The Highland News.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1895.

HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO.

[Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.]

Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY O. C. POST.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. H. DOWNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

With his arms about her, telling her over and over again how dear she was to him, and how it was because he thought she could not love him as he wished that he had gone away, the two might have stood there until the sun had hidden itself from sight behind the mountains and the night had come up from the valley below, but that the roan horse, in his efforts to nibble at the grass by the road-side, jerked so hard upon the bridle which Erastus held upon his arm as to bring them back to a knowledge of their surroundings.

Then they started slowly homeward along the by-road that wound around the rocks, and over the stones, and in and out of gullys washed by centuries of rainy seasons.

So slowly in fact did they go on that the cows, lazy as they were, had got home and been milked, and Mrs. Parsons had looked many times in the direction from which they came, and in which she know Lucy had started in search of them, hoping to see her coming. Finally, a little worried at her long absence, she suggested to her husband that he go up the mountain a little way and call, and he, quick to take the alarm, was on the point of starting when he saw the lovers approaching; the roan horse following the length of his bridle rein behind.

For a little space John Parsons stood in doubt, then raised his hand to his eyes as if to gather more of the failing light.

Only an instant he stood so, and then bringing his hand down upon his thigh with a slap, he exclaimed:

"I knowed it! I knowed 'Ras could take a hint! That's him, Marty, that's 'Ras, an' he an' Lucy hev made up. Don't ye see? he's a-holdin' of her hand."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COTTAGE AT THE SLOUGH.

A very happy little group it was that sat under the new porch of the shanty until long after the stars came out that night.

So many changes had taken place; there was so much to talk about that it was ten o'clock before they once thought of the time, and still they talked on for another hour before retiring—the family to their beds and Erastus to a bunk on the floor.

The young man remained three days with them, and during that time they talked over all matters relating to family affairs—past, present and future.

Mrs. and Mr. Parsons of course gladly gave their consent to the engagement of the young people, but it was necessary to postpone the wedding until Erastus could get his place irrigated and in shape to produce a living.

It seemed very hard to part again so soon, but since he could not take Lucy with him, every day spent away from his own ranch delayed their marriage that much the longer.

And then there would be the pleasure of writing and receiving letters, which, of course, they would do every week at the farthest.

The project of selling the mountain ranch and all going to the Slough to live was talked of, and Mr. and Mrs. Parsons agreed that when Erastus got his place irrigated and was ready to marry, if he was satisfied with the country and the prospect, they would sell their own home and buy again as near him as possible, and if not they would both sell and go elsewhere and buy together.

And thus all were comforted by the thought that Lucy's marriage, when it should occur, would, instead of separating her from her parents, reunite them all with Erastus, and it is probable that for these three days the inmates of the shanty upon the mountain side were as happy as it often falls to the lot of people to be.

Certainly John Parsons was happy.

Lucy and Erastus wandered about the place, and through the gulch and up the mountain side together.

Together they went for the cows, as Lucy had done alone the night Erastus came.

Erastus helped Mr. Parsons sprout the grape-vines, and Lucy helped Erastus; and if occasionally, as they worked together at a vine, their hands met and their fingers interlwined it was no more than the tender tendrils of the vine they were trimming did.

If, as they walked hand in hand over the mountain, or sat to rest in some quiet nook, his lips sought hers and drank deep of love's nectar, they only followed the example of the birds that near them billed and cooed, and talked of where their next year's nest should be.

And have not you, dear reader, done the same? Then have you not known the sweetest and the best thing that life has to give?

I will not describe the parting, when at last the day and the hour came, and the roan horse stood ready to be mounted at the door.

There's enough of sadness and suffering in this true story without dwelling upon the parting of those loving hearts.

It was noon when Erastus started on his return; it was night on the fourth day when he led the roan into his stall at the Slough and ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, to whom he frankly told the purpose and result of his visit, and from whom he received hearty congratulations.

The next morning he went back to work on the ditch, and if his companions were ready with their jokes, he was in far too good a humor with the world and all things in it to be offended at what he knew was kindly meant.

For months he worked early and late at the ditch, and when it had been completed, and the water, in its slow seeping through the soil, had rendered it capable of sustaining vegetable life, he began planting trees and vines, and breaking the soil for future crops. When the year closed he found his place beginning to look quite like living.

