THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE FIRST STEP.

My little one begins his feet to try,
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
And bird-like, singing what her heart would say;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door,
And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all—as he was all our own—
But never can be quite so any more.

—*Andrew H. Saxton, in Century.*

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framly Parsonage," "Is he Popenjoy?" "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Then Miss Evelina Hall struck in. Would Miss Lawrie come over to Little Arlesford Park, and stay there for a few days previous to the wedding? Kattie Forrester meant to bring down a sister with her as a bridesmaid. Two of the Miss Halls were to officiate also, and it would be taken as a great favor if Miss Lawrie would make a fourth. A great deal was said to press upon her this view of the case, to which, however, she made many objections. There was, indeed, a tragedy connected with her own matrimonial circumstances, which did not make her well inclined to join such a party. Her heart was not at ease within her as to her desertion of Mr. Whittlestaff. Whatever the future might bring forth, the present could not be a period of joy. But in the middle of the argument, Mr. Whittlestaff spoke with the voice of authority. "Accept Mr. Hall's kindness," he said, "and go over for awhile to Little Alresford."

"And leave you all alone?"

"I m sure Mr. Hall will be delighted if you will come too," said Mr Blake, ready at the moment to answer for the extent of his patron's house and good-nature.

"Quite out of the question," said Mr. Whittlestaff, in a tone of voice intended to put an end to that matter. "But I can manage to live alone for a few days, seeing that I shall be compelled to do so before long, by Miss Lawrie's marriage." Again Mary looked up into his face. "It is so, my dear. This young gentleman has managed to ferret out the truth, while looking for his wedding garments. Will you tell your papa, Miss Evalina, that Mary will be delighted to accept his kindness?"

"And Gordon can come down to me," said Blake, uproariously rubbing his hands; "and we can have three or four final days together, like two jolly young bachelors."

"Speaking for yourself alone," said Kattie, "you'll have to remain a jolly young bachelor for some time still, if you don't mend your manners."

"I needn't mend my manners after I'm married, I suppose." But they who knew Mr. Blake well were wont to declare that, in the matter of what Miss Forrester called his manners, there would not be much to make his wife afraid.

The affair was settled as far as it could be settled in Mr. Gordon's absence. Miss Lawrie was to go over and spend a fortnight at Little Arlesford, just previous to Kattie Forrester's marriage, and Gordon was to come down to the marriage, so as to be near to Mary, if he could be persuaded to do so. Of this Mr. Blake spoke with great certainty. "Why couldn't he come and spoon a bit seeing that he never did so yet in his life. Now I have had a lot of it."

"Not such a lot by any means," said Miss Forrester.

"According to all accounts he's got to begin it. He told me that he hadn't even proposed regular. Doesn't that seem odd to you, Kattie?"

"It seemed very odd when you did it." Then the three of them went away, and Mary was left to discuss the prospects of her future life with Mr. Whittlestaff. "You had better both of you come and live here," he said. "There would be room enough." Mary thought probably of the chance there might be o new-comers, but she said nothing. "I should go away, of course," said Mr. Whittlestaff.

"Turn you out of your own house!"

"Why not? I shan't stay here anyway. I am tired of the place, and though I shan't care to sell it, I shall make a move. A man ought to make a move every now and again. I should like to go to Italy, and live at one of those charming little towns."

"Without a soul to speak to."

"I shan't want anybody to speak to. I shall take with me just a few books to read. I wonder whether Mrs Baggett would go with me. She can't have much more to keep her in England than I have." But this plan had not been absolutely fixed when Mary retired for the night, with the intention of writing her letter to John Gordon before she went to bed. Her letter took her long to write. The thinking of it rather took too long. She sat leaning with her face on her hands, and with a tear occasionally on her cheek, into the late night, meditating rather on the sweet goodness of Mr. Whittlestaff than on the words of the letter. It had at last been determined that John Gordon should be her husband. That the fates seem to have decided, and she did acknowledge that in doing so the fates had been altogether propitious. It would have been very difficult—now at least she owned that truth to herself—it would have been very difficult for her to have been true to the promise she had made, altogether to eradicate John Gordon from her heart and to fill up the place left with a wife's true affection for Mr. Whittlestaff. To the performance of such a task as that she would not be subjected. But on the other hand, John Gordon must permit her to entertain and to evince a regard for Mr. Whittlestaff, not similar at all to the regard which she would feel for her husband, but almost equal in its depth.

