

SAFE.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

—Whittier.

BETSY'S SLIPPERS.

I was traveling in Ireland with some friends. We were in the southeastern part of the island and were traversing Connemara, the poorest part of that poor country. If anything can give a horrible impression of drought and misery it certainly is Connemara.

A profound dolor seems to rest upon that corner of the earth. Low plains destitute of verdure extend to the right to a chain of mountains, which are bare, as though they had been ravaged by fire. These immense spaces are without a village, often without even a single dwelling.

The few which we pass at long intervals consist only of four stone walls piled up without cement, and with a black roof. From the back of these dreary cabins issues a thin thread of blue smoke.

In front of them one sees children from five to twelve years old with naked feet, sun scorched skins and ragged clothing. They utter uncouth sounds in a language which is partly Irish, partly English. They usually run after the carriage for several miles. With a supplicating hand they extend to you some sort of rude merchandise; it may be roughly hewn wooden shoes; it may be woolen stockings; it may be a little bunch of flowers plucked from the mountain side. They run shouting, hurrying, hustling each other.

"Penny, please! penny, please!" they repeat over and over. A penny is finally cast to them.

Immediately there is brawling, struggling and fist pounding. The conqueror deserts the ranks of our followers, but the others still pursue the carriage. One by one the small flock drop away. First the youngest become exhausted and stop. At last there are only three—then two—then only one, who in his turn rolls in the dust raised by the wheels, uttering a last "Penny, please!" with labored and panting breath.

About 11 o'clock we arrived at Oughterard, near Lake Corrib. This lake is said to contain as many islands and also as many inhabitants as there are days in the year. Here we took breakfast.

For a long time a little girl of about twelve followed our carriage. She alone had persisted of five or six children, the rest of whom had dropped away as we passed along. Tall and slender for her age, she had a charming face of the true Irish type of beauty. Her complexion was darkly browned and she had large blue eyes. Her long run had put roses into her cheeks; her parted lips showed her brilliant teeth. A ragged brown linen waist and skirt composed her costume. Her naked feet, which were remarkably small and pretty, seemed to fly through the dust. Poor little one! Our hearts ached to look at her!

Suddenly she uttered a cry, extended her arms and fell forward. We stopped the carriage, but fortunately nothing serious had befallen her. A projecting stone had slightly cut her foot, which bled a little. We asked her who she was and from whence she came. She called herself Betsy and said that she lived at Oughterard. We told her to climb into the carriage and we would carry her to her home. She looked at us in bewilderment, as though she could not understand what we were saying. We repeated our offer. She blushed with pleasure and gaven us a look which, although full of inquiry and wonder, was yet most grateful. She seemed to be overjoyed at riding in a carriage. It was her first experience of that kind.

Ten minutes later we were in Oughterard, a poor village of forty houses. We gave two shillings to the child as a parting present. She looked at it as though she could not believe her eyes. It occurred to me that the wound in her foot might be inflamed by a walk in the dust. I therefore entered a shoemaker's shop, the only one the place afforded, and bought a pair of slippers for the poor child.

Betsy watched this operation in profound perplexity. When I extended the slippers toward her, saying they were for her, she was dumfounded, intoxicated, dazzled. She dared not take them.

Finally, as I firmly insisted that the slippers were for her and her alone, she seized them and fled with a bound of joy, and without even saying "Thank you!"

"Little savage!" thought I; "she does not even know how to thank anybody." I rejoined my companions, who were already seated around the hotel dining-table, and we had soon finished our breakfast and were about to climb into our carriage, when I felt a little hand within mine which sought to detain me.

"Come, sir!" she said, "come!" "And where do you wish to lead me?" "To our house. It is very near."

