☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

HE HAD IT BAD.

One summer morn, as I walked out
To take a breath of air,
I met a man who's round to me
Bowed down with grief and care.
His face was pale and sickly,
And he seemed devoid of fun;
Yet every word he uttered was
A nonsensical pun.
He said his girl had used him in
A manner mighty bad;
I listened time to what he called
His lamentation sad:
"Oh! Anna dear, why do you go
And turn to temper sour:
You've left me here to pine alone
A melon—cauliflower.
We might have lived upon our farm
And shared life's joys and cares,
And passed through life so happily,
Not singly, but in pears.
You know I was very wrong indeed
To use me in that manner;
Now life to me is but a curse,
I'm sticken with Anna.
I feel each morn as I arose,
A miserable happy soul,
I dig into my cotton field
And take a growing boll.
But since this trouble came about,
I've promised to abstain;
Pump water I don't even drink,
No pump kin pie my pain.
Oh, come back soon, doubtful girl,
For you some I pine,
And all shall be forgiven when
Your tulips to ones mine.
My appetite is almost gone,
But that may come back later;
I used to love the cooking pot,
But now I'm a red-hater.
I used to dress so spruce and smart,
My clothes were nicely washed,
But now quite careless I have grown,
Since you my heart have squashed.
The happy times have passed away
When all seemed bright and merry;
Quite frail am now, I try to smile,
And try my grief to bury.
That you would run away with me
I counted finally hope,
But when I asked you you replied:
"You know I can't elope."
Oh dear, indeed, was the day
When first I saw you, Anna;
You've been a bitter pill to me
In a peculiar manner;
And it in poverty you hoard
That you might pass your days,
You surely could not know that I
Took you in earnest, rause;
And even had I built been poor,
Father would provide,
But I've been mistaken my life,
One can my wishes in peace.
Oh, would I could obituarise bury,
Or seek some foreign clime,
And find some place out, easy way
To pass away my time.
Though some folks thought you very plain,
To me you were most fair;
I loved your little turnip nose,
And your cauliflower hair.
Oh, Anna, you were beautiful been,
And badly treated me,
Yet I forgive you, root and branch,
And hough to fate's decree."

—*Peck's Sun.*

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

An Adventure with a Mountain Lion on a Western Range.

We had been camped at the old *arrasta* for nearly three weeks, building a road to bring in the machinery for the new smelter. This had kept us so busy that none of us had time to go after deer, and we consequently had a short supply of fresh meat. So that day Mexican Joe had been sent out to San Rafael with a burro (donkey) to see if he could buy a quarter of beef; and now we were waiting for his return. For he ought to have been back early in the afternoon, and already dusk had fallen.

We began to wonder in good earnest what could have detained him, when we saw two dim forms coming down the trail, and a minute later "Joe" and his burro limped into camp. By the light of the camp-fire they proved to be two as sorry-looking objects as could well be pictured!

Joe's hat was gone. His shirt was torn, and his face and clothes were covered with blood, which still trickled from a gash on his cheek. The burro had three or four ugly-looking furrows on his neck and a long cut, as if made by a sharp knife, on his left flank; and as he plodded dejectedly into the circle of light, we saw that he bore no meat, and that even his pack-saddle was gone.

After our first expressions of wonder and eager questions, Joe told us his story, in his broken Mexican-Indian-Pigeon-English, for Joe was a species of human polyglot, having had a Mexican father and an Indian mother, and having been for many years "boss" of a gang of Chinese laborers in the Santa Rita gold diggings. He could, if it was necessary, talk very fair Mexican or English, but when he was excited, he mixed up his languages till the result was something wonderful. As nearly as I can reproduce his jargon, his present tale ran somewhat as follows:

"Me find um San Rafael, buy um mea, start home. You s-be (know) camena (trail) long o' Bone Gulch? H m very bad; mucho steep, mucho big tre top-side, mucho big rock on um, may steep down-side b ttom, camena dere no bueno (not good). Just got hap-way ober, someting bounce out o' tree, hit a me, knock a me down side bottom; tumble ober and ober, roll million feet 'bout; tink um Joe kilt.

"Lay still, no move, say not ing, gato grande (big cat) leave a me, climb a up a h t, make one jump, make two jump, catch um burro just where trail make wid pass-by place. Hear um burro squeal; gato go gr-r-r! gr-r-r-r! Burro kick! Gato bite, scratch, kick up mucho bobbery; stone rattle, dust fly, hair fly, mucho, mucho fuss!

