

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is given;
Give! as the fresh air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, ceaselessly, give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing,
Give as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring!
What if no blossom looks upward adoring!
Look to the life that was lavished for thee.

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Though from its pulses a faint misereere
Beats to thy soul the sad passage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
In the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed carcases,
Ere and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the waves that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if it rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fair at the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover,
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Late, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST PROOF-PAGE OF THE BIBLE.

THIS has been a much-debated question, as the honor is claimed by both Holland and Germany. Be it as it may, there is a pretty well authenticated story told by an old Dutch writer, who was at one time president of Haarlem College, which is related by Donald G. Mitchell in this manner: In the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used after dinner to walk in the famous wood which was just without the city walls. One day while walking there he found a very smooth bit of beech-bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after his return home he stamped them upon paper and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink he made black stamps upon paper, and by dint of much thinking and much working he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing. But before he succeeded in doing this well he found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take in his employ several apprentices. He did his

work very secretly, and enjoyed upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them after a time ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks and entire pages of some book which he was about ready to print.

The old Dutch writer says, furthermore, that he had a teacher in his young days who had known an old servant of Lawrence Coster's; and he said this servant would burst into tears whenever he spoke of the way in which his master had been robbed, and so lost the credit of his discovery. The Dutch credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust or John Gutenberg. But the Germans say there is no proof of this.

In 1439 Gutenberg was occupied with some way of making books—or manuscripts—cheaper than they had ever been made before; but getting on poorly at Strasburg he went to Mayence, and formed a partnership with a rich silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him. Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Peter Schoffer, a scribe, or designer, worked for him, by drawing lines around the pages, making ornamental initial letters, and filling up the gaps in the printing. He was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg closely, and talked over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and acting on his hints Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types into a mold. This promised so well that he determined to get rid of Gutenberg and to carry on the business with Schoffer, to whom he gave his only daughter for a wife. He then called on Gutenberg for his loan, which he could not pay; so he had to give up to Faust all his tools, presses, and unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schoffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library, at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library, at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that. It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great folio volumes, of about six hundred pages each. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin; and in black Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye. If you owned a copy you could sell it for money enough to buy yourself a little library of about two thousand volumes. This was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types.—C. E. S.

THE "JESUS BATH HOUSE."

MATSU URA, who was a member of the A. B. O. Mission Church at Kobe, went to Fukui, Japan, to inherit a public bath. On taking possession of this piece of property, which was left by a relative, he immediately hung up a sign such as had never before been seen in Fukui. "No business done here on Sunday." This sign excited wide inquiry, which was always met

with pleasant replies, giving full reasons, and asking the inquirers to come on Sundays and learn more about the "Jesus way."

The witty people began to crack jokes about this "Jesus Bath House." They said, "This used to be a place for washing people's bodies; but now they have added a new department, and wash people's souls too." In all this city of 40,000 inhabitants there is no place better known and none more talked of than this bath house. The praiseworthy point is this, that his customers are steadily dropping off, and he is carrying on the house at a loss; "but," says Matsu Ura, "so long as the people are learning of this way, that is not worth mending."

When Mr. De Forest from Osaka was visiting Fukui, he says: "We preached five successive nights at the bath house: the bathers were stopped after six o'clock p.m.; the wide space wiped up and matted, and by eight the audience was ready. The numbers increased from fifty to about two hundred and fifty inside, and how many outside I could not judge. They listened with the greatest attention, received gladly all the tracts we offered, and bought all the Scriptures we had. I was agreeably surprised to see what a progressive valley this is; the most prominent buildings for twenty miles are great school-houses. If the Gospel becomes as dear to the people as education is, it will become a 'region of light.'"

COURAGE OF THE BOYS IN ARMENIA.

NOT very far from the supposed site of the old Garden of Eden is the village of Hoghe in Armenia. Some of the boys who attended the mission school there became Christians, and being anxious for the conversion of others, they organized what they called a "Home Missionary Society." All who were members went from house to house to read the Bible to the people, and tell them of the way of Salvation.

Nor were they satisfied to stop here. Two of their number, boys fourteen years old, said, "Why should we labour in our own village merely? Why not go on a foreign mission?"

This they decided to do. Taking their Testaments, the two boys started one Sabbath morning for the village of Ghoorbet Mezereh, about two miles distant, to preach to the Armenians.

On entering the village they met a company of Turks, who decided to try the courage of these Protestants, and said to them:

"Well, boys, what is Jesus?"

"He is a prophet of God," they replied. But when these young missionaries were on their way home they were both troubled because they felt they had denied the Saviour. So, kneeling down, they asked the Lord Jesus for courage to confess him, and then went back to do so. On re-entering the village they found the Turks still assembled, and they asked:

"Boys, why have you come back?"

"We have come back," they replied, "to confess our Saviour. We told you he is a prophet of God. He is so, and more; he is the Son of God, and the only Saviour of men."

The followers of the false prophet respected their courage and were not displeased; and the boys returned home with light hearts.

"FOURTEEN CHAWS A DAY."

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in North Carolina shows how tobacco-money was made to help on Sunday-schools. He writes:

After organizing a Sunday-school in an old log barn—the best we could do—I made an address to the crowd inside and outside, urging them to begin right away and build a house for the Sunday-school meetings.

"How much will you give, my friend?" said I to a man sitting just in front of me, chewing his quid quite vigorously. "Will you give as much in one year as it takes to pay for the tobacco you chew in that time?"

Letting the quid fall through a crack in the rough floor, the man rose up, looked rather puzzled, and said, "This is a new idea to me, sir. Well, let me see. Yes, sir. Starting for breakfast it takes nigh onto fourteen chaws a day—right big ones, too. Now, as you're talkin' sorter business-like, you can make the calculation, an' I'll pay it, sure, so I will, sir."

"I'll go five dollars' worth," said one.

"Me too," said another tobacco-worm.

And then rose up an elderly female. Reaching over, she gently pulled my sleeve and said, "My ole man got killed in the war; but he used to say it tuk twenty-five dollars to keep us two supplied in bacca one year. I'll give half that much, sir."

In this way over one hundred dollars were pledged for a new house.

Another widow, who also confessed to the use of the "weed," seeming determined that others should not go ahead of her "quid pro quo," capped the climax by giving an acre of land for locating the house on the summit of a woody hill overlooking a steamboat landing, which is said to be twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea. A lovely spot, indeed!—*Truth in Life.*

WHICH LADDER?

THERE is a ladder-wagon going by. It carries long ladders and short ladders, red ladders and white ladders, heavy and light, broad and narrow, plain and fancy. If you could have your choice, and take a ladder that would help you climb ten feet to a gravel bank, or a hundred feet to a gold mine, which would you select? That is not a question difficult to answer.

There are many young people leaving school, and they are picking their ladders for life's hard climb. How high do you mean to go, Will, Mar, I? Do you mean to land in the gravel bank or the gold mine?

There is one ladder with which you can reach a grand altitude. Look at the labels on some of its rounds: This is Industry; the second, Temperance; the third, Honesty; the fourth, Purity; the fifth, Study; the sixth, Prayer. It is a plain ladder. There is nothing fanciful about it, a feature that takes with some young people. It is built for an every-day steady, grand service. It will carry you to golden heights. Come, boys and girls, pick out this ladder and—climb.

LORD, he loveth thee the less that loveth anything with thee which he loveth not for thee.