
He said good-bye with beaming smiles,
In youthful life and light,
And shining waters marked his path
As he sailed out of sight.
Now many lives that long to see
Where his pure soul has gone,
Have caught a glimpse of holy heaven
And hope to follow on.

Ah! that is not a broken heart
That pains your heavy breast,
Father and mother! Heart strings ache,
But ye indeed are blest.
No wandering way shall ever wait
To lure his feet astray;
But pity parents who must see
Their dearest grow away
From light and life, with God's good law
All trampled in the dust
Where souls are lost, and I still must say,
The dreadful end is just.

Forever safe! Heaven bless the boy!
We do not need to say,
For he is blest above the grief
That pains your hearts to-day.
Forever safe! He cannot mourn,
Nor ever sigh nor sin;
The cares that throng around your path
Can never trouble him.

How far he sailed! But they sent back
The semblance that he wore,
While fairer waters than the lake
His spirit ventured o'er—
The mystic sea of endless life
That spreads before the throne.
Now he is heaven's. Make heaven sure,
For he is still your own.

Ten Pages a Day.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

ONE page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence in which that thought, or any part of it, was expressed. Even slight effort at "giving attention" will increase power of concentration. The world opened by that single page, may awaken a new intellectual interest, quicken curiosity, sharpen appetite, and suggest thoughts of his own in the mind of the reader.

The simple passing of well expressed ideas across his mental horizon will enlarge his world, enrich his mind, refine his tastes, increase his vocabulary, and give him a new interest in the people he meets and in the topics which obtrude themselves upon his attention in these busy days, when everybody is thinking, and when great events are crowding into

the wonderful history now being made. One page a day guarantees so much gain of knowledge and power to the attentive and interested reader.

Of course the result of one page will be scarcely appreciable. One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain three hundred and sixty-five days. One page a day will, therefore, grow in one year into a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages. Now, at three hundred pages to a book, one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes. He who in a decade reads with interested and inquiring attention twelve volumes, is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single page should stimulate thought, that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar." He may be, in some sense, a master of twelve big books. And if they be the right books, no master of a larger library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.

There is one better thing that the coral-building process of scholar-building has done for the busy man who gave to books five minutes a day. It has trained him to system, steadiness, and fidelity. He has done one thing regularly. He has brought his will to bear on a worthy object, and has done it with persistency and system. As a consequence, his character is more stable, his faith in the power of purpose and of habit more firm, and his daily life more fully under the law of duty. He is worth more in business. He makes a better husband and father; and his church life gains in manifold ways.

If our page a day sage be a banker or a blacksmith—both useful and respectable occupations, and neither one a whit more honourable than the other, if the hands that finger the iron or the silver be honest hands—the wide range of reading secured by a well-chosen dozen of best books, will place him in a large, varied, and productive world, and save him from the belittling and petrifying effects of "business." He will be first a man and then a toiler—not merely a machine in the form and with the unused forces of a man, a sort of man-hammer or man-calculator, or one horse-man power let out to employers for so many dollars a day. He will be a husband—a house-band of gold to his beloved. She will forget the trade he works at, as she rejoices in the grace and manliness of him who works at it, but is not worked out or worked down by it. He will be a father, of whose knowledge and skill in books and in questions of the day, his children can be proud; and the more they know, and the higher they rise, the prouder they become of the man they call "father." He who thus reads votes more wisely, prays more reverently, talks more intelligently, gives more liberally, lives more steadily, and his most discriminating friends—who knew him before and who know him now—say, with an approving and enthusiastic nod of the head, "A page a day did it."

There is another thing to be said about our "five-minute man." It will not be long before his eyes run from the finished page to the next and the next. Within thirty days you will find five minutes growing into fifteen or twenty, and five pages taking the place of one. "I can't wait," he says. "One page a day don't keep the thinking-machine in grist."

While he works with his hands he asks questions, and wonders how the author would answer them, and thinks on his own account along the lines of his inquiry, and puts questions to men and women whom he meets, stirring them up to ask the same

and other questions. Thus strengthened, stimulated, and afire, he goes on and grows on, and at the end of the first half of his first decade he has averaged more than thirty minutes a day, and the books he has read and marked and re-read stand on his shelves, decorate his house, break windows through the walls and skylights in the roof, and make his home a bright centre of the universe. His children go to the public-school, but are taught as much and as well by their parents as by their professional teachers. His children stay through the high-school course, and then they advance to the college. What did it? I will tell you what began it: a page a day.

Now, can this scheme be systematized? Wanted: A course of voluntary reading for the out-of-school multitudes, requiring no rigid examinations, allowing outline memoranda to be examination-papers for those who desire self-testing, depending for real "study" upon the desire to know which the mature mind once awakened is sure to feel, and the perusal of good books sure to excite.

If this scheme could present in attractive form, and in pure English, the subject matter of the ordinary college course, so that graduates might review, preparatory students preview, and non-graduates enjoy the "college outlook," we should bring more closely together the homes and the colleges of the land, secure more sympathy from parents with the higher education, more students in the universities, more popular favour, more government appropriations, more domestic, religious, and social prosperity; and thus "one page a day" would grow into public libraries, widespread reading habits, and busy school-life, successful and expanding colleges, and the nation would gain in strength and glory as the people became more thoughtful, reverent, stable, and independent.

Is "Chatauqua" unknown to your readers, dear Mr. Editor? And is there one of them who has never heard of "The Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle?"—*S. S. Times*.

How to do Little Things.

A VERY sensible writer says to young persons, "Whatever you do, if it be only to put on your hat or throw aside your gloves, do it decidedly and earnestly, eschewing all listlessness." Don't laugh at this little bit of advice, for, simple as it is, I assure you it is more important than you imagine. Why? Because if you are listless in little things you will be listless also in great ones. And if you put energy of will into small matters you will acquire the energy of will requisite for the doing of important duties. Without such acquired energy of will you cannot give that attention to study and work which is essential to success. Remember that the main thing in achieving results is attention; close attention, energetic attention, continued attention. To gain this power you must will to do even little things with an energy which while it uses also increases strength. Be strong-willed, therefore, but be sure that you are also right-willed.—*Our Youth*.

RIFLE bullets are now photographed in their course. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is made to traverse. As it passes the camera it interrupts an electric circuit, and produces a spark, which illuminates it for an instant, and enables the impression to be taken. The wave of condensation in the air before the bullet, and the refraction behind it, are visible on the photograph, and can be studied by experts, thus enabling the form of ball or rifle which minimizes the resistance of the air to be selected.