"Gato want beef; tink give um beef; jump up, climb um hill, slip up 'hind gato, pull out navaja, cut sinch, cut girt, leave um beef loose, leave um gato have um. He claw um beef, he pull, he growl, he tear, he no mind um Joe, no mind um burro.

"Burro jump up, no stay, make um head down, heels up, run for wickiup casa (camp). Joe run, too. Gato, he no m nd um; eat um beef, chaw, chaw, growl, growl. Let a we two vamos. No see um no more, no want see um more. Lose um carne, lose um aparejo (mea and pack saddle). Joe all safe, burro safe; quien sabe! Joe ale bueno."

"A mountain lion!" exclaimed "Uncle John" (our head teamster), when Joe had finished the above serio-comic recital. "I didn't think there were any of those beasts left in these parts. I should have supposed that the blasting and the saw-mills and the road-making would have driven them all out. But they used to be plenty all through this range."

Of course the "mountain lion" is not a lion at all, but a variety of the American panther. It lacks the mane, the strength and the dignity of the real lion; but as the lion is "king of beasts" in Africa, so is the panther, (unless the grizzly deserves the title) in North America. A specimen in the possession of a gentleman at Denver measured eight feet three inches in length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, three feet one inch in height at the shoulders, and weighed two days after death, one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Color, tawny yellow on back and sides, white on belly and breast.

"Sneaking, tricky brutes!" some one remarked. We sat about waiting for the cook to make a dish of mush.

"Well, sometimes they are, and sometimes they aren't, continued uncle John, with judicial fairness. "Queer animals! The more you see of 'em, the less you'll think you know 'em. The fact is a man never can guess how one may take a not on to act. I've known 'em to be as fell and fierce as tigers, and then again as mild and gentle as a lamb. Sometimes they're the evil one incarnate; then again they are harmless as doves. They are" —

"Very much like other people," interrupted the mining expert, gently.

"Yes," replied uncle John, smiling; "there's a good deal of human nature in them, just as there is a good deal of brute in us. But the trouble is, you can never calculate on what they are going to do.

"I had a little interview with one of them once that turned out all right, but was rather unpleasant while it lasted. It was in the winter of '72, when Eureka hadn't but a dozen cabins in it, and there was nothing but a trail over the range, and a very poor one at that. Of course, those of us that wintered there had to get in all of our provisions before the snow fell; and then from November to June we were cut off from the outside world.

"There were no women in the camp, and we had to amuse ourselves as best we could. One Harry Lee had been my mining partner that summer, and I had meant to go out to Antelope Park, where his wife and baby were, for the winter; but he'd stayed along, helping me fix my cabin, but about the middle of October he fell off the roof and broke his leg, and had to send word to his wife, by some of the boys who were going out, not to look for him till about Christmas, when he thought his leg would be well enough for him to come out on snow-shoes.

"Well, you know what women are—what did he but write of his do but pick up little Nellie, carry her as far as Carr's cabin, just the other side of the range, leaving the child there with the women folk—Mrs. Carr was a sister of hers—walk it over the range to Eureka, and drop in on us one night about eight o'clock!

"It began snowing just about the time she got there, and by morning it was a foot deep; and before it stopped it was even with the top of our cabin windows! Then the sun came out and melted it a little, then it froze hard, and there was the best o'shoeing snow you ever saw. By this time Mrs. Lee had gone about half crazy over not having her baby; and she felt so bad about it, that I offered to take my shoes and slip over to Carr's and bring the child over to her.

"To tell the truth, I wanted a baby around the house to make things pleasant through the winter."

"A *baby!* To make things *pleasant!!* Is the man crazy?" murmured the engineer. But Uncle John went on without noticing that remark.

"Nellie was about three years old, not very large for her age, but strong and healthy, and I thought I could knock up some kind of a rough sled at Carr's, bundle her up well, hold her up to the top of the 'divide,' then sling her on my back, and the rest of the way was all down hill.

"Well, I got to Carr's all right, made my sled, stayed all night, and started off bright and early the next morning.

