

When mamma came in, she found Nora looking just like another little girl; and when papa came home he found mamma looking like another mamma; and, at the supper table, mamma and papa were so happy that it made Martha, the servant, feel better; and, out in the kitchen, she said to John: "It all comes from the visit of that little Sunbeam."

At any rate, Nora began to get well from that time; and mamma and papa Stillwell always pray: "God bless the little Sunbeams all over the land, especially the 'c'mittees' who take sunshine to little sick girls."—*Agnes Anne Osborne, in The Gem.*

#### THE LAST DAY.

Were this the last of earth,  
This very day,  
How should I think and act?  
What should I say?  
Would not I guard my heart  
With earnest prayer?  
Would not I serve my friends  
With loving care?

How tender every word  
As the hours wane!  
"Like this we shall not sit  
And talk again."  
How soft the beating heart  
That soon must cease!  
What glances carry love—  
What heavenly peace!

And yet this fleeting life  
Is one last day;  
How long soe'er its hours,  
They will not stay.  
O heart, be soft and true  
While thou dost beat;  
O hands, be swift to do;  
O lips, be sweet!

—Selected.

#### MEMORIES OF THE FAR EAST.

The following memories of the East are written by one of the students of Wycliffe College, Toronto, whose father, a retired clergyman of the Church of England, was working in Persia as a missionary and interpreter. His stories and adventures will be found interesting to the boys and girls of the Canadian Church:

"Although it is many years since the happy time that I spent as a child in Oriental lands, I have very vivid recollections of my life there. If you look on a good map of Western Asia, and particularly at a country called

Persia, will see a lake, very small, just to the southwest of the Caspian Sea. This lake is called Uramyah, and on its southern shore is a town, having the same name. 'Myah' in the Persian language means 'water,' so that the name means, 'the waters of Ura.' What 'Ura' means I do not know. Probably it is a personal name. The northwestern portion of Persia is the most healthy, as it is more hilly than the other parts. The central and northeastern portions, in fact, are composed almost wholly of dry, arid deserts of salt, more to be dreaded than deserts of sand. But in the hilly northwest the climate is delightful. There, in summer, the peach, the pear, the apple and the orange grow to a state of perfection which can only be reached by those fruits in their native home, for any botanist will tell you that Persia was their original home, from whence they have been introduced into the countries where they now grow. Grapes, too, in fact all fruits of the temperate zone, reach a state of excellence seldom equalled. How different to the other parts of that great country where nothing but salt, salt, salt, is to be found, accompanied by intense heat!

When winter visits this hilly region, it is quite cold. All water freezes over, snow falls to the depth of a foot or so, and in spite of its southern latitude, the cold is as intense as it is in England. This is due to its elevated position.

The Persians are adepts in the art of irrigation. They make use of every drop of water, for they know its value. In times past droughts have visited their land, which taught them their need for irrigation, so that in times when water is scarce, the land gets as much as possible, and when water is plentiful, it is well distributed. In the town of Uramyah (pronounced Ura-meé-ah), every house has a garden, and in the garden there are always one or more pits about 20 feet square, usually lined with stone. Then there are others, never lined with stone, and of irregular shape. The latter are

always in the gardens, the former are sometimes in the courtyards in front of the houses. You will see what these pits are for, in a minute. There are mountains rising behind the town, and the lake Uramyah is in front of it. Many streams rise in the mountains and run down to the lake. But before reaching it they have to run through an intricate system of artificial channels, for the purpose of watering the land. At Uramyah these channels are so arranged that one or more pass through the garden of every house, sometimes through the courtyard too. Thus, in our garden, there was a shallow pit, roughly circular, and about 18 feet across. A stream ran into our garden from the next one under the wall. It filled up the pit, and then went along the channel into the next garden, where it did the same thing, and so on, till it reaches the lake. In our courtyard was a similar system, but its channel was deeper, and the pit into which it went before proceeding on its journey was about 20 feet square by about 12 feet deep, and was lined with stone. Its water was reserved for drinking purposes, while the water of the other stream served for watering the garden, in which grew all kinds of fruit, as well as flowers and vegetables.

I would like to tell you about my varied experiences in that place, when I was a child; how I was once nearly drowned, how our neighbour's house was once attacked by mountain brigands in the night, how the Armenians and Jews are oppressed, and many other things, but space, or rather, the lack of it, compels me to come to a close.

However, at some future time I hope to give you some more of my memories of that wonderful land in the far, far East.

F. WAHL.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing is stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because love is born of God, and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.