

the winter. The discoveries were very important, especially that of the site of Succoth, which, like the results of the survey of Palestine, was confirmatory of the sacred record. The quarterly *Journal*, which had been published for sixteen years, was now issued free to all members and associates, whether at home or abroad. Several interesting speeches having been made, the members and their friends adjourned to the museum, where refreshments were served.—*Ex.*

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, after much time, returned. "Now, Jack," asked the plater, "What size is the plate?" "Well," replied Jack, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

Debtors to Which?

For what are we indebted to Satan and for what to Christ? Are the benefits received from both of such equal worth that it requires great power of analysis to determine which are the greater? Are we debtors to the flesh to live after the flesh, or are we debtors to the Spirit to live after the Spirit? Has the "father of lies" been such a father of mercies unto us, and such a good kind master that we should do his bidding, and join his rebellion against the Prince of Peace, whose gifts are all rich and royal and merciful? Is there a worm at the root of every pleasure? Is there a sting in every rose that we pluck? Is there poison in the cup? Is there disease in the body? Is there death in the city? Is there a blight upon the soul? Does sin run riot? Are there plague spots in the world? Is crime rampant? Is drunkenness, licentiousness and ruin on every hand? Do men cheat? Do they rob and kill each other? Do they suffer pain—agony of body and greater agony of soul? Do they seek release from relentless remorse in suicide? Is the earth ribbed with the graves of the generations past, and is the open sepulchre in the path of this and the generations yet to come? Is the great bulk of mankind given over to debauchery and barbarism? Does the whole creation groan and travail in pain together from that first evil hour of man's transgression until now? We owe it all to

the arch-fiend who invaded Paradise with a lie on his tongue, and who created the necessity for a hell.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, if there be any joy in sorrow, any rest in weariness, any light in darkness, any peace in tumult, any deliverance from the dreary environments of the present, any hope for the future, any promise of a life to come, free from heart-burnings, free from pain and tears, decay and death, full of satisfying delights, unending rapture and unfading glory—we owe it all to Christ, who hath brought salvation to the lost, opened the golden gates, and made the attainment of heaven possible to the sinner through his blood.

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

The world, slumbering in the darkness of a long, dreary night, made hideous with visions of dreadful ghosts and grim spectres, is of the devil; the day, resplendent with light and beauty and promise, is the glorious benediction of the Son of Righteousness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Italian Peasant Life.

Really poor people rarely exist in this part of the world, every man living in his own freehold house, descending from generation to generation, to which is attached a little plot of land, which suffices for his wants and the wants of his family. The life these people lead reminds one of the patriarchal life which we read of in the Bible. Everything is made at home by the people; the women even make their own linen from hemp grown on their own ground. In one way or another they are at work (men and women) from sunrise to sunset. Those people who call Italians idlers should come here to see how they work. The Marche province, however, may be called the Switzerland of Italy. It is cultivated as well, and the people are as industrious, and at the same time more genial and generous; for, if a countryman meets the veriest stranger in his walks, he invites him to return home with him and partake of what fare his hut can give. The Marche laborer or peasant works without wages. He

shares half the crop with his master. He lives better than the laborers and country people in other parts of Italy. Indian corn, however, is still their chief food, even here, and they drink vinegar and water except on great occasions. These people who content themselves with Indian corn and vinegar and water for themselves, have fowls and wine for their masters whenever they go to visit them—as when the Indian corn is shelled or cut, or new wine made, or similar occasions. They are a happy, cheerful and contented people, and very religious.—*Ex.*

The Modern Spirit of Buddhism

Even to the present day, though it has lost its activity in foreign proselytism, yet it retains the spirit, in some places, of its home mission life. The writer may speak of Burmah in this respect with confidence, because that country has been the sphere of his own missionary labor. A Burmese bell, for example, records upon itself, in an inscription, the account of a company of Buddhist monks who, within the present century, went to Cheduba and Sandoway, in Arakan, for the purpose of reviving the state of religion, then in a very low and decayed condition. Their preaching was attended with the greatest success. They had what we should call a revival. The study of the sacred books was enlivened—multitudes were established in the faith; great numbers became monks. Lately, too, one of the Karen tribes has been largely won over to Buddhism. Notwithstanding this, there is doubtless an universal decay in the spirit of Buddhism, both among priesthood and laity. The same old Law, and the Religious Order, certainly still survives. Yet dead worldliness almost universally pervades daily life. Religious rites are observed, but they are mostly of a formal and perfunctory character. Large numbers of worthless and most ignorant men are admitted into the monasteries. Not one householder in a thousand makes any serious effort to obtain what is called the Path which leads to Nirvana. Popular religion is a life of easy-going conformity to outward observances, accompanied by practical self-indulgence. Idolatrous practices are followed which, in the law of primitive Buddhism, were unknown.—*Life of Buddha.*

ECHOES.

Suggested by hearing a minister of the gospel exclaim, after speaking in an audience-room where he had been troubled by an echo, "Why, the way my voice comes back to me sometimes really startles me!"

Out from the silent past
An echo comes to me,
Like the notes of a song
It is borne along
O'er the sea of memory.

I pause to listen awhile
To the notes so grand and deep,

And I cry, can it be
That a song from me
Could awaken a strain so sweet?

Then I seemed to hear One say
In tones of tenderest love:
It was not in vain

That thou spoke my name;
'Tis the key-note in heaven above.

The note you so falteringly struck
Awoke from the throng above

The rapturous song
That a soul is born;
'Tis the song that the angels love.

That note shall live ever on
And a part of the chorus make
When the heavens shall be new,
And the sin-cursed earth, too,
And the glad new morn awake.

God grant that I too may be there
At that day, on the other shore,
And join in the song
With the one who is gone
To be with the Lord evermore.

But again I stand alone
By the side of memory's sea;
And my face grows pale
At the pitiful wail
Borne over the billows to me.

'Tis a pitiful wail of despair
From a soul deep dyed in sin;
And a wrong careless word
By that doubting one heard,
Through the terrible death-notes ring.

Oh! how could a selfish word
From my lips be allowed to fall!
When by the work of years
And a life-time of tears
I could never the words recall.

How could I ever forget
Whose servant I was to obey!
And when asked for bread
Give a stone, instead,
To one who was faint by the way.

Ah! how could I have sown a tare
'Midst the Master's precious grain!
Why did I not know
That that seed might grow
And until the harvest remain!

Oh that I may hear Him say
When I stand by eternity's sea:
"In-as-much as thou hast done
To the smallest one
Thou hast done it unto me."

And when my talent I lay
At His feet, in the kingdom of God,
May I hear the "Well done
Rest now faithful one,
Enter thou the joy of thy Lord."
MARY E. BEAN.

Lowell, Mass.

To express no more than is really meant is one of the first steps toward correct speech; just as careful pruning is as important to the vine as a rich soil.