At last she took the paper, and did write her letter, as follows:

"DEAR MR. GORDON:—I am not surprised at anything that Mr. Whittlestaff should do which shows the goodness of his disposition and the tenderness of his heart. He is, I think, the most unselfish of mankind. I believe you to be so thoroughly sincere in the affection which you express for me that you must acknowledge that he is so. If you love me well enough to make me your wife, what must you think of him who has loved me well enough, to surrender me to one whom I had known before he had taken me under his fostering care?

"You know that I love you, and am willing to become your wife. What can I say to you now, except that it is so. It is so. And in saying that, I have told you everything as to myself. Of him I can only say, that his regard for me has been more tender even than that of a father.

"Yours always most lovingly,

"MARY LAWRIE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The day came at last on which Mary's visit to Little Alresford was to commence. Two days later John Gordon was to arrive at the parsonage, and Mary's period of being "spooned" was to be commenced according to Mr. Blake's phraseology. "No, dear, I don't think I need go with you," said Mr. Whittlestaff, when the very day was there.

"Why not come and cast off?"

"I don't much care about calling," said Mr. Whittlestaff. This was exactly the state of mind to which Mary did not wish to see her friend reduced—that of feeling it to be necessary to avoid his fellow-creatures.

"You think Mr. Blake is silly. He is a silly young man, I allow; but Mr. Hall has been very civil. As I am to go there for a week, you might as well take me." As she spoke she put her arm around him, caressing him.

"I don't care particularly for Mr. Blake; but I don't think I'll go to Little Arlesford. Mary understood, when he said this the second time, that the thing was fixed as fate. He would not go to Little Alresford. Then, in about a quarter of an hour, he began again: "I think you'll find me gone when you come back again."

"Gone! where shall you have gone?"

"I'm not quite comfortable here. Don't look so sad, you dear, dear girl." Then he crossed the room and kissed her tenderly. "I have a nervous, irritable feeling which will not let me remain quiet. Of course I shall come for your marriage, whenever that may be fixed."

"Oh, Mr. Whittlestaff, do not talk in that way! That will be a year to come, or perhaps two or three. Do not let it disturb you in that way, or I shall swear that I will not be married at all. Why should I be married if you are to be miserable?"

"It has been all settled, my dear. Mr. Gordon is to be the lord of all that. And though you will be supposed to have fixed the day, it is he that will really fix it—he, or the circumstances of his life. When a young lady has promised a young gentleman the marriage may be delayed to suit the young gentleman's convenience, but never to suit hers. To tell the truth, it will always be felt convenient that she shall be married as soon as may be after the promise has been given. You will see Mr. Gordon in a day or two, and will find out then what are his wishes."

"Do you think that I will not consult your wishes?"

"Not in the least, my dear. I, at any rate, shall have no wishes—except what may be best for your welfare. Of course I must see him, and settle some matters that will have to be settled. There will be money matters."

"I have no money," said Mary—"not a shilling! He knows that."

"Nevertheless there will be money matters, which you will have the goodness to leave to me. Are you not my daughter, Mary, my only child? Don't trouble yourself about such matters as these, but do as you're bid. Now it is time for you to start, and Harconotes will be ready to go with you." Having so spoken, Mr. Whittlestaff put her into the carriage, and she was driven away to Little Arlesford.

It then wanted a week to the Blake-Forrester marriage, and the young clergyman was beginning to make a little serious timidity with his usual garrulous high spirits. "Upon my word, you know I'm not at all sure that they are going to do it right," he said, with much emphasis, to Miss Lawrie. "The marriage is to be on Tuesday. She's to go home on the Saturday. I insist upon being there on the Monday. It would make a fellow so awfully nervous traveling on the same day. But the other girls—and you're one of them, Miss Lawrie—are to go into Winchester by train on Tuesday morning, under the charge of John Gordon. If anything were to happen to any of you only think where should I be?"

"Where should we be?" said Miss Lawrie.

"It isn't your marriage, you know. But I suppose the wedding could go on even if one of you didn't come. It would be such an awful thing not to have it done when the Dean is coming." But Mary comforted him, assuring him that the Halls were very punctual in all their comings and goings when any event was in hand.

Then John Gordon came, and to tell the truth, Mary was subjected for the first time to the ceremony of spooning. When he walked up to the door across from the Parsonage, Mary Lawrie took care not to be in the way. She took herself to her own bedroom, and there remained, with feverish, palpitating heart, till she was summoned by Miss Hall. You must come down and bid him welcome, you know."

