

"ONLY TRIFLES."

WHEN tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following: One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue—"but these are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words: "Because I have neglected nothing." It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner for it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My Lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your Lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa Cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly-sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may "go through a forest and see no firewood," a true seer learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe."

It has been remarked that we cannot change even a particle of sand on the sea-shore to a different place without changing at the same time the balance of the globe. The earth's center of gravity will be altered by the action, in an infinitely small degree, no doubt, but still altered, and upon this will ensue climatic change which may influence people's temperaments and actions. Of course this is an absurd refinement; but it illustrates the undoubted fact that the most trivial thought and act in our lives carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never guess. The veriest trifles become of importance in influencing our own or other people's lives and characters. One look may marry us. Our profession may be settled for us by the most trivial circumstance. "A kiss from my mother," said West, "made me a painter." Going into an inn for refreshment, Dr. Guthrie saw a picture of John Pounds, the cobbler of Portsmouth, teaching poor, ragged children that had been left by ministers, ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets. The sight of this picture hanging over the chimney-piece, on that day, made Dr. Guthrie the founder of ragged schools.

On a clock in one of the Oxford colleges is inscribed this solemn warning to those who fancy that killing time is not murder: *Perit et imputatur* (the hours perish and are laid to our charge). But is not this equally true of those "odd moments" during which we say it is not worth while commencing or finishing anything? Mr. Smiles tells us that Dr. Mason Good translated "Lucretius" while driving from patient's house to patient's house; that Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way; that Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit; that Elihu Burritt, while earning his living as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen ancient languages and twenty-two European dialects in "odd moments"; that Mme. de Genlis composed several of her volumes while waiting for the Princess to whom she gave daily lessons. Kirk White learned Greek and Latin. S. S. Mill composed "Logic" as they walked to their offices. Many of us get into a fuss if the dinner be not on the moment. Not so did D'Aguesseau, one of the greatest Chancellors of France, act. He used this *mauvais quart d'heure*, for he is said to have written a large and able volume in the intervals of waiting for dinner. Wellington's achievements were mainly owing to the fact that he personally attended to such minutiae as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, horse-fodder; and it was because Nelson attended to details in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." Well would it have been for himself—as his bitter end proved—had this European ruler known another fact—that every moment selfishly employed is worse than lost, and "gives an opportunity for misfortune." However, he attributed the defeat of the Austrians to his own greater appreciation of the value of time. While they dawdled he overthrew them.

By little foxes tender grapes are destroyed, according to Solomon. Little foxes are very cunning and most difficult to catch; and so are those little temptations by which our moral natures are gradually eaten away. The tender grapes of many a Christian branch are destroyed by such little foxes as temper, discontent, avarice, vanity. Many who could resist much greater sins yield to these. There is an excitement in the very greatness of a trial of temptation which enables us to resist it; while the chase after little foxes is dull and uninteresting. No wonder that when we analyze the lives

of those who have ruined themselves morally, we generally discover that "It was the little gift within the tale. That, ever widening, slowly allowed all; Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit. That, rotting inward, slowly moldered all." How many people are almost successful, missing their aim by "Oh, such a little!" Minutiae in these cases make or mar us. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed." The examination is lost by half a mark. One neck nearer and the race would have been won. The slightest additional effort would have turned the tide of war. "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," were solemn words, making the terrible difference between almost and altogether. —Chambers' Journal.

Mr. Lockwood's Grievance.

DURING the last trip I took over the Pacific Railroad, I noticed after we left Omaha that the man in the seat in front of me appeared to have something upon his mind. He would scowl dreadfully for a few moments; then he would gaze with a far-away look out of the window; then he would draw a huge bowie-knife from his coat pocket, and after strapping it upon his boot, he would run his thumb along the edge. After scowling a few moments more, he would take out a revolver, examine the chambers to assure himself that they were loaded, mutter a few vigorous sentences, and put it away again.

I watched him for a day or two; and at last he saw me looking at him. He said: "I reckon you think I'm excited about something? Well, I am! I am going out yea to Salt Lake to kill a man."

"Indeed! How terrible! What's the matter?"

"Well, you see—By the way; do you know Jim Stevens?"

"N—no! I think not."

"Well, this is the way it came about. Twelve years ago Jim and I were friends, and when I got married Jim made me a present of the most splendid silver cake-basket you ever saw in your life."

"That's not what you're going to kill him for, is it?"

