

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell
may be,
Press thou his palm with thine. How canst
thou tell
How far from thee,
Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow comes? Men have
been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown
To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come
between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure
true
The hand of him who goeth forth : unseen
Faith goeth too !
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk
Lest with thee henceforth, ever, night and
day,

No story of a mother's devotion is more touching than that of Rizpah watching the dead bodies of her children that the beasts of prey should not come near them by night, nor the vultures wrangle over her darlings by day.

For three long years the people of Israel had been oppressed by a famine on account of the sins of Saul against the Gibeonites. David the king offered them silver and gold in atonement, but they would have none of it, and demanded seven of the house of Saul, that they might slay them and hang them in Gibeah. David gave over to them the young men, five of whom were grandsons of Saul, and the remaining two, sons of Saul and his concubine Rizpah. They were slain and hung in Gibeah as the Gibeonites had said. How long they hung there we know not, but it was from the beginning of the barley harvest till the floodgates of the sky were opened and the parched earth received the long expected rain.

What torture to that mother's heart to beat back the hideous shapes in the air clamoring for and claiming the decaying bodies of what was once her proud handsome boys. Hung in the hill before the Lord for sins, not their own, and guarded by the mother from her sackcloth covered rock till their eyes fell out and the flesh fell from their bones; what wonder David's heart was touched when he was told the story. David gathered their bones together and buried them with those of Saul and Jonathan, in the sepulcher of Kish.

A large picture representing Rizpah driving away the birds from the seven dead bodies, is hung in the French department of Memorial Hall. Such a wild fierce, despairing look as there was in Rizpah's face, and an attitude like to a lioness guarding her young. One could not help shuddering with horror, as he looked upon the disgusting spectacle of the dead bodies with Rizpah in the foreground, so lifelike that you expected to hear her scream at the great birds of prey hovering so near, she could almost touch them. The picture was horrible, but how terrible must have been the reality underneath a blazing sky with the heart broken cries of a frantic mother echoing through the hills of Benjamin.

Monday was Tommy's own day, and he liked it the very best of all. First, because it was washing day, which was the very reason mamma didn't like it. He knew it was Monday the minute he waked up; because there was his red plaid dress and gingham apron for him to wear.

He always wore that dress-on

washing days, and baking, and days when mamma was too busy to look after him; and Tommy's heart gave a great jump of delight when he saw it, for he knew he could dig in the dirt with the fire shovel, and nobody would say,

“Why Tommy Bancroft, look at your new clothes!”

When his mamma dressed him, she said, “I can’t stop to curl your hair this morning, because it is wash day,” and then Tommy was gladder yet. When he was a man, he meant to have all his hair cut close to his head, so nobody could curl it—it always made him so cross to have it pulled. After breakfast his mamma tied his old straw hat under his chin, and told him to run and play, like a good boy. Tommy went straight to the sink drain in the back yard. There was quite a little river of soap suds running through it, and Tommy fished it awhile with the handle of his mother’s parasol that he found on the hall table. She shouldn’t have left it there, you know. Then he thought he would build a dam across the drain, and he threw down the parasol and went in to get the fire shovel to dig with. Bridget was cross, and said she wanted the shovel herself; did he think she was going to put in coal with her fingers? Then he thought he would take a knife, and while he was looking for one he spied his mother’s silver pie knife in the spoon basket. It was broad and flat, pretty much like a shovel, and Tommy thought he could make it do.

"Course she'd let me take it; won't hurt it, 'tall," said Tommy to his conscience; but he was very careful to keep it out of Bridget's sight as he trudged back to the drain. He found a nice, soft place to dig dirt, in the middle of one of nanima's flower beds. It was full of little sticks, to show where the seeds were planted a few days before; but the seeds had not come up, and Tommy thought it must be because there was too much dirt. He pulled off his hat for a cart, and it was splendid fun to load it up with the pie knife, and drag it to the drain by the ribbons. Pie knives are not made to dig with in the dirt, and pretty soon it began to curl up at the point, and then the handle doubled down sidewise, and Tommy threw it down with the parasol, saying to himself, "I guess Uncle Jim can fix it."

While he was squatted up in the middle of the drain, somebody emptied another tub full of suds, and it came swashing along and washed Tommy and the dam away together. He gave one little squeal of astonishment; but, though he was very wet and muddy, he only put on his dirty little hat and started after the gray kitten that was watching a bird under the raspberry bushes. He chased her three times around the garden and twice under the fence, but he couldn't catch her, though he tore the brim half off from his hat, and did something to the skirt of his plaid dress that made it hang down around his feet. Then he went into the coal cellar, and climbed up and down the great mountain of coal, and played he was a traveler, climbing up some icy mountains, like some men Uncle Jim read about. When he was tired of this he thought it must be dinner time, so he started for the house.