"I suppose so; but—"

"Of course you must come. It must be sooner or later. He is looking so different from what he was when he was here before. And so he ought, when one considers all things."

"He has not got another journey before him to South Africa."

"Without having got what he came for," said Miss Hall. Then when they went down, Mary was told that John Gordon had passed through the house into the shrubbery, and was invited to follow him. Mary, declaring that she would go alone, took up her hat and boldly went after him. As she passed on, across the lawn, she saw his figure disappearing among the trees. "I don't think it very civil for a young lady's young man to vanish in that way," said Miss Hall. But Mary boldly and quickly followed him, without another word.

"Mary," he said, turning round upon her as soon as they were both out of sight among the trees, "Mary, you have come at last."

"Yes, I have come."

"And yet, when I first showed myself at your house you would hardly receive me." But this he said holding her by the hand and looking into her face with his brightest smile. "I had postponed my coming almost too late."

"Yes, indeed. Was it my fault?"

"No—nor mine. When I was told that I was doing no good at the house, and reminded that I was useless, what could I do but go?"

"But why go so far?"

"I had to go where money could be earned. Considering all things, I think I was quick enough. Who knows could I have found diamonds but in the diamond fields? And I have been perhaps the luckiest fellow that have gone and returned."

"So nearly too late!"

"But not too late."

"But you were too late—only for the inexpressible goodness of others. Have you thought of what I owe to you and I owe to Mr. Whittlestaff?"

"My darling!"

"But I am his darling. It sounds so conceited in any girl to say so. Why should he care so much for me?—or why should you, for that matter of that?"

"Mary, Mary, come to me now." And he held out both his hands. She looked round, fearing intrusive eyes, but seeing none, she allowed him to embrace her. "My own—at last my own. How well you understood me in those old days. And yet it was all without a word—almost without a sign." She bowed her head before she had escaped from his arms. "Now I am a happy man."

"It is he that has done it for you."

"Am I not thankful?"

"How can I be thankful as I ought? Think of the gratitude that I owe him—think of all the love! What man has loved as he has done? Who has brought himself so to abandon to another the reward he had thought it worth his while to wish for? You must not count the value of the thing."

"But I do."

"But the price he had set upon it! I was to be the comfort of his life to come. And it would have been so, had he not seen and had he not believed. Because another has loved, he has given up that which he has loved himself."

"It was not for my sake."

"But it was for m ne. You had come first, and ha i won my poor heart. It was not worth the winning to either of you."

"It was for me to judge of that."

"Just so. But you do not know his heart. How prone he is to hold by that which he knows he has made his own. I was his own."

"You told him the truth when he came to you."

"I was his own," said Mary, firmly. "Had he bade me never to see you again, I should never have seen you. Had he not gone after you himself, you would never have come back."

"I do not know how that might be."

"It would have been to no good. Having consented to take everything from his hands, I could never have been untrue to him. I tell you that I should as certainly have become his wife as that girl will become the wife of that young clergyman. Of course I was unhappy."

"Were you, dear?"

"Yes; I was very unhappy. When you flashed upon me there at Croker's Hall, I knew at once all the joy that had fallen within my reach. You were there, and you had come for me! All the way from Kimberley, just for me to smile upon you! Did you not?"

"Indeed I did."

"When you had found your diamonds, you thought of me—was it not so?"

"Of you only."

"You flatterer! You dear, bonny lover. You whom I had always loved and prayed for, when I knew not where you were! You who had not left me to be like Mariana, but had hurried home at once for me when your man's work was done—doing just what a girl would think that a man should do for her sake. But it had been all destroyed by the necessity of the case. I take no blame to myself."

"No; none."

"Looking back at it all, I was right. He had chosen to want me, and had a right to me. I had taken his gifts, given with a full hand. And where were you, my own one? Had I a right to think that you were thinking of me?"

"I was thinking of you."

"Yes; because you have turned out to be one in a hundred; but I was not to have known that. Then he asked me, and I thought it best that he should know the truth and take his choice. He did take his choice before he knew the truth—that you were so far on your way to seek my hand."

"I was that very moment almost within reach of it."