"Of course not! And I felt so grateful that I took him by the hand, and I said: 'Jim! I'll give you a cake-basket as handsome as that whenever you're married, sure as my name's Jonathan Lockwood.' Made him a solemn pledge, you know."

"Did he marry subsequently?"

"Marry? Oh, thunder! Let me tell you. About a year afterward he went to Utah and became a Mormon. Within a month he sent me cards for his wedding with Hannah Watson. So I went out, bought a sublime cake-basket, and forwarded it by express. Two weeks later he wrote to say that Hannah's sister, Ethelberta, had been sealed to him, and he asked me out to the wedding."

"Did you go?"

"No, but I sent him another majestic cake-basket. But hardly had a fortnight elapsed before Stevens telegraphed to me that as old Mrs. Watson, Hannah's and Ethelberta's mother, seemed so lonely, now the girls were gone, he had concluded to annex her also. He promised to send full particulars by mail. That night a third resplendent cake-basket went West in charge of the express company."

"You have paid him three to one, then?"

"Three? Wait till I get through. Well, I heard nothing more from him for a year or two, when one day cards came for his marriage with Louisa G. Carboy. I was pretty poor about that time, and hardly able to make presents to anybody, but I had pledged my word, and so out went another imposing cake-basket."

"Did he get it?"

"He wrote and said his darling Louisa thought it was beautiful; and he added a postscript, in which he mentioned that he had arranged for effecting a further consolidation on the following Thursday with Helen Montgomery Bilkersham, relict of old Bilkersham, the popular hatter."

"Did you respond?"

"I did. I borrowed some money of a friend and promptly forwarded the most stupendous cake-basket I could buy. But at the same time I wrote to him and asked him if he didn't think it was almost time to knock off. He replied and said he was sorry I had such narrow views about matrimony, particularly as he had everything ready for another marriage on the following Tuesday with Mary Jane Wilberforce, a charming girl, with property."

"You didn't send one to her did you?"

"Of course! Couldn't break my word! She got the most impressive cake-basket I could lay my hands on. Well, Stevens didn't stop there. That was two years ago. He has married eight times since, and I have come to time promptly with the cake-baskets. Well, sir, three days ago I received notice that he was going to marry again."

"Again?"

"Yes, again! That, you know, lets him out! What does the man mean? Does he suppose that I own a cake-basket factory, where they turn 'em out with a crank? Does he imagine that I have a mine where we excavate cake-baskets by the bushel? Has he got an idea that cake-baskets grow on a tree, and that all I've got to do is to knock 'em down with a pole when they are ripe? Why, he's an unmitigated ass! And as he won't let me off from my promise, I'm going out to massacre him. You understand? In less than three days there'll be a dozen or so widows in Salt Lake going to see a man named Stevens buried!"

Then Mr. Lockwood turned gloomily away, sharpened his knife again on his boot, and relapsed into silence.

It was a little hard on him, I think myself. —Max Adler, in N. Y. Weekly.

—Simultaneously with the appearance of young gentlemen's new spring suits, the sound of benzine is heard on the air. A "new" spring suit that has been "boiled" once or twice, loses the rigid grace that it had when the bill was first sent in, but then the man inside of it isn't half so afraid of the man who made it as he used to be. —Burlington Hawk-Eye.

How the Turks Foster Their Canine Population.

CONSTANTINOPLE is an immense dog kennel; every one makes the remark as soon as he arrives. The dogs constitute a second population of the city, less numerous but not less strange than the first. Everybody knows how the Turk loves them and protects them. I know not if it is because the sentiment of charity toward all creatures is recommended in the Koran, or because, like certain birds, the dogs are believed to be bringers of good fortune, or because the Prophet loved them, or because the sacred books speak of them, or because, as some pretend, Mahomet the Victorious brought in his train a numerous staff of dogs, who entered triumphantly with him through the breach in the San Romano Gate. The fact is that they are highly esteemed, that many Turks leave sums for their support in their wills, and that when Sultan Abdul Medjid had them all carried to the Island of Marmora, the people murmured, and when they were brought back they were received with rejoicings, and the Government, not to provoke ill-humor, has left them ever since in peace. Since, however, according to the Koran, the dog is an unclean animal, and every Turk believes that he would contaminate his house by sheltering one under his roof, it follows that not one of the innumerable dogs of Constantinople has a master. They therefore form a great free vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless and lawless. The street is their abode; there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, are born, brought up and die; and no one, at least at Stamboul, ever thinks of disturbing their occupations or their repose. They are masters of the public highways. In our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman or foot-passenger. There, it is the people, the horses, the camels, the donkeys, that make way for the dogs. In the most frequented parts of Stamboul four or five dogs curled up asleep in the middle of the road will cause the entire population of a quarter to turn out of the way for half a day. It is the same in Galata and Pera, but there they are left in peace, not out of respect for them, but because they are so many that it would be a hopeless and endless task to attempt to drive them away from under the feet of the passengers.

