

The Tendiril's Faith.

Under the snow in the dark and cold
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mould
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs!" said a lump
Of clay,
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you
and the day!
How can you have power to remove
them?"

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how, but I know, I
know,—
I know what the days are bringing.

Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadow and buds on the
trees,
And the great glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up. "You are
quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in exist-
ence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried,
In beautiful, sweet unreason,
Till, lo! from its prison glorified,
It burst in the glad spring season.

THE BIDDING PRAYER.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father."—
Luke 11. 2.

One Sunday afternoon I was in a
church in Cambridge. Before the ser-
mon there came what is called "The
Bidding Prayer," a prayer which all
said together at "the bidding" of the
preacher. The preacher said: "I bid
you pray for the people I am going to
mention." He then read a long list of
people to be prayed for. The list be-
gan with the Queen, and seemed to in-
clude everybody. I thought that if the
list of people to be prayed for was so
long, the prayer about to be offered
would be longer still. But when the
preacher had finished reading his list,
he said: "Let us (as in duty bound)
pray for all these people in words which
our Lord has taught us." He then
said "The Lord's Prayer," and that was
all. Instead of a long prayer we had
nothing but the little prayer which
every child knows by heart.

As I thought about it I said to my-
self. "Well, if all the people mentioned
in that list have all the good things
asked for in the Lord's Prayer, what
can they want more? We have asked
that they may have God for their
Father, and that they may reverence
God's name, and be subjects of God's
Kingdom, and serve God's will as if
they were angels in heaven, and that
every day they may receive from God
what they need, and have their sins for-
given, and be loving in heart, and be
protected from temptation, and be de-
livered from evil." These are good
things we had asked for everybody in
"words which our Lord has taught us."

It will be well to think about this,
and to see how wonderful is that little
prayer, which we have said so many
times. Let me try to show what a
treasure we have in the Lord's Prayer.

1. It is a child's prayer. "Our Father,
who art in heaven." That is a child's
thought of God; a thought of love and
of trustfulness. When the Diamond
Jubilee procession passed by, all people
waited for one carriage where the Queen
was seated. She passed along, a gentle
old lady, with silver hair, and looked
more like a kind mother than a great
sovereign. The most exalted and power-
ful person in the world is a kind white-
haired mother. And when we kneel
and think of God, we call to mind his
gentleness and goodness. We think of
the kindness of Jesus, God's Son. We
know that God made the world, and the
stars, and has all power in heaven and
on earth; but when we pray we think
of God's love and say Father! What
"Father" means all know perfectly
well. God is our Father. He pities
us in all sorrow, and in all sin, and
wants us to remember his love, and
trust in it for everything we require.

2. The Lord's Prayer is a saint's
prayer. "Hallow be thy name." That
teaches us to set apart (or hallow or
make holy) the thought of God. This
is called reverence. It is bad to use
the name of God lightly, and if we make
God's name holy we shall have reverence
for all other solemn things. We shall
have regard for the Bible, the Sabbath,
the place of prayer, our fathers and

mothers, the suffering and sorrowful,
and that wonderful creation all around
us. Love first, and then reverence—
"Hallowed be thy name"

3. This prayer is a subject's prayer.
"Thy kingdom come." When the
Queen's procession entered the city of
London, the Lord Mayor handed to the
Queen "the Sword of the City," mean-
ing that when she came he was only a
subject and she the sovereign power.

And that great procession itself was
made up of companies of armed men
from all parts of the Queen's dominions
all over the world. That was to show
how wide and various the British Em-
pire is, and how all parts of it have one
flag, and make one brotherhood.

Now the kingdom of God is far wider.
It is made up of companies of people
all over the world, who love God and
live to do him service. But every year
God's kingdom grows. More people
learn to love him. And we pray that
its growth may be more wonderful than
ever, and that the day may come when
everybody shall serve God, and make
part of his vast kingdom.

4. The Lord's Prayer is a servant's
prayer. "Thy will be done." At the
Jubilee one building in Fleet Street was
filled with old men, "survivors of the
Balacava Charge," of which all have
heard, if only in Tennyson's poem.
When they were young and strong, these
men, at the "will" and word of their
commander, made their terrible gallop
to where cannons were blazing and
Russian bayonets gleaming. It was
hard to do the will of their commander,
but they did it, without caring for life
or limb.

We must not think that God's will is
always hard and painful. It is not.
To do right is to do the will of God.
And to be brave in disappointments is
to submit to the will of God, and God's
will is that we should be happy and
make others happy.

