Publishers and Proprietors.

THE OPEN CHEST.

Sadly I stepped to mother's room— She had traveled away, and game home no

Mow she lay in the quiet tembonely and orphaned, my heart was sore.

Her chest stood open: I found it to-day Just as she left it, in haste to depart: Things strewed about, in the usual way, When horses wait at the door to start.

There lay her prayer-book, open wide,
With household bills, in her writing fair;
And left from her breakfast the day she died,
A morsel of cake still crumbled there,

The prayer I read where the page lay turned-My trembling heart now beat in fear— The prayer of a mother whose spirit yearned For Heavenly blessings on children dear.

I read the writing her hand, had traced-No longer my pain might be suppressed— Read her figures, and tore in haste Joy's reckonings from my aching breast.

I gathered up, with a pious care, Each tiniest crumb of her little cake; Ate of the choking morsel there, And wept till my heart was like to break.

-Temple Bar.

HER FIRST VALENTINE.

Little Letty Longwood, old Mr. Barrow's grand-daughter, just eighteen that day, had tripped into her grandfather's office with a message from her mother and tripped out again. She had pretty rascal I am, to be sure," and he met her Aunt Cynthia there, and was going home to tell her mother that Aunt Cynthia would be round to tea, when she ran against an elderly gentleman, who bowed and apologized and stood looking after her as she went upon her way. It was Mr. Stryker, old Mr. Bar- young girl. About the proper age, row's best client; and in that instant | really. Cupid, perched probably on the windowledge of the law office, took aim and hit him in the heart.

A few minutes after this, Jack Sprat, Mr. Barrow's office-boy, came whistling fall in love like that!" said Cynthia. back from dinner. He found Mr. Stryker standing like a sentinel near his employer's door.

"Jack," said Mr. Stryker, "I haven't given you anything for your trouble for a long time, and you've been very oblig-

ing. There's a dollar."
Thank you, sir," said Jack. "Who was that young lady in Mr. Barrow's office just now?" asked Mr.

young lady."
"Oh," said Jack, "I guess that was Miss Cynthia. I left her there. Mr. Barrow's daughter, sir.'

"Oh, very likely. She's very nice, isn't she, Jack?" asked Mr. Stryker.

"Very," said Jack. "She gave me a big plum cake she made herself at Christmas; and they say she's a wonderful housekeeper. The only one that thy," said the old man. isn't married and is at home, you know.

"Naturally," said Mr. Stryker, "the child of Mr. Barrow's old age?" "Yes, sir," said Jack, agreeing to

"Thank you, Jack. You won't mention I asked?" said Mr. Stryker.

"No, sir," said Jack; and made his bow and went his way.
"Lovely creature," said Mr. Stryker;

" and domestic, too."

"I never had a valentine in my life," said Cynthia Barrow, leaning up against the wall of the sitting-room, and looking sidewise through the curtains at the postman as he ran along the street with his last bundle of letters for that day. "I suppose I was too homely; but I don't know. There was Sarah Spicer; there was Mary Ann Moneypenny—she got her offer in one of them; and she was the only woman I ever saw that nothing became. Oh, pshaw! I don't believe it is good looks; it's a kind of way. I don't know as I want to have it, either. Well, he's got a letter for me, anyhow—or a bill." And Miss Barrow threw up the window of the house which she kept spick and span and shining for her father, and took the letter from the postman's hand. "Glad you're almost through, I guess?" said

"Reckon I am," replied the postman, laconically, as he departed.

Cynthia Barrow drew the curtains and sat down before her fire. The student's lamp was already lighted, and tea waiting for "pa's" appearance, which would be just five minutes after the six o'clock train stopped at the depot, if nothing chief of the State Department. The unusual occurred.

"Who can it be from?" asked Miss Cynthia. "Jane wrote last week, and Maria's last baby was quite well yesterday. Cousin Ann won't write until she gets one from me. And it can't

Here it occurred to Miss Cynthia that opening the letter would be the best! solution of the mystery. She took her penknife from her pocket, cut one side of the envelope, and gave a little shrick of surprise, for it had come at last-the valentine for which she had waited thirty-six years.

