

Sunday Reading.

The Forest.

I know a forest hear that broods From trodden pathways far apart, Into whose inner solitudes You may retire with open heart; Receive from the unbending pine What'er of rectitude you ask; And garner from the strenuous vine The strength to cleave unto your task; Learn patience from the tireless rill That through the bed-rock wears its way; Draw harmony from throats that fill The leafy transepts with their lay; From the sweet bloom of mint and balm Gather the attar of content; And wish the vassines of calm Find healing for the spirit bent. Come let us climb the rising land Where still dawn's dewy opals cling. Till every tree holds out a hand, And bird and flower give welcoming!

He Paid the Price.

To day there is no devoted or more beloved evangelist than Mrs. Maud B. Booth. Thousands of prisoners count her as their personal friend, and she has helped hundreds of discharged convicts to honorable and useful lives.

Men in prison are usually ready to pretend anything in order to gain an earlier release or increased privileges, and can assume penitence and piety without undergoing any real moral change. But to show that religion makes thorough work with the worst material, Mrs. Booth tells the following story, which is only one of many in her experience of prison work. She is known among the prison population as 'Little Mother,' and she calls the unfortunate 'my boys.'

One convict, who attended chapel on a certain Sunday morning when she spoke, was of the most hardened class. His was a crime committed in cold blood not by impulse, or under the crazing influence of drink. The man had been a constant menace to the community—a depraved criminal, from whose nature the last spark of good seemed to have been snuffed out.

As he sat there with his thousand fellow convicts—all in uniforms of striped gray—his face wore an ugly sneer. A patter of hands announced the entrance of the Little Mother. His mates were all applauding her as she walked up the aisle. His face softened as he caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and he was soon smiling and clapping as heartily as the rest.

Mrs. Booth began to speak. She was Christ's messenger of love, and touched but lightly on the past. Her words set before the men a future promise and a divine hope for all. Many a long un-caring hearer hung his head and recalled his own ideal of himself in better days. To 'Tom,' as we will call him, the address, and the whole service of the hour, came like an awakening shock. Here was something he had never dreamed of before. Could he attain the manhood for which the lady pleaded?

For months he worked as if in a trance. Unconsciously his turbid soul was casting its dregs. His gentle teacher had given a new thought, and slowly something like a pure ambition and an honest wish began to crystallize round it.

The next time Mrs. Booth came Tom was in a fever. His dead conscience lived again. The wickedness in which he had hitherto delighted had become loathsome to him. The thought of a happy future out of prison, away from old associates, thrilled him with passionate hope. He had only a year more of a long sentence to serve.

When the Little Mother had ceased speaking, she sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The prisoners joined in—by twos, by threes, then in a mighty chorus. Tom sang before he knew it. Then he found himself upon his feet. The lady had called for volunteers to start a prison league. 'I'll be one,' said Tom.

Fifteen other convicts rose. Soon after this Tom had an interview with Mrs. Booth, confessed to her his life and his aspirations for the future. He told her all but one thing.

When she went away, believing in his conversion, Tom's torture began. Should he confess this one secret or not? He had committed a crime for which an innocent person was serving ten years, and a confession would add so much time—it seemed an eternity—to his own imprisonment, just when he was on the verge of freedom.

The poor fellow was facing the fiercest temptation of his life. His religion was undergoing its test. Should he choose hypocrisy and freedom, or punishment and honor?

At last he knew and felt what Christian sincerity costs. Spent, after days of conflict, such as only the Master Himself could understand, Tom went to the ward

and told him his whole story.

'Warden,' said he, 'what I have said is true. I'll take my time like a man. They can imprison my body, but now my soul is forever free.'

He had paid the price of his religion, and paid it grandly.

The Sufferer's Song.

On the way to the Lakes of Killarney, says the Christian Life, a party of tourists heard a sound of singing in a little farmhouse by the roadside. It was a man's voice in a tenor so marvelously sweet that the stranger halted some time to listen. The strains traversed the whole compass of feeling, from soaring triumph to the murmur of a mother's lullaby.

'Oh, if I could hope ever to sing like that!' said one of the company, a young student of music.

A girl came out of the cottage with a basket on her arm, and as she passed the wagon with a courtesy, a wish to know what vocal genius the south of Ireland had hidden away prompted a question from the same young man.

'Will you kindly tell us who it is that sings so beautifully?'

'Yes, sir, it's my Uncle Tim,' said the girl. 'He's after havin' a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singin' away the pain the while.'

