

Family Reading.

The Old Man's Words.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"They say, some folks are trying To write the Bible down; To falsify the prophets, And grudge the Lord his crown, Well, they must be a heathen crew! What is this world a coming to?"

very patient, yet he could not help feeling this.

He had felt it very much on the day of which I am writing. It was cold, dismal weather; a cutting east wind had swept around the corners of the streets, and had chilled the old man through and through. His threadbare coat could not keep it out; how could he expect it to do so, when he had worn it so many years he could scarcely count them?

There was not much variety in the tunes old Treffy could play. There was the 'Old Hundredth,' and 'Pooi Mary Ann,' and 'Rule Britannia'; the only other one was 'Home, sweet Home,' but that was 'old Treffy's favourite. He always played it very slowly, to make it last longer, and on this cold day the shakes and the quavers in it sounded most pathetic.

But no one took much notice of old Treffy or his organ. A little crowd of children gathered round him, and asked him for all sorts of new tunes of which he had never even heard the names.

They did not seem to care for 'Home, sweet Home,' or the 'Old Hundredth,' and soon moved away. Then an old gentleman put his head out of the window, and in a cross voice told him to go on and not disturb a quiet neighborhood with his noise. Old Treffy meekly obeyed, and battling with the rough east wind, he tried another and a more bustling street; but here a policeman warned him to depart, lest he should crowd up the way.

Poor old Treffy was almost fainting, but he must not give up, for he had not a halfpenny in his pocket, and he had come out without any breakfast. At length a kind-hearted farmer's wife, who was passing with a basket on her arm, took pity on the trembling old man and gave him a penny from her capacious pocket.

Thus all day long Treffy played on; over and over again his four tunes were sounded forth, but that was the only penny he received that cold day.

At last, as the daylight was fading, he turned homeward. On his way he parted with his solitary penny for a cake of bread, and slowly and wearily he dragged himself up the steep stairs to his lonely attic.

Poor old Treffy was in bad spirits this evening. He felt that he and his organ were getting out of date, things of the past. They were growing old together. He could remember the day when it was new. How proud he had been of it! Oh, how he had admired it! The red silk was quite bright, and the tunes were all in fashion. There were not so many organs about then, and people stopped to listen—not children only, but grown men and women—and Treffy had been a proud man in those days. But a generation had grown up since then, and now Treffy felt that he was a poor, lone old man, very far behind the age, and that his organ was getting too old-fashioned for the present day. Thus he felt very cast down and dismal, as he raked together the cinders, and tried to make a little blaze in the small fire he had lighted.

But when he had eaten his cake, and had taken some tea which he had warmed over again, old Treffy felt rather better, and he turned as usual to his old organ to cheer his fainting spirits. For old Treffy knew nothing of a better comforter.

The landlady of the house had objected at first to old Treffy's organ; she said it disturbed the lodgers; but on Treffy's offering to pay a penny a week extra for his little attic, on condition of his being able to play whenever he liked, she made no further opposition.

And thus, till late in the night, he turned away, and his face grew brighter and his heart lighter, as he listened to his four tunes. It was such good company, he said, and the attic was so lonely at night. And there was no one to find fault with the organ there, or to call it old-fashioned. Treffy admired it with all his heart, and felt that at night at least it had justice done to it.

But there was one who was listening to the old organ, and admiring it as

much as Treffy, of whom the old man knew nothing. Outside his door, crouching down with his ear against a large crack, lay a little ragged boy; he had come into the great lodging-room down stairs to sleep, and had laid down on one of the hard benches, when old Treffy's barrel-organ began to play. He had not listened to it much at first, but when the first notes of 'Home, sweet Home,' had been sounded forth, little Christie had raised his head on his elbow, and listened with all his might. It was almost too much for him; it was a memory of the past. A few months ago, little Christie had a mother, and this was the last tune she sang. It brought it all back to him; the bare, desolate room, the wasted form on the bed, the dear, loving hand which had stroked his face so gently, and the sweet voice which had sung that very tune to him. He could hear her, even now: 'Home, sweet home, there's no place like home; there's no place like home.' How sweetly she had sung it!—he remembered it so well. And he remembered what she said to him afterwards—

'I'm going home, Christie—going home—home, sweet home; I'm going home, Christie.'

And those were the last words she had said to him. Since then, life had been very dreary to little Christopher. Life without a mother, it hardly was life to him. He had never been happy since she had died. He had worked very hard, poor fellow, to earn his bread, for she had told him to do that. But he had often wished he could go to his mother in 'Home, sweet Home.' And he wished it more than ever this night, as he heard his mother's tune. He waited for it very patiently, whilst old Treffy was playing the other three which came first, but at length some one closed the door, and the noise inside the lodging room was so great that he could not distinguish the notes of the longed-for tune.