He had intended going again to visit Lucy and her parents at this time, but his place still lacked a dwelling, and the little it would cost to make the journey would all just that much towards buying the material towards the cottage which he had planned, and he finally decided not to go, but instead to take his team and work a month for the rancher who had pastured his colts during two dry seasons, and thus, instead of spending what little he had, obtain enough more to enable him to get the material to begin building with.

When this was done he procured the assistance of a neighbor who had a few carpenters' tools and some knowledge of the trade, and together they framed and sided up the cottage.

Then he worked at night to finish it.

Often when thus engaged, after a hard day's work in the field, would he take from his pocket one of Lucy's letters, and sitting upon the work-bench or a saw-horse, re-read the lines he already knew by heart, or lose himself in dreams which those lines gave rise to; then, rousing himself, take up his tools and work far into the night, that the cottage might be the sooner completed and the face and form which he now saw only in dreams be ever present with him in reality.

At last the cottage was finished and ready for occupancy.

A plain cottage it was; not unlike the one on the mountain side, only a little longer, and wider, and higher.

There were two rooms below and one above, and there was a little porch over the front door—not long or broad, but sufficient to shade the room from the sun a little and give relief from the bare and inhospitable look which a dwelling without any projection always has.

He meant to add a larger structure in front in a few years, when his ranch should be fully irrigated and in cultivation, and so reproduce the cottage in the foot hills in accordance with the plans he had laid the night he slept under the stars on his hastily made visit the time he won Lucy's consent to be his wife; but for this he must wait yet awhile.

And so, with a heart filled with hope and courage, and running over with affection for her who was to return with him as his bride, he took a long look about the cottage, and going out, carefully closed the door behind him that it might not become unfastened during his absence.

Standing in front of his cottage, he cast his eyes over his ranch with a feeling of pride and satisfaction.

That which three years before had been a bit of desert was now a farm, with an orchard and vineyard and fertile fields; none of them very large, it is true, but everything there was the work of his own hands, the result of his own energy and economy, and it was something of which he might well be proud.

When he had taken it all in—the cottage and the green fields and the young orchard and vineyard—as a picture which he could hold in his memory until he returned, and could describe to Lucy and Uncle John and Aunt Martha and Johnny, he turned and walked rapidly away in the direction of Mr. Johnson's.

He was to start early the next morning, and was to drive his own team; the colts now fully grown and hardened to work.

He had decided upon this after conferring by letter with Lucy and her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons desired to give as much as possible of the furniture necessary to start the young folks in housekeeping, and they could do this to some extent out of what still remained of that brought from the old home in the foot-hills, and it was just as cheap and a good deal nicer, these lovers thought, to make the journey this way, in their own conveyance, with their household goods packed in the wagon, than to first transport them fifteen miles to Phippsburg, ship them by boat and cars, and then go a long distance after them at the other end of the route.

Besides, in thus going across the country they would have a whole week to spend in each other's company; in which to talk of their love and lay plans for the future.

It would be almost as good as a real wedding tour, Lucy decided.

And so one afternoon the dwellers on the mountain side saw a wagon drawn by a pair of bay horses, whose driver was a dust-covered young man with a sun tanned face and sandy mustache, wearing a wide-rimmed straw hat, coming up the by-road which ended at their gate, and knew that the bridegroom had come to claim his bride.

The place had changed considerably since Erastus had seen it two years before.

The addition to the shanty had been erected, and with the little porch in front fairly raised it to the dignity of a cottage.

The rose bushes which Lucy and her mother had planted had grown as all things do grow in that climate and soil; had clambered all over the porch and were in full bloom, having been watered and tended by loving hands.

Back of the cottage and on either side great hollyhock bushes, with purple and white and yellow blossoms, stood "thick as people in a street," and over the low windows, and reaching clear up to the eaves, Madeira vines mingled their soft, green leaves with those of the morning-glories, that in the early hours of the day were sprinkled thick with beautiful, bell-shaped flowers.

In front were long beds of pinks, and verbena and larkspur, and great crimson-hearted dahlias, that lifted up their faces and bloomed and nodded in the breeze, bent low as if to inhale the fragrance of the mignonette that looked up from the borders of the beds in which they all grew.

