SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dr. Meredith has a Bible class in Tremont Temple, Boston, which had more than 2,000 members a few days ago.

—The New York *Tribune* has a rattling article against the vicious system of cramming large masses of undigested facts into the heads of our public school children. Ignorance is preferable to the evils of such a system.

—It does not follow that a girl has entirely finished her education because she has, as one said lately, been through the "nominal" school "and ciphered clear through from simple ambition to chemical fractures."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Yung Wing, the new Chief Magistrate of the city of Shanghai, is a Christian and has an American wife. He is a graduate of Yale College, and the original promoter of the scheme of educating Chinese boys in the United States.

—Political economy is said to be the one subject in which no Harvard student fails to elect a course during the three years in which he is allowed a choice of studies. Ten years ago there were seventy-one students of political economy, while this year there are 210.

—The fire drill is being practiced in several of the public schools in Toronto, Canada, it is said, with excellent effect. The children are required, on the alarm being given, to leave their seats in order, divide into two lines, one at each side of the room, and at the exit meet and march out two abreast.

—Missouri has next to Indiana, the largest amount of permanent funds devoted to school purposes in the Union. They aggregate $9,471,696, not including the annual apportionment of State revenue. The State has a school population of 741,632, and of this number 488,000 are enrolled in the public schools. There are 8,822 schools in operation, conducted by 10,607 teachers, and last year $3,568,438 were expended upon these schools.—*Detroit Post.*

—It is not often that a country church has more than ordinary luck with the contribution basket. Once in a while, however, the church gets even with the penurious hearer. In Huntingdon last Sunday a man accidentally dropped the contents of his purse on the church floor just as the contribution box was passing him, and the liberal-hearted man who sat in the next pew gathered up a handful of silver and filled the basket. A cheerful giver is a joy to the country church.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Notwithstanding all that has been said about the dignity of the common school teachers, their pay remains, on an average, below that of ordinary mechanics. The average monthly salary is $67.54 for men and $30.59 for women, in Massachusetts, against $32.36 for men and $28.42 for women, in Pennsylvania. In Alabama the monthly pay of white teachers is $20.96; Kentucky and North Carolina, $21.25. But in Nevada it is $101.40 for men and $77 for women; in California, $80.26 for men and $64.73 for women. The 47,200 common school teachers of Prussia receive, on an average $282 per annum, besides a house and fuel.—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Speaking of a doubtful man in society, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says so long as he has got ingots it makes no difference how he got in.

—Inasmuch as the course of true love never did run smooth, wouldn't it be a pious idea for Congress to make an appropriation for the stream of love?—*Grip.*

—The tramp who tried to steal a through passage to New York remarked, when he picked himself from the snowbank into which the muscular brakeman had deposited him, that he didn't care to be a throw passenger again.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Some men are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these animated apothecary shops: "An idea struck us yesterday"—and before we could finish he advised us: "Rub the affected parts with arnica.—*Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.*

—The average age of different men is put down thus: Merchants, fifty-five; physicians and lawyers, fifty-eight; farmers, sixty-one; clergymen, sixty-four, and great geniuses, seventy-five. It will be observed from the above that the journalistic profession tends to longevity.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—Poem on Bells—

The cry is heard on every hand
To stop the church bells ringing;
But it would be quite as unwise
As if they'd stop the singing.
Say what you want about the noise
This fact is worth repeating:
It is the belles, and nothing less,
That call young men to meeting.
—*N. Y. Star.*

—A company of gentlemen, who were dining at an inn, inquired if the turkey that was served to them was fresh. "Fresh is it!" said the Irish waiter, jauntily. "Faith, it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around on his own rale estate, with his hands in his pockets, never draming what an urgent invitation he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

—Extract from a modern novel: "She had thrown her heart at his feet, only to be rejected. What greater punishment can any woman have to bear?" Well, he might have picked up her heart, carried it home and given it to his dog. Or he might have put his foot upon it and gr-r-r-round it into the dust. Or, worse still, he might have lifted it up tenderly, placed it in his coat-tail pocket, married her the next day and made her work in a shirt factory while he fooled away his time and money in a pool room. That would have been something like punishment.—*The Judge.*

—He was a depositor in a Rochester savings bank. He entered the institution the other morning and timidly inquired "Is the Cashier in the city?" "O, yes, he's at his window." "And is the Treasurer around?" "He is." "And the President?" "The President is in his office." "Has the bank been speculating in oil, wheat, cotton or mines?" "No, sir." "And if I were to present my book could I draw the four dollars I have on deposit?" "You could." "Well, that takes a great burden off my mind," sighed the stranger, as he walked out with greatly improved looks.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

The Messenger of the Sea.

The Vice Consul for Sweden and Norway, at Bordeaux, Mr. Gundersen, suggests that the time-honored bottle as a means of sending messages from the sea should be replaced by the small red balloons which at present serves no better purpose than to delight children and torment everybody else. They will float rapidly before the wind, keep their contents dry, and are a noticeable object at a considerable distance. One of them was recently thrown overboard from one of Mr. Gundersen's ships which was ashore near Dover, and two hours later the letter was posted Dover by an unknown hand. It is quite possible that such balloons, made of tougher material than those sold to children the world over, might prove useful.

