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Northern Messenger

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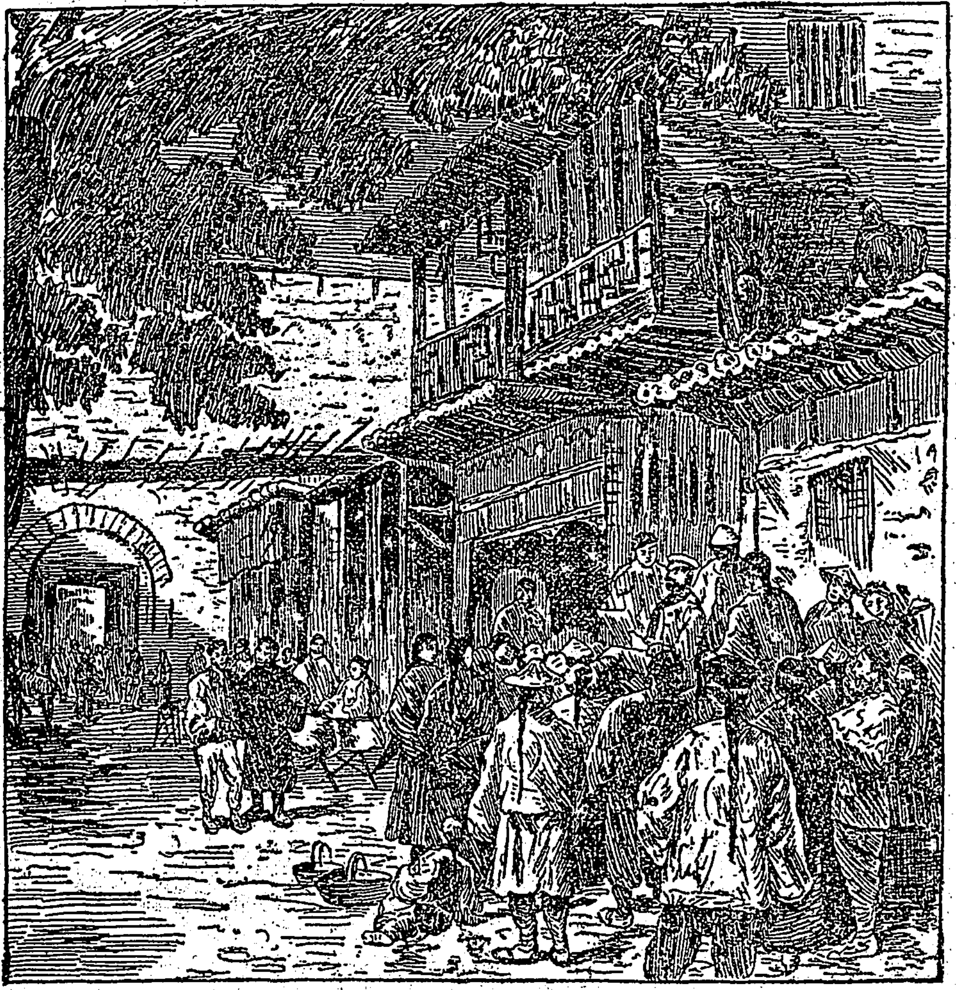
The Story of No Silver.

('Friendly Greetings.')

There was a terrible famine in China; first the crops had failed for want of rain, and then the great Yellow River, truly called 'China's Sorrow,' had overflowed its banks and overspread the country, sweeping away whole villages, wasting the fields, and causing fever and ague all around.

In a house formerly used as an inn, where comfort and plenty had once been enjoyed, but where poverty, hunger and sickness were now the only guests, a little Chinese boy was born fourteen years ago. His parents named him 'Woo-Yin-Erh,' which means 'No Silver,' When he was six years old the Yellow River stretched forth its long cruel arms and tore down his poor home; only two small sheds were left, where the family took up their abode.



STREET SCENE IN A CHINESE TOWN.

The mother, Mrs. Mah, and her daughter-in-law earned a miserable living by grinding meal and making millet cakes, which the eldest son sold at a fair, close by. But next year back came the river and washed their little sheds away: Poor Mrs. Mah did not see this misfortune, for she had lost her sight through cataract.

Now the eldest son found work away from home, his wife went to her own family, and little No Silver, with his old father and blind mother, wandered forth homeless and destitute. A kind woman lent them an empty room, and they started again their little cake business, though now Mrs. Mah could only turn very slowly the large stones that ground the meal. But, alas, one day there arose a sudden wild alarm, gongs clashing, bells ringing, cries sounding, 'The river, the river!'

'Save yourselves!' cried their kind hostess; 'I can only care for my own four children. So away once more they wandered, until, faint, famished, ragged, forlorn, they reached the home of the eldest son's wife. Here a small, dark, windowless hovel in the yard was given to them; but a few small cakes, begged from neighbors by the hunger-stricken family who had sheltered them, was all the food the weary travellers could obtain. 'Nothing is left for us now but to beg,' said the blind mother at last; and, even to those so sunk in misery, this was a bitter degradation. Southward among strangers they took their way. Mrs. Mah was able to perform a Buddhist chant which helped to procure them alms.

Next the father was attacked with abscess in the leg, but no tending of the sufferer was possible, no alleviation of any kind. In dreary dens and holes, whose roof-timbers in some cases had been removed and sold for bread, the forlorn family took passing shelter.

Conscious at last of approaching death, Mr. Mah, with his little family, turned their sad steps towards the family burying-ground. On the way he died, and the elder son being summoned, the wasted body, wrapped in an old mat, was carried to its last resting-place.

The son being obliged to return at once to his master, Mrs. Mah and little No Silver started for a tramp of eighty miles, begging their way, to find her brother. But, alas, he himself, had become homeless, taking shelter in a cow-shed, and almost starved. As again the desolate pair wandered forth, a countryman said, 'Venerable aunt, why do you not obtain treatment for your eyes?'

'How can I spend money on my eyes when we are starving to death?'

'Nay, but there are foreigners come to this country, who will cure you as a charity. They have done it for many.'

Once again hope revived in that sorely tried heart.

'My child,' she said to little Woo-Yin-Erh, 'come quickly! We will go to seek the foreign doctor.'

A long weary tramp, a few scanty alms by the way, and they stand at the gate of the Mission Hospital.

'Will you kindly tell me if the great cure-eyes teacher lives here.' the blind woman asked of an old man who was coming out.

'Certainly; I will lead you to him;' and he did so.

The kind doctor provided them with food and shelter till Mrs. Mah was strong enough for an operation on her eyes, by which the sight of one was in a great measure restored. While recovering, she showed her gratitude by her kind and constant attention to other patients. Meanwhile she learned a simple catechism, and accepted Christian truth in the spirit of a little child. What she knew she taught patiently and earnestly to more ignorant women; and showed also so much aptitude for attending on the sick that in course of time she was appointed hospital matron.

Timid women would sit quietly under surgical treatment while holding her hands, and many, persuaded by her assurances, overcame their fears of the foreigner, and entered the hospital. Nightly she gathered the female patients round her and led them in prayer, and still, to this day, she is carrying on her labors of love.

In the course of each year several thousands of women come under her Christian influence, while No Silver, now a bright, healthy lad, is advancing well with his education. Mother and son have once been home to their native district to carry the gospel message to those they left behind.

Relatives and friends, still in the depths of destitution, felt sorely the contrast between their lot and that of this opulent pair, who had found a home where 'China's Sorrow' could not reach them, and who had a dollar a month secured to them all the year round.

Sister Anne.

In 1845 a young society girl drifted into an Episcopal church. She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and her whole time was given up to dances and to the thoughtless dissipation of time indulged in by many society people. That morning, little dreaming that it was to be the most eventful day of her life, she laughed, dressed herself beyond criticism, went to the church and nonchalantly took her seat in her friend's pew.

The man who occupied the pulpit that day was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York. He was a devotee to charitable works, and his words were the expression of a large Christian experience.

In his sermon that morning he drew a picture of Jephthah, the warrior, who in an agony of prayer for victory, promised to sacrifice the first thing met on his way home from a victorious battlefield. The awful sequel followed: The greeting of his daughter as she came outside the city walls with her attendant minstrels to welcome the victor, and the relentless fulfilment of the father's vow by the offering up of his dearest possession.

The spiritual application of this terrible drama made such an impression on the young society girl that she decided immediately to consecrate her life to the work of the church. In order that the renunciation might be complete she was ordained as a sister of the Holy Communion. Then her religious life began.

She established as a first venture a school for abandoned girls. Very soon a dispensary followed. In a short time the cholera epidemic came, and the girl who once thought it her highest mission to lead a cotillion discovered that it was happier to lead a band of nurses. Wherever the scourge raged, there Sister Anne was to be found. She was absolutely without fear. No danger was too great, no loathsome work too hard for her. The sick blessed her, and the dying looked their last into her loving eyes.

After the epidemic passed, and there was no longer any need of dramatic heroism, she quietly gave the rest of her life to the Sisterhood of St. Luke's Hospital. To be an every-day nurse, to have common drudgery, to relieve suffering that ranged through the whole gamut of misery, to bury herself in unheroic work—herein lay her womanly heroism.

The sisterhood that she founded has now many thousands of members throughout the world. When she died at an advanced age her only request was that her ashes should be placed beside those of the preacher who opened her eyes for the first time to the unselfish uses and the true value of this mortal life.

Such in a few words, is the story of a faithful and triumphant stewardship. To her the first step must have seemd a great sacrifice; but very soon the sacrifice was turned into contentment and joy. To all of us the secret of the way to make the best use of life is shown in some of the conditions and associations in which we are placed. The revelation of what we ought to do and what we can become greets us in plenty of time for a decisive choice. For the sake of a few evanescent pleasures shall we allow the soul's opportunity for beneficent, godlike achievement to pass us forever by?—'The Youth's Companion.

Mr. Spurgeon on Theatre-Going.

I see it publicly stated, said the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, by men who call themselves Christians, that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into the great sewer to improve its aroma. If the church is to imitate the world in order to raise its tone, things have strangely altered since the days when our Lord said, 'Come ye out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing.' Is Heaven to descend to the infernal lake to raise its tone? Such has been the moral condition of the theatre for many a year that it has become too bad for mending, and even if it were mended it would corrupt again. Pass by it with averted gaze; the house of the strange woman is there. It has not been my lot ever to enter a theatre during the performance of a play; but I have seen enough when I have come home from distant journeys at night, while riding past the play-houses, to make me pray that our sons and daughters may never go within the doors.

If our church members fall into the habit of frequenting the theatre, we shall soon have them going much further in the direction of vice, and they will lose all relish for the ways of God. Theatre-going, if it become general among professing Christians, will soon prove the death of piety.

A Dream.

(By Clara C. Hoffman.)

Harold slept and dreamed that he died and went to heaven.

He was not surprised to find himself there, for he was prominent, popular and prosperous. He had broken no law, except the law of love, which has no place among the statutes of the state and is not too highly esteemed in the church. Though wordly and self-centred he was highly endowed, reputable and religious. Of course, his place was in heaven! Why not?