"Well, I declare!" said Cynthia Barrow, and sat quite still for a moment. "Pa has sent it for fun," said she.

But, on consideration, that was not like pa. She spread the sheet open on the table and looked at it critically. An enameled Cupid, with purple wings, presented a white rose to a lovely maiden in cream color, amid clouds of delipate tint. Below were verses in gilt letters, and there was a wonderful border. It was a costly thing of its kind. And here was a note inclosed in the envelope. Cynthia read it a once. It ran:

"My DEAR Miss BARROW—You never saw me, but I have seen you. It was at your last visit to your father's office. You remember it was about a week ago."

"So it was," said Cynthia.

"I am not a young gentleman, but I have a beart, and I have lost it to you. I am coming up to tes with your father to-night. I've in-vited myself. If you think well of my propo-sition put sigar in my tes, if not, leave it out. "Yours ever in any case, "James Jackson,"

"What an eccentric man," Cynthia; and she would have been less than woman if she had not flown to her room to change her brown alpaca for a black silk, and put a crimson bow in her hair.

She was not an ugly woman, only quaint, and rather too dark; and she looked best when most dressed, as all but beauties do; and there was pa at the door, and somebody with him. Miss Cynthia sat down in her chair,

and the color flew to her cheeks.
"Cynthia," said her father's voice; and she arose, and hardly dared to look up-"Cynthia, this is Mr. Stryker. I've brought him up to take tea with us," said the old gentleman. "This is the only girl I have left at home, Mr.

Stryker The lady and gentleman bowed. "Hang Jack for a fool!" said Mr. Stryker, to himself. "And I'm another! It was somebody else.

"He's rather old," thought Cynthia; "but I like his looks." Then all sat down in some confusion, to which the old gentleman greatly add-

ed by spying on the table the luckless,

forgotten valentine, and crying out: "Got a valentine, ch. Cynthy?" "I've made this young lady believe that I've fallen in love with her," sighed Mr. Stryker to himself.

sat in silence. "How modest he is, poor man!" thought Cynthia.

"She has an amiable look," thought Mr. Stryker. "After all, how much more suitable she is for me than that

Cynthia was twenty-five years his junior; but men will be men.

"He's a great deal older than I, but, then, how young his heart must be to

Tea was ready. The chairs were drawn up to the table. Cynthia sat at the tray.

"Letty is coming out to-morrow," said the old gentleman. "My grand-daughter. You must have seen her running in and out of my office. She's buying her wedding-dress. Going to be married soon," added Mr. Barrow. "She's only eighteen. Going to marry Stryker. "A very pleasing looking Rhodes. You know young Rhodes in Parker's office. He'll get on. That's the first married grand-child. I feel quite old when I think of it.'

"Married, eh-well. I suppose mar-ried life is the happiest," said the old bachelor. In his heart he was thinking what a goose he was.

"Your tea, pa," said Cynthia. "Why, help Mr. Stryker first, Cyn-"I've put sugar in this, pa," said

Cynthia Mr. Stryker looked at her. She looked at him.

"Please put sugar in mine, Miss Cynthia," he said. She did.

"To think, ma," cried Letty to her mother, one day, "to think of Aunt Cynthia being engaged. I thought she was going to be an old maid. If only he was a little younger. He is almost as old as grandpa.

"Cynthia won't leave home, though," said the mother. Pa will be as comfortable as ever, and Mr. Stryker is ten years younger than your grandfather, at least.

And so all ended well, and Cynthia keeps her valentine still. It came very she was always terribly long-featured, late, she says, but when it came it was and yaller, and she got lots of 'em. And very pretty; and as her husband would rather be cut into small pieces than tell her the truth abous it now, she will never know that it was ent to Letty .- N. Y. Ledger.

Official Etiquette.