How the Fates Work Against Poor Jones.

It has sometimes been doubted that there is a divinity which shapes our ends rough—hew them how we may, but there is one man in this city who believes that he is foreordained, predestined, predetermined to suffer. Poor Jones! he seems to spend his whole life in offering to Mrs. Jones—an excellent woman, by the way—a series of apologies for doing things he never did, and he no sooner gets out of one scrape than he plunges into another. If Mrs. Jones has a fault it is that of loving Mr. Jones too much for his own good; and being so particularly fond of him herself, she imagines every other woman must be, and so at times Jones finds his life not worth living.

It always happens, too, at some time when he is in a peaceful, pious frame of mind, walking firmly in the path of rectitude and flourishing like a bay-rum tree. For instance, just a few nights ago he said, after supper, that he believed he'd go down town a few minutes and look at the new electric light, and Mrs. Jones asked him to mail some letters for her, and he started out, whistling

"I want to be an angel."

On the way down it occurred to him that he might as well stop at the barber's and get shaved, and he did so. Then he went to look at the light, and as he walked along the sidewalk, where it was as bright as day, he saw a lady in front of him drop a folded paper out of her purse. He started forward, picked it up and presented it gallantly to the lady, saying:

"Madam, you dropped this just now."

Now the most that he expected was a grateful "thank you;" but instead of that the woman gave a terrific scream, grabbed hold of a policeman who was sauntering by, and pointing Jones out, shrieked:

"That man insulted me!"

Jones attempted to explain, but the policeman told him to hush up or he would club him, and then asked the woman if he should arrest him. She said n-n-o, she should hate to have to appear in court against such a creature as that, and so after taking Jones' name and number he let him go.

Jones went home; he had tasted enough adventure for one evening and was glad enough to get back into the no place-like-home atmosphere again, but when his wife saw him she held up both hands.

"Why, Jeptha," she exclaimed; "how you look, where's your collar and tie gone to?"

"I-I-I don't know," stammered Jones, who had forgotten all about the barber shop where he had doubtless left them; "h-h-hain't I got them on?"

"Why, no! and how queer you look. Did you mail my letters?"

"Y-y-yes," gasped the wretched liar; "of course I did."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Jones, in a voice that nearly took Jones out of his boots. "I know those letters are in your pocket at this very moment. Let me feel!"

Jones had a wild thought of rushing out into the night and cold and leaving Mrs. J. to find out all she could, but he hesitated, and the man who hesitates is lost.

"There they are," she said, in a tone indicating that she had found a roll of million dollar bills, "and—but what's this?"

There was an awful silence, and you could have heard a meeting house drop as Mrs. Jones, with a calmness born of desperation, unfolded a piece of white paper and read:

"To Madam Blank, fine French millinery, Dr.
One pink satin evening bonnet, $33.
Received payment,
SARAH BLANK & CO.

It was the wretched piece of paper he had picked up and which fate had helped him to thrust into his pocket to form one link in this iron chain of adverse circumstances. We will draw a veil over the subsequent hilarities of that evening and merely refer to the atmosphere of Betsy-and-I-are-out gloom which has enveloped "no-place-like-home ever since like the dense smoke from a glass factory. Jones is still a strong believer in manifest destiny.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

The British Postal Savings Bank.

The postal savings bank is not intended to be a general bank of deposit, but rather for those who have little to deposit, and who wish safety first and profit afterward. Less than twenty-five cents is not taken, but a plan has recently been adopted by which an equivalent of penny deposits is allowed, though such deposits must amount to twenty-five cents before it is entered on the depositor's book. Each depositor must certify that he has no deposits in any similar institution. More than $150 will not be received in any one year, and no deposits can be made beyond $750 for one person. Interest to the amount of two and one-half per cent. is allowed, and when principal and interest both amount to $1,000 interest also ceases.

That is the utmost sum that can stand to any one name. Every precaution is made to keep it within the scope of its original purpose—that of a people's savings bank. The number of persons to whom accounts were standing at the close of the official year of 1881 was 2,185,000, and the total deposits were nearly $170,000,000. The money received by the department in the shape of deposits is laid out in the purchase of Government bonds, on which the interest is three per cent., thus saving one-half of one per cent. to the Government. A part also is laid out in other approved securities, on which the interest is sometimes three and one-half or four per cent., thus giving a still larger margin of profit. The net result is a profit to the department, though I have not figured the amount of this profit.—*London Cor. Chicago News.*

How the French Canadian is Dressed.

The New York *Sun's* Montreal correspondent relates this: "I must tell you how these girls dress," said a New York woman to her husband. "First, they start with flannel from head to foot—and such flannel! Why, it's an eighth of an inch thick. Then they go like other women, except that they put on more skirts, and usually a quilted one that's as warm as a wood fire. Then they put on a dress, and over that a chamois jacket that fits like a shoe in the mud. Then they put ribbed woolen stockings over their stockings and arctics over their shoes. They don't care any more about the looks of their feet than the St. Louis women do. Then they put on knit wristlets, then gloves, then a fur or cloth dolman, then a fur cap, and finally a coil of worsted comforters. When they are dressed, if they are hurled at a speed of a mile a minute from a toboggan, they are unhurt. If they fall through the ice they are not wet. If the thermometer drops fifteen below they read of it next day and wish they had known it at the time."