So Christie crept out quietly in the darkness, and closing the door softly, that no one might notice it, he stole gently up stairs. He knelt down by the door and listened. It was very cold, and the wind swept up the staircase, and made little Christie shiver. Yet still he knelt by the door.

At length the organ stopped; he heard the old man putting it down by the wall, and in a few minutes all was still.

Then Christie crept downstairs again and lay down once more on his hard bench, and he fell asleep, and dreamt of the mother in the far-off land. And he thought he heard her singing, 'Home sweet Home, I'm home now, Christie; I'm home now, and there's no place like home.'

CATARH OF THE BLADDER.—Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." \$1.

Elephants minding the Baby.

There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard-working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephants seem to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child.—You see a little naked black imp,

about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favorite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeded in quieting the beast, which seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavored in its elephantine way to make amends for its offence. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have had most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.—Christian Weekly.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.—"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers, 15c.

An ostrich town in Egypt.

The only ostrich farm in Egypt is out on the desert, about five miles from Cairo. It has suffered somewhat during the past two weeks, from the inevitable disasters of war, but must soon become profitable again as peace settles upon the country. Before the Egyptian conflict a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader visited this farm, and writes that the ostrich farmer, a sun-browned, well built, an intelligent Swede, dressed in a sack coat, skull travelling cap, and top boots, took him over it. The ostriches are kept in fields of desert sand about as large as a town lot. These fields are surrounded by mud walls about seven feet high and are entered by wooden gates. He goes on to say: The first we came to contained about a dozen large females two years and a half old. They were of a grey color well feathered, and they appeared quite tame as they stuck their long, flat, duck-like bills over the seven foot wall, and attempted to pick at our hats, blinking all the while knowingly at us with their pink eyes, with their long legs, their naked featherless necks, and their two-clawed feet, one kick of which will cut a man's head from his shoulders, they formed a queer sight, and when, as I raised my hand and said "shoo" they spread their wings, and ran away at a two-minute space, seeming to swim over the ground.

'Each of these birds' said Mr. Vedder, 'is worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Their feathers alone bring each season \$150, and we estimated each bird as representing an income of £50 or £250 a year. Between their feathers and their eggs, they ought to produce that.'

'Then ostrich farming is, I suppose a profitable business?' I here asked. 'Yes, it should be,' was the reply; 'it costs very little to keep the birds. They live on beans, barley and sand. About \$2 a month will pay for one bird's food, and the sand—of which it eats from fourteen to sixteen pounds daily—costs nothing. I have one hundred acres of land here, most of which, as you see, is desert, and I now have seventy ostriches of various ages, from two and one-half to twelve days old. Besides this, I have over one hundred eggs hatching, and in the spring I will have about 120 more birds.'

'How many eggs will an ostrich lay during a season?' 'About twenty-five,' responded the farmer. 'Now is the laying season. In the winter alone do they produce eggs. After they have laid that number they want to set. I have two setting on their eggs now. It takes forty-three days to hatch them, and we do this both by the natural and artificial

method. That house over there, pointing to a little building to the right, is the incubator. We merely place the eggs between flannel, and keep the temperature at blood heat. Do you see that box at the sides with glass holes at the ends?' he continued. 'Well, that is our apparatus for examining the eyes of the young birds. If the eyes are white the birds will produce neither feathers nor eggs, and we kill them. If pink, like those you see to-day, they are good birds, and we take good care of them.'

The next field we came to contained a number of male birds, which to my eye showed little difference from the female. We then visited a number of other inclosures, where we saw ostriches of all ages, and last came to some with bodies not longer than a good-sized rooster—a Brahma rooster for instance. Their legs, however, were longer than those of the tallest Shanghai, and they cuddled themselves down on the warm sand, making a peculiar squeaking noise as they did so. These ostriches are only about twelve days old, and they were the dearest little things imaginable, though their feathers were still as downy as a youth's mustache. The feathers of the ostrich, by the way, are of value according to their color, the white ones, which come from under the wing, being most valuable, worth \$150 a pound in an undressed state. The black and the grey ones are cheaper.—Baptist Weekly.

The Princess and the Governor-General.

AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE FAR WEST.