I followed her. My companions were not a little puzzled. She led me to the bottom of a narrow street. There we

paused before a humble cottage. She pushed the door open and we entered. The interior consisted of a single room. It was without a floor and contained scarcely any furniture. It was dimly lighted by the feeble rays which entered through a paper covered window, near which sat an old woman spinning. She was Betsy's grandmother. At our entrance three little black pigs scampered under her bench grunting. In the corner stood the lowly bed of the grandmother; at its side the little cot of the child. Just above her pillow Betsy showed me a kind of rough staging leaning against the wall. Upon the middle board covered with a very white linen cloth, beneath an image of St. Patrick, and between two bunches of white flowers, I perceived—the little slippers!

The poor child looked at her shrine of beauty with admiration and even with religious awe, as upon a precious relic.

"But you should put the slippers on your feet. They are for you to wear," said I. I could not help laughing to see them set up as sacred objects of devotion.

She appeared astonished, almost angry. "Oh, never!" she said earnestly. "They are too beautiful!"

We slipped some money into the pocket of the old grandma and bade adieu to Betsy; but she could not bear to leave us yet, and followed us quite to the carriage, and looked after it with eyes full of tears as long as it could be seen.

A month later we passed through the same place on our return trip and made a halt there as before. We did not see Betsy. Before quitting that country, to which I never expected to return, I wished to see her again, if only for a minute.

I sought out and knocked at the door of the poor little cabin.

No one opened it.

I lifted the rude latch and entered.

A sad spectacle presented itself to my eyes. Around the little bed of Betsy, lighted by three smoking candles, some old women were kneeling and reciting prayers in a monotonous voice. Upon my entrance the chant stopped and one of the old women arose and came to me. It was the grandmother. She recognized me immediately, and two large tears ran over her wrinkled cheeks.

"Betsy," murmured I; "where is Betsy?"

In a few broken words she explained to me that Betsy had taken a fever and had just died.

I approached the cot. The pale face of the child wore a peaceful expression. Her long black hair lay over her shoulders in heavy curls, but her beautiful bright eyes were shut. Clasped in her thin, blue veined hands and pressed closely to her heart were the image of St. Patrick and the two little slippers. During all the time she had been sick, the old dame told me, she had held them in her hands. I begged the old woman to bury them with her.

A tear came to my eyes. I leaned over the poor Irish child and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.—Translated from the French of Jacques Normand by Harriet L. B. Potter for Romance.

Bread Made of Peanuts.

The imperial German health authorities have been engaged in experiments, the object of which was to ascertain whether a healthful bread could be made of a mixture of rye flour and peanuts. Incidentally it was discovered that the refuse left after the oil has been extracted from peanuts contains 50 per cent. of albuminous matter. Such being the case, bread made with an admixture of peanuts or peanut refuse would certainly be highly nutritious, inasmuch as the nutritive element of any kind of bread is mainly albuminous.

Wheat and rye flours have only about 11 or 12 per cent. of albuminous matter in them. When oil has been extracted by pressure or otherwise from a vegetable substance, the residue is called "oil-cake." All oil-cakes are largely albuminous. Flaxseed oil-cake contains more than 40 per cent. of such elements, and the oil-cake of cotton seed is about the same. It is generally supposed that peanuts are very indigestible. Another question involved is whether they could be grown more cheaply than wheat, which would seem to be very doubtful.

Perhaps, however, peanut bread is to be looked forward to as a luxury of the future.—Washington Star.

Nutcrack Night.

All Hallow Even, or Hallowe'en, the evening before All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, has yet another title in the north of England—namely, Nutcrack Night, the derivation of which is obvious enough. Impartially weighed against the others, it is perhaps the very best time of the whole year for discovering just what sort of husband or wife one is to be blessed withal.

Of old time, to go back to the usual source of such things, the Romans had a feast of Pomona at this time, and it was then that the stores laid up in the summer for use in the winter were opened. The appropriateness of the use of nuts and apples at this time thus becomes apparent. But when a festival flourishing in the British isles has fires connected with it, look sharp for a Druidical origin and it will not usually be necessary to look far. Now Hallowe'en has fires connected with it and a Druidical connection, if not actual origin, seems highly probable.—New York Tribune.