—A Syracuse sleigh 100 years old is driven by a man of eighty-five and pulled by a horse in his thirty-fifth year, and it's the only rig in that vicinity that has been hauled up for fast driving for six years.—*Boston Post.*

The "Promised Land."

I was once crossing a series of undulating ranges abutting on Mount Hermon with an English tourist who was making merry at the utterly barren appearance of the "promised land." It turned out, however, that his attempted wit served to sharpen our observation, and we found that all the hill-sides had once been terraced by human hands. A few miles further on we came to Rasheiya, where the vineyards still flourish on such terraces, and we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the bare terraces, from which lapse of time had worn away the soil, were once trellised with the vine, the highest emblem of prosperity and joy. Similar terraces were noticed by Drake and Palmer in the Desert of Judea, far from any modern civilization. It is rash to infer that because a place is desolate now, it must always have been so, or must always remain so. The Arab historian tells us that Salah-ed-Din, before the battle of Hattin, set fire to the forests, and thus encircled the Crusaders with a sea of flame. Now there is scarcely a shrub in the neighborhood. In wandering through that sacred land, over which the Crescent now waves, one is amazed at the number of ruins that stud the landscape, and show what must once have been the natural fertility of the country. Whence has come the change? Is the blight natural and permanent, or has it been caused by accidental and artificial circumstances, which may be only temporary? Doubtless, each ruin has its tale of horror, but all trace their destruction to Islamism, and especially to the blighting and desolating presence of the Turk. That short, thick, beetle-browed, bandy-legged, obese man that so many fresh tourists find so charming, is a Turkish official. He and his ancestors have ruled the land since 1517. A Wilberforce in sentiment, he is the representation of "that shadow of shadows for good—Otman rule. The Turks, whether in their Pagan or Mohammedan phase, have only appeared on the world's scene to destroy. No social or civilizing art owes anything to the Turks but progressive debasement and decay. That heap of stones, in which you trace the foundations of temples and palaces, where now the owl hoots and the jackal lurks, was once a prosperous Christian village. Granted that the Christianity was pure neither in creed nor ritual; yet it had, even in its debased form, a thew and sinew that brought prosperity to its possessors. The history of that ruin is the history of a thousand such throughout the empire. Its prosperity led to its destruction. The insolent Turk, restrained by no public opinion, and curbed by no law, would wring from the villagers the fruits of their labor. Oppression makes even wise men mad, and the Christians, goaded to madness, turned on their oppressors. Then followed submission on promise of forgiveness. The Christians surrendered their arms and the flashing cimeter of Islam fell upon the defenseless, and the place became a ruin amid horrors too foul to narrate.—*Contemporary Review.*

Outcome of a Spelling School.

A graduate from the High School in this city had a call from a country school about two hundred miles north of Detroit, and he went his way provided with several written recommends and a whole cart-load of enthusiasm. He found the school house to be a one-story affair made of logs and large enough to hold thirty scholars in case the teacher stood in the door. When school commenced the score of scholars could only muster a geography printed in 1848, an arithmetic a few days younger, a dozen leaves of a speller and the half of a broken slate.

The teacher, however, went to work to hammer knowledge into their craniums, and he had convinced most of them that the world was round, and that the sun neither rose nor set in that country, when it came time to have a spelling-school. For convenience sake it was held in a big barn, and the turn-out included everybody from the boy who spelled "corn" the same as "horse," for convenience sake, to the old man who always put "in haist" on his letters to his brother in Vermont.

It wasn't much of a contest until the last half-dozen towered aloft. "Catarrh" and "photograph" laid em out by the dozens, and when only the champions were left "Constantinople" floored all but two like a bolt of lightning. Then came the word "parasite." One rendered it "parysight," and the other gave it "perrysyte," and when the teacher shook his head one cried out:

"I've writ that word over a hundred times, and I guess I know?"

"And I've seen 'em every day of my life for forty years, and I don't sit down for anybody!" added the other.

"It is parasite," replied the teacher.

"I dispute it!"

"So do I."

"That's the way Webster gives it?"

"Who's Webster?"

"Yes, trot him out."

Then the friends of either rose up. In the shindy the teacher came in for two black eyes, a cracked rib, kicks on the shin and bites on the ears, and the minute he could get clear and over the fence he headed for Detroit and reached home in want of so many repairs that it took two months to make him presentable. He had a few dollars due him, and he left a change of clothes up there, but he doesn't want to hear from the directors. They may consider that he has resigned and any parasite desiring the situation can have the vacancy without paying bonus.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Upright Judge.

