

An avalanche is a great lump, or great slice, of snow or ice, that slides down from the higher part of the hill to a lower part. The avalanches of which we are now speaking are chiefly loose avalanches of snow. These come down so suddenly, and move with such speed, that any one who is in the way has hardly a chance of escape. But of course it may happen that he is just caught by a heavy fall of snow, and then, if the dogs or the monks are in time, he is found and saved.

The great dog Barry was, I suppose, the best of the St. Bernard dogs. If he saw bad weather coming on, he would go out, whoever kept indoors, and would spend his time in scratching and barking and searching for lost travelers in the snow. Once he found in a sort of cavern a little boy who had gone to sleep with the cold. We all know that if a person once goes off in this numb sort of sleep, he never wakes of his own accord, but dies in his slumber. Barry smelt the little boy under the snow, and scratched till he got him out. He then licked him till he awoke him, and actually made the boy understand that he was to get upon his back and hold on by his neck. Barry carried his living burden safe to the hospice or refuge, and the boy's life was saved. After Barry died he was stuffed, and he may be seen to this day in the Museum at Berne.

A Simple Relief for Lung Trouble.

It has long been known that pine needle pillows would alleviate persons affected with lung troubles, and a Florida editor relates an incident in support of the fact as follows: During a visit to the home of a most estimable lady living on Indian River, this editor was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles. This lady having heard that there was peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand, made one from fine soft pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine shavings pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles abated at once after sleeping a few nights on these pillows. An invalid suffering with lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap, and the *Christian at Work* says it makes a very pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odor of the pine permeating the entire room and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant odors.

Pray in Christ's Name.

It is absolutely essential to successful prayer that we offer our petitions in the name of Christ. This clearly means that we ask in His spirit or in His stead. We must ask what would not be out of place for Him to ask were He here, ask as His servant, bearing His commission, standing in His place.

Very much that men commonly ask for is cut off at once when this test is applied. Most prayers are selfish prayers; and Christ never thought of self, or pleased self, or sought His own glory. It would be impossible to imagine Him offering the majority of the petitions which His followers present. We can use His name only when we are asking in the interests of His cause, just as a servant can use the master's name in making purchases, only so far as he buys in the interests of that master and by his authorization.

It is the motive in asking that makes all the difference in the world whether our prayers have favorable or unfavorable issue. Wrong motives furnish a fully sufficient explanation for a vast number of unanswered prayers. Christ will not countersign petitions that are offered for the progress of some petty scheme of our own without reference to the advancement of His kingdom.

Friendship.

Friendship is one of the boons that life can have. As Bacon says, "it redoubleth joys and cutteth grief in halves." But where brotherhood is united with it, it attains a still richer result; for then it has a world of memories and early associations in common—the mutual love of the same honored

parents, the recollections of the same beloved home and of past scenes vividly impressed on the minds of both, in which no other friend, however clear, can possibly share.

What the World Says.

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, O try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have but little idea of the comfort of freedom from it. It is bliss. All this caring for what people say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it.

In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you.

Roll your burden on Him and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; Thou art the potter. Mould me as Thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it; just as Thou wilt, but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. O; the comfort that comes from this!—*General Gordon.*

Muskoka Lakes.

Pretty soon the exodus of people for the hot months will begin, and the absorbing question is where shall we go this summer? Those who have once enjoyed a summer in Muskoka, can never forget the benefit derived from the bracing atmosphere of the high waters of Canada, the Muskoka Lakes being 790 feet above the level of the sea and some 550 feet higher than Lake Ontario. There is one thing which Muskoka possesses in a pre-eminent degree, and which I regret to say is too little known, that it is a wonderful health resorting climate in summer, especially for those affected with lung troubles. Being so near our own doors, there is no place one can go to spend a short vacation at so little expense, and no fatiguing journey, as to the sea side resorts. One only has five hours ride on the cars and then take the boat for any part of the lakes; those who want a convenient place to stop, will find the lower part of Lake Rosseau the most desirable, being about the centre of the three lakes, when one can take the boat any day for a trip around the lakes; those in search of a nice comfortable place cannot do better than go to the "Paignton House," which is beautifully situated at Cleveland, Lake Rosseau (see advertisement, first page), where there is good safe bathing and boating; and those who are fond of fishing should take a stock of worms; then they can enjoy the fun of catching the black bass and pickerel, or go trolling for salmon trout in deep water. For those who have never visited Muskoka, a short description of the trip might be interesting. You leave Toronto at eight in the morning and reach Allandale at about half-past eleven, remaining long enough to partake of refreshments, and then stop at Barrie, and a short run brings you to Orillia, a pretty town on the charming waters of Lake Couchiching, and then on you go and soon reach Gravenhurst, where a lively scene meets your eye—hundreds of pleasure seekers looking after baggage, camping equipments, &c., &c.

Gravenhurst is situated at the lower end of Lake Muskoka; when the boat steams out in the lake, one is almost lost in admiration of the beauty of the scenery, putting one in mind of a sail through the Thousand Islands; the boat stops at several islands to let off campers before reaching Beaufort; here you meet two other boats, and passengers disperse for different points, the steamers "Nipissing" and "Kenozah" continuing north to Port Carling, which is prettily situated on Indian River, which connects Lake Muskoka with Lake Rosseau, and contains two hotels and several stores, and is, in fact, the centre of supplies for the campers on the numerous islands on Lake Rosseau; the "Kenozah" goes north, calling at Windermere, Judhaven, Maplehurst and Rosseau; and the steamer "Nipissing" goes west, calling at Ferndale, Cleveland, Gregory, Port Sandfield, and many other places on the way to Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph.

The Proper Way to Sit

A proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place, says Caroline Le Row in *May Ladies' Home Journal*. Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; if not, they will have no point of support, and it will be found that they do not need it. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. It allows a proper position of the shoulders, consequently of the chest, consequently of the lungs, stomach, and every other organ of the body. Their work is carried on naturally and comfortably, as is also the circulation of the blood, which in a wrong sitting position is seriously interfered with. With the feet resting squarely upon the floor, the hands resting easily upon the lap, perfect equilibrium and consequently perfect rest of the body is secured. There is no strain upon any part of the body; no muscle or organ is required to do more than its legitimate amount of work. The arms should never be folded; for this position not only causes a strain upon the spine, and all the other evils already referred to, but, in addition, places the weight of the arms upon the stomach and the diaphragm, thereby increasing the labor of digestion and respiration. Placing the hands behind the back, if possible, is a good attitude to take occasionally, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion of the whole upper part of the body.

Cheerfulness.

Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

—Charles Lamb, in one of his letters to Coleridge, says: "I think, sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? . . . The days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for kind offices of love if Heaven's eternal year be ours. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings, and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship; these shall give him peace at last, these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

—In the February number of *Nature Notes*, Mr. Robert Morley vouches for the accuracy of a story which seems to indicate the possibility of very tender feeling in monkeys. A friend of Mr. Morley's a native of India, was sitting in his garden, when a loud chattering announced the arrival of a large party of monkeys, who forthwith proceeded to make a meal off his fruits. Fearing the loss of his entire crop he fetched his fowling-piece, and, to frighten them away, fired it off, as he thought, over the heads of the chattering crew. They all fled away, but he noticed, left behind upon a bough, what looked like one fallen asleep with its head resting upon its arms. As it did not move, he sent a servant up the tree, who found that it was dead, having been shot through the heart. He had it fetched down and buried beneath the tree; and on the morrow he saw, sitting upon the little mound, the mate of the dead monkey. It remained there for several days bewailing its loss.