The grape-vines upon the sloping ground above the house had added two years of growth to their stems and, although yet unable to stand erect without the supports to which they were tied, their symmetrical arrangement in rows, together with the richness of their foliage, formed a background that brought out the coloring of as pretty a picture of simple home life as one may hope to see in a long drive in the mountains or foot-hills, and it is in the mountains and the foot-hills that beautiful pictures are to be sought for.

Outside of the inclosure, and a little further up the mountain, the cows which Lucy had driven home on that blissful evening two years before, when Erastus had told her of his love, were chewing their cuds beneath a scraggy, low branched oak.

Below, brown in the October sun, lay the stubble field from which the grain had been harvested, and which now stood in a rick near the shed where the horses were munching at their feet.

Beyond the cottage was the young orchard of peach, and pear, and apple-trees, and over all the cloudless blue sky of California.

More than a hundred turkeys wandered at will through the orchard, down into the stubble-field, and far up on the mountain side. Or they clustered about the shed and rick of grain, or came with the chickens at feeding time to the bare bit of earth near the kitchen door to receive their portion of the food thrown to them by some member of the family dwelling within the vine-wreathed cottage.

And here, one morning a week after Erastus' coming, a little party, composed of neighbors and their families, gathered to witness the marriage of the young couple who had plighted their faith two years before, standing in the road while the cows went lazily home without them.

It was not an assembly such as would have graced a fashionable church in a great city. Not one among them all, perhaps, but would have felt ill at ease in a richly furnished parlor of a brown-stone front in New York or Chicago.

They were common country people—husbands and wives who gained their living as John and Martha Parsons gained theirs—by the tillage of the soil and the raising of fruits, and grain, and poultry. Young men and maidens, the sons and daughters of these people in the common walks of life, dressed—the girls in cheap, light-colored lawns, with may be a bit of bright ribbon at the throat or about the waist; the young men in suits of linen or some other light and not costly fabric, and all of them with hands and faces tanned by the sun, but with hearts that throbbed as quickly at whisperings of love, or capable of feeling as keenly the stings of unjust criticism, as if they were robed in velvet, with diamonds sparkling upon soft, white hands.

Before these friends and neighbors, Lucy, dressed much as the other maidens were dressed, only that her robe of pure white was of finer material, and without ornament except some roses upon her breast and in her beautiful dark hair, stood up with Erastus and gave the responses that made them husband and wife as they were propounded by the gray-haired minister whose services had been secured for the occasion.

The kisses and congratulations over, and the tears which would come in spite of her determination not to let them dried upon the cheek of the bride, they all sat down to a meal at which there was a bride's cake, of course, and a cold roast turkey, and great mealy potatoes, and the most beautiful bread.

There was fruit also, the first borne by the trees and vines planted, since coming to the place, by the hands that sought out and plucked these, the occasional first offerings found scattered here and there among the foliage.

And afterwards there were kisses and hand-shakes again, and foldings of the bride to the bosom of father and mother, and tears in the eyes of all, and fervent "God bless you's."

And then Lucy was helped to a seat in the wagon, over which a canvas cover had been stretched and into which the little store of household goods which formed her dowry had been packed. Then her husband climbed up by her side and amid wavings of handkerchiefs and more "God bless you's," they drove down the lane and out upon the road which led away over the mountain and the foot-hills towards the new cottage which awaited their coming at the Slough.

Oh, what a happy, happy journey was that for seven whole bright October days; traveling by easy stages during the day, and camping out, and sleeping in the wagon at night!

What memories of the longer journey across the plains when they were children came back to them as they watched the camp-fire smoldering in the darkness and the twinkling of the stars overhead; and what beautiful secrets they disclosed to each other as proofs of their mutual love and confidence! And when, on the evening of the last day's journey, they drove up to the Johnson shanty, what a hearty greeting Mrs. and Mr. Johnson gave to the young bride who had come to make glad the home of her husband and to be a neighbor and friend among neighbors and friends!

And when, after a hearty meal of the best that could be found in the house, they went to take a look at their own home, walking hand in hand across the fields, with what pride Erastus pointed out the boundaries of his own claim; to the vineyard, and orchard, and fields, made fruitful by the water that, coming through the open ditches cut by his own hands and those of his neighbors, was fast turning the desert into a garden.

