

**Christ's Love.**

There's a song of praise in my heart to-day,  
And a gladness no words can tell,  
As I think of the love that is holding me,  
That never can change or fail.  
Other love may grow cold, as the years  
roll by,  
Other friends may forgetful be,  
But Jesus never forgets His own  
Through the years of eternity.

That love everlasting what tongue can ex-  
press?  
What heart can its strength understand?  
A love that can reach to the depths of sin,  
And seat us at His right hand.  
He hath borne our sorrows, He hath known  
our griefs  
He hath suffered with us below;  
And now from His throne He in pity looks  
down  
To comfort all human woe.

Sorrows may gather about my path,  
Kind friends may be borne from my side,  
But the arms everlasting around me fold,  
And still I in peace abide.  
He hath promised me strength for the stormy  
days,  
As well as for those that are bright—  
He hath bidden me rest in His loving care  
In the darkness as well as the light.

My footsteps may falter along the path,  
And I may lie down to rest;  
But nothing can sever me from His love—  
In life or in death I am blest—  
For He knoweth each grave where His loved  
ones sleep,  
They are safe in His tender care;  
And though I may pass through death's  
gloomy vale,  
His love will surround me there.

As the living plant to the sunlight turns,  
Unconscious of all beside,  
So my heart would forget all its earth-born  
joys  
In the love of the Crucified.  
Oh, I cannot be satisfied until I shall see  
The light of His beautiful face,  
And hear the sweet welcome He hath for me—  
Forgiven and saved by grace!

**The Power of Dynamite.**

WITHIN the past ten years, a new  
instrument of havoc and destruction  
has been added to the agencies with  
which men make war upon one another.  
The murder of the Czar of  
Russia, two years ago; the blowing up,  
a few weeks since, of a Government  
building in London; the seizure of  
explosive machines in the hands of  
suspicious characters, and many other  
circumstances, have called the startled  
attention of the world to the terrible  
power of dynamite.

What is this immensely destructive  
substance? It is a compound, usually  
made in the form of paste, of nitro-  
glycerine and gun cotton. Nitro-  
glycerine, as the reader may know, is  
an oily liquid of highly explosive and  
dangerous qualities. Gun-cotton is  
cotton saturated in certain acids, which  
makes it also a very explosive agent.  
The two, combined in the form of  
dynamite, makes a substance which  
carries death and destruction pent up  
in a very small compass.

The glass bomb of dynamite which  
not only killed the Czar Alexander,  
but wounded half-a-dozen of his escort,  
and broke the window-panes of houses  
several hundred feet away, could be  
carried easily concealed in the palm of  
a man's hand of medium size. No  
doubt the explosive agent—whatever  
it was—which dealt such havoc in  
London, was quite as small and as  
easily concealed.

There are many possible forms and  
combinations of gun-cotton, nitro-gly-  
cerine, and dynamite. Nitro-glycerine  
will not explode by a mere application  
of fire; on the contrary, if lighted, it  
will burn slowly and harmlessly. But  
it will explode by a sharp concussion.

A dynamite bomb, too, supplied with a  
small percussion cap, will explode if  
thrown violently, just as does a toy  
torpedo.

The most common way of exploding  
one of these agents is to have a short  
fuse attached to it. The further end  
of the fuse is lighted, and then the  
operator hastens away. By the time  
the fire reaches the destroying agent,  
the operator is able to get to a safe dis-  
tance, and to defy detection.

The explosive power of dynamite or  
nitro-glycerine is generally stated to be  
about ten times as great as gun-powder  
of the same bulk. The explosion pro-  
duces no smoke whatever, but creates a  
deafening detonation.

Dynamite, and other forms of nitro-  
glycerine and gun-cotton, are taking  
the place of gun-powder in many prac-  
tical directions. They have been sub-  
stituted for gun-powder, to a large  
extent, in the operations of mining and  
of blasting rock; and this kind of  
work is much more rapidly done by  
their means. Such explosive agents  
are also being introduced into the opera-  
tions of warfare.

Gun-cotton is used in artillery opera-  
tions and in naval actions, it being  
found far more effective than gun-  
powder, as well as more clean in its  
use. It is also adopted in the opera-  
tions of military engineering.

Thus we see that the discovery of  
nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton and dynamite,  
with their various combinations  
and the improvements constantly made  
in them, has given to men a new and  
most potent material force, which they  
use both for wicked and for beneficent  
ends.

Henceforth, not only will mining,  
blasting, and similar work be done  
more rapidly with less labour, but wars  
will be shorter because more destruc-  
tive.

But we cannot regard the tremendous  
destructive power of dynamite, and  
the ease with which enough of it to  
destroy a palace or a prison can be  
carried concealed about the person,  
without perceiving what a terrible  
weapon it supplies to the criminal and  
the assassin.

Nor can we wonder that the English  
and other governments are earnestly  
considering how the manufacture and  
sale of agents so formidable in their  
action, and indeed in their very exis-  
tence, can be restricted without limit-  
ing their proper and beneficial use in  
saving human labour and making it  
more effective.

**Rules in Case of Fire.**

OUR actions in sudden danger are  
apt to be mostly illustrations of "how  
not to do it." It is only calm good-  
sense that gets away whole and sound  
in such emergencies, while fright turns  
somersaults and steps on its own head.  
The experience of others has given us  
rules for the best procedure when we  
find ourselves in a "house-on-fire;" and  
a knowledge of these before-hand will  
be of great use to us, if we can only  
keep our wits about us when the time  
comes.