A peculiarity of the etiquette in re-

gard to the official mourning for the late President is of interest. It is not only the stationery used for official correspondence at the Executive Mansion and State Department, which still has a broad black border, but the visiting cards of the President and Secretary of State are also bordered with black, waile those of the other members of the Cabinet are not. Secretary Frelinghuysen, although not in any official position at the time President Garfield died, incards used by his wife and daughters are plain white, while his is in deep mourning. As is customary here the name of a member of the Cabinet does not appear on his card, but only his official title, as, for instance, on that of Mr. Frelinghuysen is engraved only, "The Secretary of State"; on that of Mr. Brewster, "The Attorney-General," and so on through the list. On the President's eard, which as mentioned has a wide black border, is engraved only, "The President." The same style is usual for a Vice-President when we have one. Vice-President Wheeler told me last year that Senator Anthony, who is the authority in the Senate in all questions of official etiquette, told him that on all his eards, whether to be used in purely official calls or not, must appear only, "The Vice-President." This style has not been usual heretofore for the cards of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The last Speaker did not have any title on his, but merely his full name-"Samuel J. Randall, Pa." Mr. Keifer, on the other hand, has no name on his, but only, "The Speaker." - Washington Letter,

-" I should like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear, so should I," said

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-The gold production of Georgia has increased from \$40,000 in 1875 to nearly \$4,000,000 in 1881.

-The total value of the product of the twenty-two field crops raised in Kansas in 1881 is \$91,910,439.27, or more than 30 per cent. greater than in any previous year in the history of the

-According to Prof. Young, the total quantity of light emitted by the sun is qual to 6,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,-000,000 candles. Such an array of figures, however, seems meaningless, so faint is human conception of the num-

—The colors of 270 principal stars are thus given: Golden, 8; yellow, 35; yellowish, 57; yellowish white, 15; white, 103; very white, 23; greenish white, 28 bluish white, 1. On the other hand, the colors of 270 companions are: Reddish, 3; golden, 3; yellow, 14; yellowish, 35; yellowish white, 18; white, 96; very white, 17; greenish white, 6; ash, 23; bluish, 24; blue, 23; purplish, 4; pur-

-The following is the estimated area in acres of coal lands yet remaining the property of the United States: Washington Territory, 826,080; Oregon, 414,-535; California, 246,020; Colorado, 1,-127,625; Utah, 2,762,620; New Mexico, 10,000; Wyoming, 24,000; Dakota, 50,-000; Montana, 50,000. No coal has yet been discovered in Arizona or Nevada. The coal-bearing rocks of Nebraska, Indian Territory and Arkansas gover the respective areas of 3,600 and 13,600 square miles.

-Census statistics recently published of the distribution of languages in the Bombay Presidency of India present some interesting features. Of languages not European the following are the figures: Mahratti, spoken by 7.751,497 persons; Guzerati, by 3,103,311; Kanarese, by 2.101,931; Sindhi, by 2,051,726; Hindustani, by 871,421; Beloochi, by 149,519; Marvadi, by 141,229; Brahni, by 24,520; Arabic, by 5,418; Bengali, by 634; Burmese, by 65; Chinese, by 310; Cashmere, by 26; Kargi, by 26; various negro dialects, by 2,052; Nepali, by 13; Punjabi, by 23,966; Pushtu, by 8,498; Persian, by 4,230; Goanese, by 45,541; Tamil, by 7,830; Telugu, by 110,237; Tulu, by 595; Turkish, by 203. Every one knows how varied are the tongues spoken in the East, but few will be prepared for statistics like these,

The Invention of the Telescope.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! See how near the steeple

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his Government three telescopes made by himself, calling them instruments by means of which to see

at a distance. Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Haus Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions. - St. Nicholas.

-A well-dressed young man registered at the Osborne House, Auburn, N. Y., the other day, and at the same time handed the clerk a small package to keep in the safe until called for. After staying at the house two days, he departed, without calling for the package or the bill. Upon opening the package a cigar-box was found containing half a pound of rusty shingle nails, pieces of lead pipe, a quantity of Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness. | chalk, sawdust and a chromo.

Religious Department.

MY SHEPHERD.

And so I need not seek my own wild way
Across the desert wild:
He knoweth where the soft green pastures lie,
Where the still waters glide,
And how to reach the coolness of their rest,
Beneath the calm hill-side.