"But still it had become his. He did not toss it from him then as a thing that was valueless. With the truest, noblest observance, he made me understand how much it might be to him, and then surrendered it without a word of ill-humor, because he told himself that, in truth, my heart was within your keeping. If you will keep it well, you must find a place for his also." It was thus that Mary Lawrie suffered the spooning that was inflicted upon her by John Gordon.

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The most important part of our narrative still remains. When the day came, the Reverend Montagu Blake was duly married to Miss Catherine Forrester in Winchester Cathedral, by the Very Reverend the Dean, assisted by the young lady's father; and it is pleasant to think that on that occasion the two clergymen behaved to each other with extreme civility. Mr. Blake at once took his wife over to the Isle of Wight, and came back at the end of a month to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Hall. And with them came that lady's maid, of whose promotion to a higher sphere in life we shall expect soon to hear. Then came a period of thorough enjoyment for Mr. Blake in superintending the work of Mr. Newface.

"What a pity it is that the house should ever be finished?" said the bride to Augusta Hall, "because as things are now, Montagu is supremely happy; he will never be so happy again."

"Unless when the baby comes," said Augusta.

"I don't think he'll care a bit about the baby,' said the bride.

The writer, however, is of different opinion, as he is inclined to think that the Reverend Montagu Blake will be a pattern for all fathers. One word more we must add of Mr. Whittlestaff and his future life—and one word of Mrs. Baggett. Mr. Whittlestaff did not leave Croker's Hall. When October had come round, he was present at Mary's marriage, and certainly did not carry himself then with any show of outward joy. He was moody and silent, and, as some said, almost uncourteous to John Gordon. But before Mary went down to the train, in preparation of her long wedding-tour, he took her up to his bedroom, and there said a final word to her. "Give him my love."

"Oh, my darling! you have made me so happy."

"You will find me better when you come back, though I shall never cease to regret all that I have lost."

Mrs. Baggett accepted her destiny, and remained in supreme dominion over all women-kind at Croker's Hall. But there was private pecuniary arrangement between her and her master, of which I could never learn the details. It resulted, however, in the sending of a money-order every Saturday morning to an old woman in whose custody the sergeant was left.

[THE END.]

—Sleeping-car porter (to the heaviest passenger ever carried on the road) "You can roll into your berth whenever you want to." Fat man: "Yes, and roll out when I don't want to."

—The Bible mentions 620 places in Palestine, west of the Jordan, and 433 have been identified, 132 by the staff of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

—It is quite the proper thing now for English noblemen to "make the tour of the States."

Cultivating Youthful Virtues.

If we would wear youth in our faces late in life, we must carry it also late in life in our hearts. In other words, we must cultivate the youthful virtues, most important among which are unworldliness, affectionateness and purity of heart.

Note thoughtfully those individuals in whom "a predominant passion for obtaining the good things of life" (as Webster defines worldliness) prevails, and see how hardened and unbeautifying a trait it is—how like a withered leaf becomes the heart which worldliness controls. Wrapped in the icy atmosphere of its own ambitions and pursuits, how self-absorbed and callous, how coldly unresponsive to all demands of human sympathy or pity it becomes! And not only does such a one defraud himself largely of the love and sympathy of his kind, but he also loses, through having lost by worldliness his capacity for enjoying, the delight which nature to the unworldly yields. What to him is the freshness of the spring-time, the bloom and fragrance of summer, the glory and richness of autumn, the glittering majesty of winter? Neither the dewy sweetness of the morning nor the calm grandeur of the starry night has power to win his soul from its earthly throne. For him the tender sunshine has no balm, the murmur of the summer breeze no voice. He walks, day after day and year after year, amid beautiful sights and scents and sounds, but they waken no melody, they stir no rapture in his breast. The fountain of youthful enthusiasm, of unworldly delight, is dried up.

And as the spirit little by little, from the predominant love, takes permanent form within, so also the lines of the face take on the colors of the soul. Pinched and sharpened features, cold, greedy, unscrupulous, cynical shallow eyes; hard, unsympathetic, calculating mouth—these are the lineaments which such men and women must consent to wear.