"Gentlemen, were you ever in the mountains about sunrise in the winter time, with the snow covering everything, and a icy crust a lover it? No? Well, then, you've missed one of the most dazzling sights that man ever saw. All the colors of the rainbow, all the hues of all precious stones—ruby, sapphire, pearl, emerald, diamond—flash from every twig of every tree, the trees are pillars of frosted silver, and underfoot a sea of crystal mixed with fire. It reminded me, that morning, of the hymn I had recently been hearing Mrs. Lee sing:

"'Jerusalem the golden,
With radiant glory blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conscious of no pain,
But there the King in beauty
Their King of Peace shall reign.
There dwell the blessed virgins
Their Lamb doth follow still,
In joy and ne'er-ending gladness
Their Father's will.
There Cherubim and Seraphim
Their voices blend,
A voice of ever-ending bliss
To God they send.
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in one to their praise;
Thy splendid walls are incent
With hyacinthine light . . .
The light that has no evening,
Nor needs the moon nor sun,
The light divine and golden,
The light that is but one.'

"I had stopped a moment at the head of Lost Trail Creek, to look down the canon at the marvelous scene, when I heard little Nellie, whom I had forgotten for a few minutes, call out:

"Oh, what a bad pussy! Unkie John! Unkie John, see the bad pussy-tat!"

"I looked around, and there, just above the trail, and not the length of this log from the sled, stood the finest specimen of a mountain lion I think I ever saw. 'Twas queer, but at first sight, I didn't feel a bit afraid—in fact, hardly surprised, at seeing him there. I am not a poet, as you know, but I was so near to one that morning that I really think I had forgotten for the moment that there was any such thing as danger or death on earth.

"As I looked at him, my first thought, derived, I suppose, by an association of ideas from the hymn which had been running through my head, was:

"'*Leonem de tribu Judæ.*'

"He was so stately and massive, so dignified and—I can't find any word to express his look but magnanimous—that for a moment I felt nothing but a kind of a wondering admiration.

"Then, in a flash, I woke up. There was that blessed baby, holding out her little hands and calling: 'Pussy, pussy! pitty pussy! come an' pay wiz Nellie. Come to Nellie, pussy; Nellie love oo.' And there, not ten yards away, facing her, was that yellow brute, a cruel, savage, greedy beast, who might the next second—ugh! it makes me shiver now to remember it. And to think that I was as powerless to help or protect her as she was herself! that the slightest move on my part would probably only hasten the tragedy.

"So we stood there, how long I don't know, Nellie coaxing and pleading, her eyes sparkling, her black curls dancing, her rosy cheeks glowing, and her little mittened hands outspread to the grim beast that stood, with head turned a little to one side watching her steadily, and as motionless as if carved out of rock.

"I don't know whether it was instinct or desperation that at last made me step slowly backward, pulling the sled after me. Foot by foot the distance widened, the great cat keeping his yellow, unwinking eyes on Nellie, as she slowly turned her head to keep him in sight. I think we might have left him there, if she, despairing of his coming to her, had not turned to me and cried:

"Unkie John, please let Nellie get out and pay wiz her bid pussy-tat!"

"This seemed to break the spell which had held him, for he stepped slowly down into the trail and followed us. Backwards I went, drawing the sled with my left hand, and keeping my right on the butt of my revolver, ready to fire if the worst came to the worst, and he crouched for a spring.

"If any of you want the hardest job you have ever had, just try walking backwards up a steep, icy trail, on twelve-foot Norwegian snow-shoes, not turning your head to see where you are going. I didn't dare turn around, nor take my eyes off the tawny beast that was following us. Every now and then he would stop and rub himself against a tree, arching his back and purring in a deep, muffled bass, just like a common house-cat only a hundred times as loud. Then he would turn out from the trail, quicken his pace a little, and for a hundred yards or so, walk abreast of the sled, then drop to the rear, cross to the other side, and do the same thing there; and then saunter lazily on behind again.

"After the first five or ten minutes, I lost a good deal of my fear of him, he seemed so peaceable and good-natured; but I didn't know what minute his temper might change. At last, I saw a break in the trees ahead, and knew we were coming to 'timber line.' In a few minutes we were out in the open pass, within a quarter of a mile of the divide.

"As we drew away from the woods, our self-appointed attendant seemed to conclude that he had escorted us as far as politeness demanded, for he stopped and watched us as we climbed away from him; and, just as we reached the crest, he opened his great red mouth, and let out one of the most diabolic yowls I ever heard, by way of a parting salute.

"The next minute I was over the ridge, out of his sight, had snatched Nellie out of the sled, turned around, let myself go, and was off down that mountain like a shot out of a gun. I thought I'd rather risk a broken neck than have any more of such company as we had had for the last half-hour.

"I've done a good deal of snow-shoeing, and have made pretty fast time, but that trip down Grassy Hill beat the record. 'Twould have made a streak of Gila lightning 'hump' itself to have caught us.