A Judge full of caustic humor and shrewd common sense, and remarkable for the brevity of his judgments and the rapid decision with which he was wont to cut the much entangled knots of litigation, was Sir Samuel Martin, Baron of the Exchequer, whose death at the age of eighty-two was almost simultaneous, by curious coincidence, with the recent opening of the new law courts of London. In a certain case he once summed up as follows, after a mass of contradictory testimony and long speeches by counsel: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence and the speeches of the learned counsel. If you believe the old woman in red, you will find the prisoner guilty; if you do not believe her, you will find him not guilty." He had a thorough hatred for interpreters in court, and once, when a Spanish sailor was being tried and the interpreter was particularly unskillful, he exclaimed: "Mr. Interpreter, tell the prisoner that he has got Mr. —— to prosecute him and Mr. —— to defend him, and that I am the Judge, and this is the jury that will try him." This having been conveyed to the prisoner, the Baron continued: "Now Mr. Interpreter, stand down," and tried the whole case in English, pure and simple. Baron Martin's career was full of mercy and kindness as well as justice, and he left the bench a few years ago crowned with the respect and love of all who knew him. Apart from a growing deafness, his physical and intellectual faculties remained unimpaired until within three days of his death.—*London Truth.*

For Young Readers.

THE DOLL SHE LOVES BEST.

"Oh! come, little girlie, and tell me, I pray,
About these three dollies you play with all day.
Which one of them all is the dearest to you?
Now come, little lady, and answer me true."

"Shall I really? Well then, I'll begin with my pet.
It's a boy-baby-doll, and has no hair as yet.
It came to me Christmas, and has pretty, long clothes—
Black eyes and red cheeks, and a cute little nose.

"And then—here is Mamie, with sweet, pretty face;
Mamma made her a dress and trimmed it with lace!
She has stockings and shoes, a cloak and a hood,
And she smiles and looks pleasant, as all dollies should.
She sits up so straight, and her eyes are so blue
I think I love her the best—wouldn't you?

"This poor 'banged up' dollie I've had just two years;
She has cut all her hair, and the rings from her ears;
She has clothes, but they're old—she can't spoil them, you see,
And that is why she's such a comfort to me!

"She hasn't a name, and is not very pretty;
But I rock her, and pet her, you know, out of pity!
Her face is so sad! She's had many a fall—
And I think—yes, I'm sure—I love her best of all!"

—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE CAT'S REVENGE.

Freddy was very fond of cats, especially kittens. At least, he said he was, and he ought to have known. But I am afraid that if the cats, and especially the kittens, had been asked, in cat-talk, what they thought of Freddy, they would all have me-ow-d in concert, and without one dissenting voice: "He is a MONSTER!"

Freddy's papa had a private conviction that his son was going to be the great inventor of the age. So far the inventions had all been, in one way or another, connected with cats. There had been a thrashing-machine and a churn and a wood-sawing machine, all to be worked by cat-power; the working models only required from one to four cats apiece, but the real machines, Freddy said, would need "a million cats apiece, except the churn; a thousand and one would do for that."

Freddy came into his mother's room one day, carrying the smallest kitten by the tail, and saying:

"Mamma, a million kittens fastened by their tails like this to a parallel bar, would beat the best horse-rake that ever was made; you must hang 'em so that they can just reach to claw, like that!"

Mrs. Hurst, Freddy's mamma, pounced upon him as if he had been a mouse and she had been a cat, exclaiming, with tears in her eyes: "O Freddy! You cruel, cruel boy! Put that poor little kitten down instantly, and go and stand on one foot in the corner as long as you possibly can, upon your honor!"

It was not against the rules to talk, so when he had stood for five minutes, he said:

"Mamma, do you suppose Arethusa felt like this when I carried her by the tail?"

"She felt much worse," said his mother, gravely. "Her head felt just as yours feels when you stand on it too long, and her tail ached with your pinching and the weight of her body."

"Well, I'll try to remember," said Freddy, thoughtfully; "but their tails look like handles!"

"If there were such things as giants without ears," replied his mother, "they would probably think that your ears were meant for handles, and go carrying you around by them. How would you like that?"

"I don't know," said he. "I never tried it," and just then he tottered and "flopped," as he called it, against the wall, and so he came stiffly out of the corner and went for his kiss, which meant that the punishment was over.

Perhaps you will think that the cats had a vacation, at least for the rest of that day? Oh, indeed!

It was after dinner and Mrs. Hurst was writing a letter.

She was just telling Freddy's aunt, in the letter, that she really thought Freddy understood, at last, how much pain he gave the cats by his experiments, and that she hoped to have no more trouble about it, when a wild and unearthly howl, such as only Freddy knew how to give, made her drop her pen and rush across the yard towards the howl.

Freddy was hanging from the apple-tree, not by his neck, but by his wrist, which he had somehow caught in a slip-knot of his own making. The other end of the rope was securely fastened to the bough. His feet almost touched the ground, so Mrs. Hurst easily lifted him enough to loosen the knot and free him; she feared at first that his wrist was either broken or sprained, but after feeling it gently and carefully, she decided that it was only rubbed and bruised, and was about to conduct him to the arnica bottle, when a pitiful "meow!" just above her head made her look suddenly up, and there was one of the unhappy kittens tied into what looked like a small fishing-net, and vainly struggling to free herself.

