

From the Land of Flowers.

We are permitted to make extracts from letters of sister Emma Campbell to her friends in this vicinity, written from St. Augustine, Florida. It is needful to explain that she is caring for a sick sister, who is trying the remedial effects of the climate. From a letter dated Feb. 18th, we extract the following:

St. Augustine is a queer old place. I think we can spend the time here very pleasantly for a month or two, but nothing could induce me to live here. The climate is mild and pleasant. A soft pleasant breeze from the ocean blows almost continually. It seems very strange to see roses in full bloom and orange trees laden with ripe fruit. They tell us that vegetation is very backward, owing to the cold winter, and it is not so warm as we expected to find it. Still I seldom wear a wrap when I go out to walk. The old Spanish fort built in 1595, stands not far from our boarding place. It is built of "Coquina," a sort of shell rock. The old mast is still to be seen and the arrangements for flooding it with water from the sea. We crossed on a wooden bridge where the old draw-bridge used to be. There is an old Cathedral here that looks as if it were a thousand years old. Remains of the wall that once surrounded the town can still be seen, and the old gateway with its sentry boxes on each side still stands.

2. During the years that Bro. Nugent has been cultivating this new field he has so managed the interests of the cause of Christ as not to insult and drive away the people. Getting their ears he has their hearts; several persons here have obeyed the gospel under his kind and faithful labors.

Lastly, I want to say that while the organized church, considering that is more than average here. They meet in the church, but will, I hope in the future an organized church because of their own. I advise them to get together. Bro. Nugent WALTERS, in

Evening.—Well, I suspended long enough to eat my dinner, go to the lighthouse on Anastasia Island, and eat my supper. We enjoyed the trip to the lighthouse very much indeed. We went over there once before, but the keeper had gone away and carried the key with him, and we could not get in. This time he was there and very polite and kind in answering our questions. A widow lady from Wash-

An Egyptian Wedding.

The women of Egypt look upon the place as a sort of Eden, where they can purchase all sorts of bijouterie and Parisian nothings, and spend their pocket-money as recklessly as their more civilized sisters across the waters.

A Chinese Parable.

Her rich neighbor, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and she resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months, the traveler came once more to the village; the rich woman went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she had kept a candle burning in her room, that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast she accompanied him out of the village, and when they parted he said: "May the first work you undertake last till evening!"

She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. "Before I measure my linen," she said, "I will quickly fetch the cows some water." But when she poured the water into the trough her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were all under water. The neighbors complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her own life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun.—*Æt.*

Pascal's Profession of Faith.

At the best we all go stumbling along in the mists of this life, and cannot see the consequences of our own acts to ourselves or others; but through all mischief and mistake it is sure to come right at last with those who trust God—else were life a failure, and annihilation a grace.

The Innocent Schoolmaster.

The above is no ideal sketch. We have many such teachers yet lingering in the valleys of our dark corners. It is only by persistent effort that they can be driven from the teachers' ranks into the darkness of obscurity.—*Barns' Ed. Monthly.*

The Bride and Her Dowry.

A Clergyman was sent for to visit a girl who was seriously ill. The illness proved fatal, and the mother was left bereaved of her child, as well as husband. A few days after her child's funeral the widow called and requested to see the clergyman. She put into his hand a small packet, containing money which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to the heathen world. He opened the parcel, and to his amazement counted out twenty dollars. He at once remonstrated with the widow; told her that gaining her precarious living as a laundress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With firmness she urged him to take it, and then said: "How I came to have this large sum is just this; When my child was born I thought, 'She'll live to get married some of those days and I thought I would begin to put by a little sum to be in store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought to myself, 'The heavenly Bridegroom has come, and he has called her home to be his bride, and, as he has taken the bride, it is only right he should have the dowry.'"

Rebuke of the Scoffer.

It is sometimes mentioned by skeptics to the reproach of Christianity that its professors are chiefly women. A Western preacher was tauntingly asked by an ungodly scoffer why it was that most Christians are women. "I will ask you a question," said the minister, and if you will answer it, I will answer you. "I was recently at the State penitentiary, where I saw hundreds of men, and very few women. If you can tell me why there was this great inequality between the male and female convicts, I will tell you why the professors of Christianity are largely females." The reply was a just rebuke of the scoffer, a triumphant vindication of female character, and a strong proof of the benign influence of Christianity.—*Religious Herald*.

Silence, when nothing need be said,
is the eloquence of discretion.