"You know that 'double mule shoe,' where the trail bends twice on itself, to get up from Friar's Creek to Grassy Hill? It's not over two hundred yards straight, but it's more than a mile around the trail. I'd noticed, coming up, that the snow had drifted there so that it made it tolerably smooth, and I thought I'd risk a cut-off. I wanted to get out of that neighborhood as quick as I could. So I told Nellie to hug tight, took a good grip of her, bent my knees, steadied myself, and went straight for it. We shot out over the first drop like a bird, sailed down, struck the second bench just right, glanced off like a skipping stone on the water, shot over the second drop, struck a bright again, and went flying down the trail like an express train. Saved that mile of distance, and wasn't over half a minute doing it.

"From there to Eureka was easy enough, and Nellie and I came in on time all right."—*H. P. Cleford, in Youth's Companion.*

LIFE RULES.

A Great Deal of Impractical Nonsense Written About the Laws of Health.

A thoughtful writer observes: "It really seems sometimes as if hygienic science were all wrong, and as if long hours, much hard work done under the gaslight and the smallest amount of fresh air were the way to be healthy, if not wealthy and wise. Who lives under more unhealthy conditions than our legislators or the leading counsel learned in the law? But our statesmen are in a green old age at seventy-five and lawyers are quite boyish at sixty; so, too, are actors and actresses." Our contemporary then goes on to say: "Sanitary guides should tell the meaning of these things."

"So far as we may presume to respond to this appeal," replies a physician in the same journal, "we must be allowed to point out, first, that there is a fallacy in the inference that because members of Congress, busy counsel, and, perhaps, actors and actresses, live on in spite of the adverse influences of surroundings which are held to be injurious to health, therefore the surroundings of their lives can not be as injurious as they are supposed to be. One of the earliest exploits in the applied science of statistics as brought to bear upon sanitary questions was the drawing of an inference that, because the London night men, who slept as they might by day, and spent the hours of darkness in emptying cesspools, were able, as a class, to claim a very low rate of mortality, their mode of life and the work in which they were engaged could not be unhealthy. A good deal of excitement, we remember, was produced by this delivery some forty years ago. It was for often that another point of view was possible, and that, in truth, none but the inured could live under such conditions! So it is with members of Congress, busy counsel, and actors and actresses. The weakly and sensitive retire or die, or have the wit not to enter into a way of life which must obviously prove unsuitable. At the same time, we are quite prepared to meet our contemporary half way in his argument, though the inference with which he opens the debate is obviously faulty. We think a great deal of unpractical nonsense is talked and written on the conditions of health, and we are quite sensible of the fact that regimen and dieting may be carried too far. Practitioners and those who set themselves up as apostles of sanitary science are too prone to measure other people's corn by their own bushel. For example, a physician or surgeon may himself have been a too free liver—it is easier to preach than to practice—and he may have become a vegetarian just in the nick of time or with great advantage to his health; but this is certainly no reason why he should spend the remainder of his days in trying to persuade others that vegetarianism is good or necessary for them also. Again, a medical man may have a miserably weak digestive faculty, and need to avoid certain dishes which other folk can take, not only with impunity, but with benefit; but that is no reason why he should go about abusing and interdicting the things that disagree with him, while they agree perfectly well with the majority of mankind. By pushing dieting to the verge of starvation, we are simply pretending to cure, not curing; we impose on ourselves and on those who confide in our practice."—*Scientific American.*

A writer in the *Atlantic*, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent bird can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in dispair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Through the mist and through the spray,
Clearly sent, though far away,
Stands the light-house towering high,
Pointing upward toward the sky.

Piercing through the midnight dark,
Speeds a ray to greet our bark,
Leaves a path for it to keep,
Builds a road across the deep.

Storm and wind may rout in vain,
Against the demons of the main
Still it is seen
Against the fragile vessel's life.

Heaven stands that single light,
In the gray dawn of the night,
Does its duty, does it well,
Tells the tale it has to tell.

Guards through all the weary night
Souls that shudder with affright,
Leads them to the land at last,
To an anchor that is fast.

Out upon the world's wide waste,
Where dread dangers must be faced,
Shines the light as grace to greet
Doubting hearts and faint ring feet.

So it is God's love streams out,
Creeps His children close about,
Guides them through the shadowed way,
Crowns with peace the toilsome day.

Gives us strength to do the deed,
Makes us brave to meet the need,
Stands beside when trials come,
Helps to say: "Thy will be done."