In love, we find the very fountain of immortal youth. Yet how many miss of it, nourishing envy, jealousy, hatred, or at best a cold indifference! How many, whose lives love might ennoble and bless, barter it off for unsatisfying dross! How many a woman, marrying for worldly motives, sells her precious birthright—the inestimable bliss of loving for a mess of pottage! Nor need she expect to escape the penalty. Her heart, deprived of its needed aliment, must famish and pine, her cheek wither and grow pale, her blood become weak and sluggish, or feverish and impure, from the unlovefulness and unholiness of the bond she wears. Turn from this picture to that home wherein love reigns a triumphant queen. List to the bounding step; look at the glowing cheek, the sparkling eye! Love nourishes; love cheers. Cares may be heavy, but love renders them light. Misfortunes may befall, but love helps to endure. Sorrows may sadden, but so long as love lingers, they can be borne. Man also, as well as woman, suffers from these inharmonious relations. His life being less introverted and intense, more amid outside influences, he does not so morbidly feed upon his own heart, yet he also misses the bliss of loving and being loved.

Mother-love also is a great beautifier. Let not the young and thoughtless wife, congratulating herself on her exemption from the pains and cares of maternity, flatter herself that she shall float down the stream of time wearing more youth and beauty on her brow than that paler matron with the baby at her breast. Let her be assured that the patience, the devotion, the unselfishness which motherhood develops, outweighs the cares and pains which it entails, while an interest in these larger lives growing up at her side, serves to keep the mother's intellect awake, her sympathies keen, and her heart her lip and her eye ever tender and beautiful and young.

But most sorrowfully contrasting with the sweet loveliness of childhood, is that old age in which passing years have left purity of heart behind. This condition of the life leaves also its impress upon the external form, disclosing itself in the turbid eye, the shifting glance, the hollow-ringing, fretful voice, concealing—worse blemishes than furrowed cheek, gray hair or wasted form.

To miss the prettiness and bloom of youth may be painful; to miss its strength and vigor trying; to miss its hopefulness and cheerful outlook, disheartening; to miss its affectionateness, both in receiving and giving, saddening; but to miss its innocence, is to miss honor, tranquility, self-respect, and the comfort of the assurance: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*Country Gentleman.*

Age in the Army.

The oldest Captain on the active list of the army is Captain Pollock, of the Twenty-first Infantry; he will be 65 years old during the month. The oldest Lieutenant is P. P. Barnard, of the Fifth Cavalry, who is 64, being twenty years older than his Colonel. The oldest Lieutenant of Artillery is F. C. Nichols, of the First, who is 61 years of age. The senior Major on the active list in point of years is Edward Collins of the Fifth Infantry, who is 63 years. He entered the service in 1813 as a private in the batallion of engineers and has been in the service ever since that time. Brevet Brigadier-General Joseph N. G. Whistler, of the Fifth Infantry, is the oldest Lieutenant-Colonel in the line of the army; he is 62; and Lieutenant-Colonel John Hamilton, of the Fifth, who is 61, is the oldest in his grade in the artillery. General H. J. Hunt, the senior Colonel of artillery now retired, will be 65 years of age during this month. General Gilbert, Colonel of the Seventeenth Infantry, is the oldest Colonel of his arm of the service, being 62, and John P. Hatch, of the Second Cavalry, is the senior in years in the cavalry. The youngest Major General is Schofield and the oldest is Pope, who is 62. Hancock is 60; he retires in 1888. Mackenzie is the youngest Brigadier-General in the army; he is now 43 and retires in 1889. Miles, the next, is 45. While promotion is slower in some respects in our army than in any military service in Europe, yet there is neither in England nor "on the continent" an officer of General Mackenzie's age, "outside of royal blood," who has attained his rank. Angier is the oldest Brigadier-General, and is 68. A Brigadier-General will be appointed next year to Major-General and a Brigadier in 1888, and likewise in 1889.

The youngest Colonel of artillery is Ayres; of cavalry, Merritt, who is 43, and of infantry, Pennypacker, who is 42. The youngest Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of the army is J. M. Whittemore, of the ordnance, and Morrow of the Sixth Cavalry, is the youngest Lieutenant-Colonel in the line. S. E. Newman, Professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology at West Point, has the relative rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; he is 36 years old, the youngest of the grade in the United States army. The youngest Major in the army is William H. Smith, of the Pay Department, who is 30; George R. Smith, of the Twelfth Infantry, who graduated from West Point in 1875, is a few months older. Otho W. Budd, who graduated from West Point in 1878, is the youngest Captain of cavalry, and F. V. Green and Carl F. Palfrey are the youngest in the corps of engineers. The average of age of Captains of artillery is 43, and in cavalry and infantry about 41. In the general staff of the army the youngest general officer is General Benet, Chief of ordnance, who is 57, and the senior in date of commission; Adjutant-General Drum and Surgeon-General Crane are 59 years old, and Paymaster-General Rochester and Commissary-General MacFeeley are 58. The oldest retired officer of the army is General W. S. Harney, who was born in the last century, and who entered the service in 1818. He lives at St. Louis and is accounted the wealthiest man in the army.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Pointless Conversation