Car Oats at Brooks & Co's. jan27-4t.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic.—In his name. Acts xv, 26; Col. iii, 15-17.

The name of the Lord Jesus Christ is dear to all who have put their trust in him, not that there is anything in the name, but that it stands for one in whom there is so much. The Scripture contains many injunctions concerning his name, two of which are contained in our lessons.

1. Be willing to make sacrifices for his name (Acts xv, 26). In speaking of Paul and Silas the Christians of Jerusalem describe them as "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul and Silas had not died, but in preaching Christ had actually run a risk of their lives. Life is the greatest sacrifice any one could make, and it would naturally embrace all other sacrifices. In the days of the apostles, and even often since, men have actually sacrificed home, country, life—all things—for the sake of their Saviour. And all martyrs are not dead yet. There are still those who sacrifice much for Christ. Sometimes it is almost as hard to do some things we do today for our Saviour as it was in other days for men to suffer death for him, and are there not many among Christian people who today would hazard even life for him if occasion demanded it? Let us give former Christians their due praise, but not at the expense of true followers today. But not only great sacrifices for Christ please him. He sees the smallest deed done for his name. If we forego pleasure or amusement, perform an unpleasant task, control our appetites and tempers for his sake, he is equally pleased. The spirit of willingness to sacrifice for Christ is also a test of true Christianity. Thus the Christians recommended Paul and Silas. Our religion is certainly sincere when we give up much that is dear to us for it.

2. Do all in his name. Col. iii, 17. " whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." This is the practical rule laid down by the apostle for the Colossian Christians. It is applicable to all Christians. It is the sum and essence of Christian ethics. It states what should be the motive power for the Christian's every act. It means that we should do all things—small and great, temporal and spiritual—according to his command, in compliance with his authority, by strength derived from him, with an eye single to his glory, and depending upon his merit for the reception of good and pardon of what is amiss. It means that Christianity is to be carried into everyday life; that it is to be effective on week days as well as on the Sabbath, in the home and social circle as well as in the church, and applicable to personal business as well as to business connected with the spiritual welfare of men directly. This makes it a very comprehensive rule. It includes words as well as deeds. No word is to be spoken, no act performed upon which we cannot ask God's blessing in the name of Christ. This makes it a very valuable test of Christian action. If in doubt as to a business or amusement, it can be decided by an honest answer to this question, Can I do it in his name?

Bible References—Isa. ix, 6; Math. i, 21; John xiv, 14; Rom. i, 8; I Cor. x, 31; II Cor. xi, 23-33; I Thess. v, 18; Heb. vi, 9-12; xiii, 15; I Pet. iv, 10, 11; Rev. ii, 12, 13.

Her Rule of Life.

Mrs. Little was a woman greatly respected in the little neighborhood where she lived. Her friends and neighbors often spoke of her knowledge of Bible teachings, and few were the occasions when she did not remind them of her attainments by some apt quotation.

"How is it, Mrs. Little," asked a neighbor one day, "that you can always remember some suitable quotation for everything that happens?"

"Oh, I don't know," responded the good woman with a pleased smile, "unless 'tis because I always act on what I say. Now, whenever I see folks provoked I just associate it with 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'"

"I've always acted on that myself. I made it a rule when I was young never to let the sun go down when I was mad. And so it is with other things, and I s'pose that's one reason I remember."—Youth's Companion.

What "Winkers" Are For.

One of the employments of electricity just now is to make "winkers," to hang from high places. They are incandescent lights, hoisted on a flagpole or run out from a window, and the current is interrupted and turned on again by clock-work mechanism. A man sees the light, then he notices that it is gone. While wondering what has become of it it reappears. This is supposed to rouse his interest to such an extent that he will ask somebody what it is for, and the man who displays the light will then get an advertisement—if he has luck.—New York Sun.

His Spirit.

One spirit—his
Who wore the plaited thorn with bleeding brows
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak or stain
Of his unrivaled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar. Happy he
Who walks with him! —Cowper.

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