

"Take Me on Shore!"

The son of a good and zealous minister ran away from home and shipped as a sailor. Months of ocean life in the society of the fore-castle made him more reckless than ever. His soul as well as his body was at sea. In habits, morals, beliefs, affections—everything—he was "all afloat." The vessel that bore him anchored in an African port to discharge and take in cargo. In one of their trips to and from shore the sailors brought back a little native boy. He had some kind of curious instrument, and could make music on it with singular skill, and the sailors had persuaded him to come on board that they might exhibit him to their companions.

He stayed a long time and played on his instrument, to the great entertainment of the crew. They were disposed to make quite a lion of him, but at last he grew uneasy.

"Take me on shore now," he said,

"Oh, no," replied the sailors, "we can't spare you yet."

"But I must go," insisted the little negro.

"Why, what's your hurry?"

"I'll tell you. A missionary has come where I live, and he's going to preach to-night. I heard him once, and he told about Jesus Christ, and I want to hear him tell some more about him."

The rough sailors smiled, but they could not resist such entreaty, and immediately rowed the boy ashore.

There was one on board whose conscience the little African's last reply sorely disturbed. It was the thoughtless boy who had run away from a Christian home. "Here I am," he thought, "a son of an English minister, who have known about Jesus Christ all my life, and yet my knowledge has made less impression on me than a single Christian sermon has made upon this poor little heathen."

Self-condemned and distressed, he retired that night to his hammock. There the truths and counsels he had so often heard at home came rushing into his memory. He had been too well instructed not to know the way of life. He began to pray. His prayer was heard, for it was sincere. By it he was led to accept and consecrate himself to the Savior whom he had so long rejected.

There was joy in that English parsonage when the prodigal returned. There was pure joy for him in heaven among the angels of God.—*Youth's Companion.*

How the Heron Hunts.

The gopher is a great pest to the farmers of Southern California. The little animal, better known to our readers as the prairie dog, burrows under the ground, and makes himself a home by hollowing out the earth. The roof of his small cave is not very thick, and through it man and beast frequently tumble. Besides, he eats many things which the farmer prefers that he should let alone. The blue crane, or heron, is the natural ally of the farmer in the extinction of this little but troublesome animal.

In a field of alfalfa, where the mounds thrown up by the gophers are the thickest, may be seen the long-legged crane, with its sharp, yellow bill, standing guard over some fresh earth in course of distribution by the greatest pest,

next to the squirrel, known to the farmer. Unlike the heron of the swamps and marshes of Florida, its neck is stretched to its full length while watching its prey. It is generally found standing alone in the field, as if it had deserted its kind, and its mission was to act the solitary sentinel of the meadow. Its bill is sharp, and as the gopher, with his feet and head pushing the soil, comes to the surface, it is sent through him like a dirk-knife, and he is brought out as if on a skewer. The bird seldom misses its mark when it does, as if disgusted with its blunder, it spreads its wings, and, with its long legs stretched out behind, takes its flight to another field.

Life a Failure.

A gentleman of high standing in the State of—, a lawyer a politician, a man of talents, and as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings, was suddenly arrested by disease, and in a short time brought to the close of life.

As it was evident that he could live but a few days, he was asked by a friend how he felt as he looked back upon his past life. And the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity full in his view, was striking and memorable—"With all its success, I now see and feel that my life has been a failure! I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them!"

What a thought—what a feeling—what a prospect, for the hour when life is closing and eternity is to be entered, and character and destiny are to be forever fixed?—What a lesson to impress on all right views of the great ends for which life was given, and to lead every one so to live here as to be preparing for the life beyond this world!

"Life a Failure!" God does not design it to be so. As in early days we looked forward to coming scenes, we do not desire, or intend it to be a failure, but only a success, but one way to make sure of the great end for which life was given; and that is to be guided by God's truth, walk in the way that He points out, rest our hopes on his mercy, and be consecrated in heart and life to His service. Thus we may form that character we shall wish to endure, and make sure of the results in which we shall rejoice forever more in heaven!

How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two-inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than to reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded night and day, by officials, to prevent the abstraction of any paper.—*Paper Trade Journal.*

Insects and Weeds.