Family life is apt to fall into narrow grooves, and family talk to degenerate into vapid discussion of persons or trifles, too often, unluckily, sharpened by ill-natured satire. Each member of the family is likely to chatter of his or her favorite pursuit until the table-talk resembles a London street where each vendor cries his wares, without regard to the ears, intelligence or feelings of the others. Nothing stunts the growth of a child's mind or debases its aim more that such habits.

A summer visitor to the country describes the conversation among the people at the farm, as follows. At breakfast:

Joe—Father, Sam Prather says as his calf weighs more'n ourn.

Father—Sho! [A long pause.] How much does Sam Prather say his calf weighs more'n ourn?

Joe—I dunno.

At dinner: Father — I see Sam Prather down ther, Joe. He says his calf does weighs more' ourn.

Joe—Sho! How much did he say?

Father—I dunno.

Joe—Sam Prather's a fool!

At supper: Joe — Father, Sam Prather told Jem that his calf weighed more'n ourn.

[A long pause.] Father—I'd like him to prove that.

Joe—I don't think he kin. He never see our calf, an' his'n is killed and eat up.

Father—Sho! [A long pause.] You kin tell Sam Prather for me, Joe, that if his calf warn't killed an' eat, it wouldn't weigh more'n ourn.

Now, of course, it is lamentable enough that rational human beings should spend any part of their time in conversation so empty of ideas and so utterly aimless as that. But if our critical townsman could read his own morning talk set down in cold print, while he would find the subject discussed different—it might concern a rise in this railway stock of a quarter of a cent, or the fall of cottons of the same amount—it might prove to be just as inane and just as pointless—the overflow of a mind perpetually running in one narrow current. Could one find any wisdom or wit or shrewd common sense in it which would help or cheer those who heard it?

What is the remedy?

Some pursuit in common, a book read aloud, a charitable work, the study of the bees or dogs about them—anything, in short, that will break down the fence that shuts the family into the incessant observation of a few people and a few trifling ideas.—*Youth's Companion.*

Story of a Fish-Hawk.

While three boys, whose homes are near the Wicomico River, in Maryland, were paddling in a small canoe, known as a "dug-out," their attention was attracted by a loud splashing in a cove, not far off. The prow of the canoe was turned into the cove, and they soon discovered what was causing the disturbance. A full-grown fish-hawk had become entangled in a gill-net, and the huge bird had beaten the water into foam all around it. When the boys drew near, they saw that the hawk had nearly exhausted itself, and it did not take them long to secure their prey. It was a big thing to catch a fish-hawk alive, and during the next few days they were heroes indeed. But after a while they become tired of their captive, which merely moped in its cage, and so they decided to set the fish-hawk free. They cut their names into a piece of leather and fastened it by means of a chain to the bird's left leg, just above the foot. That was in May, 1882. During the herring season of the spring of 1883, the boys thought they recognized their former friend, but the hawk never would let them get near enough to learn positively. A few weeks ago one of the boys received a letter from St. Simon's Island, on the Georgia coast, saying that the chain and piece of leather, which also bore the address of the lads, had been picked up at the foot of a dead pine tree, well known there as a nesting-place for ospreys.—*Golden Days.*

He Went for Nancy.

Daniel S. Dickinson, when in the Senate, was requested by the Postmaster-General to call at the Department, and give an opinion on the relative claims of several applicants for appointment as postmaster of an office near his home residence. The request was promptly complied with, and the documents were duly inspected, not without some perplexity in the mind of the Senator; for two of his personal and political friends, both highly respectable and competent men, were, as appeared from the papers, about "neck and neck" in the race for office, so far as influential signatures on either side could make them so. But suddenly a light dawned upon the Senator. A neatly written note in a lady's handwriting came to view, applying for the office in her own behalf, and giving but a single name as reference, and that the name of the honorable Senator himself. He had known her deceased husband intimately and most favorably for many years, and was no stranger to the young widow herself. After a moment's reflection, he carefully returned the delicate missive to its place, and made the following laconic indorsement upon the paper: "I go for Nancy." Nancy was of course appointed, and faithfully served the public in the capacity of postmistress.—*Boston Budget.*

—A handsome income is made by a Frenchman at Berlin, who has introduced the Parisian system of window cleaning by contract. He charges two shillings a month, and has six thousand customers in the German capital alone, where he employs forty men.