Mrs. Hurst mounted an old chair which stood under the tree, detached the net with two vigorous pulls, and then sat down on the ground with the whole thing in her lap, and gently released the imprisoned kitten, which had been fastened in by lacing the two edges of the net together, and in her struggles had caught her claws in the most uncomfortable manner.

"It's her hammock, mamma," explained Freddy, forgetting to cry any more; "and I didn't tie her; I only tied the hammock so that she shouldn't jump out when I swung her."

"All I say to you about your cruelty to the cats seems to do no good, Freddy," answered his mother, sorrowfully. "So instead of punishing you any more, I think I must send them all away. Come in and have your wrist bathed now, before it begins to swell; and then I wish you to stop playing for an hour and go somewhere quite alone and think."

Now this made Freddy feel very forlorn and forsaken. He saw, by the grave, hurt look upon her face, that he had made her very unhappy; so he went out of the room without a word. Old Nancy, the cook, was in the kitchen pantry beating Maryland biscuit and singing like a whole camp-meeting; so Freddy decided upon the kitchen for the thinking ground. The thumping and singing would keep him from feeling utterly lonesome and deserted.

He thought it would be easier to think if he said his thoughts aloud, so he began:

"Frederick Hurst! aren't you very much ashamed? You ought to be. I'm glad you pinched your wrist. Now you know how the cat's tail felt. Perhaps it felt worse, because it's so full of joints. What will you do if all the cats go away? I think I will go on thinking laid down on this shelf. Mamma did not say I must stand up to do it. It's only chicken-feed in the bag; it's quite nice for a pillow. And I'll be very careful and not put my feet in the frying-pan. It's nice and warm here, and I like to hear the kittle sing. It sounds a little like purring. Perhaps it—is—purring!"

And that was the last of Freddy's thinking, for he was fast asleep. But he did not know it. It seemed to him that the stove had changed into a long, black sofa, and the kettle into the cat Douglas. And presently the whole family of cats from Lady Blanche down to the smallest kitten, came in, one after the other, and sat solemnly down in a row, and each one stared at him so hard that he began to feel very uncomfortable. Presently Douglas spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "our enemy is at last in our power, and I have a suggestion to make to you. It seems to me that he would be suitably punished were each of us to do to him, for half an hour, precisely what he has done to us—that is, as nearly as possible, for unfortunately, he has no tail. Are you all agreed to this?"

And the whole ten answered solemnly, and in one mew: "We are all agreed."

They all rose from the sofa as they spoke, and Freddy suddenly observed that he, himself, was no taller than the smallest kitten had been, that the kitten was exactly as tall as he usually was, and that the other kitten and the cats were tall in proportion.

Douglas was the largest, and he was at least six feet high.

He stood on his hind legs and picked Freddy up with his fore-paws, holding him head-downward, and squeezing him uncomfortably hard as he did so.

"Poor little thing! *Dear* little thing!" said Douglas, in a soothing voice, and rubbing Freddy's hair the wrong way as he spoke. "Come out in the yard and play."

And out into the yard he marched, swinging Freddy by one leg. In vain Freddy squirmed and screamed. His screams sounded to him like faint mewing, and he was powerless in those great paws.

Douglas sat down in the swing, and, holding Freddy, still upside down in his arms, began swinging and singing. The motion and position together made Freddy dreadfully sick and dizzy, but he had never felt so utterly helpless in his life, so he lay still, except for a faint moan now and then. Although he trembled to think what might happen next, he was thankful when Douglas suddenly jumped up and handed him to Mint, saying:

"It's your turn now; we'd better not be too long about it, for fear he should wake before we've all had a chance at him."

"I'm not going to take my turn, thank you," and Mint put him gently on the ground, and folded her paws.

"How is this?" said Douglas, sternly; "you voted as the rest did."

"I know it," said Mint, "but I forgot how he went across the yard and half-way down the lane, after dark, to pick me some catnip that night I was ill, because Aunt Nancy said it might cure me. It did cure me, and ingratitude is the blackest of crimes."

"You are excused," said Douglas. "Next!"

Lady Blanche stepped forward and picked Freddy up in her soft white paws. He wondered what she would find to do to him, for, so far as he could remember, he had always been kind to her—she was so pretty and ladylike.

She seated him comfortably on her lap, and, pulling a handful of colored ribbons from a pocket in her fur, began to tie his hair up in little points. She pulled very hard, and each bunch, as it was tied, felt like forty or fifty mosquito-bites; but she talked to him gently, in a soft, purring voice, all the time she was doing it, telling him how becoming it was, and occasionally stopping to stroke him. A shriek of laughter from the other cats greeted her finished work, and then Peter the Great came eagerly forward, exclaiming:

"It's my turn now! I've got the walnut-shells all ready!" And turning Freddy on his back, Peter squeezed his hands and feet into walnut-shells that were much too tight for them, and then put him down on all fours, and told him to "walk Spanish." Every time Freddy tried to rise, or even to roll over, Peter grasped him, and set him down on his hands and feet again. Each step he took was a separate pain; the shells seemed to grow tighter every minute, but just as he thought he could not bear it a moment longer, Douglas said, sternly:

"Time's up! Next!"