In case of either a chimney or a  
room catching fire, the first thing to  
be thought of is to exclude all draughts,  
for it is certain that the slightest cur-  
rent of air will increase the force of  
the fire.

All the doors and windows should  
be shut at once, and if the chimney be  
on fire, a wet blanket should be imme-

diately fastened to the top of the man-  
tel-piece, so as to exclude all draughts  
from the opening of the chimney, and  
entirely cover the grate, shutting the  
trap first if possible.

This will, in most cases, make the  
fire go out of itself. You may throw  
into the grate a few handfuls of salt.  
Water should never be thrown down  
from above, as it spoils the carpet and  
furniture unnecessarily.

If the window or bed-curtains catch  
fire, beat them with the thickest wool-  
len garment you can lay your hands  
upon. Window-curtains can in most  
cases be torn down with a violent jerk,  
and this will prevent the flames from  
extending to the wood-work of the  
windows. In escaping from a burning  
house or room, remember that the air  
nearest the floor is clearer than any,  
and go on your hands and knees at  
once. A wet cloth tied over the mouth  
and nose keeps out the smoke, will  
help the breathing, and prevent suffo-  
cation if too much oppressed.

A wet blanket, or even a dry one  
speedily used, will extinguish many a  
small conflagration—such, for instance,  
as an upset lamp, by excluding the air,  
and will be far more efficacious than  
water thrown for that purpose; its use  
also prevents damage to furniture.

When an alarm of fire is given, if in  
bed, wrap yourself in a blanket, which  
will form the best protection for you  
from the chance of ignition, and en-  
deavour to remember the different  
exits from the house—where they are  
and how to reach them; if you cannot  
attain to any of them, try to get to a  
front room as near the ground as  
possible.—*Leisure Hours.*

**"Some Day."**

SOME day, I know not when,  
The word for which I wait  
Shall come. The pearly gate  
Shall softly open then,  
And on this mortal shore  
My face be seen no more.

Some day, I know not where,  
Gently as breaks the dawn,  
My soul shall be updrawn  
Where is my treasure fair,  
Where my heart is. The change,  
I think, will not be strange.

Some day, I know not how,  
By heavenly touch or breath,  
The mystery of death  
Shall quiet pulse and brow,  
And with celestial air  
Shall flood me unaware.

Here, there, Thou art with me;  
Some day—when, where, or how,  
It matters not—I know  
That I shall be with Thee,  
And then my longing heart  
Shall see Thee as Thou art.

—Emily S. Oakley.

DR. CESAR MALAN once met an infidel  
in the streets of Paris, and to every  
one of his sharp assaults he simply  
responded by quoting a text of Scrip-  
ture, and saying: "Thus saith the  
Lord." "But," said the Frenchman,  
"I don't believe it." "Nevertheless,"  
answered the good man, "It is the  
Word of the Lord, and if you don't  
believe it, you'll be damned." Years  
later the same man met Dr. Malan,  
and, reminding him of the occurrence,  
said: "It was that which convicted  
me. You did not let me get hold of  
the hilt of the sword and begin to  
examine and criticize it, but you thrust  
the sharp point of it right through me  
every time, and it wounded me to  
death, and also to life eternal."

**Puzzledom.**

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 31.—Herod, hero, her.
- 35.—Astray, stray, tray, ray, ay, y.
- 36.—

P E A R  
E M M A  
A M O S  
R A S P

H O M E R  
O B O L E  
M O M U S  
E L U T E  
R E S E T

S I B I A  
I T E M S  
B E K A H  
I M A G E  
A S H E S

**New Puzzles.**

- 37.—LETTER REBUS.

M  
K E Y

- 38.—CHARADE.

A preposition; founded on truth; a  
sick person.

- 39.—WORD-SQUARES.

High temperature; a number; a  
number.

Healthy; to assert; magnifying  
glass; formerly.

- 40.—DIAMONDS.

A letter; a period of time; a girl's  
name; a fish; a letter.

A letter; an animal; a city; a boy's  
name; a letter.

**Varieties.**

A LITTLE girl on being asked what  
God made her for, replied, "To wear a  
red fadder in my hat." Some older  
persons seem to have no higher con-  
ception of their mission.

WEALTH has now all the respect paid  
to it which is due only to virtue and to  
talent, but we can see what estimate  
God places upon it, since He often  
bestows it upon the meanest and most  
unworthy of all His creatures.—*Dean  
Swift.*

SADIE never begs her missionary  
money from papa or mamma, but earns  
five cents every week by dusting the  
parlor. How many of our young  
friends will imitate her example!

VESPASIAN, the Roman emperor,  
throughout his life, used to call himself  
to account every night for his actions  
of the past day, and as often as he  
found he had passed any one day with-  
out doing some good he entered in his  
diary this memorandum: "*Diem per-  
didit*"—"I have lost a day."

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY relates that a  
couple of infidels were once standing  
together on the deck of a vessel as she  
glided past a desolate island of the sea.  
One said to the other: "Suppose you  
and I were condemned to live on this  
island alone, and had the choice of but  
one book for your companion; what  
book of books would you choose?"  
The other replied: "I would select  
Shakespeare, because of the variety of  
his themes." "Well," rejoined the  
other, "although I do not believe in  
the Bible, yet I would choose it for my  
companion; for the Bible is an endless  
book."