Even in fancy, he had never pictured anything half so lovely as the country in which he found himself. It was like a fairy scene. Hill and dale, meadow and stream, richest foliage, beautiful and fragrant flowers; the soft air vocal with song of birds. All this to eye and sense, but why was this land, surpassing thought of poet or artist, without inhabitant? He seemed alone in the midst of this entrancing loveliness. Where were the hosts of the redeemed—the eminently orthodox and respectable Christians of his class? Where the judgment tribunal and the great white throne, and he that sitteth thereon to judge the world? Where the glorious Saviour who had died that such as he might live?

Full of these questioning thoughts he wandered from one scene of beauty to another until he found himself on the summit of a hill from whence his eye could sweep over a vast extent of territory.

Here was nature—in all her varied and exquisite forms of life—yet his soul longed for human companionship. How could he live here alone—alone?

At that moment he saw a dark object against the distant horizon. Does it move? Yes, yes! It is coming toward him? Yes, and again yes! Intently he watches and waits, thrilled with alternate hope and fear.

Now he sees a long, moving line. Nearer and nearer it comes toward him. Now he can distinguish that the procession is composed of living, human beings like unto himself, and all his being is filled with joy. He is not doomed to solitude.

Steadily, steadily the column advances and slowly winds past him. Here are men and women and children. Here are young and old, rich and poor, here the learned and illiterate. Slowly as they pass each one turns and looks into Harold's face. Then like a flash of lightning comes remembrance of time, and place, and circumstance when each of these silent ones had touched the circle of his life—his self-seeking, self-centred life!

He saw the erring seeking a place for repentance. Tender, helpful sympathy would have meant so much! It did not come, and the soul in desperation rushed on to its doom.

Though unfortunate, buffeted and borne down, no hand stretched out to save; the strong, frustrated and defeated—a little encouragement would have driven away the cloud and brought back the sun of hope; youth, chilled and embittered by harsh condemnation; the old and weary and disappointed, longing only for rest and sunshine; the poor who asked for bread and received a stone; the halt and lame and blind, yet brothers all.

Will they never, never pass? Is this awful procession endless? Will these pictures from memory's gallery haunt the soul forever and forever?

Harold's eyes burned like balls of fire. A great trembling laid hold upon him. Conscience, like a sharpened dagger, pierced to his marrow and remorse wrung his heart. In anguish he cried out, 'My God, my God, is this the judgment?' Then from afar, borne on the soft and fragrant air, came a voice never to be forgotten, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these, ye did it not unto Me.'

In the unspeakable agony of that bitter hour the dream dissolved. Harold awoke.

It was not death—it was not heaven—yet judgment had been rendered. Back to the duties and responsibilities of life came the dreamer with clearer vision to understand that his mental endowment, his splendid physique, his far-reaching influence, his wealth of time, the ever-opening doors of opportunity set before him, are each and all the goods committed to him by the Master, to use for humanity. He that loveth not his brother loveth not God.

Harold's being was illuminated with truth. His heart was filled with love. As self died he poured out his soul in prayer:

'Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day
And left my work but just begun.

'So clear I see, that things I thought
Were right or harmless, were a sin.
So clear I see that I have sought
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

'So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save.
That I have selfish been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

'Father, in outskirts of Thy kingdom vast,
The humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Repentant let me work for Thee.'

—'Union Signal.'

Famine Difficulties.

A lady missionary in India set out to relieve a special case of distress through starvation. After feeding some children, a crowd of about fifty people collected, begging for food. 'Evidently,' writes the lady, 'they were aware of the fact that there was not enough for all, so they refused to sit down and be served in turn, as the Bunya wished. They had become (rendered so by semi-starvation) like wild beasts fighting for food. We tried pushing them aside; the Bunya took the food-basket right away, while I endeavored, by umbrella and shouts, to make them quiet and orderly enough to receive the food. It was all in vain. They were wild because unable to clutch at the food. At last I put the basket in the tum-tum,' and sat myself on the tailboard to dispense it; but just as the food reached the would-be recipient's clothing, which was held out, a stronger one managed to convey it to his or her keeping. With the help of the two men, I managed to divide the mere handful of food (for such a crowd). One blind man was clutching at me on one side, and a lad, rendered horrible to look at by small-pox, on the other, the coachman quite unable to keep him back. Never have I seen such a crowd before, and never again, without help of police or a large staff of servants, shall I attempt to feed such a famished group. It was indeed pitiful to see them. I shall write to officials at once, and see if something cannot be done for them. My text this morning was. 'Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy. To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in time of famine." We do need strength and faith to grasp all such promises.'

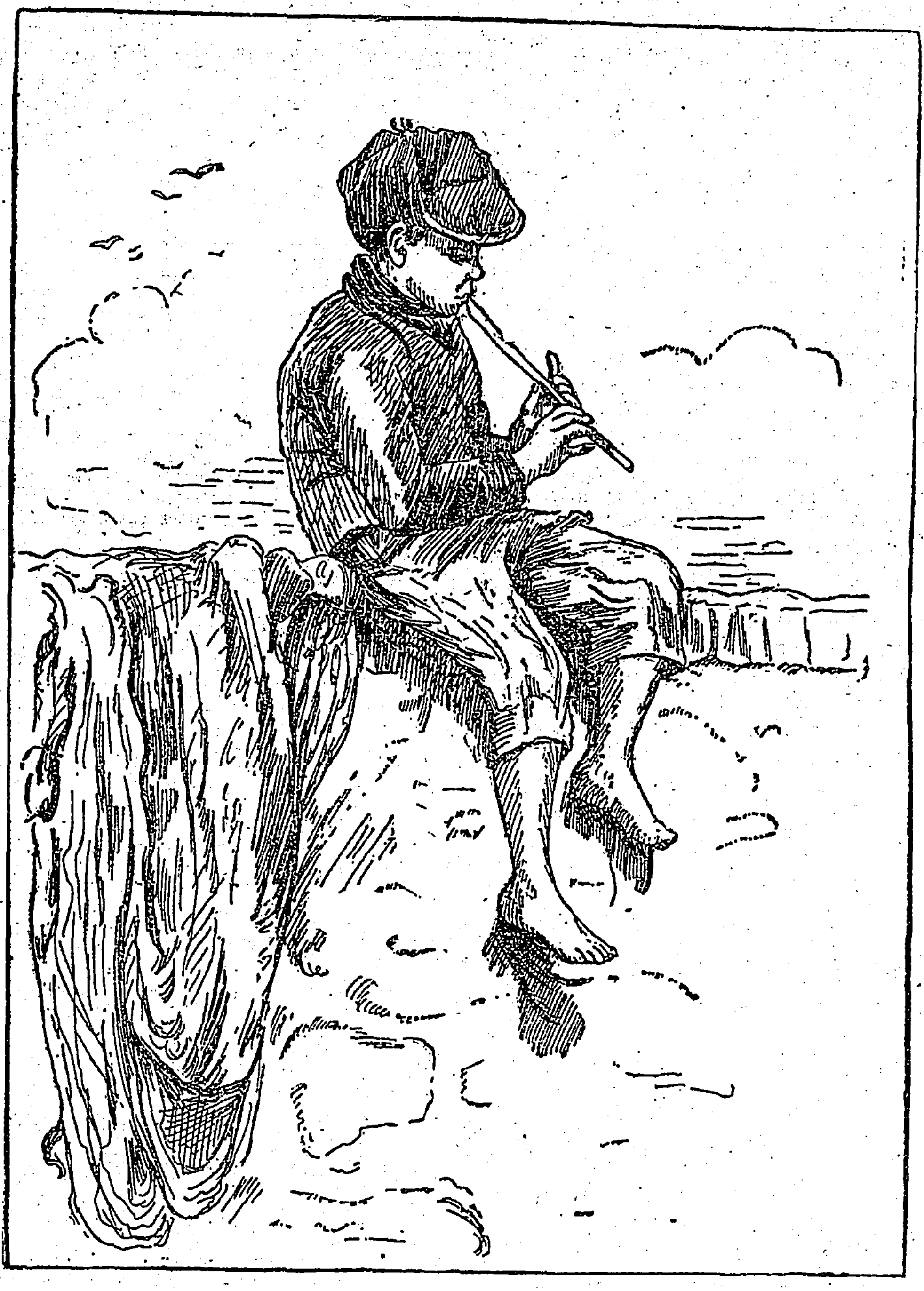
BOYS AND GIRLS

Willie's Whistle.

(By Archie Little.)

Here goes for the story of Willie's whistle. It only cost a penny, but proved to be worth a great deal more. 'How, how?' you ask. Well, if you read on to the end of my story, you will find out.

Willie was the son of a fisherman, who died some time before the whistle came into his little son's possession. He had long desired to possess one, but now that his father was dead, and brother Tom the only bread-winner for the family, he very much doubted whether his desire should ever be gratified. But Tom was a good-hearted fellow, and promised to buy Willie a whistle on his very next birthday. This made Willie the happiest little chap in all the village, and he went on counting the weeks and the days till his birthday should come round.



At last the great day arrived. Tom had been away all the previous night fishing, and Willie went down to the little harbor to await his return. But, alas! Tom did not seem much pleased to see Willie waiting for him. He remembered quite well what day it was, and all about his promise, but, sad to say, there was an obstacle in the way! The matter was just this: Tom had begun to go into the public-house on returning from his night's fishing, and he found on this particular morning that he had just enough money to pay for his usual drink and no more. So he tried not to see Willie, and was hurrying off to the public-house; but Willie fixed himself on to the big fellow's arm, and said, winningly:—

'Tom, this is my birthday.'

'Is it, Willie?' said Tom. 'So it is, I believe. My! you'll soon be a man now.'

'Tom,' said Willie, piteously; 'Tom, d'ye no' mind about the whistle you promised me?'

'The whistle!' said Tom, evasively. 'Oh yes, I believe I did promise you a whistle. But, Willie, I've no money just now. Wait till another time.'

'Oh, Tom!' said Willie, as the tears began to creep into his eyes; 'I was so anxious for it!'

Tom hesitated. He had a big brotherly heart, and he really liked Willie; but, then, he was beginning to like the drink, too. He allowed himself, however, to give one glance into Willie's face, and that glance settled the matter. Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a penny, and gave it to Willie, saying:

'Here, Willie, run and buy your whistle.'

With a look of intense happiness, Willie snatched the penny out of Tom's hand and made off towards the village shop. Tom, on his part, went back to his boat with a look on his face that was partly sad and partly glad.

But the day came and before very long, when Tom was wholly glad that he had denied himself his drink that morning to let Willie have his whistle.

Willie set himself with a will to learn the instrument that he had so much coveted, and before very long he could play the tune, 'Will ye no' come back again?' Often and often, after this, did he sit on the wall overlooking the harbor, and play that cheery tune as the boats were going out; and Tom and the others would look up with a smile on their faces and say, 'Ay, ay, Willie, we'll come back again if we can.'

But, alas! there came a day when some of them found they could not come back. It was during the herring fishing. Willie, sitting on his wall among torn nets, had played them out as usual, and many of them smiled more sweetly than ever to hear the familiar tune.

A great storm came on in the course of the night, and the boat that Tom was in, as well as other boats, went to pieces. Tom was more fortunate than some of his fellows, and succeeded in getting himself astride the floating mast. But, oh! he had a terrible night of it in the darkness and the storm, and would have dropped into the sea, if Willie's tune had not kept continually coming into his head. 'Yes, Willie,' he muttered every now and again, 'by the help of God, I will come back again.'