For a moment the astonished tourists did not know what to say. Here was an example of the melody of patience—

the anguish of the singer Made the sweetness of the strain.

Then one asked, tenderly: 'Is he young? Will he get over the trouble?'

'No, he's gettin' a bit old now, and the doctors say he'll never be the better in this world; but,' she added slyly, 'he's that heavenly good it would near make you cry to see him, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest.'

Somehow the listeners thought of the eternal city, and they drove on slowly, as if their wheels were pressing its streets.

'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,' quoted one of the ladies, 'and there shall be no more pain.'

More seldom mentioned, but equally beautiful, is a kindred elevation of spirit that lends cheer to extreme poverty and toil. A writer in the Watchman, passing through one of the narrow city lanes, noticed a poor old scrub-woman on her hands and knees scouring a floor, while she sang:

"And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story, saved by grace."

Heavenly hope is not a creature of circumstances, but sorrow and privation seem adapted to its culture. It is darkness that brings out the nightingales. And contrasted with the profane rage that frets and curses under distress, what a sweet and wise philosophy is singing patience!

Her Life Work.

Marion Harland devotes some pathetic pages in the Independent to the woman who is so heavily weighted by the tasks of every-day life that body and mind give way under them. Thus does she illustrate her plea:

The window overlooked a lawn shaded by trees and gay flowers. Beyond the asylum grounds lay a goodly prospect of town, river and hills. The voices of children at play and the singing of birds floated in at other windows. This one she would never leave open. The lower sash of it was her workaday world, and all her days were working-days.

When she was brought to the institution and nothing but window-cleaning would keep her quiet, the attendants used to set a basin filled with suds on the table beside her. After awhile the basin was left empty. She saw the suds in it, all the same; the cloth was dipped, squeezed and shaken out automatically. When worn into tatters it was replaced by a bit of new stuff.

The hallucination was cheap and disturbed nobody. So long as she might scrub and polish, she said never a word, and noticed nothing that went on about her.

That was a dozen years ago. Still, by closing my eyes, I can see the face of the woman with the suds. It is creased by wrinkles, all drooping downward. The lips are compressed to a pitiful thread. Deep-set eyes are 'crossed' by years of intent gazing at one object. The complexion is opaque and sallow, as of one long dead.

I have dreamed of her awaking with a prayer upon my lips, not for her who was beyond the reach of human help, but for those others whose representative I have held her to be.

Settling Sail.

The autobiography of John B. Gough, the advocate of total abstinence, contains a touching account of his sailing, an emigrant, for America, when he was twelve years old. For he was born in England,

and as his parents were poor, laboring people, they had made an arrangement with some neighbors, who were emigrating to take him with them, teach him a trade, and support him until he should be of age. He says:

The evening of my departure, a neighbor invited me to take tea at his house. This I did, and my mother said to me afterward 'I wish you had taken tea with your mother, John.' I too, was sorry in after years.

The parting with my parents was a bitter one. My mother hung my old cap and jacket and my school bag on the accustomed peg, and there they remained until, some years after, she quitted the house.

As I passed through the streets many a kind hand waved 'Farewell,' and familiar voices sounded out a hearty 'God bless you!' One old dame, of whom I had frequently bought sweetmeats called me into her shop and loaded me with good wishes, cakes and candies, although she could ill afford it.

I mounted the roof of the London coach and was about quitting the village, when I saw a female form crouching beside a wall. My heart told me it was my mother who had followed after to steal one more glance at her beloved child. I never felt that I was loved so much as I did at that time.

When the ship passed Dover a dead calm fell, and we anchored off Sandgate, my native place. During that day boat after boat came to us from the shore to pay the other immigrants visits; but my relatives did not come. After long and weary watching I saw a man standing up in the boat.

'That's him!' I shouted. That's my father!

But since it was Sunday my mother and sister had gone to church in a neighboring town, and did not know I was at hand. As evening came on we sang a parting hymn, and our visitors went away. I went gloomily to bed, but about midnight I was called on deck. There were my mother and sister, who had paid half a guinea—money hardly earned, but cheerfully expended—to be rowed to the slip. They stayed one happy hour, and then I went back to my bed, to sob away the rest of the morning.

DEAFNESS.

How This Dreaded Affliction is Caused—Many Forms of It.

Hearing is effected by means of three forms of matter, gaseous, solid and liquid, contained in the three divisions of the ear, the external, middle and internal.