Religious Reading.

BY SIMPLE FAITH.

I saw a poor man in my path—
His day was denseest night;
He stumbled not, nor missed his way,
But went as if by sight.

He leaned upon the arm of friend,
Loving, and strong, and true,
Whose piercing eyes were eyes to him,
In all his journey through.

No care was his, nor troubled thought,
Nor fear of threat'ning harm;
Joyous he walked by simple faith
In that strong heart and arm.

That friend could guard as well as guide,
And every want supply—
Ever supply, and guide and guard,
Till called to realms on high.

O Christ, Thou art that loving friend—
The mighty friend I need;
Thine is the arm on which I lean;
Thou art the Friend indeed.

My faith in Thee is more than sight—
The basis of my hope,
The proof and pledge of future bliss
While in this world I grope.

Yea, it shall bind my heart to Thee
In true, unalloying love,
And fit me, in this world of sin,
For the pure world above.

—Rev. James Upham, D. D., in Watchman.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 2	The Temple Dedicated	1 Kings 8:22-30
Nov. 9	The Wisdom of Solomon	1 Kings 10:1-13
Nov. 16	Solomon's Sin	1 Kings 11:4-13
Nov. 23	Proverbs of Solomon	Prov. 1 1-33
Nov. 30	True Wisdom	Prov. 8 1-11
Dec. 7	Drunkenness	Prov. 23 29-35
Dec. 14	Vanity of Worldly Pleasure	Eccles. 2:1-13
Dec. 21	The Creator Remembered	Eccles. 12:1-14
Dec. 28	Review; or Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.	

THE REVISION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

On the 10th of February, 1870, now over fourteen years ago, a resolution was unanimously carried through both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury to appoint a Joint Committee "to report upon the desirableness of a revision of the authorized version of the Old and New Testament, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Hebrew or Greek text originally adopted by the translators, or in the translations made from the same, shall on due investigation be found to exist." This led to the formation of two companies—one to labor on the Old Testament and the other to labor on the New Testament; and these companies, though including eight of the most accomplished English Bishops, were enlarged by other eminent scholars without regard to nationality or religious creed; and further, an American Committee on each of the Testaments was invited to co-operate with the English revisers. The results of the New Testament Committee have already been given to the world, with what success our readers have had ample opportunity to know.

Owing to changes resulting from death and otherwise, and the introduction of new members into the Old Testament Committee, it was deemed advisable not to be content with a second final revision of their work, but to seek greater thoroughness and accuracy by reviewing it a third time and in the most critical manner. This has been the occasion of some delay; but we understand that at their meetings during the latter part of October and November, the American scholars will throw into an appendix certain of the emendations which they originally proposed, but which were not adopted by their English brethren into the text; and that then the task of publishing the completed Old Testament will be rapidly pushed forward. It will not, however, be out probably before the first of May. The only authorized editions will be those from the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge, but from these, doubtless, there will be innumerable reprints in various forms. Two reasons conspire to render the publication slow; first, because it is intended to print one edition in four volumes on heavy paper—not for the market but for presentation to every person who has contributed $25 or more toward the publication. The labor done on this will be largely by hand and very elegant, but, of course, tedious. A second reason for slowness will be the necessity of getting a vast number of copies ready in advance of attempted sale, so as to be able to meet the immense demand that will certainly be made for them.

The revisers, wishing their work to stand or fall on its completed merits and not by any partial criticisms on particular and disconnected passages, are pledged to secrecy as to the specific character of the changes made. It seems, however, to be pretty well understood that they have been much more conservative than were their New Testament colleagues, and that, to quote the language of Dr. Chambers, "they have confined themselves in the main to such changes as were deemed indispensable, instead of embracing all the cases which might seem desirable." In corroboration of this Dr. Conant says:

"One who has not committed much of the Bible to memory could read the new edition for pages without knowing that any changes had been made. The revisers have been very conservative and have left the old text undisturbed wherever possible. Some of the broader passages, however, have been softened, and a number of minor changes made, such as retaining the old Hebrew word 'Jehovah' instead of the modern rendering 'Lord.' The English revisers, however, cling to the word 'Lord.' We have found in our labors that the old revisers were better Greek than Hebrew scholars, and that many of their mistakes were due to a too slavish adaptation of the Septuagint."