And the cottage; how pleased Lucy professed to be—really was—with its appearance and conveniences! What pleasure they took in deciding just where each piece of furniture should be placed! They would have a carpet on the larger down stairs room, and the bureau and the best chairs should go in that; and the small table, with a few books, should stand near the center of it. Lucy's guitar should hang on the wall with Erastus' flageolet, and just as soon as they could they would get a few pictures to help make the room still more bright and tasty. Their bed they would put up stairs, and, until they could build larger, would eat in the kitchen, or in pleasant weather, out of doors, and so keep the best room always cozy and nice.

And so, still planning for the future, yet perfectly happy in the present, they returned as they came, hand in hand across lots to Mr. Johnson's, where they were to spend the night.

On the morrow Mr. Johnson helped Erastus to unload the few heavy articles and place them in the cottage, and then they went away, and together the young couple put down the carpet and arranged the furniture, returning to Mrs. Johnson's to dinner, as that lady insisted that they should do.

Indeed, she would have had them remain with herself and husband for a week, "until they got rested from their journey," as she said, but to this they could not think of consenting.

They were both anxious to get into their own house, that they might together take up the work of making still more beautiful and productive the spot upon which they expected to remain all their lives.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE THREATENING WHIRLWIND.

The year that followed was a very happy one to the young couple, working away upon their claim at the Slough.

True, they were poor, and were forced to live very economically; but what was poverty when they had love, and health, and the assurance that poverty would be vanquished in a few years more?

It lacked less than two years of the time when they could "prove up" and get a Government patent to their land under the Homestead act, and by that time they would have almost as fine a fruit and vegetable ranch as the State afforded; for here the frost never comes, and with all fear of drouth banished by the certainty of an abundant supply of water from the river through the irrigating ditches, prosperity seemed assured beyond any possibility of failure.

Then, too, a branch of one of the leading railroads was being built near them, and would be completed, and furnish means of transportation for everything they raised, by the time their trees and vines were in full bearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR SUNDAY READING.

MY HERITAGE.

They told me I was heir. I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure.
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads: I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met and said: "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in—naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mist he hastened:
"Poor child! what evil ones have hindered thee;
Till the whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places, vainly;
I heard men name His name in many ways,
I saw His temples plainly,
But they who named Him most gave me no sign
To find Him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before His face,
I knew Him by no token
Save subtle air of joy that filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken:
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds to nests are fled—
My Brother had not where to lay His head.

My share! The right like Him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
A watch by day and night with those who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each: "Joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask Him for thy share!"

—From "Verses" by "H. H."

AGNOSTICISM.

Are Its Admissions of Any Value to Practical Religion?

Agnosticism is the creed of the latest and perhaps the ablest school of anti-Christian scientists. That creed is stated by Herbert Spencer as follows: "There is an unknown power or force which rules the universe; is self-existent, indestructible, eternal; the ground of the existence of all things; the power of which the universe of mind and matter is but a manifestation, of the essential nature of which we can know nothing." If Mr. Spencer is right in saying recently that this creed furnishes a basis for devout religious belief and worship, then Agnosticism may be properly defined as "the religion of the unknowable." Frederic Harrison ridicules this as an effort to court the favor of religious men; says that a God of whom we can know nothing is of no practical use to mankind, and that there is not a single element of religion in such a creed. We incline to Mr. Harrison's opinion, though we have less regard for his own creed, positivism, falsely called "the religion of humanity." The agnostic's admission that God exists is rendered nugatory by his denial that He can reveal Himself.

But now comes an eminent English divine, Dr. Matheson, declaring in his recent book entitled "The Problems of Evolution and Revelation," that the agnostic's creed contains several admissions of great value to true religion, and that it is "rooted and grounded in the same principle which has ever given birth to the spirit of religion—the sense of mystery, the vision of the inscrutable in nature." In the last *British Quarterly Review* is an admiring review of Dr. Matheson's book, under the caption: "The Admissions of Agnosticism," in which the writer says:

"These, then, are the admissions of agnosticism: that an inscrutable, indestructible and eternal power exists, and that man has faculties by which he can recognize, and is constrained to recognize, its existence. These are positive admissions, or rather positive assertions. It is true that from the religious point of view they do not in themselves amount to much. They can scarcely be called religious doctrines at all; but they constitute a foundation on which the entire system of religious doctrine may be built. But when we seek to build on this foundation, and to add to these the doctrines of Divine will, knowledge and holiness, with the possibilities of revelation and of incarnation, the agnostics meet us with the assertion that all these proposed additions are beyond the limits of our possible knowledge; that even if true, we could not know them to be true. Why not? If we can recognize the existence of the Divine power, where is the impossibility of our recognizing the Divine intelligence and holiness? Even if it is certain that these are made known neither in visible nature nor in consciousness, where is the impossibility that God may make them known by revelation. On his own principles, one who asserts nothing about the invisible power except that it is inscrutable ought to pronounce no dogma on the subject."