The external ear, which includes the visible portion and the canal leading from it, collects the sound waves and conducts them to the interior; the middle ear, or drum, transmits the waves impinging upon the drumhead through a series of minute bones to the internal ear, or labyrinth; here the movement is imparted to the fluid contents of this part, and so the sound waves are carried to the nerves which are spread out to receive them.

Deafness results from any serious defect in one or more of these parts.

A not uncommon form of deafness is caused by the closing of the external auditory canal by an accumulation of wax. This shuts off the air, and either in that way or by direct pressure interferes with the elasticity of the drumhead, so that ordinary sound waves are not perceived.

A boil in the canal will interfere with hearing in the same manner, but the pain is so intense that little thought is given to the deafness; and the same is true of the presence of a foreign body in the ear.

The most serious form of deafness, and fortunately the least common, is that due to inflammation or other disease in the internal ear.

The usual cause of chronic deafness is disease in the middle ear, by which the drum membrane is destroyed or made inelastic, or the delicate chain of bones broken or made rigid.

The temporary deafness of a cold is due to stoppage in the Eustachian tube, a canal leading from the middle ear to the upper part of the throat. Inflammation of the middle ear almost always extends to it from the nose or throat, catarrh of these parts being responsible for the great majority of cases of deafness.

For this reason sore throats and catarrhal troubles, particularly of young children, should always receive medical attention; especially should the warning of earache be heeded.

The danger from scarlet fever and measles is very great, for here the severity of the disease make the symptoms of ear trouble, and by the time it is recognized the mischief is done. Many deaf mutes were made so by an attack of one of these diseases in infancy.

When chronic deafness is the result of middle ear disease the hearing is better in a noisy place, and a sounding body such as a tuning-fork, can be heard distinctly

when brought into contact with the bones on the head. This is not so in disease of the internal ear. This fact is utilized by physicians as an aid in determining the seat of the trouble.

OVERLAND TO ST. MICHAEL.

A Journey of 1,500 Miles Recently Made by a Lone Alaskan Guide.

The journey which Mr. L. L. Bales made in Alaska early this summer, alone and without firearms, was an interesting illustration of the feats of travel which a hardy man, accustomed to roughing it, may perform. Bales is an Alaskan guide and his long experience has given him confidence that he can reach most any part of Alaska he wishes to visit, depending entirely upon his own resources.

He wanted to go to Nome early in the summer, so he went up from the south by the overland trail along the coast till he reached the Alaska Peninsula at the neck joining it to the mainland. There he was, almost under the shadow of the splendid Lliamna volcano, without further means of getting north, for he could sledge no longer. The snow had disappeared, but the coast was still choked with ice, and Behring Sea was covered with floes, for the southern limit of the pack is only a little north of the Pribyloff Islands, until about May 15. He could not pack provisions on his back enough to last him for a tramp of 500 miles through the wilderness to the neighborhood of St. Michael; but he could buy a light kayak and make his way by the rivers that would carry him in the general direction which he wished to go; so that is what he did.

Most of the country through which he travelled is extremely flat except where ranges of hills border some of the river valleys. Owing to the flatness the portage between river and systems are very short and easy to cross and sometimes there are no portages at all, for a lake will send its waters in two directions to join two distinct river systems. This fact was very helpful to Bales, who thus made his way from one small river to another in a general northwest direction until he came to the Kuskokwim River. Then he paddled up this river for about 250 miles, advancing now in a general northeast direction, until he came to the point where the Kuskokwim and the Yukon most nearly approach one another. Then he crossed the low lying country between them, utilizing their little tributaries that nearly run together. At last he reached the Yukon, descended the mighty river to its mouth and made the remaining 100 miles of the journey to St. Michael by sea.

Bales travelled 1,500 miles to reach the military post that was only five miles away in a straight line, but he made the journey rapidly and brought up in St. Michael some weeks before the arrival on the first steamer from the south.

Narrow Gauge.

The Lewiston Journal reports a collision down in the State of Maine, in which no one was injured.

A certain old man who does handsome work with the fiddle at country dances is 'great on time,' but unless he is argued with he will play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' from eight o'clock till twelve, for every dance except the Virginia reel.

Some of the old dancers were on the floor not long ago, and between dances one of them went up to the fiddler whos at rubbing the rosin on his bow.

'Uncle,' said the dancer, 'all the folks on the floor want you to play old 'Speed the Plow' for the next dance. Can't you give it to us?'

The old man tucked his rosin into his vest pocket.