Then Peter the Small advanced, and, without saying a word, picked up Freddy's feet, thus obliging him to walk on his hands. Although Freddy had managed desperately to pull off the walnut-shells before his next persecutor began, he did not enjoy being "wheel-barrowed" about the yard, his legs firmly held, and his arms and hands compelled to sustain his whole weight. Peter went faster and faster, and Freddy, afraid to stop moving his hands, was breathless with fatigue before he once more heard Douglas say:

"Time's up! Next!" This time he added:

"As he begins to show signs of waking, the six kittens can all go at him at once."

With a sixfold mew of delight, the kittens fell upon him, the oldest exclaiming:

"We'll make him walk tight-rope first—stretch the clothes-line, some of you!"

Five pairs of willing paws stretched the clothes-line between two posts, and Freddy was set upon it and left there, unsteadily balancing himself, many feet from the ground. With a faint hope of gaining the nearest post, and sliding down it, he set out on his perilous journey, with trembling feet and swimming head. He wavered—he was almost gone, and a savage hiss arose from the cat audience.

A few inches farther he crept, waving his arms wildly, and then—he fell.

It was not only a dream-fall, either. His feet went into the frying pan, he rolled from the shelf, and waked, spluttering and choking, with his head in the little tub of brine which Aunt Nancy had that morning mixed for her pickles.

The kettle was boiling over, and the water hissed angrily on the stove.

He struggled to his feet, just as his mother and Aunt Nancy, each having heard the commotion, came in at different doors.

"O mamma!" he cried, running into his mother's arms, "save me from the cats! Indeed, indeed, I'll never tease them or hurt them any more!"

Little by little, Freddy was convinced that he had been dreaming, but his dream had been so terribly vivid and real that he never forgot it. He was very gentle with them after that, but particularly tender and affectionate to Mint.

"She was the only one of them all who didn't help to torment me, mamma," he would say—for his mother had agreed to "pretend" that it had all really happened—"and it was just because I'd been a little kind to her, only once. Oh, I think cats are a great deal better than boys—that is, most cats than most boys!"

—*Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.*

Hold On!

Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word. Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry. Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places. Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Philosophy of Colds.

The closing of some or all of the seven millions of pores of the surface is but another name for a cold. These pores are but the outlets or openings of the sewerage of the body, intended to carry off the waste and dead particles of the ever-decaying body, to repair which the food is daily taken. Both physical and mental exercise aid in carrying off the tissues that have "outlived their usefulness," an extensive system of conduits, said to aggregate twenty-eight miles in length, leading to the surface from all parts of the body, the openings of which are well protected, to guard against obstructions from the impurities of the skin. A chill from any cause, particularly when following a depressed state of the system, the result of undue warmth, tends to drive the blood from the surface, the small vessels of the skin containing about one-half of that of the whole body, thus depriving the pores of their stimulus and nourishment, with a consequent condition which results in an inactivity, a failure to remain open and effective. Hence the dryness and contraction, and the uncomfortable sensation of this surface. And, hence the congestion, more or less, of the internal organs, a feeling of fullness. Hence the unusual internal heat, the inflammation of some of these organs, as the lungs, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc.

Hence the cold feet, hands and surface, deprived of their usual stimulus, as the "blood is the life," the warm currents from the heart, intended for all parts of the body, not reaching these parts in the usual quantity. Why are there more colds in the winter than in warm weather? Not wholly because of the cold, for some one has truthfully said: "We do not take cold, but hot!" After being accustomed to the debilitating influences of the "heated term," the whole system enervated, particularly the vessels of the skin, colds are usual during the chilly nights of the fall, particularly when persons are not careful to change clothing to correspond with the abrupt changes of the temperature.

The same principles apply to midwinter, during which time so many are subjected to a heat that would not be tolerated in the summer, having the false and unphysiological idea that such heat is a protection against colds, the opposite being emphatically true. These hot rooms so debilitate the vessels of the skin, enervating the whole body, that colds are perfectly natural. Indeed, those who are most exposed to the cool, bracing and invigorating air of winter, at work in the forests, sleeping on the boughs of the hemlock, in a rude hut, or those who are the drivers of public conveyances, are by no means as subject to colds as are the "hovered" those enervated by our over heated rooms! These symptoms are much aggravated by the coldness of the feet from tight boots, etc. Colds result more from the difference of the temperature of different parts of the body, one being in perspiration, and another suffering from cold. It is an easy matter to take a cold in a hot room, sitting by the fire, though not when a cool current of air might fall on the victim, the unusual heat with its weakening effects, doing the work. I will add that a sore throat may as often result from a derangement of the stomach, as from a cold, the irritation of the stomach extending up to the throat and tongue, the coating on the latter being the same as that of the stomach. I will enlarge only to say that the cure of a cold is secured by a reversed condition, opening the closed pores.—*Dr. J. H. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

—A literary Vermonter who recently tried the power of the human eye on a ferocious bull is recovering from his wounds and bruises, but has lost all faith in such mesmerism.

Religious Miscellany.

HIS PEACE.

