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The light of Christ enables the heathen person to see a number of things clearly which he never saw before. He sees for the first time that bad and wicked things are bad; things that seemed harmless enough when it was all dark are seen as they really are. Torturing enemies taken prisoner in battle, killing little children, leaving sick or old people by themselves to die—things like that he slowly learns are *sins*, dark, ugly sins. The light shows him that, just as the morning light tells the traveller what the black bog really is, and that is, a dangerous and foul thing.

Once a missionary saw a little heathen boy torturing a dog. He was, horrible to recall, slowly roasting it to death. But when the missionary told him it was cruel and wicked, he couldn't understand it at all; he only said, "It's *my* dog, why shouldn't I do what I like with it?" Just as if the living, breathing thing had been a block of wood.

Ah, there was no light yet in his heart to show him that cruelty was a hideous sin.

But have you ever found out this truth for yourself? That light, Christ's light, makes a great difference to *you*. Do not some things seem nasty and bad to you now which did not before?

For since you had Christ's light in your heart, you see them as they really are.

Once some boys were wandering in a wood, and they came upon an old deserted cottage. It looked rather tumbled-down, but when they had clambered up the shaky stairs, they came upon a room which looked at first sight fairly habitable; a board was nailed over the window, but a narrow chink of light came in, and showed a table, an arm-chair, and a fireplace.

"Why, what a capital place!" the boys exclaimed; "let's have our luncheon here."

But first they thought it as well to wrench down the board in front of the window. When they had done so it seemed as if a flood of light rushed in.

And what difference did that make, do you suppose? Why the greatest difference in the world. Everything in that room looked horrible and repulsive. There was a heap of dirty straw in one corner, some gnawed bones, bits of mouldy bread, filthy rags strewn about. They ran down stairs in a hurry, and afterwards they found out that a miserable outlaw and robber used to hide here to get out of reach of the law.

I dare say the darkness and dirt suited *him* best. But to other people how horrible it all seemed.

Well, that is an illustration of the effect of light.

Just so it is with the light of Christ. Does not that make the greatest possible difference? For instance, coarse or indecent jokes, and bad talk about things that had better not be mentioned; once there not only seemed "no harm," but rather fun to dabble in all that. But now the pure light of Jesus shows you clearly enough how black and nasty all such talk is. And you wonder how you could ever have found the least pleasure in it! For you are striving, I believe, to walk as a child of light now.

Do you seem to want more light in your heart, that you may see right and wrong more and more clearly each day you live?

Why, then, here's a plain promise set down for you in the same chapter in which we find, "Walk as children of light." It is this—

"Christ shall give thee light."

That is as plain as words can make it. If you ask for light you shall have it.

It is a blessed, beautiful promise, worth keeping in mind all your life long.

#### Anecdote of Sir Walter Scott.

An English Archdeacon—John Sinclair—has just published a volume of "Sketches of Old Times," in which he tells this story of the great Scotch novelist: "Before Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself to be the author of the 'Waverley Novels,' my sister Catharine said to him: 'If you tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you in return which of them has the preference given it by Edgeworth.' Sir Walter agreed, and she told him that Miss Edgeworth had said: 'There is a freshness of originality about the first novel, which, in my opinion,

gives it a decided superiority over all the rest.' 'Well,' Miss Sinclair, said Sir Walter, 'I, for my part, enjoy the Antiquary more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which much affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself.' 'Yes,' rejoined my sister, 'the author of these novels, whoever he may be, is always laughing at somebody, and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently himself.'

#### Harvest Home.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

Lord of the fields, whose ripened grain  
Fills our depleted barns again,  
'Tis meet that we should ascribe to Thee  
The product of our husbandry:  
Thou gav'st the grain that first was sown,  
The needful raindrops showered down,  
And quickened it with vital glow,  
Lest we in vain our seed should sow.

Hear, by a joyful people sung  
Thankofferings with a tuneful tongue,  
Concordant with a grateful soul,  
In waves of music heavenward roll,  
For that Thou blest the lesser part  
By mingling Thy mysterious art  
With man's receptive work, for Thou  
Didst deck the furrows of the plow.

We are as wheat—sown, tilled and reaped;  
We droop if not in Thy love steeped;  
Oft beaten by life's adverse gales,  
And dwarfed when blighting sin assails.  
Thou know'st how much each stalk should yield:  
O bless with plenteousness Thy field!  
Then, when the harvest-time shall come,  
As laden sheaves, O bear us home!

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Toronto.

#### The Last Walk to Bethany.

So ended that great discourse upon the Mount of Olive, and the sun set, and He arose and walked with His apostles the short remaining road to Bethany. It was the last time He would ever walk it on earth; and after the trials, the weariness, the awful teachings, the terrible agitations of that eventful day, how delicious to Him must have been the hour of twilight loveliness and evening calm; how refreshing the peace and affection which surrounded Him in that quiet village and the holy home! Jesus did not like cities, and scarcely ever slept within their precincts. He shrank from their congregated wickedness, from their glaring publicity from their feverish excitement, from their featureless monotony, with all the natural and instinctive dislike of delicate minds. An Oriental city is always dirty; the refuse is flung into the streets, there is no pavement, the pariah dog is the sole scavenger; beast and man jostle each other promiscuously in the crowded thoroughfares. And though the necessities of His work compelled him to visit Jerusalem, and to preach to the vast throngs from every clime and country who congregated at its yearly festivals, yet He seems to have retired on every public occasion beyond the gates, partly it may be for safety—partly for poverty—partly because He loved the sweet home at Bethany—partly too, perhaps, because He felt the peaceful joy of treading the grass that groweth on the mountains, rather than the city stones, and could hold gladder communion with his Father in Heaven under the shadow of the olive trees, where, far from all disturbing sights and sounds, He could watch the splendor of the sunset and the falling of the dew.

The exquisite beauty of the Syrian evening, the tender colours of the spring grass and flowers, the wadys around him paling into solemn gray, the distant hills bathed in the primrose light of sunset, the coolness and balm of the evening breeze after the burning glare—what must these have been to Him to whose eye the world of nature was an open book, and on every page of which He read His Father's name! And this was His native land. Bethany was almost to Him a second Nazareth; those whom He loved were all around Him, and He was going to those whom He loved. Can we not imagine Him walking on in silence too deep for words, His disciples around Him or following Him, the gibbous moon beginning to rise and gild

the twinkling foliage of the olive trees with rich silver, and moonlight and twilight blending at each step insensibly with the garish hues of day, like that solemn twilight-purple of coming agony into which the noon-day of His happier ministry had long since begun to fade.

#### A Noble Wife.

During the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusko, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her. "Madame" he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is, your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall be safe?"

"Yes, madam. I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a pardon of the father and sons.

#### Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a penal fountain of delight, from which our lips may quaff and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do; but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough for his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah! but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention, your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and, oh! how proud she is of her son.

—If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.