Anent the thought of this last sentence, we add that we may have no right, as we certainly have no inclination, to dispute the agnostic's modest avowal of his own ignorance in saying that he knows nothing of the invisible power which rules the universe, save that it exists; but when he presumes to say he knows that nobody else can know anything more of that power than he does, and that it can by no possibility reveal itself to men, he falls into a very definite gnosticism, assumes to know a great deal more than he does, and loses all credit for modesty.

We believe that these writers, in common with many others who are attempting to reconcile the old faith with the new, and to harmonize evolution with revelation, make too much of supposed concessions of agnosticism to religion. Their course seems to savor strongly of theological hedging to catch the favor of pseudo-scientists. It is an attempt to read old theology into new science, and can never be successful. Modern science, most of which is intensely agnostic concerning all religious beliefs that are of any practical value, has nothing in common with the religion of the Bible. The two can never harmonize until scientists, from being agnostics and taking pride in avowing their ignorance of Divine things, become no longer faithless but believing, and able to say, concerning spiritual veritics, with the sublime confidence of Paul: "We know."

Of what conceivable value to practical religion is the agnostic's admission that nature shows the existence of an invisible power that rules the universe, is the ground of all that is, etc., so long as they refuse to call that power God and deny that we can know anything of His moral nature? That admission all men, except "the fool, who hath said in his heart there is no God," are forced to make without the help of agnostics. Even the Roman heathen of Paul's time were forced to admit that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." Yet the measure of knowledge of God that nature gave them did not save them from the vilest idolatry and corruption. No more can the agnostic's creed, pure and simple, save men now from like degradation. — *N. W. Christian Advocate.*

GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL.

First Temptations to Evil Always Come in Attractive Guise.

It is a favorite saying of the poets that only the good is beautiful; but what if the saying only were true! If we could but know that everything which is beautiful is also good; if the evil were always repulsive to us, and only the good attractive; if Satan never came to tempt men except with horns and hoof; then, indeed, it would be easy always to do right, and it would be incomprehensible that any one should do wrong. But there are good things which are not beautiful, and beautiful things which are not good; and to discriminate between the two demands knowledge and wisdom and care. The deadly beauty of the basilisk's eye is the true type of much earthly beauty; its fatal gleam arrests the victim's gaze, and holds him motionless until fangs sink into the flesh and venom is carried into the very life. The charm with which so many wrong actions are invested, the glamor which makes so many things which are known to be evil still attractive to us—his is the real basilisk-eye, this the true beauty of the serpent. The tempter never comes, for the first time of tempting, in a repulsive shape; nor do the lamps burn blue at his appearing. When he comes he is most likely to conform himself to our habits and tastes; to the cultured and polite he will appear most delicately refined; to the jovial and the hearty he will come in the shape of the "good fellow," after their own heart; to the student in lust he appeared as a finished and a worldly wise scholar; to some he may even appear in a winsome and beautiful human face. But, however he appears, he is more to be feared the more attractive he seems; and we, who are not ignorant of his devices, ought to have more than beauty or attractiveness to judge by, ere we pronounce that which Satan offers good, and that which, perhaps, God is offering, evil.—*S. S. Times.*

OBEDIENCE.

The Most Important Lesson for All to Learn and Practice.

It is recorded of a certain great philosopher that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself. Knowing the father was such a deeply learned man, the friend thought that the little girl must have learned something from him very deep, something very grave from her very learned father. So he said to the little girl: "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked up to him with her clear, blue eyes, and just said the word: "Obedience." That was what the great, wise man taught his little girl, and I believe that is the most important lesson for children, to learn to be obedient. It is a lesson necessary for their happiness and for their safety; I think we may say necessary for their very life. And after all, what are we? Grown people of this great world so full of mysteries, what are we after all but weak, ignorant little children? How little we know of what is around us and what is before us. How little we know what may be the consequences even of our own acts. Manifestly, therefore, the most important lesson for us to learn is the child-like lesson of obedience. And it is our Father's wish above all to teach us this lesson. A lesson that we are to begin to practice upon earth and to practice for evermore when we serve Him day and night among the angels.—*Canon Wynne, of Dublin.*

God's Loving Care.