Plants a star above our dead,
Rolls the grave of life dread,
Opens for here with love to come,
Makes of tomb a single room.

Tells us that they walk beside,
That our loved have never died,
That in our present sense
Hides from us their blest intense.

'Tis the Master's gracious will
We must labor to fulfill,
While our lamp is deeper and fast
In His love that saves at last.

This each tide hours, and through the days,
Shines the Father's love always,
From the high house of refuge this tower,
Shines the ever-lasting power.

—*Ella Fave, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

FALLING ASLEEP IN SIN.

The Symptoms of This Dangerous Condition of the Soul—Flimsy Excuses.

The most serious of the symptoms of sin is the sleep of conscience which it produces. This sleep is broken by many incidents of life, even sometimes by specially aggravated sins. Men are surprised into wakefulness by their misdoings; it was so that the prodigal "came to himself." They are rudely waked out of their conscience sleep by their own conduct. It may be only a storm of unreasonable passion, the very intensity of Saul's anger against Christians helped to prepare the shock of the blinding light that felled the fierce persecutor to the earth; or, unhappily, the waking is not always to the full realization of the truth, and the slumber soon begins again. For the deep slumbers of sin nothing but blinding lightnings of law and awful overwhelmings of the end seem to be adequate to arouse the sleepers. The drowsiness is pervasive, and it often lasts on through all warnings but those which shake the soul with fear, but there are many young persons who are still in the early stages of this sleep of sin, and their drowsiness may be overcome by zealous efforts to awaken them. There are a few plain facts which ought to rouse such persons. One is that the habit of indifference to religious duties grows upon them. The unheeded call to repentance is soon scarcely heard. The neglect of divine obligations becomes easy, almost natural enough to seem right. A false standard of conduct is set up in the heart, and this standard gradually departs more and more from the Divine law, and at length authorizes what once the advancing sinner would have despised and scorned to do.

Surely, when one finds his conscience hardening and becoming insensible, there is intelligent reason for alarm. If he is less susceptible to rebukes of conscience, he knows it is not because he is a better man, but because he is passing into the deep sleep of sin. All things relax in him and around him. He is less offended by gross sins in others; he is less conscious of his own sins. A moment's reflection will convince him that he is losing the habit of condemning wrong and approving right in many things. He perfectly well knows that it is not because he is wiser and is casting off superstition. He has no wisdom that condemns innocence or prayer or devout feelings; that approves guilty pleasure, prayerless living, and indifference to all spiritual things. He knows, indeed, that it can not be wise to live like a polished beast, as insensible to immortal meanings in life as if he had no soul; and yet he is lapsing day by day into such a life, and he hears less and less distinctly the inner voices that call him to a higher life. Passing into deeper sleep, he perceives with no keen regret that he neither prays, nor loves God, nor desires to be pure in heart and life. This process of self-blinding, of putting out the eyes and killing the religious desires, is a most alarming fact, if the poor soul that are undergoing it cared but be stirred to look at it. If a man take stock of himself, and finds that he is less offended by sin in others, less conscious of it in himself; that he cares less for pure living, and condones his own sins with more ease, and is more content to be what he is and less desirous to be better, this stock-taking ought to rouse him out of his slumber of conscience.

For a truth it is an awful thing for a soul made in God's image, and taught His will and law, to be gradually lassing into unconcern about all the interests of his immorality. Nor are any of the flimsy excuses he makes good even to his own weakened sight. Does he say: "God will not deal hardly with me?" Does he forget that he is not doing what he plainly knows to be right, and that he is not compelled to neglect his duties? Is it even to his eyes a proper use of mercy to sin because God is merciful? Is there no resent of his consciences against deliberately reckoning that God is too good to enforce laws? If he himself condemns himself daily, is he rational when he goes on sinning on the chance that God may not condemn what he condemns? The truth is that all this liberalizing the law which goes on while a man falling into the sleep of sin is so preposterously unreasonable that the man who catches himself at it ought to see that sin is enfeebling his intellect as well as administering opiates to his conscience. The man is going to sleep. Sin has spread its stupor over the heart and mind. The excuses are puerile, the life less and less worthy of an immortal soul. It is high time to awake out of sleep.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

THE LIVING GOD.

The Philosopher Who Has the Bible and the Facts on His Side.

