

ALL KNOW THEE THERE.

[G. D. Prentice, said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the zune of Amella."]
Pale star, that, with thy soft, sad light,
Comes out upon my bridal eye,
I have a song to sing to thee...

Winnie.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new world parts.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this he would say you had abused his kindness toward you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me.

overcrowded boat in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others were following my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was, I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within my reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the top-mast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down just her deck above water, but the great seas swept over it every second and swept it clean. The boat had gone!

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

How to Stop It.
Our Dumb Animals.
Mamma, a dear little birdie is dead!
I saw it upon your new hat;
I wondered, dear mamma, while big tears I shed,
Who could have been so cruel as that—
As to kill the birdie, mamma, do say,
Did little ones die in their nest?
Or from cold and frost did they pass away,
For want of their dear mother's breast?
I know, mamma dear, that the hat you'll not wear,
It will be sent back to the shop;
And mamma, do tell the folks everywhere,
Such had, wicked things they must stop,
And mamma, May Perkins told me to-day,
A kitten's head is on her hat!
It most took my breath—but I tried to say,
"Whatever she should meet the ma cat?"
Seems to me, mamma, there are pretty things
Enough to be found everywhere;
Why must they kitties' heads, birdies and wings
Like sign-boards of cruelty wear?
Mamma, if ladies such things would not buy,
And let them remain in the shop,
Would not the traders then have a supply?
And would not the cruelty stop?

he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to countless dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances and gone back, but this Stanley never thought of doing.
He had faith in God, himself and his purpose. In his journal he wrote, and the words glow with an energy that is sublime, and deserve a place in the memory of every young man.
"Living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him, and write it larger, FIND HIM, FIND HIM!"
Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of the faith in God, Stanley pressed on, heedless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganyika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveler, who for years had lost tidings of his native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.
But for the faith of Stanley, Dr. Livingstone might have died of starvation, and the world remained ignorant of his fate.
The subsequent career of Stanley has brought into greater prominence his sublime faith and resolute persistence which is satisfied with nothing but the attainment of his object, which he has already placed the world deeply in debt.
The leaf from the journal repeats an old lesson: Faith is power.
"Endurance is the crowning quality And patience all the passion of great hearts; These are their stay, and when the leaden world Sets its hard face against their fateful thought, And brute strength like a conqueror Plunges its huge malice down on the other scale, The inspired soul but flings his patience in, And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.
One faith against a world's unbelief, One soul against the flesh of all mankind!"
The Dead Bird.
Hester's Young People.
Our children, Maggie and Johnnie, were the owners of two bright, pretty canary birds. They called them Charley and Jennie. Jennie was a bird of that light buff-color so rare and so much admired by the lovers of these sweet songsters. Her eyes were like two little shiny black beads, they were so bright and glistening. She was a fondly creature, and liked to be noticed and talked to. When we called Jennie, she would hop about her cage and answer "Sweet!" in the heartiest of tones. We all loved her, but Maggie claimed her as her own.
One evening when I went to bring the cages in from the little back porch, where they had been hanging during the warm afternoon, I noticed Jennie's feathers were slightly fluffed up, but as the evening was somewhat chilly, I thought she was probably a little cold, so I paid no more attention to her. The birds were not thought of next morning till after breakfast, when Charley began his morning song in a loud, clear voice. Looking up, I saw Jennie with her head tucked under her wing as if fast asleep. How strange? Who ever heard of a bird sleeping after daylight?
We gathered round her and tried to guess what ailed her. One who had a knowledge of birds and their ways prescribed for her, and we did all we could; but she drooped more and more, and closed the beautiful head-like eyes and resolutely kept her head tucked under her wing. So we just watched her, while the dishes stood on the table unwashed, and the floor remained un swept and the beds unmade. For a long while she sat motionless; then she gave a little flutter and fell down, a little golden heap in the bottom of the cage.
Johnnie had been coming in every few minutes with the question, "Mamma, how is Jennie?" He just came in with the same question. I told him Jennie was dead. He gave a "Oh!" as he went to look at her. Maggie was at school, and was unconscious of the sorrow that awaited her. As soon as he saw her coming he ran to meet her, and the sad story was soon told. Poor Maggie! She came to me with pitiful voice, asking, "Mamma, is Jennie dead?"
"Yes, dear," I answered.
She went to the cage, took the tiny mite in her hand, and held it, oh, so tenderly! I expected she would cry, but she didn't. She held it out till told to put it down. Then she got a pretty box, and wrapping her little treasure in some soft, white material, she gently placed it in the little box and put it away till after school, when they could bury it.
All that afternoon, as I was busy about my work, Charley's notes rang out loud and clear and triumphant, as only Charley could sing—for he was a rare singer—but it made me feel so sad that I could scarcely keep the tears back. Charley's singing had never before made me feel so sad. It was only because I felt that never again should I hear Jennie's cheerful chirp and twitter.
That evening, after school, the children, with a few of their playmates, put their little pet away out of their sight. A very small grave was made beneath a rose-bush, and a very small head-stone placed in the proper place. A few flowers were reverently strewn around, and when they had finished their work they sadly returned to the house.
As long as we remained in the village that little mound under the rose-bush was the children's special care. While flowers were to be had, a few fresh ones daily found their way to the cherished spot, and now, though months have elapsed and we are hundreds of miles away, little Jennie is not forgotten.
"Has he never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies."
You never knew how much water an umbrella is capable of containing, until you accidentally stand it against the wall and on the pearl colored carpet that cost \$5 a yard.

