

"And—did he say anything before the end?" asked Billy, much sobered by this tragic death.

"He could not speak, but he gave me Mabel."

"Then you won't sail tomorrow?"

"I must, Billy. But of course it will alter things."

"Couldn't I go in your stead?"

"No. I'll see Lord Halifax tomorrow before I go down to Plymouth, tell him the circumstances, and ask whether there is likely to be any leave within the next twelve months."

"And if not?"

"Then she'll come out. She is alone in the world. There is only her brother Harold, stationed with his regiment at Malta, and she can't live there alone."

"It's been a most eventful day," said Billy, gravely. "Have a drink, Bob?"

But Haslam shook his head.

"No; only a smoke."

They lit up in silence, and in silence smoked together the pipe of peace.

"It was very queer, Billy, but that sermon we were so hard upon this morning had its message after all. Every word of it was winged for the mark it reached."

"Do you mean that it actually effected old Conifer, who seemed half asleep all the time?"

"Yes. It happened to be the arrow from out the void for him. They were the last words he spoke."

"There are queer things in life, Bob. You and I have come across a few."

"We are but of yesterday, and we know nothing," answered Haslam, and a great silence fell upon them.

UNSANITARY THINKING.

There had been serious sickness in the house. The plumbers were now busy in it. The plumbing had been found unsanitary and poisonous gases had escaped to the hurt of the family. No head of a family would be so criminally indifferent, that he would not have such bad plumbing remedied.

Here is a man with a lovable family. But he has become a moral leper, unfit to be with pure people. Why? He has been indulging in unsanitary thinking, and he is sick, debauched.

This young man is breaking his mother's heart. He doesn't wish to do it. He is not naturally inclined to do wrong. His thinking is unsanitary. Bad thoughts make bad deeds. The cure is with himself. Cleanse his thoughts.

Here is a woman who has not left the house for two years. The doctor is all the time giving her medicine. But he knows that her trouble is mental and cannot be cured by drugs. Unhealthful thinking. That is the kind of case the Christian Scientists make their reputation on. There are many of them.

A man has failed in his undertaking and is discouraged. Others, with less business capacity than he, are succeeding. Reason? His thoughts are sick, weak. Theirs are healthful, strong, confident.

Unsanitary thinking is a mighty handicap, morally, socially, physiologically, financially. But right thought is not a king cure-all. It will not restore hair to a shining scalp, turn pine shavings into gold ribbons, nor make an ignorant clown a scholarly gentleman; yet right thought and right effort are almost invincible.

"Wherever you find anything true or honorable, righteous or pure, lovable or praiseworthy, or if virtue and honor have any meaning, there let your thoughts dwell." A fine prescription by Paul; good for all of us. "Dwell," hold fast. Try a course of this.—A Passing Preacher in Cumberland Presbyterian.

Evil ministers of good things are as torches—a light to others, a waste to none but themselves only.—Hooker.

WHERE JOB LIVED.

As for the scene of the story, history and tradition combine with all the indications contained in the poem itself to place it in the Hauran. On the east of the Jordan, in that strange, lovely, and fertile volcanic region which stretches down from Syria to Idumea, there is every reason to believe that Job dwelt, and suffered, and died; and 'in the upper part of it, north of Edom, north even of Moab, within easy reach of Damascus itself. The Arabs who live in this district today claim it as "the land of Job." The whole district, moreover, is full of sites and ruins which tradition connects with his name. And it fulfils all the conditions of the poem. The personages of the story, for example, are admitted to be without exception descendants of Abraham—not through Isaac and Jacob, but through Ishmael, or Esau, or the sons of Keturah; and it was in this great belt of volcanic land, stretching down from Damascus to Idumea, that most of these Abrahamides found their homes. On the east, too, the Hauran is bordered by the "desert," out of which came the great wind which smote the four corners of the house of Job's first-born. To this day it is rich in the very kinds of wealth of which Job was possessed, and is exposed to raids similar to those which deprived him of his wealth as in a moment. It presents, moreover, both the same natural features, being especially "for miles together a complete network of deep gorges,"—the wadis or valleys, whose treacherous streams the poet describes, and the same singular combination of civic and rural life which is assumed throughout the book. Even the fact that the robber-bands which fell upon the ploughing oxen of Job and smote the ploughmen with the edge of the sword, came from the distant rocks of Petra, and that the bands which carried off his camels came from the distant plains of Chaldea, point to the same conclusion. For, probably, Job had entered into compacts with the nearer tribes of the marauders, as the chiefs of the Hauran do to this day, paying them an annual tax, or mail, to buy off their raids, and was surprised by those remote freebooters, just as to this day the Hauranites are often pillaged by freebooting tribes from the neighborhood of Babylon.

It take it, then, that we may with much reason conceive of Job as living, during the remote patriarchal age, amid the fertile plains of the Hauran — so fertile that even now its wheat ("Babylonian wheat," as it is called) "is always at least twenty-five per cent, higher in price than other kinds," with its deep wadis and perfidious streams, the volcanic mountains rising on the horizon, and the wide sandy desert lying beyond them.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why
The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.

I wonder why!
I wonder how
The little bird clings to its bough!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree-tops moan and shake
I think, "How sleep the birdies now!"

I wonder how.
I wonder why
We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay;
That the dear Lord might come some
day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.
I wonder why!

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE.

Every mother is anxious that her little ones shall be healthy good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, and make teething easy. Mrs. T. Covert Masseie, Toronto, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy since he was three months old, and find that they agree with him splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALWAYS BY OR FOR WOMEN.

It is woman to whom falls in greater part the training of the population in the sense of beauty and in appreciation of the worth of beauty. Who keeps the flowers blooming in the average house lot? Who fills the one southern window with plants in tin cans and broken pieces of crockery? Who engages the florist to keep the rich house filled with flowers through all the seasons? For whom are all the beautiful objects in the rich home procured and set forth? Always by and for the woman. Who teaches the little children to enjoy the beauties of nature and of art? Always, or almost always, the woman. I look forward, therefore, to the future of the higher education for woman as a great influence in the perfecting family life, of civic life, of household joy and good.—Charles William Elliot.

BIRDS AND FISHERMEN.

In a certain lake region of Lapland, there is a very curious joint-company consisting of men and birds. They have organized for fishing purposes. Every morning early, the hungry birds come out and sing, so to speak, though a more correct term might perhaps be, come out and scream at the fishermen, telling them plainly enough that it is time to get up. The sleepy fishers leave their huts at the summons of these faithful servants, and need no other alarm-clocks. The boats are unmoored and then the swallows "strike out." The men guide their movements entirely by the course of the swallows, who very likely have been out scenting early that morning. When they pause and hover over a spot, redoubting their cries, then the fishermen know that is the place for them. They hasten forward and cast in their nets, and are well rewarded by finding them well filled.

When the game begins to get thin, the birds hasten on to a new fishing spot. It would be a churlish fellow who did not reward such faithful service. Many a fish is tossed up in the air which the birds swoop down upon and catch with an easy grace. After they become tame, they do not stand on such little ceremony, but just step aboard and help themselves.

As evening comes, both men and birds make for the shore, and after the best fish are taken out, they have only to leave the inferior ones in the boat, and they will be cleaned out for them in short order.

You will not find a better ordered association even where the parties are all men, nor one where more mutual benefit is bestowed. Yet each one acts out the distinct God has given him, and that is his guide. How perfectly adapted to the ends designed are all his works!

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth, but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.