O wondrous Peace! canst thou, dear Heavenly guest,
Consent to stay within our hearts oppressed,
'Mid the harsh tumult of our worldly care,
Our empty hopes, our pleasures light as air,
Nor long to seek thy native realm of rest?

Thou truest refuge of the soul and best,
Thou art the Master's sovereign, last bequest—
A greater gift than joy, more constant, fair,
O wondrous Peace!

God's angels have not such a boon possessed
As He hath granted to the human breast.
"*My* peace I give," O heritage most rare!—
The deep repose of Christ Himself to share.
All hail! Thou morning-star of day more blest,
O wondrous Peace!

—*Julia H. Thayer, in Chicago Advance.*

GOD AND THE BIBLE.

Looking at the Bible merely as a historic fact, what evidence is there that God had anything to do with it?

It was not composed at one time. Nobody claims that it was; indeed, the critical tendency now is strongly in the other direction, viz., to break it up into an indefinite number of fragments. Thus, the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, but at a much later time, toward the close of the Jewish monarchy, and was then compiled out of a very large number of earlier fragments. No matter what theory of dates may be held, it is clear, and admitted, that in the Bible we have a book made up of some three-score books which were written at widely sundered times and places. At the very lowest calculation the books, as to their origin, span a thousand years of time, and more probably according to the received chronology, fifteen hundred years. Here, then, is a historic line fifteen hundred years long. Is there any unity or sequence in that history which has any bearing on the question of the supernatural origin of the Bible?

Well, there is at all events an unbroken historic thread stretching from Eden to Patmos; a single line unbroken during all those centuries of conflict and change, and drawn out consistently by many different writers. That history is taken up and carried forward from one generation to another in such a way as to justify one in saying that it is all one thread. And it unwinds from one idea, which is given at the beginning of the history in the statement that one of the children of men should crush the devil. This statement is the key to human history. It indicates the division into good and bad into which all history falls, and it foretells the fact, which all history brightens and sharpens, that there is a movement on foot to destroy sin. Is it not important to inquire whether there is any truth in this hope or prediction. The one act of interest is that it was persisted in through all those weary and discouraging ages, that the evolution or revelation of the doctrine of Jesus Christ is the one idea towards which all this Book, in all parts and through all the centuries, persistently and consistently turns. This idea was steadily developed from the first promise onward. All types and ceremonies point to it. All prophetic voices converge upon it. The hope grows brighter as the national life declines, showing it to be something above, and independent of, all national and natural movements. When Christ came, the slow developing hope was suddenly realized. It was predicted Christ should come of Abram's seed and David's house—and He did. That He should be born of a virgin at Bethlehem, at a time when the national dynasty was in ruins; and it came to pass. That the result of His coming should be the destruction of Jerusalem and the founding of a new kingdom—and it was so. Here, then, is an idea, evolved or revealed, sustained consistently and logically from age to age by different writers, from all classes of people, kings and peasants, and without any possibility of collusion between them. It is one living hope; traveling on for two thousand years and shining at last over the ruin of the nation for whom it originally arose, living, triumphant, indestructable hope. How is this accounted for? If it had been written at one time, by one hand, conceived and consistently developed by one human mind, that would have been a literary triumph unmatched in the history of letters. But it was written in many ages, by many hands, and from many ranks of life. Let German criticism break up the Old Testament. Breaking diamonds multiplies their faces. Let the heterogeneity of the fragments of sacred writings be carried to any extent that criticism may elect, the process will only magnify the mystery of such a book having only a human origin. For the destructive criticism, while it multiplies the pieces, can not take the intelligence out of them, it can not destroy the conspicuous unity and progressive development of the sacred idea, first dimly shadowed forth to our first parents, and traveling toward clearness from age to age, as the sun rises in strength from hour to hour.

If any one says: "It was natural development along a national line," it will be sufficient answer to say the current of the history sets strongly against the national life, and can not, therefore, be its purely natural outcome. It was written by Jews, it was most sacredly guarded by them, and yet it is anti-Jewish, recording their sin and their doom, and eventuating straight against their nationality. It is national history, making headway against national feeling. If, then, the literary difficulty of supposing the Book to be a natural product were overcome, there would remain the stupendous difficulty of accounting, on principles of natural literary development, for a writing all whose current sets against the people who evolved and so sacredly guarded it.