At last, after hours and hours, Tom became so much exhausted that he felt he could not do anything but let himself drop into tho dark water. But, hark! what was that? Could it really be the case? Was he only dreaming, or did he really hear Willie's whistle sounding out amidst the storm? Yes, there was the old tune, as plain as could be—'Will ye no' come back again?' It was no dream; the floating mast had carried him near the shore, where Willie, afraid that Tom might be in peril, was going up and down playing his whistle to encourage him. When Tom became sure that he was not dreaming, he braced himself up once more, clung to the mast more firmly than ever, and after a while was safely landed on the beach by the help of loving Willie.

So you see, if the whistle only cost a penny, it proved to be worth a great deal more. Some of you clever boys and girls can add the moral for yourselves.—'Adviser.'

Sought and Found.

'Mary, won't you go to church with me this morning?' said John Dixon, one bright summer Sunday.

'No, John; you know I can't. There are the children to see to, and the dinner to cook.'

'But——'.

'Now, John, it's no use saying 'but;' I am not going, and there's an end of it.'

And, with an impatient toss of her head, Mary took up a duster and began vigorous work on the table already in a high state of polish.

John turned away with a sigh, knowing well that to argue with Mary, in her present state of mind, would be worse than useless.

Up to a few months before my story begins, John and Mary Dixon had been of the same way of thinking in regard to religious matters: that is to say, they were alike in being utterly indifferent to higher things than the ordinary daily duties of life.

But, one Sunday in early spring, John had been startled and impressed by a sermon on our need of a Saviour, and as he listened to the preacher, the Holy Spirit opened his eyes to see that his outwardly good life had not been without sin in the sight of God, and such sin as no effort of his could do away with.

On the way home, John remarked : 'Mary, did you understand how the minister said we were to be saved ?'

Very much surprised, Mary answered : 'Not I : I never trouble myself to listen; I'm only too glad to sit quiet a bit.'

'But, if we are sinners, as he said, don't you think that it's quite time we found out how to be saved ?

'Well, you are foolish : if he said sinners, of course he didn't mean such as you and me.'

'I'm not so sure about that : he read a text from the bible that says there is none righteous, no, not one; and I don't feel as though I could ever be happy till I find what he said was the real remedy for sin.'

'Well, John, of course you must do as you like; but mind, I am not going to be bothered with such nonsense. I am quite content as I am, and I don't believe in a lot of talk.

And so matters went on for many months, John growing in all excellence and goodness, and Mary apparently hardening more and more.

But at length came a change. Mary, for the first time in her life, became so seriously ill as to be brought consciously face to face with death, and then indeed she realised that, for all her boasted goodness, she was quite unfit to meet her God; but the memory of her past behavior to John sealed her lips especially as his devoted attention seemed to be heaping coals of fire upon her head.

One evening Mary suddenly said, during a short respite from pain, 'I wish you'd read to me a little bit.'

'What shall I read ?'

'Oh, anything, I'm tired of tossing about, and perhaps it may put me to sleep.'

In fear and trembling John replied, 'May I read a few verses from the bible ?'

'Oh, yes, that'll do,' was the unexpected answer.

And as John read the fifty-first Psalm, in which David confesses and seeks forgiveness for his sins, tears stole down Mary's pale cheeks; but she made no remark, and a fresh attack of pain forbade any conversation.

But the next evening she again asked to be read to, adding, 'I want to hear about the man who came to Jesus by night; and the next time read about the thief on the cross.

It may be imagined with what a thankful heart her requests were complied with; and knowing her to be naturally reserved, John was content to do simply what he was asked, and leave the rest to him who had evidently begun a good work in Mary's heart.

The next evening, when John had finished talking, Mary lay thinking quietly for a few minutes, and then said,

'I should like to hear more about it. Do you think the clergyman would come and see me, if we asked him ?'

'That I am sure he would.'

'Well, then, go and ask him to-morrow.'

This John did; and the afternoon found Mr. Fordyce sitting by Mary's bedside, reading and explaining to her the Word of God. To his teaching Mary lent a willing ear, and drank in bible-truth with an eagerness that plainly showed her soul to be athirst for the 'Water of Life.'

One night she was seized with a frightful spasm of agony, and gasped out, 'John—I'm —going !'

'Are you afraid ?'

'No—He died for me.'

But Mary's life was to show the necessity of her faith, and she was given back from the very gates of the grave, though for many days it was believed she could not possibly recover. During this time of suspense, her sister-in-law remarked, one day,

'Mary, the neighbors are always pitying you, and saying it's time you got better.'

Mary shook her head and answered quietly, 'I don't think there'll be any getting better for me in this life.'

'But you don't seem to mind, and you *don't look unhappy.*'

'I am not unhappy.'

'But don't you care about leaving John and the children ?'

'Of course, I would like to live for their sakes; but God will care for them, if he takes me.'

'Well, you've always been very good, Mary.'

But at this Mary's reserve gave way, and, with all the energy she could muster, she exclaimed, 'Never say that again. Only God knows how bad I've been—so bad, I thought he never could forgive me. But now I know that My Saviour loved me and gave himself for me, and it's that makes me happy.'

She sank back exhausted; but her lips had been unsealed, and she and John never wearied of testifying to the power of a Saviour's love—that love which, in different ways, had sought and found these two wanderers from his fold.—H. A. Newman, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

The Earthquake in Assam.

(By Charles E. Burdette, in 'Chicago Standard.')

I must write a few words about our great earthquake. Of course, being on the scene, it may appear greater to us than it will to others, but its force and extent and duration really seem so great to me, that it must become historical. Shillong, which is said to be the centre of the disturbance and the greatest sufferer, is sixty-four miles from Gauhati and we hear that the vibrations of the shock were felt in Paris. It is now ten days since the shock occurred and we are still experiencing a number of tremors every day. They seem slight to us now, but many of them are more severe than anything we ever had before Saturday, June 12. Last Saturday evening, June 19, we had nine distinct shocks, nearly every one of them more severe than the formerly customary Assam shocks, between seven and ten o'clock, and still others during the night. Indeed, if you sat quietly, and gave your attention, you would find the earth slightly trembling at any time since the great shocks. There have been quite marked tremors this morning, and it is but a little past five o'clock ; not yet sunrise.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

About five o'clock p.m., a week ago last Saturday, I was sitting at my study table figuring up the average of a number of examination papers, when I was startled by a severe 'thump.' I had felt earthquakes often enough to know what it was, and although it was a little more severe than common, I expected nothing more serious than the tumbling of a few bricks from the tops of our mud laid walls, and was not alarmed in the least. But in order to save each other from anxiety, Miriam (his wife) and I have long faithfully observed a rule that upon the first signs of an earthquake each of us shall immediately run out of the bungalow by the nearest door. So I jumped and ran bareheaded, my pen in my fingers, expecting to be again at my desk in a minute or two. But before I had crossed our veranda, the 'thump' was followed by what seemed a double shock—thump, thump—two in close succession, and giving the impression of coming from opposite directions, and became quite serious as I sprang with all my might off the veranda and out of the drive-way into the open compound. By this time the earth was in constant vibration, and though I could not say that I heard anything, I had had the constant sensation that the 'chucking' vibration was accompanied by a chucking sound. I remember now that as I called for Miriam, my own voice had a faint distant sound, and that I was surprised to hear almost no outcry from the bazaars, which were not far off, nor from passers by. Reports from Shillong say that the roar accompanying the shock was deafening, preventing them from hearing the fall of bricks and stone buildings, and one of the weirdest parts of the occurrence here was the noiseless collapse of our bungalows.

Miriam and I seldom fail to see each other as we run from the bungalow, and have never failed to meet soon after getting outside. But this time I saw nothing of her and at once feared that she might have been sleeping. We neither of us have the habit of daytime rest, though sometimes we have taken a little sleep in the afternoon. The weather for a day or two preceding the earthquake had been all but insufferably hot, and peculiarly depressing, and I did not know how late in the afternoon it was. So I at once feared that Miriam might be sleeping. I dismissed this thought as too absurd in the midst of such confusion, but still, she might be delayed dressing, or hindered in getting out, for we were by that time rocking about like a freight caboose. I ran toward the windows and called. Then I saw the chimneys sway and break and clatter down the roof, and I ran back, and immediately forward, saw the bungalow swing violently and then settle down over its foundation. The fall was not attended by a particle of a crash, but a dense cloud of red brick dust belched out on all sides to a great distance, suffocating me, as well as frightening me,and driving me further back. I could stil think of nothing but Miriam, but, as I ran again towards the ruins calling her name and waiting for a reply, I noticed that both the other bungalows and the mission chapel were down. I suppose I was myself staggering like a drunken man, for all but one or two of the people in sight were sitting or lying down, gripping the turf with their hands to steady themselves, and I was, myself, conscious of great difficulty in standing or walking. Then there seemed to come a deathly calm. I learned that Miriam had gone to the ladies' bungalow and ran over there to find her with Miss Morgan and Miss Wilson, safe and sound, and in the same awestruck mental condition as myself. Europeans say the first shock lasted two minutes. It seemed to me at the time like ten or fifteen, but recalling what really happened it does not seem that a minute passed before the whole compound was in ruins. After the earthquake was over we remembered the unusually sultry weather that preceded it, and especially that the night preceding the earthquake the water brought for our bath rooms was so much warmer than common, that we spoke of it.

RUINS IN THE MISSION COMPOUND.

Miriam had saved her 'topi' (hat) by being away from home. She was the only person on the compound who had a hat of any kind. I had only a wretched pair of slippers for my foot-gear; was without a collar. Miss Wilson and Miss Morgan had been hindered from dressing by Miriam's visit or they might have been unable to escape from their bungalow quickly enough to save their lives. As it was, they found themselves in dressing gowns and slippers, with no house to go into—that is, no house they could possibly get into, for the whole compound, so far as a brick residence was concerned, was in ruins; was flat; so that however courageous one might have been they could get nothing out of the bungalows. I have not yet—ten days after the earthquake—been able to get my shoes.

THE RIVER'S TURMOIL.

While our bungalows were falling, the Brahmaputra river was a wonderful sight. I was not in sight of it at the time, being on the opposite side of my bungalow, and saw only the turmoil that continued after the worst of the earthquake had passed. It boiled like a cauldron in the middle. A lady who happened to be on the ferry steamer at the time, said that water fell away from under the steamer till they could see the bottom of the river through the turbid waters. Then a great wave rolled back under them again. A large wave washed high up the banks and returning, swept steamboats and cargo flats from their moorings, when they hastily raised their anchors and steamed off down stream. Great numbers of dugouts and layer boats were swept away empty, capsized and broken. The current of the river seemed to be much increased immediately after the earthquake.

THE LAND SUBSIDES.

After we had congratulated each other on our escape I ran over to the house of one of our Christian families, the great-grandmother of which is a saintly old woman who remembers seeing the first Carey. We feared she could not be got out of the house in time to escape injury. I found the house in ruins, but she had escaped. On the way I saw some cracks in the road, a few inches wide, and we all went to see them, as wonderful phenomena. Afterward we learned there were great terraces, two and three feet high, formed by the subsidence of land in a compound near our own, while in the jail yard springs and spouting geysers eight and ten feet high were seen.