When the mother goes before her child that is taking its first little journey across the room, to move this chair and that stool, and to clear the course for the little traveler, is she haughtily saying: "I am your head; I am older, and greater, and better than you?" She never thought anything of the kind; the very fact of her going before, the apparent act of priority and superiority, comes out of her love, gentleness and care, lest one o the steps of her child should slide. So let us not always think of God as exhibiting proofs of royality and supremacy, or as throwing His shadow upon us to teach us our littleness, but rather think of Him going before us, that He may remove the mountains and gather up the rough stones, and make plain places for our feet; and so, out of what some regard as a great overshadowing and chilling dominion, let us get the better idea of a patient, watchful, inexpressible tenderness.—*Joseph Parker.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—Always in books keep the best company.—*Sidney Smith.*

—The practical belief of the truths of Christianity contains much that is latent and undeveloped. The Christian is wiser than he knows.—*Shedd.*

—So Live and Act.—

So live, so act, that every hour
May die as dies the fairest flower,
That every word and every deed
May bear within itself the seed
Of future good in future need.

—"It wasn't master's sermons, but it was master's life, that did it," said a servant—who had been awakened to think of her sin—of her master, who was a clergyman. Christian reader, can it be said of us that our home life is a daily sermon which every one in the house can read?—*N. Y. Observer.*

—It is not calumny, nor treachery, that does the most harm in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly-spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian; the provident lie of the politician; the jealous lie of the partisan; the merciful lie of the friend; and the careless lie of each man to himself, which darken and degrade our life.—*Ruskin.*

—The church has not cast anchor over an uncertain Bible or an uncertain creed. If it has, then it has no message to deliver and no authority to lift up its voice in the name of God and His Christ. It would better become it to be silent. But it believes, and therefore it speaks. It has a Divine commission to stand upon and a true Gospel to deliver. Hence it can afford to face not only opposition, but disappointment and apparent failure. It can also afford to wait all the more, because it has been forewarned of delay and of the need of patience. "He that believeth does not make haste."—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A NEW WEATHER BUREAU.

A cyclone in the nursery
Sent Noah's ark a-flying;
It made the dolls turn pale with fear
And almost fall to crying.
It rent the house of jointed blocks
From turret to foundation,
And flooded poor Rover's tail until
He howled in desperation.

The cyclone in the corner stood
(Her other name is Florence);
Her face was overcast with clouds,
The tears rained down in torrents.
And looking in the door just then,
Her teasing brother Truro
Inquired, with feigned anxiety:
"Is this the weather bureau?"

"A weather bureau! What is that?"
She asked, and stopped to wonder.
"It tells about the storms," he said,
"Of wind and rain and thunder.
Hurrah! I'll get a flag and make
This room a signal station,
And you shall show me every day
The weather indication."

"What's that?" inquired the puzzled child.
Again the tears had started.
"Hold on a minute; you shall see,"
Said True, and off he darted.
He waved a banner in his hand
A minute or two after;
It may have been enchanted, for
It turned her tears to laughter.

"This means no storms to-day," he said.
"Why, Flo, how did you know it?
Now, every time you smile like this,
The flag shall fly to show it.
I'll hang it by the picture here,
This one of the Madonna,
'Twill tell you're trying to be good,
Are trying upon honor.

"Though out-of-doors 'tis cold and damp
From wind and rain together,
Sweet looks will change the dreariest day
To bright and pleasant weather.
But if you are a naughty girl
And fly into a passion,
The flag shall disappear at once
In a very hasty fashion."

A great improvement this has wrought
In temper and in manner,
For in the nursery still I see
A pretty blue silk banner.
And this I know, that earnestly
A little maid is trying
To be a sweet, good child and keep
Her signal flag a-flying.

—*Annie M. Pruff, in Golden Days.*

STORY OF A DOG.

How He Rescued a Child from Drowning and Kept at Bay Its Mother and Friends—Paul's Ingenious Plan.