"He leadeth me!"
And though it be by rugged, weary ways,
Where thorns spring sharp and sore,
No pathway can seem strange or desolate
Where Jesus "goes before:"
His continuous and polace is His gentle shepherling my solace is, And gladness, yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"
I shall not take one needless step through all,
In wind, nor heat, nor cold;
And all day long He sees the peaceful end,
Through trials manifold;
Up the fair hill-side, like some sweet surprise,
Waiteth the quiet fold.
—Word and Work.

Why Not?

The most splendid trait of genius is its ability to see life in its great moments and its sublime movements. Hazlitt has written of that night when for the first time he heard the marvelous speech of Coleridge, and caught from its eloquent periods deep glimpses into the heart of things. The boy's soul took fire at the vision which rose before him, and as he walked homeward under the silent stars the world seemed to have widened into something vaster than before. It was the Eternities, and gave dignity and solemn grandeur to the most obscure path across fields over which such a sky brooded and under which such abysses

But are this insight and this outlook shop, the office, the farm, the sewing-

of a man or woman into beauty and greatness of soul through the ministry of obscure duties and the discipline of obscure trials; and yet in every neighborhood this divinely beautiful drama is performed. It is our attitude toward who expects to be exempt from critilife which makes it either mean or noble to us. The smallest works, done in about it is a donkey, who never will aca great spirit, become significant; the complish much good. Some of the most obscure life, steadfastly looked upon in the light of the invisible and the eternal, becomes rich and full at the take it for granted that they will be last. Greet your cares as God's mes- cr ticised. both by friends and by foes. sengers, accept your duties as God's Their safe plan is to do their level best teachers, take your work as God's op- and trust God for the results. -Philadelportunity, and your life will become a phia Times. highway to the palace of the King .-Christian Union.

An Apt Incident.

An ingenious and ready speaker will sometimes multiply the force of his words, or make a telling "point," by taking advantage of some striking cir- which is love. - Bishop Latimer. cumstance or accidental situation.

a story of Whitefield, which is authentic, and has been but recently made public. It is told by Mrs. Sarah E. I-Briggs, of Rochester, N. Y., who says that her father, Rev. Charles E. Furman, told the story as he lay on his death-bed, and asked her to write it

In his youth, very early in the present century, he had known an aged merchant, a Mr. Lamberson, who had lived from his boyhood in Jamaica, L. I., and who often repeated the following passage of his experience:

he visited Jamaica. As the crowds who came to hear him could not be accommodated in the old octagonal church of the village, the service was held in an adjacent orchard. Thousands of people assembled, standing in close masses, or perched on wagons and on the lesson to heart ourselves. But, how fences. Lamberson, then a young man, climbed an apple-tree in order to hear, and get a good view of Mr. Whitefield.

With it came a Heavenly guest, who |-Golden Rule.

brought healing for many a sorrow and deliverance from many A fear; a Friend Who is no other than the Son of God and Savior of men. Picturing the circum- . " stances of his text, and speaking with great earnestness of Zaccheus, the publican, to whom Christ addressed the words-the man who climbed the sycamore tree to see the Lord-Mr. Whitefield turned suddenly to Lamberson sitting among the branches intently listening:

"I think I see Zaccheus now!" he "I think I hear the voice of the Lord speaking now-to you; 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house.'
"Oh, why not," he asked, in a tone

of melting persuasion, "why not obey Him, and 'make haste' to receive the salvation He brings?"

The effect of this upon the congregation was electrical, but to the young man it seemed to come like a command from the skies. He soon disappeared from the crowd and went home with a new purpose in his soul and impressions that lasted through life.

Lamberson soon after openly accepted Christ as his Master, and continued faithful in his allegiance till his death, at a ripe old age. He loved to talk of Whitefield, and always declared that the day when he first was led to seriously consider his relations to God and eternity was the day he elimbed the the grand service which Thomas Car- apple-tree in the old Jamaica orchard, lyle rendered his generation when he and received so unexpectedly the whole opened its thought to the Infinities and force of the great preacher's appeal. --Youth's Companion.

Suggestions to Young Ministers.