As we were talking about these things, one of the government officers came galloping on to the compound to see if we were all well; then galloped on, and again returned, telling us of the effects of the earthquake. I think every brick building in the station but one either fell or was so injured that they must be torn down. In some cases—in many cases, indeed—the entire building became a mass of ruins. But buildings built of brick and mortar did not crumble so utterly as those where the bricks were laid in mud, as was the case on the mission compound.

IN SHILLONG.

In Shillong, which suffered more, three Europeans died, two being killed by the earthquake. The other, a lady of great age and many ailments, wonderfully enough, survived the earthquake a day or two before dying. The inspector-general of police was killed while asleep, by falling bricks. One old man, who had an eccentric habit of keeping every door and window of his bungalow tightly closed all the time, found himself unable to get out after the quake began. In the government printing office, one hundred and fifty or more operatives were killed, and a Christian village not far from Shillong, was utterly lost—I don't know just how—and 1,000 people perished.

A RAGING STREAM.

A tributary of the Brahmaputra in the northern part of our district burst its banks and did much damage, drowning people and destroying houses and crops. The deputy commissioner was on tour in that region at the time, and had to march long distances up to his neck in water, before he reached Gauhati. Many fields, some nearly ready to harvest, were covered with sand, brought up by boiling springs. A company of Garos reported that they had run away from their homes because the mountains were on fire, and the chief commissioner at once sent an expedition to see if a volcano had formed anywhere. Word from one of our Christian villages reports one church and one schoolhouse wrecked, and in another place, one life lost by a falling tree. Great rocks were dislodged from the mountains. The most of our villages have not yet been heard from.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

All Europeans in the stations spent the first night on the mail steamer, which left at five o'clock next morning. There were nineteen of us. The dining saloon could not accommodate so large a party, so the ladies ate first, and the gentlemen afterward. After dinner we had a little religious service on deck. Very few slept much, but all had some rest. At 4.30 a.m. we had a bite to eat and went ashore. The officers and families went aboard the chief commissioners' barge, which was anchored at Gauhati. It rained during the night, and was raining when we disembarked, and rained most of that day—Sunday. We found the driveway of our bungalow clear enough to sit in. We found two chairs in the schoolhouse, a reed building—standing, but unsafe. We ate in our cook-house, the roof of which was whole, though much of the walls were torn away. I crawled on my hands and knees through a depression in the ruins of the bungalow wall, and in the wreck of Miriam's dressing-table found her gold watch, fountain pen, and three international postal-cards. I have since learned that a message which I sent by post-card, the evening of the disaster, to our agents in Calcutta, was sent by cable to the mission rooms in Boston.

On Monday we went to work getting things out of the wreck, and are working at it still. We have been surprised at the number of frail things that escaped destruction, though, of course, the larger number of things have been destroyed. If Miriam had really been sleeping, and had not waked or moved, she would have been safe in her bed. The mosquito net was just a little bit torn in two places, near one corner, and the whole thing covered with brick dust. The large mirror and stand, on her wrecked dressing-table, slid down to the floor without the slightest injury. Indeed, looking-glasses seemed to have been charmed articles. My own dressing table was thrown over on its face and buried in bricks. As the glass was attached to it, I supposed it was shattered. I made no attempt to extricate it for several days, when, after digging off the great pile of bricks that covered it, I found that, though the very frame which held it was ruined, the glass itself, about 18x22, was absolutely unscathed. My bedstead, mattress, and springs escaped, though the mosquito frame was wrecked. Strange to say, though the net on Miriam's bed escaped, the frame was demolished. A large writing table in my study came out with but little damage; though the top was frail and covered with brick dust and debris. Our dining table presented a sorry appearance, one end seeming hopelessly broken, but it now looks as though it could be made quite serviceable. An opal of Niagara Falls, about 5x8, in the drawing-room, where everything else seemed demolished, came out of a pile of bricks yesterday without any harm. The baby organ seemed broken to pieces, but the connection between the bellows and the reeds seems to be unbroken, so, if we find time, we may also put this in order again. The top of the cabinet organ was crushed somewhat, but we hope it is not badly hurt. Books fared badly for the rain steamed badly, and the mud plaster made a dreadful mess of mud as soon as it became wet. One of my bookcases, six feet high, still stands, stiff as a drum-major, apparently without the slightest injury, but three were split into kindling wood, and one came out sans top and bottom, and with broken glasses. Clothing in trunks and bureaus came out all right. I have not yet been able to get at my shoes because they were under my dressing-table. Yesterday we finished uncovering the main part of the bungalow—that is, getting the roof off, and hope that we will soon have everything out that is extricable.

We are living in a house which I built for a dormitory in 1889. It has an iron roof, and the floor is six feet from the ground. It has one room 20x30,, and an open veranda under the gable, 20x10. It is still full of boxes and debris, thrown every way by the earthquake, for we have had to give all our attention to our wrecked bungalow. But a few days we trust will make it a comfortable shelter, and we hope a layer of thatch over the iron roof will make it cool enough to live in. At present we sleep on the veranda.

We have had some pouring rains, such as we have only in Assam, but the season has been much dryier than usual. This is a dubious blessing, for, though it favors us, it is bad for crops.

All our Christian villages have not been heard from but we hope they have not suffered much. Some of their stone storehouses have been broken down, and the loose rice running into the fissures has destroyed the house. Some of the fields have been covered with sand which destroys growing crops. Only one life reported lost thus far.

I find myself very tired. Miriam has had a fever and though better, does not get strong again. I myself had fever on Saturday and Sunday, but was not hindered from work or Sunday service. I can write no more though I would like to. The railway doctor is trying to get photographs of the ruined buildings for publication in a London sketch which is on sale in America and available in reading rooms. My school has been badly interrupted. I hope I can begin it next week, but will have very poor facilities at the best, even then.

Gauhati, Assam, June 22, 1897.

One of the most fatal habits which anyone can contract is that of looking at all things in a ludicrous point of view. He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion. But beware of him who jests at everything; such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon the moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—Southey.

How a Woman's Wit Moved a Pile of Lumber.

When the mission houses were being moved from Anapano to Rutun, in the Ruk Islands, the lumber had to be carried on the backs of men down to the seashore at Anapano, and then from the shore at Rutun to the new site. The men were paid a fish-hook for a carry; but before long they grew tired of fish-hooks, and very tired of work, and they refused to carry any more. Here was a problem Dr. Price and Captain Foster were unable to solve. Here is Mrs. Foster's account of how it was solved:

'One day the idea popped into my head that perhaps they would do it for something to eat. So I went to work: Friday morning I baked eight loaves of bread, and promised each man who carried up a board a slice of bread. I thought I had lots of bread, but lo! when I was through paying them at noon, I had only one loaf of bread left, and they were going to carry all the afternoon. So I made seventy-five baking powder biscuits, and gave them all out, as well as my remaining loaf of bread. Saturday, I fried seventy-five pancakes, and Monday morning as many more. Tuesday, I made five hundred and thirty-five raised dough biscuits; Wednesday, three hundred and fifty more. Friday morning, when I began, there were two schooner loads of lumber on the seashore, which they could not get up here with all their coaxing and fish-hooks. Thursday morning, it was all up here except a few blinds, and I had one hundred and fifty biscuits left to bring up the next schooner load. I was, of course, very tired, but very triumphant, and I did crow over the men folks a little. I told them the secret of my success was that I knew the way to a man's heart. After mother came over she baked I don't know how many pancakes and biscuits, and we never had any trouble to get them to carry.'—'The Pacific.

A Troublesome Lie.

(By Charles M. heldon, Topeka, Kan.)

Mr. S. H. Hadley, superintendent of the famous Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, is lame and walks with a cane. He was injured when a small boy, but when he went to New York, just after the war he began to tell people who inquired as to his lameness that he was shot while in the army.

'And right there is where I started a lie that gave me the biggest lot of trouble to keep up with it,' said Mr. Hadley. 'For I never was in the war, and hadn't any idea of the bother that story would cause me before I had done with it.'

After I had been in New York a short time I made the acquaintance of a man who almost the first thing inquired as to the cause of my lameness.

'Shot in the army,' I replied very glibly.

'"Ah! In what battle, if I may ask?"

'I had never thought of what battle! But of course, I had to give some name, so I said, "Battle of Stony Creek."

'Indeed! I was in that very battle! What was your regiment?'

'At this point, to my great relief, something happened to call my acquaintance away. I went home that night and at once started to investigate the battle of Stony Creek. I went to various sources of information to get the details as to regiments engaged, and spent several valuable hours studying up on the war, so as to answer any more questions that might be put to me in the future. I was scared to think how I might make some blunder and lie in such a way as to be found out.

'Sure enough, my acquaintance inquired as to my regiment the next time I met him. I had taken pains at great inconvenience to learn the name of his regiment so as not to make the mistake of belonging to it.

'But that did not end it. My acquaintance continued to ask me the most embarrassing questions. Nearly every, one of them compelled me to invent a fresh lie. The original lie was at least a dozen now.

'Finally the old soldier asked me a question I had not anticipated.

'"Why don't you apply for a pension?" he said.

'I was thunderstruck. I had nothing to say. Then I tried to put him off with one excuse and another, all of them fresh lies. He finally left me saying, "Hadley, you ought to have a pension. When I go to Washington next week I am going to see what can be done to get you a pension. You ought to have one."

'I was horrified at the result of my lies. I knew that if the matter was investigated the records would show that I was never in the army. But I didn't dare to tell the truth.

'The man went to Washington and actually made some efforts to have my case investigated. I had several letters from a pension lawyer who wrote before he had looked into the records. I answered the letters and lied several dozen lies doing it.

'One night I was converted down in Jerry McAuley's Mission. The first thing I did was to go home and tell my wife that I had been lying to her for years about my lame knee. She had never known the truth. Then I went to the old soldier and told him. Then I hunted up every man in New York to whom I had told the falsehood, and told them the truth. That lie must have multiplied into a thousand from the time I began to tell it. I have never got over wondering at the amount of trouble a sinner, and especially a liar, makes for himself. My experience proves that.'—'Ram's Horn.'

A Hymn Composed in a Stage Coach.

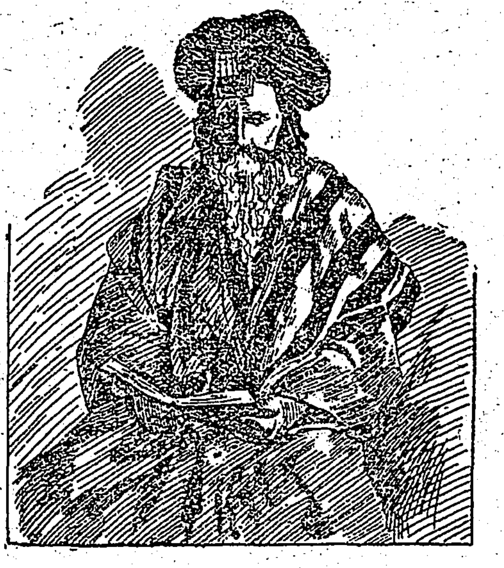
The well known hymn 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,' was composed in a stage-coach, somewhere between Bath and Bristol, in the year 1841. Its writer, Miss Jemima Thompson — daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Poundsford Park, near Taunton, a great friend of children in his day — had been accustomed, like many other young people, to write little poems and essays before she was thirteen years old. After this she became a Sunday-school teacher in the village near her father's park. One day, at Bath, she happened to hear the music of a song—a Greek air, by which name the tune is still known—which took hold of her fancy: she could not help humming it over and over to herself, and, while riding home in the coach—for the railway was not yet made — she thought. 'I must teach this air to the children at Poundsford.' But to what words? So, as she sat in the coach, the hymn seemed to grow in her mind—to fit itself to the music; and when she reached home she was ready to write it down: only two verses at first, afterwards the third; and now the sweet hymn given to those village children by their loving teacher is sung all over the English-speaking world.