Gardening and farming have other troubles besides frost, and drought, and floods. Weeds will choke growing plants, and insects will devour them. The grasshopper and the locust are frightening farmers in Kansas and Missouri by their depredations, but they are only one wing of the great army of devouring insects. The Colorado beetle is a more fatal enemy to the potato vine than the locust to the grass or grain. The army worm destroys many a fine crop of grass of New England and of cotton in the South. The canker worm strips the apple tree of leaves, and the codling moth spoils the apples. The curculio has destroyed whole gardens of plum trees, and made plums a rare luxury. The currant worm threatens to banish this delicious fruit from our tables. It is computed that Missouri alone loses about \$20,000,000 annually by destructive insects, and that the whole country loses \$500,000,000, or one-fifth of its entire value of produce.

It is a little discouraging that high culture, instead of diminishing the insect pests, only multiplies them, and new ones appear almost every year, to extend their ravages in new directions.—*Agriculturalist.*

Little Squaw Dolls.

A private letter from the West, printed in the *Christian Register*, describes life among the Piute Indians, and remarks in their children, as in those of the whites, the "touch of nature" that "makes the world akin."

In looking about some of the camps, I have been amused to see the same kind of human nature showing itself in the Indian little girls as amongst the whites. At one camp a girl of some seven or eight years had a miniature frame for carrying her dolly about in, all carefully imitated from those of the grown folks. Her doll was a bit of red flannel made up to look like a head, and it was very carefully wrapped up and packed in its case, which, as we saw it, was standing against a tree. When we were looking at it, the owner was quite pleased to have it put on her back to carry.

At another place some four or five girls of various ages were seated near three small lodges, a foot or a foot and a half high, copied after the large ones they live in. On stopping to examine, I found the interior copied as carefully, with little bits of fur, and cloth, and blanket, arranged around the walls, and little dollies lying with their feet towards the centre. The dolls were of pottery, roughly marked in figures, with no arms, and most of the heads were off, which made no difference to the children, of course. I don't remember to have seen played a better copy of their elders' life than among these Ute Indian children.

LOSING HIS BRAINS.—Somewhere about the 4th of July a Newburyport man was the victim of a singular coincidence. While passing along the street a boy exploded a common cracker just behind him, while at the same instant a rotten banana, thrown from a neighboring fruit store, struck him on the back of the head. He at once screamed, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" and, taking a handful of the decayed fruit from his head, exhibited it to a horror-stricken bystander as a specimen of his brains. A great crowd assembled, and a doctor was called, who soon explained the matter to the satisfaction of all.

My Father knows the way.

Walking down W—street one morning I saw a blind boy standing on the side-walk, with his head bent forward as if eagerly listening. Stepping up to him, I said:

"Shall I help you across the street, my little friend?"

"Oh, no, thank you; I am waiting for my father."

"Can you trust your father?"

"Oh, yes; my father always takes good care of me, leads me all the time, and when he has my hand I feel perfectly safe."

"But why do you feel safe?"

Raising his sightless eyes, with a sweet smile and look of perfect trust, he replied:

"Oh! because my father knows the way. He can see, but I am blind."

This little blind boy preached a sermon to me. Do we, with our hand in our Father's, feel perfectly safe? We are poor, blind children, yet do we not often rebel against the way the Father would lead us, and seek to go another way which seems best to us? Because we feel the thorns sometimes, and are pierced by their sharpness, we try some other path, which seems to our blinded eyes to lead to peace and rest. But the Father can see, and shall we shrink from the path he has marked out in wisdom and love—that path which, though it be one of trial and suffering, will best fit us for heaven?

Though a heavy cross lies before us, though the burden seems too heavy for our weary frame, and our weakness cries out, "Father, save me from this hour," may we not with our suffering Lord and Saviour exclaim: "Yet for this cause came I unto this hour? Father glorify thy name."

Then, even the burdens will seem precious, as means of drawing us into closer sympathy with our Lord, and we shall be able to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer.—*American Messenger.*

Tell it Not.

"Tell it not in Gath lest the Philistines rejoice." This has become a proverb, and to explain a proverb generally spoils it; but the following is a good commentary on David's words:

A merchant having sustained a considerable loss desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

Committees of Subordinate Lodges, Appointed under Resolution of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylums:

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