Is God real? This is the question of the ages. Four philosophers are discussing it together. The first says: "There is no God." This is the atheist, whose folly has been condemned alike by inspired Scripture and by modern science. The second says: "I can not tell whether there is a God or not, and therefore I do not think about it." This is the agnostic, who makes his doubts the limits of his knowledge, and exalts the confession of short-sighted dress into first of the virtues. The third says: "I can not be sure that God is no what He is; but I think He is thus and so, and I act upon this supposition." This is the man who is willing to go beyond what he sees, who loves his hopes so much that he treats them as if they were facts, who is content with probabilities and turns them to the regulation of his practical life. The fourth says: "God is. I know Him." This is the apostle of religion, who declares unto us that which he has heard, that which he has seen with his eyes, that which he has looked upon and his hands have handled of the word of life; that God is light—manifest, actual, real, as the sun in Heaven. I need not waste time in proving that the last man is the only one of the four who has the Bible on his side, for surely it anything is plain in regard to this book it is this: That it teaches the existence of a personal Deity, who may be readily known to His creatures. But we can not pause here. We must go back of this. We have to ask which of these four philosophers has the facts on his side; whether of them is resting not on illusions and dreams, but on the solid ground of reality?—*Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr.*

CONSECRATED.

Heroes Who Value the Cause of Christianity More Than Life and the Gold of God More Than Temporal Gains.

During the autumn of 1884 large audiences gathered in Boston, New York and Chicago to listen to the lectures of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness upon the new missions on the Congo. The story of the interior of Africa, as told in these lectures, seemed almost like Arabian fiction or fairy tale. They presented the necessity of a mission to fifty millions of people, to a population, as large, or nearly as large, as that of the United States; to cities as large in area as New York, Chicago and Boston, the existence of all of which only a few years ago was unknown to the world!

The story of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness in London is of itself remarkable. Years ago, impelled by a conviction of the claim of the heathen world on the Christian church, and upon civilized nations, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness founded the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, with a view of training young men as missionaries.

It was a school of provincial languages as well as of faith and piety. It offered a practical education to any young man in the United Kingdom who thought himself called to do religious work among uncivilized people, and who was willing to make a sacrifice of himself and all that he had for the cause.

The Institute opened in 1873. It received young men of all evangelical denominations. It made a test of their ability to give them home mission work to do in the purlieus of London.

Out of it have grown other training schools and colleges. More than three hundred missionaries are now laboring in the heathen world who were prepared for their work in these practical schools.

In 1877 it began its mission enterprises in the basin of the Upper Congo, a country nine hundred thousand square miles in extent. Young men offered themselves for this work, knowing that they were going to almost certain death. It was in the interest of this mission that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness visited this country.

The New York *Herald*, at the time, gave an account of the sailing of a number of young men from that city for this mission-field. As malaria in a few months or years usually consumes by its fevers the workers in these newly-discovered countries, this act shows that the spirit of the martyrs is not dead in the Christian Church, and that the world still produces heroes who value a cause more than life, the future more than the present, the harvest more than the seed, and the gold of God more than any temporal gains.—*Youths' Companion.*

Laziness.

When what we deem Christian contentment prevents our taking up the duty that lies next before us there is some reason for suspecting that Christian contentment is in this case another name for Christian laziness. And before we determine to trust God for a particular thing, without doing ourselves an hit towards bringing that thing about, it is well for us to ask whether God wants us in this particular case, to trust Him in that way, or whether He does not want us to show our trust by vigorously attacking the obstacles which stand in our path and hinder our onward progress. However that question may be decided in any particular case, we may take it for granted that Christian contentment never interferes with Christian work, when Christian work is a duty.—*S. S. Times.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder, as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—Nor is it worth while to seriously refute the crudities of Ingersoll and others like him. That kind of an attack on Christianity has its strength in the ignorance of the hearers. Intelligent skeptics do not urge such arguments.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—One of the fairest fruits and evidences of Divine grace in the soul is a "meek and quiet spirit"—a spirit that deals gently with others, even their faults and provocations—is not swift to take offense, or explode in passionate resentment—refrains from all arrogant interference with the neighbors' rights and duties, and moves contentedly, unobtrusively, in its own allotted sphere.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—There is no such thing as progressive atheism. However learned it may affect to be, it lacks the first condition of intellectual progress, viz., the love of truth. Hence there is no such thing as an atheistic system. It is an exclamation point, an interrogation point, or a sneer. But it never has developed from its vacant center into paths of intellectual conquest. It is inside the wall, and it holds the fort by barring the gates. It avoids discussion. Its open is the plea of avoidance. In its lower realm it puts his sophistry for argument, the blasphemy of socialist and anarchist. In the upper realm it throws itself back of the doctrine of the unknowable, and says proof of the invisible is impossible.—*Interior.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

"NINE, TEN, A GOOD FAT HEN."