The Dead Sea.
The dead sea is an old and cegepfit salt lake, in a very advanced state of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to eighty-five feet below the Black Sea, the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday-school classes. Now, when the dead sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account, it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineers' lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan valley from the sea of Galilee and even the waters of Merom to the southern desert. The modern dead sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them, and so buoyant that a man can not drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salt of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he, no he.
The waters of the Dead Sea are thus in the condition of having already deposited almost all their gypsum, as well as the greater part of the salts they originally contained. They are, in fact, much like sea water which has been boiled down till it has reached the state of a thick, salty liquid, and though most of the salt is now already deposited in a deep layer on the bottom, enough still remains in solution to make the Dead Sea infinitely saltier than the general ocean. At the same time, there are a good many other things in solution in sea water besides gypsum and common salt; such as chloride of magnesium, sulphate of potassium, and other interesting substances with pretty chemical names, well calculated to endear them at first sight to the sentimental affections of the general public. These other by-contents of the water are often still longer in getting deposited than common salt; and owing to the intermixture in a very concentrated form with the mother liquid in the Dead Sea, the water of that evaporating lake is not only salt, but also slimy and fetid to the last degree, its taste being accurately described as half brine, half rancid oil. Indeed, the salt has been so precipitated ahead of that there is now five times as much chloride of magnesium left in the water as there is common salt. By the way, it is a lucky thing for us that these various soluble minerals of such constitution as to be thrown down so gradually at different stages of concentration in the evaporating liquid, or if it were otherwise, they would all get deposited together, and we should find gypsum-salt and other chlorides and sulphates, absolutely useless for any practical human purpose.
A Baby Funeral in Mexico.
Atlantic Monthly.
One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later this year. It was a goodly shower, and the r.r.ulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the balcony and saw a band coming, followed by a score or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead of them was a little boy with what looked like a tawdry painted box cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class, shabbily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin containing what I at first took to be a doll having something to do with the ceremonial. It was dressed in white muslin, with some gilt tinsel. But as they passed below I saw it was a dead baby, with long eyelashes and black eyes staring up to the sky. Meanwhile the rain kept dropping pitilessly on the senseless little form. Oh, I fancied, since the form was senseless, was the rain pitiless, or compassionate tears from heaven. The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession moved along, with the martial blare of the music sounding gayly down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inappropriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.
"Mother, can't I go out and play?" asked a little boy. "No, my son," she answered, "you will get your clothes dirty." "Is the Lord coming to-day?" "I don't know," said his mother, "he may come." "Don't they have any dirt heaven for little boys to play in?" "No, my son." "What do little boys do there?" "They sing songs and play under the trees," answered his mother. "Well, mother, how do they have any trees if they don't have any dirt?"
Nine more victimized English boys have turned up at Los Angeles, aged 14 to 17, says the San Francisco Bulletin. Their fathers in England were induced to pay £20 entrance fee for their sons as "pupils" on the fruit farms in California at \$5 a month, and to be treated as members of the family. The firm had headquarters in London. The agent gets \$12 a piece for providing each boy with a home. The passage, which they pay themselves, is \$15. When the boys get there he finds he could have done it all himself, and that the promised situation is never forthcoming. Nearly forty cases have thus far been discovered.

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