As long as we live it is our business
to find out in God's Word what is God's
will, and to ask him to help us to do
it (as angels do it), joyfully and per-
fectly.

5. This little prayer is a dependent's
prayer. "Give us this day our daily
bread." We like to be independent.
But no one can be independent of God.
We depend upon him altogether.

The Israelites in the wilderness de-
pended on God for the gift of manna,
which God sent every morning to keep
them alive. The Psalm beautifully re-
minds us of God, how "he spread a
cloud for a covering, and fire to give
light in the night. The people asked,
and he brought quails, and satisfied
them with the bread of heaven. He
opened the rock, and waters gushed out,
they ran in dry places like a river." So
Israel lived day by day, depending
on the gifts of God.

When we are babies we all depend on
father and mother, and could not con-
tinue to live, unless they took care of
us, but when we grow up we are strong
and work, and it seems as though we
depend on ourselves. But all our life
we are held by God's hand and blessed
by God's goodness.

People "plough and sow, and reap and
mow," and we are fed with corn which
is grown, and food which is produced
and stored, and that looks very differ-
ent from the case of Israel. It is not
very different, for it is God "who sends
rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons,
filling our hearts with food and glad-
ness." So let us live, with thankfulness
and trust, and believe that day by
day all good things come from heaven.

6. The Lord's Prayer is a sinner's
prayer. "Forgive us our trespasses as
we forgive them that trespass against
us."

Whenever we have done wrong we
ought if possible to undo the wrong, or
try to make up for it somehow. Put
things right if you can. But all sin
offends God, and somehow Jesus has
made an atonement for our wrong, that
is why he died on the cross. So we ask
God for Jesus' sake to forgive us. That
is why people love such hymns as "Rock
of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
because the hymns remind us that we
have a Saviour, through whom God
readily pardons all the sins that we
truly repent of. There is no end to
God's mercy.

But you know what one great English
poet has said. "We all do pray for
mercy, and that same prayer loth teach
us all to render the deeds of mercy." We
must forgive those who offend us,
and not be bitter, and hard-hearted, and
unmerciful. God is love, and God's
children are loving and kind, and re-
membering how God has forgiven them,
are ready to cheerfully forgive one an-
other.

7. Then this little prayer is a travel-
ler's prayer. "Lead us not into
temptation, but deliver us from evil."

We go through life like travellers
through a dangerous country. Boys es-
pecially are fond of books of travel.
When I ask a boy, "What books do you
like?" he usually answers, "Books of
adventure!" It stirs the blood to read
of brave men who have gone safely
through great perils. Life has perils
for all. I recollect an old garden, when
I was a very little boy. It belonged to
a surly man, of whom it was said that
he set "man-traps" in his grounds. I
am not sure whether he did or not; but
long ago, in this country, holes were
made in the ground, and great traps,
which came together like two saws, were
placed in the holes, to catch men un-
aware. Once in an old curiosity shop
I saw a "man-trap." I am sorry to
say there are many kinds of "man-
traps," into which all of us may fall.
We call them temptations, and come up-
on them unawares. It is great wisdom
to "watch and pray," lest we enter into
temptation. And our daily prayer is,
"Lead us not into temptation, but de-
liver us from evil."

If you think of all these things you
will feel as I did when I heard the
"Bidding Prayer." You will say: "All
we can want is in the Lord's Prayer."
It tells us that God loves us and is our
Father, that we should be serious and
reverent, and not think lightly of God
and good things; it shows us a great
and happy kingdom of which we ought
to be subjects, and of which God is
king; it warns us that our own way
and our own will are often wrong, and
that the will of God is good and right;
it leads us to believe that there is for-
giveness for all our sins and happiness
in having a loving and forgiving dis-
position, it causes us to think of God as
the giver of all good things we can re-
quire; it tells us that among tempta-
tions and evils of life God is a great
guide and protector.

This is the prayer that includes all
people and everything they can want,
it is "The Bidding Prayer," the prayer
which Jesus has bid us offer to our
Father who is in heaven.

A COMICAL SCENE.