Rabbi Shemaia's Daring.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'He said I dared not read his accursed gospel,' muttered the Rabbi Shemaia; 'as if the soul of a son of Abraham could suffer hurt at the hands of a Gentile dog.'

The rabbi had just returned from morning prayers at the synagogue; he had on a spotless tunic, and a striped talith of blue and white, and on his forehead he wore a broad 'phylactery,' in token of his obedience to the law. This little leather box, bound by a black ribbon to his brow, contained four squares of parchment, written over with Hebrew characters. On the first was inscribed the verses from Exodus instituting the sacrifice of the Passover; on the second the dedication of the first born to Jehovah, the brief account in Exodus thirteen of the route to Canaan, and the presence of God in a pillar of fire and cloud; on the third was written the command to bind God's laws on the hand and between the eyes, and on the fourth the same command repeated in another chapter.



RABBI SHEMAIA.

The rabbi only wore this token of loyalty to his religion at morning and evening prayers, but so deeply stirred was he by the words of the foreigner who had offered him this despised volume, that he forgot to unbind the phylactery, or throw off the talith.

He had refused the stranger's offer of a New Testament with scorn and reviling, and then had come the calm and solemn words:—

'You dare not read it.'

'Dare not!' The rabbi's eyes flashed, and his nostril quivered; he was not used to such speech.

'No; you dare not,' repeated the missionary, 'for in it you will find your Messiah, despised and rejected of men, as your prophet fortold; led as a lamb to the slaughter, dumb, opening not his mouth, as was foretold; dying with the wicked, being buried by the rich, as Isaiah had promised. You will find one speaking as never man spake; in love, in wisdom and in warning; and you will be forced to say with the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God."'

Rabbi Shemaia took the volume in troubled silence, went home, and sat down to read it.

My dear listeners, if he will but read it honestly, without jibe or prejudice, he will indeed find there what will destroy his superstition and blindness; for in every little printed Testament which you help to send across the sea to these, our Lord's brethren according to the flesh, dwells the Light of the World.'—'Forward.'

A Girl's Revenge.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Forward.')

'It is surely time Uncle George was in sight,' said Rosamond Holt to herself, glancing first at the western sky, where the sun was taking a flaming departure, and then at the little watch fastened at her side.

The young girl walked restlessly up and down the long veranda of this handsome villa, where she had spent so many happy years, under her uncle's generous guardianship. He had seemed a poor man when, six years before, Rosamond, an orphan child, had chosen to leave her mother's proud kindred, and live with him.

But Mr. George Holt had been more successful than people knew, and when his brother's orphan preferred him to her mother's scornful relations, he bought beautiful Farnham Villa, and little Rosamond became the joy of his life.

Many changes come in six years. Old Mr. Weyman, Rosamond's maternal grandfather, died, leaving his affairs wrecked, and the proud and insolent family fell into sad poverty. Rosamond grieved in secret, but Mr. Holt allowed no mention of the Weymans.

'Ah, there are the horses!' Rosamond stood on the lower step with a greeting ready for her uncle, who got out of his waggonette with a carefulness which betrayed old age, or perhaps uncertain vision.

'Well, Rosamondy,' he cried, 'are your trunks packed?'

'Your dinner is ready, Uncle,' she answered, 'which is a more important matter just now,' and the business man went off to change his coat.

If Mr. Holt's little housekeeper was more silent than usual at dinner, he did not observe it, being as full of holiday plans as a boy off for a picnic; but as Rosamond sat beside him in the twilight, on the vine-draped portico, he said with sudden anxiety:—'This hot weather is hard on you: eh, Rose? You need a touch of salt air.'

Then Rosamond drew a long breath and made the plunge. She had better get it over, she said to her poor little fluttering heart.

'I'm well enough, Uncle,' she answered, 'but I've had some bad news to-day, that will spoil my trip.'

'Bad news!' Mr. Holt gave a start that frightened away the catbirds who were singing vespers in the lilac bush. 'What's the matter?'

'Aunt Caroline Weyman is very ill, Uncle, and the people she lives with have sent for me to come and nurse her.'

'Nurse her, indeed! Not a step! Let her own people nurse her; she is nothing to you and me.'

'I know they have treated you and me bady, Uncle George,' said Rosamond in a quivering voice, 'but you see she is poor and ill and forsaken.'

'There are plenty of poor and ill people,' said Mr. Holt, angrily, 'who have more claim on you than this woman, because they have at least not misused you; are you going to nurse them all?'

'Not at present, you dear old unreasonableness,' answered the girl, trying to speak lightly; 'only this one, who is my mother's sister.'

I am sorry to have it to say of Mr. George Holt, but at this unexpected opposition, he flew into a rage, and behaved quite as badly as any Weyman could have done; abusing Rosamond's relations, basely reminding her of his own kindness, and saying many things of which I am sure he was ashamed when the lunacy of his anger was over.

Poor Rosamond had come to a hard piece of road, and her little heart was nigh to break; but whether she had inherited her steadfastness from the Holts or Weymans, she was not to be moved from her duty as she saw it, and she left Farnham Villa, with angry words flung after her.

About three years later, a dear, meddlesome old maid visited Rosamond in the boarding house where she had nursed her cross-grained kinswoman till she died. Since her death, the young girl had stayed on, earning her living by helping the landlady, and by bits of sewing.

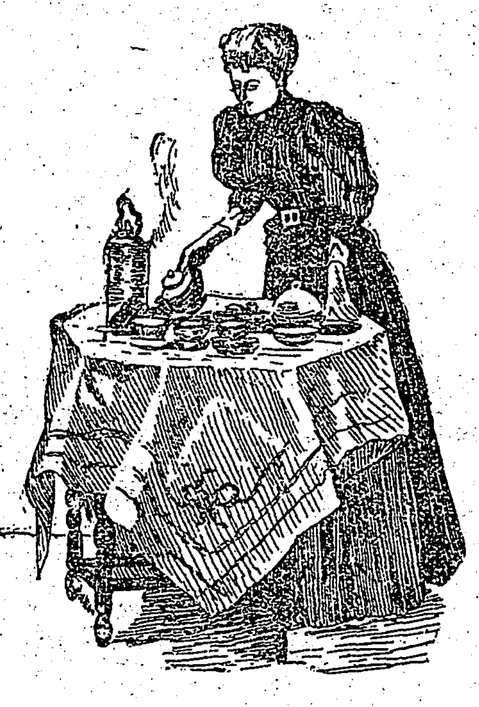
'Rose,' said this busybody, 'have you heard anything from your uncle lately?'

Rosamond's cheek flushed to its old color.

'You know I never hear from him,' she said.

'Well, he is a hard man,' said her visitor, spitefully, 'and deserves his hard lot.'

'Hard lot? What has happened to him?'



ROSAMOND STAYED ON, EARNING HER LIVING.

'You evidently do not read the papers, my dear; he is blind.'

'Blind? O, Uncle George!' bursting into tears.

'Come, come,' said her friend, 'don't spoil your eyes weeping over his. Didn't you know he had some such trouble?'

'Yes,' sobbed Rosamond, 'I knew one eye was threatened.'

'He has himself to thank. The oculist was doubtful about an operation helping him, and said that if inflammation set in he might lose both. He would not listen, and the worst happened.'

'He is quite poor,' the news-carrier continued; 'has given up Farnham Villa, and lives in a poor little cottage in Wyancote village. I think one old servant remains.'

'Mary,' said an old genteman, 'bring me my hat.'

'Here it is, sir,' said a young girl.

'Stop—what—who is this?' cried the blind man.

'It is a new maid for you, sir,' kneeling beside him.

'Who said I wanted a maid?' he interrupted. 'I have nothing to pay you with.'

'Oh, yes, you have, Uncle George; you have a heart to love me with: love is what I am poor in.'

The blind man opened his arms wide. 'My child—my little Rose!' he cried, 'you have had your revenge on me, too. Twice over you have blessed them that despitefully used you and persecuted you.'

Why Ben Went to College.

(By L. A. Crandall, D.D.)

At the age of fifteen Ben had never seen a college or a college bred man. He lived in the country, attended the district school, and for two successive terms had enjoyed the privileges of a select school held for six weeks in the fall. He knew that institutions of learning called colleges existed, but neither expected nor wished to attend college himself. The atmosphere in which he lived was not scholastic. His ancestors had not been college-trained men, and there was no family precedents or traditions to push or pull him towards the college doors. Doubtless he ought to have felt an irrepressible longing for the training which a college affords. But he did not. He was a good student, enjoyed his studies, and stood high in his classes, but his ambition never included four years in college or university. He fitted himself to teach a district school, and began teaching when seventeen years of age. The school was not far distant from his home, to which he returned every Friday night, to remain until Monday morning.

One Friday night on his arrival home Ben found a lady, an old friend of the family, visiting his mother. In the evening, gathered about the fire, this woman told of a school in a distant part of the state, in which she had been employed for some months as matron. Ben listened as the woman described the buildings, the life of the students, the meetings of the literary societies, the contests in declamation and oratory, and, as he listened, a purpose grew to attend this school. Let it be frankly admitted that he came to his decision not from any deep hunger for a better education, but because he fancied he would enjoy that life.

When he finished his term of school, with $125 in his pocket as the result of his winter's work, he started for —— seminary, a first-class preparatory school. Here the country boy found himself in a new atmosphere. He came in contact at once with young men who were fitting for college. Only six miles away was one of the best of our smaller colleges, and the life of the seminary was constantly and strongly affected by the life of the college. The ideals of the boy were enlarged and exalted. That which had been vague and misty and far away became clearly defined and near at hand. His horizon widened rapidly, and within three months from the time of his leaving the district school he was pursuing studies preparatory for college. He completed his college and professional studies, and is to-day an intelligent worker in his chosen profession.

Why did Ben go to college? Because the chance words of a plain woman stirred his imagination and led him out of his environment. It would be a prettier picture if we could represent him as being born with a consuming desire for the highest possible culture, but the pretiness would be at the expense of truth. After all, the cause is not so important as the effect. He was stirred and incited. and the result was a college-trained man.

This story is told not because it is exceptional or, in itself important; but as a book upon which to hang a plea for the country boy without high ambitions. Others will plead for well endowed and thoroughly equipped schools, and their importance cannot be overestimated. But let us not forget that in every little village, and on the farms of our great land are boys and girls who have as yet no desire to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the schools which we have founded. Some of them have great potential power. They might become leaders in the world's best efforts if they could be awakened.—'Standard.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Kettle Holder.