The young preacher who begins his

ministry with the idea that his sermons possible to men and women who have are beyond and above criticism will no inheritance of genius, whose lives make a dismal failure of his work. Adare full of care and whose strength is miring friends have told him that his absorbed by duties so small that they theology is sound, his arguments concannot be numbered and yet so impera- vincing, his rhetoric graceful, and his tive that they cannot be slighted? In oratory equal to that of Daniel Webster. how many careers aspirations die, cour- They have listened to his trial sermon, age fails, the slow despair which is born in the composition of which he spent the of monotony creeps over the soul because last six months of his seminary course, life seems to be wasting its precious en- and they pronounced it unmatched for ergies on barren details! How many clearness of statement, absolute adherpromising men and women sink into ence to the text, and power to convince obscurity, and in middle life and old age the most hard-hearted sinners. From have kept no higher ambition than to this kind expression of their opinion the get comfortably and respectably through | young man forms a high opinion of the with the struggle. The play long ago discourse and of his oratorical ability in lost all interest and meaning to them, delivering it. Therefore he is much asand they hold their places only because tonished after preaching the same disthere is no way of leaving the stage. course in the hearing of sundry irrever-For most, life is a matter of detail, of ent newspaper reporters commissioned daily repetition of uninteresting situa- to take notes of it for publication. They tions and petty cares. The store, the jot down several of his striking expressions without taking care to put them in room and the kitchen swallow up what- their proper connection. One reporter ever of vitality and ambition they have. says the preacher is stilted. Another If the grandeur of living depended on says that although his voice is good his surroundings and occupation they are delivery is harsher than that of an aucfew who would ever feel its inspiration; tioneer. A third remarks that his but it has its seat in the soul that looks manner would be graceful if he did out upon its vicissitudes and opportuni- not stand like a country horse ties. It is the eye which brings color to at a hitching-post, with one leg nature, and makes that which would twisted around the other. The otherwise be dull and monotonous beau- fourth reports him as having a bronchiai tiful through a vast range of tint and difficulty, which asserted itself in the hue; it is the spirit of man which sees middle of each sentence, and ruined under all the disguises which life takes what otherwise might have been a good on its essential dignity and solemnity. delivery. Reporter No. 5 says that the The commonest of us move through young man talked too load and too tragedies as august as that of Promethe- long. and even with these difficulties us, as heart-breaking as that of Othello; preached what would have been a good but we are blind to the movements of sermon had he not been so conceited in the drama because the stage accessories | manner, so flowery in style, and so verare wanting. No curtain rises on the bose in utterance. If the young solemn scenes that mark the fall of a preacher is a fool, his heart sinks withhuman soul from purity to vice. from in him as he reads these criticisms in the peace and promise to weakness and de- papers. If he has good sense, he is in spair, from Heaven to hell; and yet the no way discouraged by them, but play is always going on before our eyes. makes the most of the lessons they No overture preludes the slow ripening teach him, rugged and difficult to bear as they may be.

Every man who appears before the public as speaker, writer, artist, or inventor, lays himself open to criticism, whether wise or foolish. The preacher cism or who worries himself needlessly best preachers do not even care to hear what the critics say about them. They

Gems of Thought.

-As every lord giveth a certain livery to his servants, charity is the very livery of Christ. Our Savior, who is the Lord above all lords, would have His servants known by their badge,

-The root of the Divine life is faith. A good illustration of this is found in The chief branches are love of God, charity to man, purity and humility. These are the highest perfections that either men or angels are capable of, the very foundation of Heaven laid in the soul .- Scougal.

-The United Presbyterian says that "the man who leaves his church and duties simply because he cannot have his own way is doing himself an injury and is ting a bad example to others. He is usually but airing his pride, and is declaring in actions that are louder than words that he regards his personal When Whitefield was last in America opinion and importance as of more value than his place in the church and the peace of the brethren.'

-Yes, it is hard to practice. Here we have been preaching to others about self-control, and really feeling that it was not equally necessary to take the quickly were we undeceived. Only a brief word of discourtesy, and yet its sting is rankling still after half a day. The great preacher took his text:
"This day is salvation come." With earnestness and eloquence he urged his hearers to receive it, entertain it, and enjoy the endless blessing it brought.

With it carries a Bood view of Mr. White texts and all this time bitter thoughts have kept coming up. We are ashamed of ourselves. We had intended to exhibit such a calm and Christian spirit. But, as we said at first, it is hard to practice.