The canine population of Constantinople is divided into quarters or wards. Every quarter, every street, is inhabited, or rather possessed, by a certain number of dogs, who never go away from it and never allow strangers to reside in it. They exercise a sort of service of police. They have their guards, their advanced posts, their sentinels; they go the rounds and make explorations. Woe to any dog of another quarter who, pushed by hunger, shall risk himself within the territory of his neighbors! A crowd of curs fall upon him at once, and if they catch him it is all over with him; if they cannot catch him they chase him furiously as far as his own domain; that is, to the confines of it, for the enemy's country is ever feared and respected. No words can give an idea of the fury of the engagements that take place about a bone or about a violation of territory. Every moment may be seen a crowd of dogs, entangled in an intricate and confused mass, disappearing in a cloud of dust, and giving forth such barking and yelpings as would pierce the ears of a man born deaf; then the crowd disperses, and through the dust appear the victims stretched here and there upon the field of battle. Sometimes bands of them assemble and make such a disturbance in front of some shops that the shop-keeper and his boys are constrained to arm themselves with sticks and benches and make a military sortie, and then heads may be heard to crack, and spines resound, and the air is full of the most unearthly noises.

At Pera and Galata especially, the poor beasts are so ill-treated, so accustomed to feel a blow whenever they see a stick, that the mere sound of an umbrella or cane upon the stones sends them flying; and even when they seem asleep, there is always one ear open, one half-closed eye with which they follow for a long distance the movements of a suspicious stick; and so little are they accustomed to kindly human notice that it is enough to caress one in passing, and ten others will run and jump about you, wagging their tails and whining with eyes shining with joy and gratitude. —"Constantinople," by Edmondo de Amicis.

Styles in Jewelry.

THE long slender scarf-pin is now the fashionable brooch, and is the most important article of jewelry. It is sold separately, or else it forms part of a set with ear-rings, and perhaps sleeve buttons to match. Something unique in design is sought for in these pins, and antique styles are most liked. Bars of pale yellow gold are ornamented with Etruscan work in fine twisted wire, or the word Roma, or Egyptian designs are ornamented with rams' horns, crescents, serpents, scarabei, or lotus leaves, and are richly enameled with dark red, blue and green. Japanese designs are more light and fanciful, showing open fans of gold in lace-like patterns tipped with turquoise, a crane swinging in a pendant ring, or else a tiny square tile of Japanese bronze is mounted on colored gold; \$10 or \$12 will buy a scarf-pin of nice design and workmanship, though many are far more expensive. Colored glasses, caused by copper alloys, and also platinum, are still much used. Stone cameos and large amethysts, of a simple to-paz cut intaglio, are set in handsome scarf-pins.

Ear-rings are short, flat rather than in ball shape, and are fastened in a way that brings them close against the lobe of the ear. They are made in designs to match the long brooches just described. The lotus leaf enameled with red, blue and green makes most graceful ear-rings; these cost \$12 for the earrings; \$30, buys the set with long brooch. Filigree gold butterflies that seem to have just lit upon the ear, so closely are they attached, are \$10 for the pair. Hanging yellow gold vases of slender classic outline are \$9. An enameled blue and green pair repre-

senting the Nile key is \$15. Japanese fans spread and enameled are very pretty. Turquoises are still favorite stones for hoop ear-rings, for horse-shoes and bars, associated with pearls. The crescent is a popular design at present in jewelry, and is seen in brooches, ornaments for the hair, bracelets, ear-rings and finger-rings. There are Turkish sets showing domes of mosques, and some have the minaret and crescent. One beautiful pair of ear-rings at \$40 is the dome of a Chinese pagoda with pendent turquoise. Enameled Egyptian sets of simple design, with brooch included, are \$37. Cleopatra's Needle, with the winged globe beneath, is a fashionable design for jewelry.

For the hair are large ornamental pins representing stars, lotus leaves, butterflies, a dove, or a flower mounted on curled wire, that makes the ornament quiver as the wearer moves. These begin as low as \$25. Large hair-pins of pure gold are sold for fastening on the veil, and are luxuries indulged in by ladies with golden hair; they cost from \$3 to \$5 each.