Wake, baby wake!
The bright morning is breaking,
And down in the garden the old mother hen
With a cluck and a cackle of pride is awaking
Her dowdy, wee dark egg, her little one's kin,
Who is pretty and plump, and as wide as one can
And her chicks' yellow feathers are softer
A wonderful chanter the tiny things make—
Baby, wake!

Coo, baby, coo!
To the pen the cow is bringing,
Your father and milk stands on the sunshiny sill;
Right after the mother each chicken runs
A proud, flighty ball with a wide yellow hill;
Not pretty blue bowls for their breakfast have
But the cow and chickens have eaten their own
They pick up your crumbs, and your bread
And milk, too—
Baby, coo!

Laugh, baby, laugh!
From your bed, from fingers
The yellow corn falls in a scattering rain;
And down in a flock in the corner herded
They hurry and scramble to pick up the
A flutter of feathers that shine in the sun,
A chirp of a call would not a wakened a
Too greedy, the feathery dames, by half—
Baby, laugh!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The long shadows are falling,
And down in the garden the pretty white
With a cluck and a cackle, in peaceful cackling
Their nurslings together, the little ones too,
She heeds not above them, the drowsy wee
That sleep in the shade of her motherly wings,
And Bantam and chickens to slumberland
Baby, sleep!

—*Margaret Johnson, in our Little Ones.*

THE SPOILED CLOCK.

How Ned "Fixed" It and Made It Go, and the War It Went.

The eight-day clock gave a great deal of trouble. It had a habit of stopping, and no one knew why. It was duly wound and everything done for it that could be done for a clock. But still it would stop. It was the clock Frankie went to school by, and the one that marked off the happy play hours when his little friends came to see him, or when he was allowed to visit them. So he missed it, and wondered a good deal about it, and wished it could be fixed. But some alterations were to be made in the house, and his mother said Ninny should take the clock to the garret until its new nook was ready, and then it should be sent down town for repairs.

The garret was the place where all the boys got together on stormy days. There was room to play circus and soldier, and no one came there to say "Hush," or "Frank, boys, do be quiet." In one corner was Frankie's play-house. There was his big dappled gray rocking-horse, his span of rocking-ponies, his swing, his box of tools, and more playthings of every kind than you could count. Ninny, when she carried the clock up there, took care to get it as far away as possible from this corner.

"Them boys will be sure to be afther it," she said, "so I'll put it on a high beam in the dark, where they'll never find it."

But it had not been long in its dusty solitude before there came a rainy day, and all the neighborhood boys flocked in. Ned was the biggest and most restless one, and it was not long before he spied the clock.

"Hello, Frankie! Whose clock is that?" he cried.

"It's ours; it's spoiled."

"Spoiled? Doesn't it go?"

"No, it doesn't go; it doesn't do anything but stop."

"Well, I don't see how it can stop if it hasn't been going," roared Ned with a loud laugh.

"Let's look at it, anyway," he added, climbing up on a box and lifting the clock from its shelf. He carried it to a window and set it down on the floor. All the boys gathered around.

"Open it!" cried John.

"Let's see the wheels," clamored Willie.

Ned opened the door, but found inside only the key to wind it with, for of course the face hid the machinery. Ned shook it and it began to tick.

"I can fix it," he said. "You let it stand too still. See, it goes." And, sure enough, it did, feebly, and for only a few minutes.

Ned had no wish to do mischief, but he had a great desire to tinker. "Say, Frankie, may I fix it?"

"If you can," replied Frankie, glad to say. "Alamma said she wanted it fixed."

Frankie's box of tools stood near, and Ned took a screw driver, and undid one screw after another until the face was loose. This he took off. The boys crowded closer to exclaim and ask questions.

"Oh, what a lot of wheels!" cried one.

"Are they gold?" asked another.

"They're brass," said Ned. "And this thing here is the spring."

It was interesting indeed to see its wheel within wheel, and that coil of that steel blue wire. Ned examined every part, took out one screw and then another, until finally he had everything out of the case. This took him an hour or more. Then he tried winding up the spring, and found he could turn the key round and round, and the spring would tighten by slow degrees. But as soon as he took away the key it would unwind with a whirl.

"It goes now, doesn't it?" said Frankie.

"Yes," said Ned, a little doubtfully.

Truth is he was beginning to be distressed at the sight of so many scattered pieces, and so many screws, and to feel certain he could never put them together as they were before.