‘What could I do to surprise Mother, Auntie? You see, she will soon be home, now, and I shall be glad to see her, too.’

‘I am sure you will, dear, but I don't quite know what you could do. Could you hem a duster, or make a kettle-holder?’

‘Oh, yes, a kettle-holder would be nice; could not I make one of those woolly ones like you sent to the bazaar the other day; you did them so quickly? I am sure I could if I tried very hard.’

So Auntie's wools were turned over, and Minnie chose a dark red and light blue.

‘How pretty they look together; won't Mother be pleased?’

It was not as easy as Minnie thought, and so Auntie had to help for a long while. At last it was Minnie's bed-time, and the knitting had to be put by for the night.

‘Good-night, dear; off to sleep quickly.’

The next day a letter came to ask Aunt Elsie to go and see an old friend who was ill.

Minnie ran down to breakfast looking very happy and carrying in her hand her knitting.

But Aunt Elsie said, ‘Minnie, dear, I am sorry that you will not be able to do your work to-day, and I would rather you waited to do it till to-morrow, as I don't really think you can do it by yourself. Good-bye, dear, I shall be home late, so I will just come and say good-night to you when I come in.’

So Minnie was left to herself; she wandered into the garden and looked at the pigeons and flowers, but she felt dull and unsettled.

At last she came indoors, and there on the table lay her knitting.

‘I wish Auntie could have helped me; but I believe I could do it by myself all the same. I think I will just have a little try.’

She took up the needles, and found she could do it quite well.

‘How silly of Auntie to tell me I could not do it; I thought I could.’

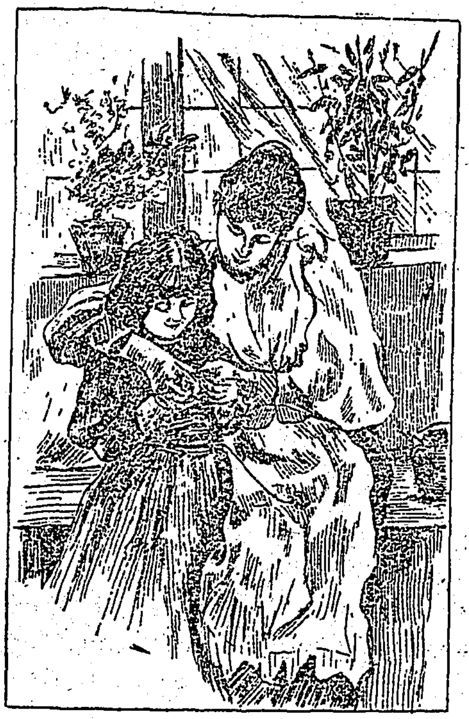
So down she sat on the window ledge and set to work. The time passed quickly. How pleased Mother would be!

But at last, somehow, the needles slipped, and down dropped three stitches. Minnie fished for them, but the more she tried the worse the dropped stitches became, until at last she felt in despair, and burst into tears. ‘Oh, I wish I had done what Auntie said now. It's all undone, and I shall have nothing to give to dear mother.’

A very sorrowful little face went to bed that night.

At last a cab rattled to the door and Minnie knew that Auntie had come.

In a little while a step came up stairs, and in a minute Aunt Elsie was standing by the child's bed.



‘Well, dearie, how have you got on, have you been a good little girl?’

‘Oh, no; I have not been a bit good, Auntie. I am so sorry; you told me not to do my work, and I have done some, and so I have spoiled it all.’

‘Well, now, darling,’ said her aunt, we will ask the Lord Jesus to forgive you and help you to be obedient next time.’

The next evening Aunt Minnie called Elsie to her, and once more they began the kettle-holder. But Minnie did not forget again, and Mother was pleased when she received her little girl's present.—‘Our Darlings.’

Hayi's Tea Party.

(By Ernest Gilmore.)

Hayi was a Japanese girl. Mr. George Vaux, an American gentleman, who was very fond of this little Japanese maiden, nicknamed her ‘Tiny Tim.’ Mr. Vaux had lived in Tokio two years, and while there made many friends, ‘Tiny Tim’ being the dearest of them all.

There are many aristocratic families in Tokio, and Hayi belonged to one of them. She had a beautiful home, for her father was a rich merchant, and a generous one, and was fond of luxurious surroundings. Tiny Tim sometimes rode to her father's tea house in a jinrikisha, or man-carriage, although there were fine horses in their stables. She said she liked that way of riding.

Tiny Tim's mother, being high in social standing, often entertained guests in her pretty home or in her quaint ‘Tea Garden.’

One day Mr. Vaux read a letter to Tiny Tim which he had just received from a little cousin in America. Her name was Crystal, and she had just given a party to celebrate her tenth birthday.

Hayi listened with rapt attention while Mr. Vaux read the letter. Then she clapped her hands.

‘Oh!’ said she, ‘Oh!’

‘What's the matter, Tiny Tim?’ asked Mr. Vaux.

‘I'm thinking,’ she answered, with a little pucker on her pretty forehead.

‘A penny for your thoughts,’ said Mr. Vaux, tossing the little girl a bright new copper.

‘I'm thinking I could have a party, too; I wonder what my mamma would say? I'm ten years old to-day; just think! ten years old; I could invite some little girls to come to my party; I could invite the little Inasmuches.’

‘Who are they?’ asked Mr. Vaux. ‘Your friends?’

‘Why, don't you know?’ said Hayi. ‘It was you who told me all about them.’

Mr. Vaux was puzzled; he did not remember ever having heard of such people.

‘There are nine of them,’ continued Hayi.

‘What a big family!’ exclaimed Mr. Vaux.

‘Oh! but they don't all belong to one family,’ said Hayi.

‘Still they have the same name, you say, ‘Inasmuches?”’

It was ‘Tiny Tim's’ turn to laugh now, and she laughed until the tears came; then she begged the young man's pardon and ran into the house, from which she soon returned with a little bible.

‘It tells all about them in this book you gave me; don't you know?’ And Hayi read aloud: ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’

‘Oh!’ said Mr. Vaux, ‘I understand.’

In the middle of that sunny afternoon there was a pretty scene in the ‘Tea Garden’ of Tiny Tim’s home. Ten little girls, counting the hostess, were there. The ‘Inasmuches’ were little Japanese who belonged to the very poor class. They did not live near Hayi’s beautiful home, but away off in a poor part of the city. The hostess had sent a jinrikisha to bring them to her party. At home they never had meat, nor rice, nor much of anything to eat, except a coarse kind of radish and a variety of sweet potato, and, of course, tea to drink; for tea, you know, is the Japanese national drink. These little girls had never been to a tea-party before, and so this seemed like a visit to fairyland.

Mats were spread upon the green turf, and up on the branches of the trees hung colored paper lanterns, which were lighted just before tea was served. The ten sat in a circle upon the mats. Before each little one was a tray of decorated lacquer work, standing upon four tiny wooden legs. Tea was poured out by the little hostess into beautiful china shells, which were passed to each guest in turn. Hayi had a small portable stove in front of her, upon which rested a porcelain dish, containing the rice, hot snowy white, which all Japanese love. She dished it out into tiny boats of porcelain, tossed some seeded raisins on the top, and passed a boat to each guest. Mr. Vaux was looking on from a distance. He thought it the most charming picture he had ever seen. Hayi’s face was lovely; her hair, too, was beautiful. It was rolled back from her face, and done up in a coil through which a golden dart flashed. She was dressed in a crimson silk gown, which was spangled with stars.

After the rice was eaten, the servants came from the house with lacquered trays of cold meats and thinly sliced bread and butter; then wafers and cheese were served; after these came fruit, and, lastly, small frosted cakes and taffy. When it was time for the party to break up, each child was presented with a small basket filled to the brim with good things. Then the jinrikisha took them all home.—‘Morning Star.’

Four Servants.

It was mid-day recess in Miss Herbert’s school—a time when the little girls usually scattered through the grove, romping, snowballing, sliding. For Miss Herbert’s was a country school and some of her scholars walked a long distance to reach it.

But to-day it was raining, and the hardy little lassies that could face the frost and wind and snow with a laugh, had to give up when it rained, and stay indoors. It was less dull indoors to-day, because there was a new scholar, and all the school was full of curiosity about her.

Edna Nelson’s father and mother had just moved into New Chapel neighborhood, from the city, and this was their only child. Her clothes seemed very fine to our little country ‘tackers,’ and her long, beautiful curls excited great admiration.

Miss Edna was quick to feel her position, and well pleased to make her new companions acquainted with the superior style in which she lived at home. And as they were somewhat shy of questioning such a fine lady, she suggested topics of conversation herself, which led the way to the communications she wished to make.

‘How many servants does your mother keep ? she asked Elsie Thornton, secretly expecting to overwhelm her listeners presently with the announcement that her mother kept three.

Elsie’s face flushed painfully at the unexpcted question. Her mother was a poor widow, who often eked out her scanty living by going out for day’s work. It had never occurred to Elsie, as it had never been suggested to her, that this was anything to be ashamed of; but standing here by this fine little lady from the city, the question covered her with confusion.

‘Elsie’s mother keeps four servants,’ said a sweet voice behind the group, and Mildred James, one of the older girls, came up and put her arm around Elsie’s shoulder. ‘They are the best servants I know,’ she went on; ‘faithful, obedient, skilful. They are never impatient, they ask no wages, they wear plain clothes, they eat nothing.’

‘Why, Milly! what do you mean?’ cried the children.

‘Just what I say,’ was the smiling answer, ‘and more; Mrs. Thornton deserves all the credit for her good servants, for she trained them herself. I am trying to follow her example, and I advise you all to do likewise.’

Miss Herbert raised her hand to tap the bell, as a signal for each scholar to take her seat and be quiet.

‘O, Miss Herbert!’ cried an eager voice from among the crowd, ‘please wait a minute till Milly James tells us what she means by Mrs. Thornton’s queer servants.’

Miss Herbert smiled, and held her hand in waiting above the bell.

‘Why, haven’t you guessed?’ cried merry Mildred. ‘I mean her two good hands and her two good feet.’

There was a little shout of applause, a soft clapping of hands, the bell tapped, and the new scholar took her seat, feeling that servants and fine clothes did not matter so much among these girls after all.

Elsie was a minute late at her seat, having stopped to give Mildred a wordless, grateful little hug. But Miss Herbert pretended not to see that she was tardy.—New York ‘Observer.’

The ‘Limited’ to Poppy Land.

The first train leaves at 6 p.m.,
For the land where the poppy
blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and
crows.

The palace car is the mother’s arms;
The whistle, a low sweet strain,
The passenger winks, and nods and
blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train!

At eight p.m. the next train starts
For the Poppy Land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear:
‘All aboard for the sleeping car!’

But what is the fare to Poppy Land?
I hope it is not too dear,
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it’s paid to the engineer.

So I ask of him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
‘Take charge, I pray, of the train
each day,
That leaves at six and eight.

‘Keep watch of the passengers thus
I pray,
‘For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O’er the gentle engineer.’
—‘Zion Watchman.’

Temperance

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VII.—THE FOOD IN BEER.

Q.—How much solid matter is there in a gallon of beer?

A. — There is said to be about twelve ounces.

Q.—How much barley is used in making a gallon of honest beer?