The following interesting particulars of the interviews of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness with the Indians are from British Columbia papers. After opening the show of the British Columbia Agricultural Association and receiving loyal addresses on the 27th and 29th of September at New Westminster, in the evening there was a torchlight procession and a

BRILLIANT NIGHT SCENE.

on the river. The air was still. The water was smooth as glass, and on its surface glided gracefully a hundred canoes containing upwards of a thousand Indians, each bearing a lighted torch. There were half a dozen small steamers all ablaze with torches—suggestive of phantom ships on fire. One of these were the Excelsior brass band; on another the bag-pipes each sending forth its soul stirring strains on the stillness of night. The flotilla of fire-ships and illuminated canoes circled and chased about, keeping time to the music, as if going through the figures of the mazy dance. The scene was picturesque and enchanting, and was witnessed by the royal party from the deck of the steamer Alexander, so generously placed at their disposal by Mr. Dunsmuir, of Nanaimo. At last, amid the familiar strains of the national anthem, the Alexander steamed away to De-Beek's Wharf where the distinguished party debarked and were received with hearty cheers by the people assembled as they proceeded on foot to the residence of his Lordship the Bishop of New Westminster. On Saturday morning the

INDIAN PRESENTATION

took place. Some two thousand Indians, many of them bearing mission flags, were marshalled in the spacious grounds in front of the Bishop's residence. The Chiefs seventy-two in number, were arranged in the inner enclosure, so as to form a semi circle immediately in front of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, who occupied a position on the steps. Five of the principal Chiefs made short speeches, Mr. J. C. Hughes acting as interpreter. The gist of them was to the effect that they were glad to see the Governor-General, and more especially the Queen's daughter. Formerly they knew only by the hearing of the ear that the Queen governed this country; but now they saw the Governor and the Queen's daughter, and in looking at them it was all the same as looking at the Queen. Before they came they were hungry; but now that they had seen the Governor and the Princess their hearts were full and happy. The Queen's laws were the same to them and to the white men. The missionaries taught them God's

laws, and they desired to obey God's and the Queen's laws. They wanted schools, so that their children might be taught like the white people's children.

ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.

His Excellency the Governor-General then proceeded to address the Chiefs, and through them their people, substantially as follows:

The Queen's daughter and myself are very glad to see you. The Queen's daughter has come a longer way to see you than you have come to see her. I am glad to hear from you that you appreciate the Queen's government, and that there is equal justice between white and red men in this country. I shall tell the Queen the good accounts I have heard of you, and that you are progressing well here. Last year, on the plains and elsewhere, I had opportunities of meeting very many thousands of the redmen, and I have nowhere heard better accounts than here. It gives me great pleasure to find here how you are become like the white men and work for yourselves, and that under the advantages of the Queen's Government you have become independent. I shall enquire with reference to the possibilities of supplying you with schools, and I shall expect you to help yourselves in providing them. I have been a little disappointed in one respect—that is in hearing that you are not so provident as I should have expected. I only mention this for your own good. When you get money instead of spending it all at once on "p-statches" and other foolishness, you should put it into the savings bank, as the white man does, and then you could have the use of it for a long time. I know that the agents of the government will look after you here, and anything you report to the agents will be sent on to the Government, and the Government will consider it for your good. Now we shall say goodbye to you, wish you all well, and shake hands with you all as you pass.

Mr. McTiernan, the local Indian agent, assisted by Capt. Peale, Mr. J. C. Hughes, and Mr. J. C. Armstrong, then proceeded to present all the seventy-two chiefs, one by one, His Excellency and Her Royal Highness shaking hands with each as they came up. One of the chiefs, Squalla, brought up See-Wal mot, his wife, who presented to Her Royal Highness a pair of silver bracelets and a massive ring of the same material—all of native and very beautiful workmanship; also a couple of very well made baskets. Her Royal Highness received these presents very graciously, telling the donor through the interpreter that it was very kind of her to have brought her these things, that she would prize them very highly and show them to the Queen. Later on Zimlanoch, the old chief presented the Princess with a pair of blankets of Indian manufacture, made from the wool of the mountain sheep, and for which he asked her Royal Highness to give him a receipt. The Princess, with her usual good nature, retired for a moment and wrote the desired receipt returning and handing it to the Chief, who carefully folded and pocketed the prized souvenir. Rousing cheers by the Indians concluded this part of the programme. The Indians, evidently well pleased, returned to the city, where Mr. Hughes addressed them in a few appropriate words, thanking them on behalf of the whites for having contributed so largely to the success of the occasion.

Having partaken of luncheon and rested a little, Her Royal Highness crossed over to the north shore of the Inlet and went into the forest in search of a giant tree. Subsequently she made a sketch of Port Moody.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

The following letter signed "J. M. Rangoon" appears in the Church Times:—Sir.—We have a revised edition of the Prayer Book in Burmese ready for printing. The existing edition is out of print, and there is a pressing need for a fresh supply. Hitherto our printing has been executed at the American Baptist Mission Press, which is by far the best vernacular press in Burmah. They now decline to print the Prayer Book, for the alleged reason that it teaches baptismal regeneration. We have applied at another press, but they cannot undertake the work. We have therefore resolved to make the S. P. C. K. press at Tonghoo available, not only for Karen work, but for all the Church publications of the diocese, and the Burmese Prayer Book amongst the rest.—Freeman.