On the margins of the beautiful winding streams and rivers of France washerwomen may often be seen at their work, presenting, under the leafy shade of the grand old trees, a very picturesque effect. No doubt you have seen pictures of these watering-places. They are furnished with a row of shallow, three-sided boxes, open toward the shore, and with the back resting on posts set in the water. Just below the surface of the water a smooth board slants downward, and the washerwoman, kneeling in the box, holds her piece of washing upon this slanting board with her left hand, while in her right she grasps a kind of paddle, with which she beats the linen, turning it again and again, until with the beating and the force of the running water it becomes entirely clean and white.

One summer day, many years ago, a washerwoman who was too fond a mother to leave her baby in any one else's care, brought it with her, and while at work, placed the child in the box where she was half kneeling, half sitting at her washing, and where she could occasionally bend down to fondle her darling baby. Suddenly, and without any warning, the child sprang from the mother's lap and slipped over the side of the washing-box into the bubbling river. The mother's shriek was echoed by the startled cries of the other washerwomen as the child was borne off by the current; and the poor mother was with difficulty restrained from leaping in after her child. At that moment, some one watching the tiny form perceived a dark object making its way from shore straight toward the drowning baby, still kept afloat by its clothing.

"A dog! it is a dog!" they cried. "See! he is swimming for the baby!"

The few seconds of suspense that followed seemed almost like hours. Then the watchers embraced the agonized mother, with words of cheer.

"He has her by the frock!" they cried. "See how he keeps the darling's head above the water! She is saved; yes, nearly saved!"

For a moment the strong animal buffeted with the strong current and then struck out bravely for the opposite shore. Then a new fear assailed the watchers, for that opposite shore was solitary and uninhabited; they were reports every season of prowling wolves that were seen there. What if this great creature were no dog, but a ferocious wolf that had saved the child only to devour it? And the dismayed women stepped before the weeping mother, so that she might not see the other shore.

The four-footed swimmer reached the land; he laid the rescued child on the ground, shook the water from his heavy coat and then—calmly stretched himself panting and watchful by the silent form.

A cry of relief came from the watchers, and with swift feet they hurried to the ferryman's hut, not far up the stream. They found the old ferryman sitting in his boat, mending a row-lock, and chatting with his nine-year-old grandson, little Paul Dorlecker, who was on a visit to his grandfather from his home near Pesolo, on the Rhine. As soon as he heard the story, the ferryman untied his boat and quickly landed the excited washerwomen on the opposite bank. First to spring ashore, little Paul darted to the spot where the baby lay, but was speedily back with the information that the child was alive, for he had seen it move its arms and kick up its little feet, but that the dog would not let him come near.

Here was a dilemma. The dog guarded his prize determinedly, rolling a pair of fiery eyeballs and snarling savagely at the intruders when they attempted to approach. In the intervals, he would lick the face and hands of the infant, now cooing contentedly, and would give it the most affectionate attention. But let one of the party advance a step, and it was the signal for him to turn on them and drive them back. No coaxing had the least effect; and when one of the women, remembering a lunch of bread and meat in her pocket, tried to win him with food, he scorned to look at it. Losing patience, the ferryman provided himself with a club, and thought to try what a show of force could do. This merely enraged the dog, who was more than a match even for an armed man. Very much in earnest, then, Paul's grandfather sent the boy to bring from the boat his duck gun, declaring that the dog must be shot.

Away flew Paul, while the women set up such a lamentation because of the necessity of killing the dog that had saved the baby from drowning, that the ferryman made them go some distance away, lest the dog, if only wounded, should spring upon them indiscriminately, at a time when he would have all he could do to defend himself. But the gun, too, was a failure. It was evident the dog understood a gun, but supposed that they intended to shoot the child; for as protected its body so closely with his own, that to fire at one would be to fire at both. Completely baffled, the old man threw the weapon on the ground.

"Hold! Grandpa!" cried Paul, at his elbow. "I know what I can do!" And the swift feet were off toward the ferry once more.

"He is going to try a lasso on the beast—the way he caught the pig that broke out of the pen yesterday," said grandfather to himself, and then he shouted, but too late to be heard: "Don't take the rope that ties the boat, Paul! Don't let the boat loose!"