There was an elegant carriage at the gate, and he wondered if his Aunt Louise hadn't come to bring him the velocipede she promised him. He went to look for his mamma, but she was not in her room, or the dining room, or the nursery. So he walked straight into the parlor, and there was his pretty mamma, in her nice, ruffled morning dress, and there were two strange ladies and the minister's wife.

Dear, dear! how his mamma looked! She felt as if she should faint away; and the strange ladies said, "Is this your youngest, Mrs. Bancroft?" and tried not to laugh; but the minister's wife said, "Come here, Tommy;" and

then she gave, right up, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Tommy's mamma laughed, too, though she looked at first as if she were going to cry; and Tommy stood there, with his old, torn skirt hanging down over his muddy little trousers and stockings, his old, torn hat brim flopping about his shoulders, and hands and face and his long, yellow hair all black and grimy with coal dust, and wasn't one bit ashamed!—What Tommy did—*Record.*

The Jordan is the great river of Palestine, often and variously referred to in the Scriptures, and replete with historical and religious associations. It derives its Hebrew name of *Yarden* "descent" from its rapid fall while its modern Arab name is *Esh-Sheriah*, "the watering place." The leading features in its course are its wonderful descent and sinuosity. It has its sources in the springs on the slopes of Anti-Lebanus. Its main sources are the Hasbany, Baniyas, Leidan and Esh-Shar. These unite in the marshes above lake Huleh (Merom), at akehk Yusef, between four and five miles below the Tell el Kady (the ancient city of Dan), and form the Jordan, which at this point is 45 feet wide. Then flowing seven miles southward, it enters Lake Huleh thence after a course of nine miles, it passes into the Sea of Galilee; and thence having a course of 64 miles in a direct line, it empties into the Dead Sea. The distance from its sources to its mouth in a direct line is 136 miles and by its winding channel over 200 miles.

The descent of the Jordan from the foot of Hermon to Huleh is 1,434 feet from thence to the Sea of Galilee, 897 feet; and from thence to the Dead Sea, 667 feet; making a total of 2,998 feet; or, in round numbers, the total fall of the Jordan, being at the source of Hashbeya 1,700 above the Mediterranean, and at the Dead Sea 1,300 feet below it, is 3,000 feet, which would be 15 feet per mile of its channel, or 25 feet of its direct distance. At its mouth it is 180 yards wide and 3 feet deep. Its descending, rushing course is broken or impeded by a series of rapids or precipitous falls. Lieutenant Lynch discovered between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea 27 threatening rapids, besides many more of lesser magnitude. During the summer season its numerous fords are practicable; but when swollen, by the spring flood, the muddy torrent is too deep and too swift to be forded.

It appears as a peculiar fact, that not a single city ever crowned the immediate banks of the Jordan. Yet, perhaps within a few miles there were cities, such as Bethshean and Jericho to the west, and Gerasa, Pella and Gadara to the east of it, and caused considerable traffic between the inhabitants on the opposite inland shores. It seems even a rare exception to find in Palestine a town in a valley. A hill-top or eminence was generally selected for habitation.

The Jordan, though memorable in sacred history, seems to be of little real utility when we consider the purposes for which a river ordinarily exists. This will appear when we refer to a few of its peculiar characteristics. It is so rapid that its course is one continued cataract; so crooked that, in the whole of its lower and main course it lies hardly a mile straight; so broken with rapids and others impediments, that no boat can float for more than the same distance continuously; so deep below the surface of the adjacent country that it is invisible, and can only with difficulty be approached; resolutely refusing all communication with the ocean, and ending in a lake, the peculiar conditions of which render navigation impossible—with all these characteristics, the Jordan, in any sense which we attach to the word *river*; is no river at all—alike useless for irrigation and navigation.

it is in fact what its Arabic name signifies, nothing but a great watering place. Moreover, its course winds through scenery, which is more remarkable for tameness and monotony than for bold outline. Nor could it ever vie with the Tiber or the Thames as rivers of Naaman's preference, the Pharpar and Abana of Damascus, for the natural beauty of their banks. Yet, in its historical and moral aspect, the Jordan is a sacred river, having attracted attention for nearly 4,000 years, and is fondly remembered by the people of God for its scriptural and religious associations.—*Ex.*

"He's nothing but a farmer," said a little miss, a few evenings since, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip, on being introduced to a fine, generous, open-hearted young fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres: "He's nothing but a farmer." And who was she that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noble men? She was the daughter of a broken merchant, whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and foolishly proud daughter. Though her father's heart had been wrung by misfortune and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by being incarcerated in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learned the difference between pride and worth, extravagance and wealth. "The noble man who ate the bread of industry and looked every man in the face with an independence which said, 'I owe you nothing,' was, in her estimation, 'only a farmer.'"

