

ance, enough for a fortnight, from these trees. I began to think that I was doomed to sit in darkness anywhere; for, on another occasion, in China, candles got scarce, and in my usual way I began looking about me for natural oil, and lo and behold, not half a mile away I found an oil tree; I gathered some of the nuts of it, cracked them and boiled the kernels, and up to the surface came all the grease I could have wished for.

"In Malabar, one other time, I had pretty nearly given up in despair for want of light, when I tried squeezing the fruit of a certain tree, and my anxiety gave way to joy, for tallow nearly as clean as wax came from it.

"Once I started for England, and got heaved so near to Iceland that our captain suggested that we land there and have some fun. Fun we had, and lamps of the funniest kind. All we did at night for a light was to cut a big fat fish in two, and set one half on fire. We might have lit a young Esquimaux in the same way; only we thought it would be cruel; he was fat enough to be sure! Sometimes, I have read all night by the light of a standing pine tree in the Carolinas; at other times, I have had to light a bit of locust-spunk. The only sense I ever saw in a cigar was one dark night when it was the only thing I could get to set a spark to. In Virginia they call the myrtle-berry the candle-berry. It is fun to travel and put up with rude conveniences. For one, I can not be kept in the dark."—*Young Churchman*.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A Lonely Island.

Four thousand miles away from England, in the South Atlantic Ocean, lies the little island of Ascension. From a distance it seems to consist of one mountain peak, which rises to the height of nearly 8,000 feet. Indeed, the whole Island contains only thirty-five square miles. Discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension Day of 1501—whence it takes its name—it remained uninhabited till the British took possession in 1815. Now it has a small steam factory, coal stores, and a population of soldiers and sailors to the number of about 200. Even Ascension has an export trade. It sends away turtle and birds' eggs to the value of thirty-six pounds a year! A. R. B.

Virginia Creeper.

"When the Virginia creeper climbs the side of a building, the face of a rock or the smooth bark of a tree, which the tendrils cannot lay hold of in the usual way, their tips expand into a flat plate, which adheres very firmly to the surface. This enables the plant to climb up a smooth surface by tendrils."

By these little hands the vine clings to that by which its life may be lifted; only by tearing it away or by the crumbling of the rock does its attachment to it cease.

From even the little vine thus springing up bravely in the quiet corners of the world may we not gather the fragrance of a pure thought, the refreshment of strengthened endeavour?

May not we, who like this creeper, are among the weak things of this earth, be like this vine, and reach to altitudes of nobility, climb up sheer walls of unflinching integrity and reach to heights of self-conquest, patience, meekness and endurance by the casting of our thoughts, like tendrils, upon noble lives, that, having "gone before," stand in

history as strong towers, rocks of defence, reach up and cling with life-long clasp to those whose fair deeds and pure, stainless thoughts are built into their lives as the stones in a wall.

Likewise, they that are strong, let them see to it that those who turn to them for strength are not forced back, as from a tower, that, fair to the eye, totters beneath a touch.

Let the deeds of their lives and the meditations of their hearts be fitly joined as stone and mortar, making of weak human life a wall that will not moulder nor crumble, and fail the upreaching of yet weaker struggling humanity. A. C.

In Memory of Lord Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

With laurel crowned, and honoured age,
The poet passed away;
Like sun descending in the West
At close of dying day.

We cannot see beyond the veil
That hides immortal bliss;
The sun shines bright on other lands
When darkness lies on this.

Lord Tennyson, though gone, still lives.
We to his honour bow;
His works do follow him, and he
Rests from his labours now.

—REV. LAURENCE SINCLAIR.

Should Tired Men go to Church?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once, as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental dissatisfaction to languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the services of the Church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts, and motives, and sentiments, which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who wanted to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their souls as well as their bodies, in the church on Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home as they have given them since they formed the habit of church-going. —*Diocese of Nebraska*.

Incentives for Children.

It is not sufficient to instruct a child to follow certain lines of conduct and to avoid others. We must supply him with incentives; and upon the nature of these will his future character largely depend. Instead of assuring children that if they are good they will be happy, and clinching the assurance by artificial rewards or bribes, we should lead them gently to choose and to prefer the good, without reference to self at all. They can be accustomed to plan for and to aim at giving pleasure, not getting it, and, although in so doing they will experience a rich enjoyment themselves, it will be incidental, never one for which they have striven. Artificial rewards and penalties will thus be rarely needed, and they will grow up with generous and unselfish instincts instead of mean and calculating ones.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but it is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Family Quarrels.

"The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water," says the wise king; and in no case is this truer than in the case of family quarrels. The little breach, no larger at first than a child's finger could stop, but through which comes the continual dropping, if not attended to in time, will widen and stretch, till one fine day there is a waking up to find the angry waters surging around, sweeping in and overwhelming all the sweet peace and love and harmony of home. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that, because people are relatives, there is less necessity for the common courtesy and consideration that everybody is willing to extend to the merest stranger.

Desire and Choice.

Have you ever noticed what a profusion of apple blossoms there are every spring and how few apples there are that come from them? There are a million blossoms to a bushel of apples. Just so it is with desires and choices. Men have a million of desires to a bushel of choices. Among all the multitudes of desires that men have, there is only here and there one that amounts to a choice.—*Beecher*.

Nature's Own Handiwork.

In a collection of rare things owned by an English clergyman one stone appears like a perfect cameo, in which seems outlined with great accuracy a Minerva head; and upon another, as beautiful as if the hand of Raphael had designed it, is represented the head of an aged man. Both these stones are transparent. It is claimed that human touch has never been laid upon them, that they are nature's own make.

Deal Gently with the Erring.

The man possesses an extremely grovelling mind who rejoices at the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love, and labour to bring him back to duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth our right hand and sin. Heaven keeps us in the narrow path. But, if we should fall, where would be the end of our course; if in every face we see a frown, and on every brow we read vengeance, deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different spirit were manifested towards us, we might have staid our career of sin and died an honest and upright man. Deal gently with those who go astray, draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the confines of the grave an erring and unfortunate brother.

—Christ asks not that our love should equal His, but resemble His; not that it should be of the same strength, but of the same kind. A pearl of dew will not hold the sun, but it may hold a spark of its light. A child by the sea, trying to catch the waves as they dash in clouds of crystal spray upon the sand, cannot hold the ocean in a tiny shell, but he can hold a drop of the ocean water.—*Dr. Stanford*.

—One meets in the horse cars many kinds of people. The disagreeable specimens, somehow or other, make the most lasting impression. There is the man who sits opposite to you and yawns. The cavity presented by the yawn often reminds one of the Mammoth Cave. There is the man who, on a cold day, leaves the front door of the car open, and the result is that you are laid up with neuralgia for a week. Now comes the man of sweltering avoirdupois on a hot day, who crowds his thirty-six-inch breadth of beam into an eight-inch space and crushes his elbow neighbours into one half their own modest dimensions. The horse-car often presents object-lessons of ill manners that one should avoid.