'I sh'd like to 'commodeate ye fust-rate,' he said, 'but the's suthin' sing'lar 'bout that tune of 'Speed the Plow.' Jest as soon as I 'Speed the Plow' long a little ways I run right into 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

Habits of the Ostrich.

In writing of 'Home Life on an Ostrich-Farm,' Mrs. Annie Martin mentions some curious habits of the bird. Among these is the breaking up of the flock into separate families. It suggests the idea, or feeling, of caste as this is developed among the dogs of Constantinople and of other Eastern cities.

Fortunately you are never assailed by more than one ostrich at a time, for in the large camps of some two thousand each, in which the birds are not fenced off in pairs, but live almost in the freedom of wild creatures, each ostrich has his own domain, separated from those of others by an imaginary boundary line of his own, visible only to himself, but as clearly marked as the beat of a London policeman.

There he dwells, monarch of all he surveys. Any other ostrich daring to invade his territory is attacked at once, and the human intruder is closely pursued until the feathered lord of the land has seen him off the premises.

Immediately after having thus sped the

parting guest the most savage bird is quite harmless. He dismisses the intruder from his thoughts and walks quietly back feeding as he goes.

Now in the distance you see the head and long neck of his neighbor whose kingdom you have just entered, and whose sharp eyes spied you out the instant your foot crossed his frontier.

He now advances toward you with jerky spasmodic movements as if he were bowing you a welcome. This, however, is far from his thoughts. After sitting down once or twice to give you his challenge, whereby he hopes you will be intimidated, he trots up defiantly, and the services of the stick are again required.

Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp, you may be escorted in succession by four or five vicious birds, all determined to have your life if possible, yet held completely in check by a few mimosa thorns.

Trick of a St. Bernard.

Among some interesting dog stories told recently in the Spectator is one concerning a remarkably sagacious St. Bernard, which lived at a house where the writer of the story once boarded.

The dog used to come into my sitting-room and give me his company at dinner, sitting on the floor beside my chair with his head on a level with the plates. His master, however, fearing that he was being overfed, gave strict injunctions that this practice should no longer be permitted.

On the first day of the prohibition, the dog lay and sulked in the kitchen; but on the second day, when the landlady brought in the dishes, stole in noiselessly close behind her; and while for the moment she bent over the table, he slipped quickly beneath it and waited.

No sooner had she retired than he emerged from his hiding-place, sat down in his usual position, and winked in my face, with a look which seemed to say: 'Haven't I done her?'

In due course the good woman changed the plates, and as soon as the dog heard her step, he slunk once more under the table; but in an instant, ere she had time to open the door, he came out again, as if he had suddenly taken another thought, and threw himself down on the rug before the fire, to all appearance, fast asleep.

'Ah, Keeper! You there, you rascal!' exclaimed his mistress in indignant surprise, as she caught sight of him.

The dog opened his eyes, half-raised his body, stretched himself out lazily at full length, gave a great yawn, as if awakened from a good sleep and then, with a wag of his tail, went forward and tried to lick her hand.

It was a capital piece of acting, and the air of perfect guilelessness was very amusing.

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Their First Lesson.

A sister of the late E. P. Roe tells an amusing story of the first lesson which she and her brother ever received in Roman history.

Among our most loved and honored guests, during our childhood, was Dr. Samuel Cox, for many years a prominent clergyman in New York. I remember, on one occasion, he asked Edward and me if we could give him the names of the First Roman Triumvirate.

At this period of our existence the name 'Caesar' was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom he often visited and who lived upon a lonely road in the neighborhood. We were vastly astonished therefore, to learn that the name had ever been borne by a more illustrious person than our dusky friend; but we listened entranced to the story of the rivalries of Caesar and Pompey for the empire of the world.

Unhappily the good doctor could not remember the name of the third triumvir, and the lack troubled him greatly. That night, about two o'clock, I was startled by a loud knock on my bedroom door, and Dr. Cox called out:

'Mary are you awake?'

I replied that I was—as indeed was every one else in the house by that time.

'It's Crassus,' said the doctor, and then he returned to his room greatly relieved.

Neither Edward nor I ever forgot that first lesson in Roman history.

Mr. Flyhigh—Of course, you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Acron?'

Native—Aye, wee!

Mr. Flyhigh (who has just bought the estate—What sort of a place is it, in your opinion?'

Native—Well, if ye saw the de'll tethered on't, ye'd just say, 'Puir brute.'