Locketts are arranged to serve also as brooches, and are ornamented with the Indian, Roman, Turkish and Japanese designs already described. These cost from \$12 upward. Black velvet dog-collars now rival gold necklaces as a support for lockets. Some are fastened by gold clasps, and others have a jeweled spray set on the front. The newest necklaces are light and slender, in vogue of the massive links lately in request. Bracelets vary from the most delicate ring of gold, with padlock or jeweled clasp, to the heaviest bands; the latter are quite plain, or else they have open threads of gold mounted with jeweled decorations. There are also bracelets of Persian design, made of the lightest gold threads in lace-like patterns, yet so strong that they cannot be crushed. Watch-chains have a bar to fasten in the button-hole of the dress. Cameos are shown for rich sets of jewelry, mounted with pearls, diamonds and colored gold settings of quaintest design. There is a fancy for cameos with black grounds, with a pale flesh-tinted stratum for the figure. Scarabei cut in topaz are also much liked.

The fancy in setting diamonds is to mass them in a design entirely of diamonds, yet suggesting a symbol of an idea; thus a pendant, which is also a brooch, represents a crescent, or a pansy, a dove, a feather, a star or a shell. There is no gold visible, and silver is much used in the setting. There are also bar pins of black onyx, on which are pendent diamonds that vibrate. Crescents of red gold have the center filled in with diamonds. Colored pearls, pink, pale gray, cream-colored and black, are among choice jewels for full dress.

A mere thread of gold supporting a solitary diamond is the favorite engagement ring, though there is more latitude than formerly in the choice of stones for such rings. A sapphire or an emerald is now frequently selected, and sometimes both are seen together with a diamond between. The long slender medallion is preferred in such rings; it is sometimes set diagonally, but seldom in a round cluster. Very pretty rings have three pearls of different tints—pink, white and cream color; price \$75. Tasteful and unique designs are shown at much lower prices. —Barker's Bazar.

Digging His Own Grave.

NATHAN MENARD, one of the oldest, wealthiest, most respected, and eccentric residents of the rural Township of Salem, Conn., was found dead in bed in his home, on Sunday morning, May 5. He was nearly ninety years of age, and had been long bending under the infirmities of age, but his resolute spirit and the strict business habits, fostered and strengthened by more than half a century of close and faithful application, kept him from entirely breaking down. On the day preceding his death he was apparently as well as usual, though he visited his physician and procured some medicine. By careful, pains-taking toil Mr. Menard amassed a large fortune, and leaves a fine residence on a large and beautiful farm. It is well known by his neighbors that he digged and stoned the grave in which he designed to finally rest, nearly twenty years ago. On the day on which he began the work he met the Hon. Oramel Whittlesey, a neighbor.

"Mr. Whittlesey," he said, "I am going to do something to-day that neither you nor any other man ever heard of being done before, I am going to dig my own grave and stone it up to suit me, so that it will be ready when the time comes."

He procured the necessary stones, smoothly chiseled their faces and edges; dug the grave with his own hands, fitted the stones half way up the sides, "with neatness and precision," then laid a flat stone over the chamber, and filled in the rest of the grave with earth. It was said that it was a masterpiece of masonry. It is related also that he purchased his coffin at the same time, and kept it in his house, in readiness for his death. During the greater part of his life he was engaged in various ways in trade, and so careful and exact was he in his transactions that he never received a greenback or a bank note from any one without writing the name of the person from whom it was taken across its face or back as security against loss by counterfeit money. A short time before his death he said to a friend that he didn't ask his neighbors to do a thing for him except to carry his body to his grave after he was dead. His wishes were respected, and his remains were laid in the grave that he dug twenty years ago. —N. Y. Observer.

Fried Potatoes with Eggs.—Slice cold boiled potatoes and fry in good butter until brown; beat up one or two eggs and stir into them just as you dish them for table. Do not leave them a moment on the fire after the eggs are in, as if they harden they are not half so nice. One egg is enough for three or four persons, unless they are very fond of potatoes; if they are, have plenty and put in two. —Rural Home.

The elder Dumas used to say: "The man who abuses me does not intend to ask for a loan of money; therefore, I have a fair offset for his words."

Religious.

GOOD NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in His encircling arms,
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window
bams,
A silver sickle gleaming mid the stars.
For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong;
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I may with sobbing breathe the old fond prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you
everywhere!
—Mary R. Higham, in Churchman.