Did these foolish persons ever read their Bibles, they would find that God himself has selected his prophets and kings from among farmers. Noah was a husbandman, and planted a vineyard; Abraham was rich in cattle, and Lot had flocks and herds—insomuch that there was not pasture enough for both, and they divided the country. Lot selected the plain of Jordan, and Abraham took the hilly country of Canaan.

Jacob was a great cattle-grower, as he presented Esau with several hundred cattle. Moses was a wool-grower, and Gideon was taken from his threshing floor. Saul was a herdsman, even while he was king. David was a shepherd, and was taken from that occupation to be king of Israel, and the ancestor, according to the flesh, of the Messiah. Uzziah was a cattle-grower. Elisha was ploughing, with twelve yoke of oxen before him, when Elijah cast his mantle on him and called him to be a prophet of the Most High.

And yet, though God has honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers—there are some so foolish as to cry out, "O, he's nothing but a farmer!" —*Farm and Shop.*

Gail Hamilton once said, and very originally and sensibly too, that she should be very thankful to be well smattered. Life is short, and few of us have time to acquire a very exhaustive knowledge of anything; by the time we have explored one field of study and put ourselves in possession of what there is to be known on the subject, death is apt to clutch us in his cold hand and interrupt our researches.

* There are, and always will be, earnest workers, who, each in his particular field, labors and mines with lifelong assiduity. To them the world owes its discoveries in science, its advancement in the arts. Such students, specialists in their way, can not be too highly honored. They are the bright, and shining lights before whose beams all lesser ones pale.

But while we admire, there are few of us who can imitate, for this is a work-a-day world, and men must labor in one way or another, for the

bread that perisheth and the luxury
that cheer. And the daylight is
absorbed in the struggle for life,
the time for study is very scanty
would be utterly hopeless for
leading active lives to try to
any one of the branches of learning
when a whole life would be too short
to spend in its pursuit if followed
thoroughly.

The best way, then, for ordinary people, is to learn all they can about everything and anything that is never missing an opportunity of acquiring information that is or ever be valuable. "Many a man makes a muckie," say the long-Scotchmen, "and a little learning is worth a great deal." A few ideas, then, are worth a great deal in time, and a great deal will come of great knowledge.

To learn the difference between a lion and a cat is to give the general public a peculiarly valuable class of information. To a person who has a command of the English language, it is a pleasure to learn that the cat is a domestic animal, and the lion is a wild animal. It is a pleasure to learn that the cat is a domestic animal, and the lion is a wild animal. It is a pleasure to learn that the cat is a domestic animal, and the lion is a wild animal.

No, depend upon the
ars and savans out of
for ordinary people it
thing to be well-smattered
the dictionary defines the
meaning a slight or superficial
edge, even that much is worth having.
—Review.

This is a short world. We may praise it or despise it; we may love it or grow weary of it; but, however we may esteem it, its course is very brief, compared with the vastness of the world to come, the glory of the endless ages that stretch themselves before the saints of God. Compared with the mighty possibilities of the everlasting state, how brief, how transient, how uncertain is the state in which we live. Our life is a vapor that vanisheth away; our days are swift as an arrow's flight; time hastens on with restless strides; and the great, grand future of eternity rolls steadily onward to meet us as we pass the boundaries of this transient world.

Oh, that we who have been charmed by earth's beauties, and entangled amid its snares, could learn how brief its story is; how soon its pomp shall fade; how soon its joys shall pass away. "The life that now is," is like one grain of sand as compared with the wide reaching shore; and the joys and pleasures that have here engaged our thoughts are but motes in the sunbeam, when compared with the enduring glory which shall fill the eternal existence of God's redeemed with brightness and gladness perpetual as the years of heaven.

This is a short world; whether it be filled with joy or sorrow, light or shade, it matters little. Here we are to work and wait, but soon all will be over; and the eternal day will dawn,—the clouds and shapes and storms will pass; and oh, that we, when the morning breaks, may, "as children of light," be found watching, and waiting, prepared for the bright, and everlasting day.—*Boston Christian.*

The entire Jewish population in this country is estimated at 250,000, and the value of all the synagogues and congregational property at less than \$6,000,000. There are 341 congregations.

The smile is a mark of good will, of applause, and inward satisfaction.