The established order of the books will not be disturbed. The Apocrypha will not be included, but will be revised by an English Committee, independent of the Revision Committee. And it is supposed that some such changes will be introduced as the following. In place of the Hebrew plural cherubim there will be the English plural cherubims, and in the same way seraphims, nephilims, anakims, etc. Intelligible words and phrases will take the place of archaisms such as "taches," "ouches," "knops," "meesings," and "all to," meaning altogether. Again, uniformity will be sought in the spelling of proper names and places, retaining, however, as a rule, the Hebrew forms for Hebrew names, except where a foreign name has been thoroughly naturalized and unalterably fixed in English usage. Again, there will be a revision of orthography, pronunciation, capitals and perhaps a metrical arrangement of poetry according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism. These and similar changes were at least fore-shadowed in an article long since published by Dr. Schaff.—*Christian at Work.*

Praying for What He Did Not Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—and a very religious kind of a man he was. In the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that he might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A good prayer it was, and I thought: "What a good kind of a man you must be!" But about an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing, and scolding, and going on finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I came into the house with him he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and so quick-tempered.

"'Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times are good for but to worry and vex one with their idle, slovenly ways!"

I did not say anything for a minute or two. And then I said: "You must be very much disappointed, sir?"

"How so, Daniel—disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it has not come."

"Present, Daniel?"—and he scratched his head as much as to say: "Whatever can the man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you talking about it, sir," I said, coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present! Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, sir; but you're talked about it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I would dearly love to see it."

He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain.

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart."

"O, that's what you mean, is it?" and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered?—if you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient, and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like? and you'd come in and sit all in a faint, and reckon as you must be a going to die, because you felt Heavenly-minded."

"He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You are right, Captain Joe, you are right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer."—*Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions.*

What Should Be Done.

It is astonishing how much is accomplished by some persons physically disadvantaged. When the right kind of religion takes hold of a man it seems to give him additional eyes, additional ears, additional feet, additional hands, or to provide a substitute for having no eyes or ears or hands or feet at all. There are great hulks of health floating about, unserviceable either for church or State, while others with gout or partial paralysis or dim eyesight, that can only distinguish between light and darkness, or limping by the aid of two crutches, are every day making a substraction from human sorrow, and an addition to human comfort. It is a shame to have hands or feet or eyes, and not employ them for good service. It was evidently intended that the race should average for each man, two eyes, two ears, two feet and two hands. But as through casualty so many lose one or two of these organs, the plan suggested is that those who have full equipment of limbs should make them do a surplus of work for those who lack. So, if there should be a small community of three persons, but one of them should be blind and feetless, the two with complete faculties must must each take the work of three eyes and three feet, in order to supply the defect of the unfortunate. In a word, the burdens of life must be divided, less weight put upon the invalid, and more upon the athlete. If this were done there would be no use in almshouses and orphan asylums, and the world would be sent on many leagues toward the millennial day.

Meanwhile, let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement house of flesh will come down, and a better one shall be builded. The resurrection morning will provide you with a better outfit. Either the unstrung, worn-out, blunted or crippled organs will be so reconstructed that you will not know them, or an entirely new set of eyes and ears and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable. No limping in Heaven; no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum, but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstacy. But until that day of resumption comes let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Choice Extracts.

—Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but peripatetic. It *goeth* about doing good.—*Nevins.*

—Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

—Turning sunshine into night, and making misery *gratis* when we are not miserable, is anything but Christian, though, alas! some good people do sometimes make a merit of it.—*H. Bushnell.*

—He who distrusts the security of chance takes more pains to effect the safety which results from labor. To find what you seek in the road of life, the best proverb of all is that which says: "Leave no stone unturned."—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

—In the Word of God alone are the promises that never fail, hopes that never disappoint. Here is that upon which we can lean, when friends are gone, when health fades, and when the last milestone of our earthly journey is past, and when death and judgment in all their appalling realities are close at hand.—*G. Everard.*

—A holy life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy pride, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little inconsistencies, little words, little follies, little indiscretion, little decisions, little feebles, little sins of the flesh; the avoidance of these little things as these go far to make up, at least, the negative of a holy life.—*Bonar.*