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER, 1878.
June 16—Messiah's Kingdom. Daniel 7: 9-14.
June 23—The Deceit of Cyrus. 2 Chron. 36: 22-23.
June 30—Review of the Lessons for the Quarter.
JULY QUARTER.
July 7—Birth of Christ the Lord. Luke 2: 8-20.
July 14—The Childhood of Jesus. Luke 4: 16-30.
July 21—The Temptation of Jesus. Luke 4: 31-40.
July 28—The Widow of Nain. Luke 7: 11-17.
Aug. 4—The Friend of Sinners. Luke 7: 36-50.
Aug. 11—The Good Samaritan. Luke 10: 30-35.
Aug. 18—Importance of Prayer. Luke 11: 5-13.
Aug. 25—Covenant-making. Luke 12: 13-21.
Sept. 1—Review of the Lessons for the Quarter.

"This Way, Papa."

FROM one of our exchanges we have cut the following paragraph, which, perhaps, as it was hastily glanced over by many other eyes than ours, may have brought similar suggestions to other hearts. "This is the item:

Every paragraph in the land has had its just and inevitable share of the whole matter, and yet there is pathos, real and unaffected, in the closing passages of the father's lecture when he compares his quest to a search in a deep, dark mine by the light of a taper, where he hears now and then a little voice in the darkness crying, "This way, papa; here I am!" but when he goes in the direction of the sound he finds that it is only the voice of his own hopes and the whispering of his own heart.

Whatever may be true of the public generally, we think few mothers have been bored by the story of Charlie Ross and the sorrow of his parents. No matter how many times repeated, it strikes a tender, sympathetic chord in every mother's heart, and, as she looks at her own little darlings, she realizes to some extent how desolate her heart and how empty her home would be, were she called upon to pass through a similar experience. There are many loving parents who know what it is to stretch their arms out fondly,

"But to clasp the empty air.
For there's nothing of their darlings
But the shoes they used to wear."

But yet they can turn from the dark, sad side of the picture, as the parents of Charlie Ross cannot, and, closing their eyes, can hear sweet childish voices calling to them from the heavenly distance, in accents they love to hear: "This way, papa, mamma; here I am!"

To many a home these sweet, heavenly angels have been God's messengers of love, drawing hearts that were estranged from Him, hearts that were all worldly, to think of the mansions above and their treasures there, so being drawn to God and toward Heaven. There are many rough men, seemingly, with hard hearts, who profess to be infidel in thought, who think nothing of and care less for the religion of the Bible and the hopes of the Christian, yet who, after losing a dear child, have had their hearts stirred as never before with thoughts of the beyond, and whose eyes fill with tears as some man of God talks sweetly and trustfully of Heaven, or some heart-singer in cadenced tones touches them with the sweet song, "Watching and Waiting."

"Will there anyone then at the beautiful gate
Be watching and waiting for me?"

And who knows, but these dear little angels are often sent as ministering spirits to hover about those whom they loved on earth, to keep them from temptations, and draw their hearts toward better things? Surely, if there are "ministering spirits" sent to this sad earth from those pure realms above, is it not natural to suppose that those we loved, and those who loved us, should be near us as we travel on Zionward?

The sweet voices of innocent children, and their loving words and ways, brighten many a home which otherwise would be clouded, and sweeten many an otherwise bitter, hopeless life; and if they are taken from us and pass to the spirit land, oh, how blessed it is to feel that their voices are still calling us, winning us to come up higher, and holding us with bands that are stronger than iron to our faith in a heaven of unending joy! There are many Christian parents who have said: "I should never have come to the Savior had it not been for the death of our dear boy or our little girl, and I see now the kindness of God in that sorrow."

But now different their experience from that of Mr. Ross, when he says that "when he goes in the direction of the sound, he finds it is only the voice of his own hope, and the whispering of his own heart." For if sorrowing, bereaved hearts are turned toward Heaven, and their hopes are centered there, they will never be disappointed, they will more than realize them all.

The Savior has said, "Where I am, there shall ye be also," and those who love Him shall find Him, and with Him all their little ones in that "safe place above." —Chicago Standard.