A.—The rule is six pounds of barley to the gallon.

Q.—What, then, has become of the remaining five pounds and four ounces of barley ?

A.—It has been grown, ground, mashed, brewed, and fermented or decayed, and some of it given to the cattle as grains.

Q.—What is the character of the solid matter ?

A.—It is mostly gum, sugar, and hops—nearly indigestible.

Q.—What is it worth as food?

A.—Not so much as a penny loaf.

Q.—Does not the beer give the grain in better condition for food?

A.—Dr. J. J. Ridge says :—'The putrified barley-broth called beer, cannot possibly be so nourishing as the barley from which it is made.'

Q.—Is not the alcohol nutritious ?

A.—Dr. Edward Smith says alcohol is not a true food.

Q.—Why, then, do beer-drinkers grow fat?

A.—Beer fills the blood with waste matter and hinders the circulation, so that it is not thrown out.

Q.—What becomes of it?

A.—It is deposited between the muscles or wherever there is room for it, stuffing out the skin and making the drinker look plump.

Q.—What does Liebig say of the food in beer ?

A.—We can prove that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife, is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer.

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How Food is Wasted in the Manufacture of Beer.

(By Alfred J. Glasspool, in 'The Adviser.')

You have sometimes been in the kitchen watching mother making a meat pudding. You see her chopping up the suet, rolling the flour, cutting up the meat; you watch her lining the basin with the crust. You see how she fills it up with meat, and then, having covered it with the crust, she puts it in the cloth and places it in the pot to boil. When dinner time comes how delicious the pudding smells! How satisfied you feel when you have finished dinner!

Your mother by her skill has prepared several articles of food in such a manner that they are fitted to nourish your body. You could not eat the uncooked flour or the raw meat, but you can when they are prepared as a pudding. The meat and the flour are not wasted by the cooking, they are improved.

This is not the case with the manufacture of beer, it is the very opposite. To make beer, good food must be wasted; that which would have nourished the body is made into a dangerous poison. Let us see how this is brought about.

The brewer in making beer does not want to make a drink to make people strong and well, as your mother does when she makes beef-tea; he only wants to make a drink that will make the drinker stupid with the alcohol it contains. How does the brewer go to work ? First, the maltster has to do his part.

The maltster buys barley of the farmer. He soaks it in water for about two days; then he piles it up in a heap for a day, and afterwards spreads it out on the floor, then he dries it over a furnace. And now the barley has a new name, it is called malt. No doubt some of my little readers will ask the question, why the maltster takes all this trouble? This is easily explained.

If you bite a grain of barley, and then a grain of malt, the malt will taste sweeter than the barley. You would come to the conclusion at once that there is more sugar in the malt than in the barley. This is the fact, for the five parts of sugar in the barley are increased after malting to fifteen parts. The whole desire of the maltster in all the trouble he takes is to increase the quantity of sugar, and you will see the reason for this in a minute.

The maltster sells the malt to the brewer; and he first of all passes it through rollers to crush it, then he soaks it in a big tub in which is warm water. The water is stirred about, for the brewer wants to get all the sugar out of the malt.

Near the bottom of this tub, or mash-tun, as it is called, there is a false bottom having a number of holes in it. Through this the liquor, now called sweet-wort, passes; the grains are left behind. This is what you see going along the streets in big carts; the grains are being taken to the dairy to feed the cows, they are of no use now to the brewer. The sweet-wort is now boiled with hops, this gives it a bitter taste, and then it is allowed to run into large cisterns. And here a substance called yeast is thrown in; the liquor begins to froth or to ferment, and while it is fermenting nearly all the sugar is changed into two deadly poisons. One is called carbonic acid gas, the other alcohol.

So, you see, all this trouble is taken to change good barley into a poisonous drink. We see, therefore, that in the manufacture of beer valuable food is wasted, much time is occupied, and a great deal of money is put to a bad purpose. We may give these facts as reasons why we will not drink beer.

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Tobacco and the Higher Education.

('Canada Educational Monthly.')

Certain American universities have entered, says the 'British Medical Journal,' on a campaign against tobacco as being injurious, not only to the physical health, but to the intellectual development of students. The authorities of the Boston University have issued an ordinance that those students who are unwilling to forgo the use of tobacco while within the precincts of the university will have their fees returned, and be required to take their names off the books. The Ohio Wesleyan University has made a rule forbidding its students to use tobacco in any form. Other universities have also set their faces more or less decisively against the seductive herb. Several attempts have been made in the higher educational institutions of the United States to put the question of the effects of tobacco on academic youth to a statistical test. In 1891 the official physician of Yale published the results of observations made on the undergraduates of that university. In a class of 147 students he found that in four years seventy-seven who did not use tobacco surpassed the seventy who did use it to the extent of 10.4 percent increase of weight, 24 percent increase of height, and 26.7 percent in increase of chest girth. The most marked difference, however, was in point of long capacity, the abstainers showing an average gain of 77.5 percent more than smokers or chewers. Among the undergraduates at Amherst it was found that during the four years of the status pupillaris the abstainers from tobacco gained 24 percent more in weight, 37 percent more in height, 42 percent more in chest girth, and 75 percent more in lung capacity than their weaker brethren who fell into the toils of 'My Lady Nicotine,' The larger relative increase in growth and vital capacity among the Amherst students as compared with those of Yale is accounted for by the fact that the former are on the average younger than the latter, and therefore more susceptible to injurious influences.

As regards the effects of tobacco on the intellectual powers, Professor Fisk found on dividing a class at Yale into four sections representing different degrees of proficiency, the highest section was composed almost entirely of non-smokers. We do not know (continues the 'Journal') of any similar statistics from the colleges and universities of other countries; but the figures as to Yale and Amherst are certainly striking. They only place in a more vivid light, however, a fact as to which, we take it, there is no dispute—to wit, that under the age of twenty smoking is likely to stunt the growth and hinder the development of the body, including the brain. As regards Professor Fisk's experiment of sectional classification, we are doubtful whether there may not be some confusion between cause and effect. Besides the question of intellectual capacity, another factor has here to be taken into account. As a general rule students who do not smoke are more industrious than those who do. It is not necessarily, however, because they do not smoke that they work harder; it is rather because they are industrious that they do not smoke. Dr. Johnson said that tobacco was conducive to laziness because it gave a man the feeling that he was doing something when he was doing nothing. We know, of course, that some of the hardest and most productive workers in every field of intellectual activity smoke from morning till night; these, however, are heroes not to be imitated by men of common mould. Besides, as Balzac said, of the heroes who had fallen victims to love, it might be argued that the great men who smoke would be still greater if they eschewed tobacco. However this may be, there can be no doubt that for heroes as well as for ordinary men who are still in the making, the less they have to do with tobacco the better.

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A medical man, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.—'Medical Monthly.'

Sabbath School

(Fourth Quarter.)

LESSON II.—October 10.

Paul a Prisoner at Jerusalem.

Acts xxii., 17-30. Read Acts xxi., 18 to xxiii., 9. Commit verses 22-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'If any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed.'—I. Peter iv., 16.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxi., 18-26.—Paul Conforming to Jewish Ceremonies.
T. I. Cor. ix., 16-27.—'That I Might Gain the Jews.'
W. Acts xxi., 27-40.—Paul Seized in the Temple.
Th. Acts xxii., 1-30.—Paul a Prisoner at Jerusalem.
F. Acts xxiii., 1-10.—Paul Before the Council.
S. I. Pet. iv., 1-19.—'Ye are Partakers of Christ's Sufferings.
S. Phil. iii., 1-21.—'Being made Conformable Unto His Death.'

Lesson Story.

Paul finally reached Jerusalem and was cordially received by the apostle James and others who were glad to hear of the great success of his preaching among the heathen. They were anxious that he should conciliate at this time the more bigoted of the Jews who were indignant at his offering the gospel freely to the heathen and receiving them as Christians without making them Jews first. 'To them Paul seemed to be undermining the very foundations of the Kingdom of God.' To demonstrate, therefore, to the public Paul's own loyalty to Jewish practices the elders of the church proposed that he should join four others in a purely Jewish rite connected with the fulfilment of a certain vow. Paul consented. This brought him into one of the parts of the temple where Gentiles were not allowed to go and the hostile Jews soon raised a rumor that he had taken his friend Trophimus there. An angry crowd dragged him from the very temple, began to beat him and would soon have killed him, but the Roman governor with a band of soldiers interfered. The clamorous accusations of the multitude gave no clue to the situation so the governor simply commanded that the soldiers should take Paul into the castle. It seems that they had literally to carry him up the outer stair, so great was the violence of the crowd. But before entering the castle Paul begged permission to speak to the people. The captain in charge was surprised that Paul addressed him in Greek, the common language of cultured people at that time, and the mob became silent when Paul commenced his speech in their own sacred language, the Hebrew. He began a powerful speech by reminding them that he was a Jew, strictly brought up, and in his early days so zealous for the Jewish law that he had persecuted Christians with great bitterness, their own high priest and other authorities could bear witness to that. Then very simply and fully he told the circumstances of his conversion, and also how at a subsequent date he received the Lord's personal command to him to preach not to the Jews but to the heathen. At this point the crowd broke into a terrible uproar again. One who could put such a slight on the holy nation as to leave them and go to the heathen was, to their minds, not fit to live. To say that he had received a heavenly command to do so, was doubtless a shocking delusion or blasphemy in their opinion. The captain in charge of the soldiers, being a heathen himself, was probably very much at a loss to know what all this meant, and ordered the soldiers to scourge Paul so that he might confess his crime.

'Examining' by torture was much practised both then and at a later date. Paul asked the soldiers if it was lawful to scourge a *Roman* citizen, and the captain came up in some alarm and spoke to Paul in a friendly way and arranged to give him a formal trial.

Lesson Hymn.

Send Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring.
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring,
Send them where Thou wilt come.

Raise up, O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, 'We will seek the lost
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come.'

Lesson Hints.

Paul had the best of reasons for wishing to preach the gospel in Jerusalem. He probably wished to do good where he had done harm, to build up the Church he had scattered, to testify the love and grace of Christ to those who had known him as a persecutor. Often we can do most good by showing to our former acquaintances what Jesus has done for us. Jesus told a demoniac he had cured, 'Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.' But there is not one rule for all. The same wise Jesus said to Paul, 'I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles.' The Jews howled with indignation when Paul declared that the Lord had sent him to the heathen. Some Christian churches seem to feel, too, that they are the only fit audience for the gospel. They need it badly enough, perhaps, so did the Jews, but that is not sufficient reason for denying it to the heathen. 'I will send thee,' this is a personal commission, let us each seek to know the Lord's will for our own life. 'Far hence'—a special errand. Honored is the man whom the Lord sends far. 'To the Gentiles'—to the heathen, or in a wider view, to the nations. No longer was the knowledge of God to be confined to one nation, and the few thoughtful souls that sought that nation's wisdom. Christ came 'a light to lighten the nations,' and he entrusted chiefly to this one man, Paul, the great work of giving the gospel an independent standing ground in foreign countries. It was for this that his own countrymen hated him, and doubtless he felt their opposition keenly, but there were greater things to cheer him, think what a great work one man did for Christ. Will Christ trust us with any part of his work ? 'A Roman'—the privileges of freemen were allotted to those who had acquired the Roman citizenship, though others might be bound and scourged at the discretion of the military authorities. If our citizenship is in heaven how freely we may walk through the perils of this world, caring not for its attractions and entanglements.