"Yes, it goes," said Frankie joyfully. "Now, Ned, let me wind it."

The winding it was the chief part of the fun. Each took a turn at it. They thought the whizzing of the spring very lively music. Ned did not like to own that he had spoiled the clock, but so he feared.

"Now we'll put it up," he said.

"But how can we tell what time it is when the hands are off?" asked Frankie, beginning to be suspicious.

"I'll put them on some other time," said Ned, growing very red in the face. This was far from being satisfactory, but a play was to be started, and Frankie reluctantly allowed the fragments to be piled together in a heap near the window and then joined the other boys in "gray wolf." But he felt that his mother ought to know. So that night when he went to bed, he said:

"Mamma, the clock will go."

"What, the clock in the garret? How does it go?"

"Ned made it go. You wind it with the key as tight as you can and then let it go and, oh, it runs down just as fast!"

"I hope Ned hasn't been meddling with the clock, dear."

"Yes, he took it all apart. I told him you wanted it fixed."

"I presume it is 'fixed,' if he has taken it in hand. Go to sleep now and we'll see about it to-morrow."

She smiled to herself, for she knew very well what to expect from Ned's "fixing." The clock "went" for a little while, but in another way the next day—it went to the jeweler's in a basket.—*Clara Doty Bates, in Chicago Advance.*

ESQUIMAU BABY-LIFE.

How the Little Fellow Enjoys Himself in a Temperature a Little Below the Freezing Point.

When a baby Esquimaux's mother makes the hood for her new baby, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own fur suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Esquimau is out of doors in his mother's is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where he amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around in his bright content on the soft, warm skins, but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not think so. For his winter home is built of snow.

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you put it warmer than you the coldness at which water freezes, but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Esquimaux have fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses, so by slowly regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their house to freeze.

So you can see that the little Esquimaux can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He is used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys, and when I have told you some other stories about the cold in which the fellows can and do, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times, the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the icicles will commence melting, for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and colder near the floor. So with the nut of snow. It commences melting at the top because it is warmer there—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dripping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and sucks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full, and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a sturdy pancake—or into his face, as it once served me.—*Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

PLANT LIFE.

The Periods When Plants Have to Husband Their Vitality.

"Hard times" come to most living things. Plants as well as animals have periods when they need to conserve all their energies, husband all their vitalities. All vegetation obeys the injunction to multiply and replenish the earth, but with the greatest deliberation when there are present suffering and impending death. A drought hastens the processes of reproduction, and insufficient nourishment encourages an early if and an abundant fruitfulness. In a climate where hot and cold, or wet and dry, seasons regularly succeed each other, many of our most common economic plants have adapted themselves to these stated changes of outward conditions, and run their course during a single growing season. Such plants constitute that large portion of our vegetation known as the annuals. The great sunflower, that grows into a plant in a single season and defies the summer sun and storm, falls an easy victim to the frosts of autumn. It, however, prepared the way for many successors, in the ripened seeds, each one of which when given favorable conditions will germinate, grow, reproduce its kind, and thus finish another cycle in the realm of vegetable life. The bean-plant, in a different way, climbs its appointed pole, enjoys the same sunshine and shower, produces its blossoms, the long pods with ripened seeds, and gives up its life like all its fellows in the field. A corn-plant completes its growth in not far from a hundred days, and leaves its accumulated vitality stored up in the grains upon the ear. The prospective life and activity of a whole field of waving corn may be considered as stored up in a few pecks of apparently lifeless seed-corn safely housed in the granary. We thus see that in the annual plants the life of the species is, so to speak, carried over from one growing season to another in the ripened seed. The seed is also the form in which plant-life is easily transported from place to place. The seed of some hedge-row weed, as it becomes loosened from its attachment upon the lifeless mother-plant, and is blown for miles or even miles over the surface of the incrusted snow, is a familiar and perhaps striking example that may enforce the meaning to be here conveyed. The young plant-life in the seed, snugly packed within thick coats, is preserved from death, and at the same time is carried far from the place where it was produced. The seed is the offspring of the plant and the childhood of its kind, though so fashioned and protected that it can pass safely through a period of drought or cold when its parent would have succumbed.—*B. D. Halsted, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Mr. A. M. Purdy says: "It is often recommended to do all the pruning in autumn. We fail, however, to find a reason based on scientific principles for preferring this season to winter or early spring."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Writing of noses, an authority says greatness of intellect has in all ages been closely allied to greatness of nose.