Worship in the Family Circle.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, which has recently dwelt on the importance of worship in the midst of the home circle, in what way such worship may be best conducted and made attractive. The *Examiner*, after remarking on the exceeding difficulty, if not impossibility, of laying down a general rule that would prove serviceable in all cases, thus continues: "Yet a few brief hints of a general nature may not be out of place. It is important, for example, that the exercise be short. Don't drag out the service until the children grow fidgety, and the older ones begin to wish for the end to come. It is not

necessary to read a chapter through on every occasion. Chapters are not inspired divisions, and often include several subjects, any one of which would form a better lesson for a single reading than all of them at once. The subjects of prayer at the family altar should be few and simple. Praise, thanksgiving, petitions for guidance and help in the duties of the day, uttered in simple, hearty, reverent words, should be the chief elements in such a prayer. From five to eight minutes is ordinarily enough where there are young children, for the whole service of family worship, including the singing of two verses of some appropriate hymn."

How to Study the Bible.

At Chickering Hall, last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Colcord followed his sermon of the previous Sunday, on "The Importance of Bible Study," by one on "How to Study the Bible." He said: Books are companions. To read a noble book is like the companionship of a noble friend, but to read the Bible is like the companionship of God. In prayer we speak to God, but in the Bible He speaks to us. Let us, then, raise the lids of the Bible and turn its pages reverently. Let us study it with solemn interest, as our Heavenly Father's message to His children—as the very Word of God.

We should study it always with prayer, that the Spirit may enlighten us, that God will help us to understand and heed His own Word. It is said of good old Archbishop Usher that, when his sight so failed him that he was not able to read the Bible except under the strongest light, he would take it to the window, and when the sun lifted his beams from one window and let them fall upon another, he would hasten to rest the open book in its light. And so he would follow from window to window, until the shadows of approaching night compelled him to close the book and wait for the sunlight of another day. So our poor sight is too feeble to read this Word aright. We need to seek the Spirit's illumination. We need to hold it where the rays of the Sun of Righteousness will cover its pages with light. Then we may read. Then, with that sun flooding its blessed pages, we may clearly understand.

We should search the Scriptures humbly, as learners. It speaks to us with authority, "Thus saith the Lord." The Bible should be studied diligently. The command of the text is not to give it a mere reading; it is "Search—the Scriptures." It is a great deep mine, rich in precious treasure, but it must be brought forth by labor.

We should search the Bible to find what God would have us believe. It is profitable for doctrine. Because they will not search God's Word many well-meaning people are in the condition of those to whom it was said, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." We cannot afford to rest our faith upon our own conjectures or upon other men's creed. If we would rest it on a sure foundation we must build it on the Word of God. I want to get the truth from first hands. I want it directly from God, and so I must get it for myself out of His own Word. We need to search the Scriptures to find what God would have us do. Creed and deed must go together. Faith and works cannot be separated. As a man's faith is so will be his life, for a work is faith projected into life. The Bible is able to furnish us unto all good works.

Our study of the Bible should be to find Jesus. He is its grand central figure. Everything in it points to Him. He reads the Bible to little purpose who does not find Christ there. It should be a study not only to find Jesus, but to find Him as your personal Savior. It is little to me to know Christ merely as an historical character, and suffered, and died, unless He died for me. It is little to me that He is a Savior unless He is my Savior. —Church Union.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

In China they spend \$150,000,000 a year in worshipping their ancestors.

The new edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy contains 2,200 words and 28,000 lines more than the edition of 1855.

The pensions of soldiers minus both arms, legs or eyes, will be increased from \$50 to \$75 per month. Only sixty-five are on the list.

The birth rate in Georgia since 1865 has been a little more than 30 per cent. among the whites, and among the blacks a little more than 50.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there would be a deposit of salt over the entire bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep, and if the salt were taken and spread on the land it would cover it to a depth of 900 feet. —Philadelphia Grocer.

A PHYSICIAN of Rochester, N. Y., says that the girls of that town are very pretty, and grow in grace and loveliness until they are about eighteen or twenty, when they get pale, sickly-looking, and faded, "going all to pieces at twenty-six." Among the causes of their deterioration he enumerates the lack of exercise in the open air, tight-lacing, round dances and too much study.

MINISTER BINGHAM has sent from Japan a very interesting paper by a native savant on the earthquakes that have occurred in that country during the past 1,500 years. The number of destructive earthquakes recorded is 149. The ninth century was most prolific in these, reaching twenty-eight; in the fifteenth century there were fifteen; the same in the seventeenth; thirteen in the eighteenth; and sixteen in the present century. The recorded average is one great earthquake every ten years, but the nineteenth century gives one every five years. Unusually high temperature and strange atmospheric changes have been noticed as precursors of great convulsions, especially in the earthquake which desolated the City of Yeddo in 1855. —Scientific American.

WHEN a horse is hard at work in hot weather, half a day is too long to go without water.