Search Questions.

Tell what you know of four different Roman soldiers mentioned in the New Testament.

Primary Lesson.

A crowd of angry men wanted to beat Paul and kill him, but the governor said, 'No, he must only be put in prison till they could expain what he had done that was wrong.' And one man called out one thing and another man called out something else, and they made such a noise the governor wouldn't listen to any of them. But while the soldiers were taking Paul into a castle, he said, 'May I speak to the people ?' and then he told them how Jesus had spoken to him on the way to Damascus. Do you remember about that ? Then he told them how Jesus had spoken to him another time. He was in Jerusalem praying once—before he went to preach to the heathen at all, and Jesus spoke to him in a vision and told him to go far away and tell the heathen how to be saved. What a beautiful thing, for Jesus to tell him just what to do ! But when Paul told this to the angry crowd of men they got more angry, for they didn't want the heathen to be saved. They thought they would be saved themselves, but they were wicked and cruel and did not love Jesus.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'I know not what awaits me,' 'Far, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,' 'The light of the world is Jesus,' 'Go labor on.'

PRACTICAL POINTS.

BY. A. H. CAMERON.

(Acts xxii., 17-30.)

The Lord reveals his will to his children when they are in the path of duty. Verses 17, 18.

The past cannot be changed, but thanks be to God, the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Verses 19, 20.

'God hath his plan for every man,' though we may not preach like Peter, or write like Paul. Verse 21.

They who hate the Lord, hate his people, also. Verses 22-24. Compare I. John iii., 14.

The Roman officers worshipped Caesar rather than Jehovah, thereby rendering unto Caesar the things that are God's. Verses 25-29. Also Matt. xxii., 21, 22.

We may think it strange that Paul was committed to public trial for being a Christian, yet if we are God's people the world is trying us every day. Verse 30. Compare II. Tim. iii., 12.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Oct. 10.—Enduring hardships for Christ's sake.—Heb. xii., 1-13. (A missionary topic.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Oct. 10.—Things men have endured for Christ's sake. Heb. xii., 1-6. (A missionary topic.)

Temperance and Anti-Tobacco Pledges.

We hope, says an exchange, that every teacher will endeavor to get every scholar in his or her class to sign the pledge in the class book against intoxicating liquor, tobacco, bad words and bad books. Over 80,000 of the scholars in our schools are so pledged. Now let every name be secured and we shall have an army of a quarter of a million of pledged abstainers. These will soon be men and women and will exert a mighty influence at the polls and in the homes in overturning the cruel drink traffic which is destroying, every year, over 6,000 lives in Canada, and over 60,000 in the United States.

Hints to Teachers.

Bishop Vincent says that the wise superintendent requires his teachers to use the bible in the class.

Do not ask 'What does this passage mean to me ?' until you have asked what it meant to the writer.

Have a teachers' meeting, and make it plain that teachers are not only requested to attend, but expected to.

After so much has been done to provide helps to bible study it is a little discouraging to find so many people engaged in the study of the helps as a substitute for the study of the bible.—'Christian Guardian.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Sulks and Lunacy.

An expert and experienced official in an insane asylum said to us a little time ago that these institutions are filled with people who give up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to give up to his feelings. The importance of this fact is altogether too little appreciated, especially by teachers. We are always talking about the negative virtues of discipline, but we rarely speak of the positive virtues. We discipline the schools to keep the children from mischief, to maintain good order, to have things quiet, to enable children to study. We say, and say rightly, that there cannot be a good school without good discipline. We do not, however, emphasize as we should the fact that the discipline of the school, when rightly done, is as vital to the future good of the child as the lessons he learns. Discipline of the right kind is as good mental training as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort, mental conquest. The experienced expert, referred to above, was led to make the remark to us by seeing a girl give way to the 'sulks.' 'That makes insane women,' she remarked, and told the story of a woman in an asylum, who used to sulk until she became desperate, and the expert said, 'You must stop it, you must control yourself.' To which the insane woman replied, 'The time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when I was well, and now I cannot.' The teacher has a wider responsibility and weightier disciplinary duty than she suspects. The pupils are not only to be controlled, but they must be taught to control themselves absolutely, honestly, completely.—'Journal of Education.'

Some 'Might Have Beens.'

(Susan Teal Perry.)

'There, I meant to have sent that coat and hood of Elsie's to the mission rooms!' said Mrs. Warner, as she began to clean out the closet in her little daughter's room, in the early spring morning. 'I am so sorry, for it would have kept some little body so comfortable during the very cold weather we had. But now the weather has come off so mild, I think I had better pack it away in the camphor chest until another winter.

That was one of the 'might have beens.' Some little child might have been made very happy by having that good warm coat, which Elsie had outgrown, but just because of thoughtless procrastination it was left hanging in the closet, of no use to anybody.

'I believe there is a funeral across the way. I wonder who is dead,' said Mrs. Whiston, as she stood by the window one afternoon.

'It is that little Barton girl's mother,' replied the daughter, Agnes. 'You know I told you she went to our Sunday-school and was in our class. She always looked as if she felt very sorry and lonely. They are strangers here and our teacher told Mrs. Hunter in Sunday-school yesterday that the mother had been ill ever since they came here.'

'It must be the very lady that Mrs. Hunter spoke to me about and asked me to call upon, because she was ill and a stranger,' rejoined the mother. I told Mrs. Hunter I would try to go, but I really forgot all about it, so many other things have taken up my mind and time.'

That was one of the 'might have beens.' 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.' What comfort that strong, well neighbor could have brought into that suffering stranger's life, if she had taken the time and trouble to go and see her during the last weeks of her stay on earth.

And Tommy's tops which he had grown too old to play with were stored away in the garret, doing no good in the world to anybody. Around the corner a little crippled boy lived whose mother went our washing and he was left alone much of the time. What a fund of pleasure that little fellow would have with Tommy's unused tops, if Tommy's mother had only thought of taking them to him.

That oversight was a 'might have been.' The little cripple sat wearily hour after hour looking out of the window into the dirty alley and vainly wishing he could run about and play with other boys. And all the long days of restlessness when the top would have made life easier for him, they were lying in a chest in Tommy's mother's garret.

Oh, the might have beens that have made life lose so much cheer and brightness! We could have brought joy into a sorrowing heart by speaking a few words of sympathy, but we let the opportunity pass and did not speak to them. We might have given a lift to somebody who was carrying a ten-fold heavier burden than we were, but we did not consider what help we could give, and passed on the other side. Why are we so careless of these things that are but small matters for us to do, and yet are productive of so much good in the world? Why do we let the moth and rust destroy things that might have been of such great value to others if given at the proper time and in the proper place? Things that are useful to others should be considered as belonging to those of God's children who need them. They should never be allowed to hang or lie uselessly in secluded places in our homes. We shall be called to account for wrapping up such talents and putting them aside where they are of no use to anybody, as much as letting other talents God has given lie idle.

Some people make a point of appropriating at once the useful things in the home that are ready to be put aside, to needy ones who can use them to good advantge. Let us remember the injunction, 'Do good as ye have opportunity,' and then we shall not have to sorrow over the 'might have beens, the remembrance of which have come too late to bless and help.—'American Paper.'

The Spring Sewing.

It is claimed that two or three hours spent daily in the open air is essential to perfect health, but how to take so much time from necessary duties is a great problem in a woman's life.

Unfortunately all of the average woman's duties lie in-doors, and must perforce be done there—sweeping and dusting and sewing; and if she have a family of children, and a purse not over full, the sewing alone is enough to occupy her every day and all day.

Few women have a settled rule about taking exercise, and a friend of the writer, living in the country, who confessed that she never went outside her doors for two months last winter, is but a type of many who lead shut-in lives because they do not realize the absolute need of out-door air for their mental and physical well-being.

Nothing is more natural than for a mother to wish to see her children prettily and appropriately dressed, but if this can only be done by a constant and unremitting labor, which obliges her to give up the privilege of being a companion to her children, is it not a great and fatal mistake?

Simple clothing and a mother interested and companionable are better for every child than all the luxury in the world; and if the good times which they have together can be taken out-of-doors, how fortunate for every one concerned!

A good way to dispose of the necessary 'spring sewing' is to engage a skilful seamstress who operates the sewing-machine. If the garments are cut out beforehand, she will be able, if they are plain in style and simple in construction, to do all the machine work in three or four days on a large number. Simple gingham slips for ordinary wear in summer, which are quickly made and easily laundered, should form the prinmipal part of every young child's wardrobe at that season. With this work all done, summer, when it comes, may be fully enjoyed by the mother as well as the children.

In one household known to the writer a seamstress is engaged to come one day each week during three months, January, February and March, and the intervals between are spent in finishing the work she has left, and planning other work for the next sewing-day. Surely some day could be devised by every woman to reduce this necessary work to a system, and enable her to enjoy a daily outing with her children in the lovely days of spring and early summer unfettered by worry about the sewing.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Damp Houses.

Two brothers in Vermont, of strong and vigorous stock, and giving equal promise of a long and active life, married wives corresponding in promise of future activity. They both had chosen the healthiest of all callings—farming. One of the brothers built his house in an open and sunny spot, where the soil and subsoil were dry; shady trees and embowering plants had a hard time of it, but the cellar was dry enough for a powder magazine; the house in all its parts was free from every part of dampness and mould. There was a crisp and elastic feel in the air of the dwelling. The farmer and all his family had that vigorous elasticity that reminds one of the spring and strength of steel. Health and sprightly vigor was the rule, sickness the exception. The farmer and his wife, though past threescore, have yet the look and vigor of middle life.

The other brother built his house in a beautiful shady nook, where the trees seemed to stretch their protecting arms in benediction over the modest home. Springs fed by the neighboring hills burst forth near his house and others by his barns; his yard was always green, even in the driest time. But the ground was always wet, the cellar never dry, the walls of the room had a clammy feel, the clothes mildewed in the closets, and the bread moulded in the pantry. For a time their native vigor enabled them to bear up against these depressing influences; children were born of apparent vigor and promise, but these one by one sank into the arms of the dreamless twin brother of sleep under the touch of diphtheria, croup and pneumonia. The mother went into a decline and died of consumption before her fiftieth birthday, and the father, tortured and crippled by rheumatism, childless and solitary in that beautiful home which elicits the praises of every passer-by, waits and hopes for the dawning of that day which shall give him back wife and children, an unbroken family, and an eternal home.—Prof. R. Z. Zedzie, in 'Journal of Hygiene.'

Gum=Chewer's Tongue.

It is admitted by all sensible people, says an American paper, that every pleasure has its attendant pain, and that for every indulgence we must pay a penalty more or less heavy.

It is a new idea, however, that the gum-chewer is in danger of a disease that unless checked may be the direct cause of a serious malady that will in a short time prove fatal. It is in addition a most painful ill, and one which will at first prove an unsolvable problem to the inexperienced practitioner.

The symptoms are a sensation as though the tongue had been burned by a scalding drink. This is followed by red spots, and inflammation along the sides of the tongue near the root. The back of the tongue becomes irritated, and round, red, raw-looking patches appear.

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