The women, waiting in terror for the report of the musket, saw Paul run past, and thought of him no more until three minutes later, when a cry for help attracted their attention, and Paul was seen to fall headlong over the boat's stern into the deep water. As he rose to the surface he grasped the rudder with one hand, but long before help could arrive, his hold slipped and he disappeared. The old man, running as fast as his stiff limbs could carry him, reached the boat at the same time as the women; but he was less frightened than they.

"Why—that chap can swim—like a duck," were his words, as he caught his breath. "He drown ng?—I wouldn't—wouldn't have believed it!"

"He was frightened by the accident," some one remarked, while the old man worked at a disadvantage in getting off the boat, as he kept his eyes turned on the water.

"There! away yonder! so far down—oh!" came the cries from the shore, as the women, shielding their eyes from the sun with their hands, caught sight of the lad's head and shoulders above the surface, nearly opposite the point where the child had been landed. All felt that he was drowning, but none dared say so to the fond old grandfather. In the same breath Paul gave one last, long, piercing cry, and sank gradually amid the curling waves.

That call had an instant effect. True to his life-saving instincts, the great dog leaped into the river again, and swimming to the boy, drew him, heavier burden than the baby, slowly ashore at the spot where the baby had lain. But the baby lay there no longer; for its mother, whom the shriek of distress had also aroused, had snatched it up, as the dog left it, and borne it away in joy and triumph. And as soon as Paul was on land, he stood up and hailed the boat, swinging his arms and shouting:

"All right, Grandpa. Carry over the womenfolks, and when I'm ready presently, I'll walk across."

He broke into a laugh that startled the echoes, the merriest laugh, those who heard it said, that ever fell on their ears.

"The young rascal," cried the grandfather, gayly, while a tear of gratitude stole down his bronzed cheek, "to frighten and fool us so!"

"But how fine for him to have fooled the dog!" said the women.

The dog did not appear to take the loss of his former prize to heart, as he had now secured a larger and better. In a little while the boat was seen approaching. Paul stood up on his feet, patting the rather astonished dog upon the head, and the pair trotted along shore to meet the ferryman.

"We were just going to swim across for sport—can't we, Grandpa?" cried Paul.

But his grandfather thought there had been enough of that kind of sport for one day, and so the boy and his new playmate crossed in the boat.

Some hours later a sportsman appeared at the ferry, inquiring for a dog answering the description of the one that now, hearing his master's voice, came rushing out of the ferryman's cottage. Both were glad to meet again, and the sportsman, when he had heard the story, expressed his delight that his noble runaway had so well employed his time.—*Lavinia S. Goodwin, in St. Nicholas.*

How I Knew They Were Gentlemen.

I saw two gentlemen on a street-car to-day. One of them was grown up. He was handsomely dressed in a gray business suit, and had very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I knew he was a gentlemen? I will tell you:

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned, he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so, his bare feet touched the grown gentleman's knee, and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his straw hat, and said, very politely, in a clear tone: "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said, with a pleasant smile: "Certainly."—*Youth's World.*

The Relic Fiend.

The Americans seem even keener in their appreciation of such jetsam and flotsam of history than their kindred on this side of the Atlantic. General Washington's relics are so valued that the manufacturer of them is reported to keep several skillful artisans in steady work, and no doubt those with which the name of General Grant can be bracketed will in time command an extravagant price. It is the American who chips off bits of the Parthenon, who engrosses the lynx eyes of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican, who used to make Temple Bar even more hideous than it was, and who barks every British tree to which any tradition attaches or from which any historical character has been suspended. Americans supply a steady market for locks of hair and old boots, and they were the chief bidders for the clippings of Thorwaldsen's beard, which were sold in Copenhagen. Nor is the feeling to be deplored. It keeps us from despising the "superstitions" of our ancestors, and is so far a tribute to human nature that the respect shown for these monuments of the dead proves that we believe there were strong men before Agamemnon, and good people even before we were born.—*London Standard.*

—The rich green mold which lovers of Roquefort cheese enjoy is called "Penicillum glaucum," and is made artificially. Roquefort is made from sheep's milk, and the interesting vegetation is secured by making bread of wheat, barley flour and vinegar, allowing it to get moldy, and sprinkling a few of the moldiest crumbs in the curd that is to become cheese. In the apartments in which Roquefort is prepared "the phenomenon"—i. e., the fungus—"is introduced as far as possible." It is in such things as this that the effete civilization of the old world leads us.

—This is the essential evil of vice, it debases a man.—*Chasin.*