

Miscellaneous Reading.

RUSSIA'S POLICY AND HER FATE.

Russia is behind the rest of the civilized world, if, indeed, it be proper to call her "civilized." Socialistic books have been for some time suppressed, and now works of history, philosophy and political economy are forbidden. The University of Kielf has been closed, and nearly two hundred students have been arrested. The Czar's main effort seems to be to keep out the light, but the bow will be sent a little too far; it will break. The outbreak is certain to come. Nihilism is the natural result of oppression. What else could be expected? Human nature is certain to assert itself sometime. This has been the history of the past, and is certain to be of the future. Russia is preparing to write her history in the blood of her own children. In fact, the manner her people have been treated, and the pains and terrors they have been called upon to suffer have already been sufficient to call for the interposition of other nations. This would take place if Europe did not to-day value peace above justice and right. To the observing student of history, the present government of Russia is full of intense interest; for the mills of the gods grind slowly; but they grind exceedingly fine.—*School Journal*.

WHEN THE BELL RINGS.

The day has passed wearily away, and no longer the rays of the sun left their impress on the floor or kissed the face of the sufferer who was lying so ill upon the bed. The shadows of evening gathering, and the chill of the twilight air seemed to rouse the little one who asked to know the hour.

"It is eight o'clock dear," said the mother, whose darling must soon wander away so far that it seemed as if eternity could hardly re-unite them.

"All the bells will ring at nine, mother, and I do so want to hear the bell once again," said the little one, whose face lighted up at the thought, and as immediately grew shadowy as pain in its acuteness cut another cord which bound humanity to eternity.

"Yes, my dear. The bell will ring at nine, but do not speak as if you were dying, my child, because you want to get well, don't you?"

"Yes, mamma, I would like to, but I feel that I am going away, and, and —" the little head fell back and the sentence was unfinished.

The day wore on. Not a sound had escaped from the little sufferer, and the clock was pointing the hour of nine. The mother looked anxiously at the child, and listened with aching heart for the sound of the old church bell, which something seemed to say was to take her darling away at its call.

Sometimes hearts so full of sympathy and love expand until the strain overpowers our nature, and leaves us a shattered wreck which neither time nor association can repair, requiring the passing of the soul through the veil which separates here and beyond, to clear that which has preceded us.

"Oh, mother, I hear the bell," said the little one, as the sound rang out loud and clear upon the air; "and mamma, when I am gone, you will think of me when the bell rings, won't you, mamma?"

The mother's heart, fast breaking under the strain, could make but one reply, and clasping her darling, she held her in a fond embrace, as though the white-winged spirits could would take her away before the time.

As the bell ceased ringing, a smile crossed the face of the little one, and with a voice full of earnest feeling, she murmured, "Good-bye, mamma, I shall look for you when the bell rings," and fell asleep.

Angels carried her away, and crossed the river with their precious burden, but the sound of the old church bell still remains sacred to one heart, and ever with its ringing, seems to unite the mortal with the immortal, the seen with the unknown.

Ring on, sweet bells! You awaken memories in our hearts which bring us to nobler thought and action, and ever as we hear your ringing, we remember those who left us at your call.

THE WORLD WHAT WE MAKE IT.

A man's world is pretty much what the man himself makes it. It is true in psychology that what the mind itself contributes to the making of a conception, is at least as important as what the outer world supplies for that conception. And it is no less true that the things which constitute our social or moral or religious world, are affected as much by our own shaping of them within our selves, as by the bare materials of them which exist outside of ourselves. Shakespeare is not the same to any two readers; each reader has his own Shakespeare—a Shakespeare formed by the growth into the reader's mind of those elements in Shakespeare which are akin to the mind of the reader. And so it is with every single object which is presented to human thought. Each sees the object; but each puts something of himself into his seeing. The same blue sky is shining with joy for one, and is calmly pitiless for another. The world of nature takes on the aspect of our moods, and what we think of the world of men, is but the reflection of what we know of ourselves. If we are convinced that truth and faith and purity have died out of the world, it is a sure sign that we are sadly in need of reformation ourselves. If we recognize nobility in another, it is an evidence that the best within ourselves is not yet dead. This power, this habit, of shaping our world into our own image, carries with it a certain responsibility. When we are most firmly convinced that what the world needs is some sharp reformation, we ought first to question ourselves how much of the wickedness we see is really the world's, and how much of it is only the shadow of ourselves. Before our world can grow better, we must grow better ourselves; and we never have a right to insist that the world shall purify itself, until we first have done what we could do towards its purification, by taking heed to the correction of our own ways.—*Sunday School Times*.

ALASKA GLACIERS.

It was nearly sunset when we began to near the Muir glacier, and the day was nearly ended when the cliff was reached and we had anchored near the frowning precipice. The shades of evening had gathered about the islands passed during the day and half hid from sight the lower ranges and the trackless forests, but the Fairweather peaks were visible still and glowed with a ghostly light in the isolated light like banks of phosphorus hung above the trees. Around us floated ice fragments, grinding against each other, or floating, solitary and majestic, down the watery way. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and beautiful, and silencing all with admiration. No other wonder equals this glacier of untold age, as it moves silently yet irresistibly down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it comes, the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined and together they would not equal this of Glacier Bay. Set it crawling over the valleys guarded by Mont Blanc, and it would crush the country beneath its weight and leave a wilderness behind. And yet in Alaska, long and broad and wild, it is a mere fissure—a single stream among the many.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.