I was married in India, writes Phil.
Robinson, the author and traveller. I
engaged for our honeymoon a little
house—sixteen miles or so from any
other habitation of white man—which
stood on the steep white cliff of the
Nebudda River, which here flows through
a canyon of pure white marble. Close
beside our house was a little hut where
a holy man lived in charge of an adjoin-
ing shrine, earning money for himself
and for the shrine by polishing little
pieces of marble as mementos for vis-
itors. It was a wonderful place alto-
gether. While my wife went in to
change her dress, the servants laid
breakfast on the veranda overlooking
the river. At the first clatter of the
plates there began to come down from
the big tree which overshadowed the
house, and up the trees which grew in
the ravine behind it, from the house
roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude
of solemn monkeys. They came up
singly and in couples and in families,
and took their places without noise or
fuss on the veranda, and sat there, like
an audience waiting for an entertain-
ment to commence. And when every-
thing was ready, the breakfast all laid,
the monkeys all seated, I went in to call
my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all
waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in
dismay. "I thought we were going to
be alone, and I was just coming out in
my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said; "the people
about here are not very fashionably
dressed themselves. They wear pretty
much the same things all the year
round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine,
then, her astonishment. In the middle
of the veranda stood her breakfast-table,
and all the rest of the space, as well as
the railings and the steps, was covered
with monkeys, as grave as possible, and
as motionless and silent as if they were
stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking,
and their little round ears kept twitch-
ing. Laughing heartily—at which the
monkeys only looked all the graver—my
wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" she asked.
"Try them," I said.

So she picked up a biscuit, and threw
it among the company. And the re-
sult! About three hundred monkeys
jumped up in the air like oae, and just
for one instant there was a riot that
defies description. The next instant
every monkey was sitting in its place
as solemn and serious as if it had never
moved—only their eyes winked and their
ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit,

and again the riot, and then another,
and another, and another. But at length
we had given all that we had to give,
and got up to go. The monkeys at once
rose, every monkey on the veranda, and
advancing gravely to the steps, walked
down them in a solemn procession, old
and young together, and dispersed for
the day's occupations.—Our Dumb Ani-
mals.

The Heart's Song.

In the silent midnight watches,
Lift thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless foot-
step
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But the door is fast!
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreatings
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not!

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

Notwithstanding the comparatively
narrow limits of its natural environment,
the camphor-tree grows well in cultivation
under widely-different conditions.
It has become abundantly naturalized in
Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos
Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the
Canary Islands, in Southeastern France,
and in the San Joaquin Valley in Cali-
fornia, where the summers are hot and
dry. Large trees at least 200 years old
are growing in the temple courts at
Tokio, where they are subjected to a
winter of seventy to eighty nights of
frost, with an occasional minimum tem-
perature at low as 12 to 16 degrees
Fahrenheit. The conditions for really
successful cultivation appear to be a
minimum winter temperature not below
20 degrees Fahrenheit, fifty inches or
more of rain during the warm growing
season, and abundance of plant food,
rich in nitrogen. In the native forests
in Formosa, Fukien, and Japan, cam-
phor is distilled almost exclusively from
the wood of the trunks, roots, and larger
branches.

The work is performed by hand labour,
and the methods employed seem rather
crude. The camphor-trees are felled,
and the trunks, larger limbs, and some-
times the roots, are cut into chips,
which are placed in a wooden tub about
forty inches high and twenty inches in
diameter at the base, tapering towards
the top like an old-fashioned churn.
The tub has a tight-fitting cover, which
may be removed to put in the chips. A
bamboo tube extends from near the
centre of the tub into the condenser.
This consists of two wooden tubes of
different sizes, the larger one right side
up kept about two-thirds full of water
from a continuous stream which runs
out of a hole in one side. The smaller
one is inverted with its edges below the
water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air-chamber is kept cool by the
water falling on top and running down
over the sides. The upper part of the
air-chamber is sometimes filled with
clean rice-straw on which the camphor
crystallizes, while the oil drips down
and collects on the surface of the water.
In some cases the camphor and oil are
allowed to collect together on the surface
of the water, and are afterwards separ-
ated by filtration through rice-straw or
by pressure. About twelve hours are
required for distilling a tubful by this
method. Then the chips are removed
and dried for the furnace, and a new
charge is put in. At the same time the
camphor and oil are removed from the
condenser. By this method twenty to
forty pounds of chips are required for
one pound of crude camphor.—Depart-
ment of Agriculture.

Bethlehem, Penn., has achieved the dis-
tinction of giving to the world the big-
gest engine of war—the 49-foot coast-
defence gun. Another Bethlehem gave
One who is making wars to cease on
the earth; yet perhaps, after all, the in-
fluence of the two Bethlehems is work-
ing to the same end. Plenty of big
guns may mean little use for them.—
Golden Rule.