

Keberedubu, and that all young girls were presented to him.

I have finished all I have to say. Adieu. May we ever live at the feet of Jesus. Sufficient.

(Signed), HIR0.

### A Father's Example.

(By Frank H. Kasson, in N.Y. 'Observer'.)

How easy it is for a father to make or mar the destiny of his son. This is a homely truth, but it comes home to us with startling force in our experiences now and then. Here is a case, actual fact, which made a deep impression on me recently:

Talking with my genial friend, Professor X, who has cured a great many persons of stammering, he said, abruptly, as I started to go:

'Wait a little. Sit down. I want to tell you a story. It won't take more than five minutes.' Seeing that he was much in earnest I sat down. Then he began in his cool, thoughtful way: 'I see a good deal of human nature in my dealings with people. You know I do a great amount of work for poor folks for which I do not get any pay. Their gratitude pays me. But I want to tell you of one case I had years ago that I'll never forget.

'A man came into my office one morning, a well-dressed, keen-eyed, thin-lipped fellow, and said he wanted to speak with me. "All right, sir, what can I do for you, sir?" "Why, they tell me that you often give your services free in cases where people are too poor to pay you."

"Yes, I do sometimes in deserving cases where I feel sure they are unable to pay."

"Well, I live some miles out of the city, and, as I was coming in, I thought I would run in and tell you about a poor woman in our town, who has a son, a nice, bright boy, who stammers dreadfully. The woman is a widow, with six children, and takes in washing for a living. She's real poor. And I thought maybe you'd help her boy."

"You say she is a widow. What's her name?"

"Smith—the widow Smith."

"Yes? And your name?"

"Oh, it isn't any matter about my name."

"Yes, but I like to know who the people are that I'm dealing with."

"Well, my name is White, George White."

"Yes. Well, Mr. White, you tell the Widow Smith to bring in her boy and let me see him. If it is a simple case, I guess we can arrange it; but if it is a severe case that would take me a long time, I could not undertake it without remuneration. By the way, why could not some of your neighbors, who know the widow and are interested in the boy, chip in and make up a purse for the sake of having the little fellow cured?"

'At this he winced and turned uneasily on his chair. "Oh," he said, "I just have a neighborly interest in her and the boy. But I couldn't do much to help them."

"Very well. You tell Widow Smith to bring in the boy and let me see him, and it shan't cost her anything except the expense of coming into town."

'A few days later in came George White with a bright-looking lad of about sixteen years. I looked the boy over carefully, and then I looked at the man, and I drew several very definite conclusions in my own mind, but I did not say anything.

"Good morning, Professor X," said he, "I've brought you that boy I was telling you about the other day."

"Yes. Well, good morning, my lad, I'm

glad to see you. Come over here and let me talk with you a little. Sit down there, Mr. White. I want to talk a little with the boy, and see just how badly off he is."

'So I placed the boy with his back to Mr. White, and I sat squarely down in front of him and began:

"Are you much troubled in speaking?"

"Y-y-es, sir. Some-sometimes."

"See, where do you live?"

"Out in Rock-Rockville, sir."

"Yes, well I want you to let me see how you can talk." Then I looked him square in the eyes: "What is your name?"

"Ge-George White, sir."

"No, no," cried Mr. White, squirming on his chair. "Smith, sir, Smith."

"Yeth, S-S-S-S—" but the boy was so frightened that he couldn't say Smith."

"Well, my boy, can you read?"

"Ye-yeth, Thir."

"Good. Your mother is living?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"F-four, sir."

'Then I lowered my voice and looked him straight in the eye and asked: "Is this your father?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"That will do, Mr. White," I said, and I looked across to the man, "your son is a bad case, but I can cure him. But it will cost you \$200 to do it. Now, I don't mean \$175 when I say \$200."

'Well, he wanted to get out of it there. You never saw a man so cowed and so angry with himself, and so abashed as he was. He did not know what to say. But as he turned to go out I said to him, "Mr. White, this is a sorry lesson you've taught your boy to-day. You've taught him a lesson that he'll never forget as long as he lives. I only hope, sir, he will not turn on you and curse you for what you've done."

'Often I think of that man, lying to me to save a few dollars and trying to make his son lie. Tripped so easily, for men don't often fool me; and I knew as soon as I set eyes on the boy, that he was a chip off the old block. But what a lesson for that bright, innocent boy.'

One does not need to moralize over this tale. But, if fathers will ponder upon it, they will be likely to ask themselves some pretty serious questions as to the conscious and unconscious lessons they are teaching their boys.

### Different Kinds of Dreams.

There are dreams and dreams. There are dreams that come of laziness, idleness, selfishness and over-feeding, gross nightmares, fit for swine; dreams coming of self-indulgence and worldliness, poor grovelling things; a man's mind is not much better for them. There are dreams that are born of a backboneless sentimentality, of sweet mock chivalry, that loves to represent itself in pretty pictures; not much good comes of them. But there are other dreams, that come out of a man's wide-awake activity; dreams that are the vapors rising from a fervent spirit from the cooling of the machinery. They work out the character that God is weaving in that lad or in that young girl. These dreams are prophetic; they have something of heaven in them; from God they come; they are the threads and fibres by which he would lead us on to do great deeds on earth, and at last receive us as faithful and good servants of our Master.—Prof. W. G. Elmslie.

### Life in the Country.

The 'Sabbath Record' says of Life in the Country:

Too many men and women live in the presence of nature like one who wanders through a library filled with books in a language he does not understand.

Dwellers in the country are benefited more by this communion with nature than they realize. He must be indolent indeed who does not find some good in the thousand lessons that nature spreads out before him. Frontiersmen told us in our boyhood, living on the Western border, that the Indian, by putting his ear close to the ground, easily detected the approach of his enemies or the tread of the buffalo he was seeking. One has only to be open-eared and open-eyed in the presence of nature, to detect the presence of God in numberless ways.

Perhaps it is because we have sometimes been shut away from these beauties of nature that we rejoice the more in their lessons as the years carry us on toward the larger fulfilment of life's purposes. Be this as it may, the memories of the spring days of our boyhood, the lessons which autumn taught our earlier manhood, have culminated in that deep, calm, glorified sense of the nearness of God in nature, which of itself alone ends doubt, and into the glory of whose presence fear never ventures to come.

### Our Life Melody.

There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of our time. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician reach the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking-place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God himself will beat time for us. With the eye upon him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, 'There is no music in a rest,' let us not forget 'there is the making of music in it.' The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!—John Ruskin.

### The Find-the-Place Almanac.

#### TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Oct. 28, Sun.—I know thy works.

Oct. 29, Mon.—Hold fast till I come.

Oct. 30, Tues.—He that hath an ear let him hear.

Oct. 31, Wed.—Be watchful.

Nov. 1, Thurs.—I have not found thy works perfect.

Nov. 2, Fri.—Repent.

Nov. 3, Sat.—I will not blot out his name out of the book of life.

God's grace is gracious; his kindness is loving kindness. There is no grudging in his gifts, and no reluctance in his relief.