

In Unison.

BY D. ANDROSE DAVIS.

Why stand we apart with our work in the vineyard,
 Since God's every child has its mission to fill?
 Oh, why not go forward like brothers and sisters,
 Forever united, in earnest good will?

Are we not all in the hands of Jehovah,
 All the recipients of his divine care?
 Then why so ungrateful or not to be willing
 To let every soul have its God-given share?

Oh, if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
 How quickly the angels respond to our call,
 Using forever, their utmost endeavor,
 To make us evangles of kindness to all.

The trees of the forest have no altercation,
 But stand in their order as if they were one;
 Their roots and their branches make progress together,
 Until their great work of the temple is done.

The sunshine, the rain, and the dew drops of morning,
 Are ever the same to the high and the low;
 For nature, we find in her blessed bestowal,
 Is always impartial, wherever we go.

The star gems that sparkle in beauty above us,
 So many and varied, all acting their part,
 Are seeming to ask us to be more fraternal,
 With shoulder to shoulder, and heart pulse to heart.

For tho' in God's wisdom our missions are varied,
 Our hearts best emotions should still be the same;
 And favors, the kindest, from one to another,
 Should always be known as our purpose, our aim.

Undue Homage.

As illustrating the universal homage paid to wealth, a good story comes to us of two ladies who met upon a recent social occasion. They had been in the habit of meeting upon the same occasion for several years and—passing on. This time they met and chatted most affably. Said number one to number two, "How well you are looking, Mrs. Blank? I think I have never seen you look so well." "Oh yes?" said number two. "But I think I shall be better-looking next year if my husband's income keeps on increasing. Rich women are always handsome." And she spoke so laughingly that it was not until she had passed on that the very complimentary lady was fully aware of the implied rebuke.

I S'all S'leep Wiv Him To-Night.

Sometimes I believe the little ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit who are heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their countenance went out with the red sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man whose duties call him away from home three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old and the dispatches usually ran as follows, "Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night." The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "tele-draf" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed, and said: "dont ty, mamma; I s'all s'leep wiv Dod 'oo know. Send Dod a tele-draf, and tell him I s'all s'leep wiv him to night." But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.—*Detroit Chaff.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Bibles and Their Titles.

An interesting collection of Bibles was some time ago exhibited in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

The Gutenberg Bible.—The earliest book known. Printed from moveable type; is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg at Mentz, A. D. 1460.

The Bug Bible.—Was so called from its rendering of Psalm xci, 5, "Afraid of bugs by night," Our present version reads, "terror by night." A. D. 1551.

The Breeches Bible.—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its rendering of Genesis iii, 7 ("Making themselves breeches out of fig leaves"). This translation of the Scriptures—the result of the labors of the English exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and until supplanted by the present authorized version of King James I.

The Place-makers' Bible.—From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v, 9, "Blessed are the place-makers," instead of peace-makers, A. D. 1562.

The Turn of Day.

The *Atlanta Constitution* says: I heard a lady say to a physician, the other day: "I was watching one night at the bedside of a dying child. I asked the doctor when death might be looked for. He replied: 'Any time after 12 o'clock.' Why did he set that time?" "Because," replied the physician "for some unexplained reason a large majority of natural deaths, especially when the patients are children, occur on the turn of day," as the country people say. That is, from 12 to 3, either at noon or night." "There is no explainable reason for this?" I asked. "None. It is one of the mysteries that envelope death. But of 100 persons dying by natural process, 80 will die within three hours."

A Bird Dispute.

The nest of a pair of ravens, in which the hen was sitting was nearly destroyed by a storm. With strenuous efforts the birds repaired the damage, and the hen continued her incubation, when a second storm arose which again assailed their rudely-constructed domicile. For a few days the ravens were missing, after which they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of building it was recommenced, but one bird was determined upon repairing the original, while the other began building a new nest. For a time the divided labor was proceeded with, when, as if by mutual compromise—their affection being too real to permit either of them to "stand out" any longer—both abandoned their separate undertaking, and finally completed a new and substantial nest, in the shelter of which a vigorous brood was reared. The "moral" can be read without spectacles.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A stranger consignment has seldom been received at a freight office than one which a steamboat company's agent at Salonica recently agreed to deliver in Constantinople. It was a box of ordinary size and appearance, and would not have attracted special attention had it not have borne the inscription "human heads." It actually did contain the heads of nine robbers, who had been captured by the Turkish gendarmerie in Macedonia. In accordance with an old custom the heads were on their way to the capital, there to testify that the operations of the police in the province were energetic and vigilant.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle meandered thence into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.