But the Biblical doctrine is as peculiarly progressive as its history. To make this unbroken and continuous is more difficult than to preserve a connected history. The latter might possibly be accounted for in a mechanical way; but thought is not mechanical; it can not be artificially matched like pieces of a mosaic. It is subject to such free play of individualism as has made the history of opinions generally a history of contradictions. But the Bible, from first to last, reveals a harmonious system of doctrine not only harmonious, but steadily and logically progressive. It not only moves, but it moves along the same upward rising line. Again it constitutes a development against the national character of the people among whom it originated. It could not, then, be an evolution. Its fundamental conception of God, for example, resists steadily the idolatrous tendencies of the people. That conception was not a Jewish growth. When they swerved, it drew them back. The idea is unfolded from a plane above the national life; so also its doctrine of sin arrays itself constantly against the popular level. And its doctrine of redemption, appearing to the childhood of the race in pictures, and to its manhood in spoken prophecies, this is sui generis in religious literature. If this was evolved, why have not other races, as Greek and Roman, standing far higher in general culture, shown some parallel to this wonderful unfolding? The fact is, other religious books are eminently fragmentary, like the ethical sentiments of Confucius, or the moral aphorisms of the Dhamapada. They never develop a worthy system even in one age, much less one that grows, as with some Heavenly vitality, on from one period of time to another. In the Bible two score writers, along the sky of fifteen hundred years, are painting independently, here the touch of a shepherd's unpracticed hand, here a prophet's mystic stroke, here an unlettered fisherman's rude art. And as the centuries are wheeled under that sky, there comes out one picture, advancing to fuller light, and always along the same doctrinal line, a picture of such moral effect as to command the admiration of the world. Is that the natural product of human thought? It were easier to believe that Hamlet was written by a dozen different men in a dozen different centuries, from all social stations in life, each writing one scene, without having seen the writing of the others. When such a literary achievement becomes credible, it will be credible that the historic and doctrinal unity, elevation, progressiveness of the Bible had the accidental origin of a score of different and diverse kinds of writers. The relations between New and Old Testaments promptly preclude the idea of merely natural origin. Why does the key fit the lock? The harmony of the personality of Christ with the types and prophecies is of itself a sufficient vindication of supernatural origin. This is not Mosaic. It is life.

"What was he that did make it? See, my Lord,
Would you not dreamed it breathed, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?"

—*Chicago Interior.*

What Boys Will Be.

"Boys will be boys," but they will be just such boys as their associates old and young make them. You can not make them men if you try, but if you will permit and encourage them to be boys, you can direct what kind of boys they will be. It is this distinction that is at fault in most of the relations that exist between the church and her children: it tries almost invariably to make boys Christian men, instead of Christian boys. There have not been wanting churches that expected boys to love to read the serious portions of the Bible like a father in Israel to be grave and mirthless like a man who had carried burdens and grief for years; to be balanced and decorous as a Judge trying a man whose life was at issue; to be quiet and reverential as a military veteran with whom it has become second nature to do homage to his superiors.

The average boy is repelled by all this, while if he were allowed to be a boy-Christian, shunning all vicious companionship, avoiding all foul or profane speech, checking his temper, learning obedience and all the other boyhood virtues, while encouraged to play as heartily, laugh as merrily, joke as playfully, frisk as coltishly as his mates.

When pastors, parents, Sunday school officers and teachers appreciate the harmless boyish traits of youth, there will be less danger of repelling the young, less anxiety about the skepticism of men, less remorse over sons gone astray, less regret over the absence of men in the pews.

It is one thing to make them better boys; it is quite another to take the boyhood out of them. Shun the latter with the same caution that you labor for the former. Here is a theme for every pulpit, a lesson for every teacher, a motto for every superintendent, a thought for every parent.—*Golden Rule.*

College Statistics.

According to a table prepared by Secretary Tarbox, of the College and Education Society, a considerable proportion of the students in our colleges and universities are professing Christians, but the number having the ministry in view is comparatively small.

The whole number of colleges in the country is about four hundred. We append the figures of only some of the leading ones, the tables being apparently very incomplete. The first column of figures represents the whole number of students (including, in some instances, those in preparatory classes); the second, the number of professing Christians; the third, the number studying for the ministry; and the fourth, conversions during 1882:

	1	2	3	4
Amherst College, Mass.	351	[illegible]	70	11
Bates College, Me.	113	53	29	—
Brown University, R. I.	[illegible]	115	25	2
Colby University, Me.	[illegible]	59	16	—
Dartmouth College, N. H.	[illegible]	74	22	1
Hamilton College, N. Y.	[illegible]	[illegible]	12	[illegible]
Harvard University, Mass.	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	—
Knox College, Ill.	[illegible]	218	20	7
Marietta College, Ohio	[illegible]	19	9	1
Middlebury College, Vt.	38	14	6	—
Princeton College, N. J.	591	137	38	[illegible]
University of Vermont, Vt.	94	10	—	1
Yale College, Conn.	613	220	25	[illegible]

The totals of the first three columns, representing thirteen colleges, are 3,759 students, 1,748 professing Christians and 292 who are studying with the ministry in view.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Torturing a Spying Tutor.

He was the pink of perfection. If the cream of human excellence was to be churned the butter would lump in the shape of Prof. Porteous ——, tutor. He had contracted the bad habit of stealing up stairs in his stocking feet to see if the lights were out at ten. It is hard teaching old dogs new tricks, but boys sometimes succeed better with old professors. Tommy Tayre is a cadaverous youth, with a sulphur-colored mustache, but the iron rod entered his soul, and he said he must do what he could. So he bought three papers of carpet-tacks one night and stood the innocent little nails on their heads all the way down the stairs, and retired with his faithful followers to the wood-closet above to await results. Promptly the chapel bell struck ten, then a season of waiting and whispering followed. Presently came a flurry, creeping sound like woolen stockings feeling their way over rough boards. Tommy tucked his hat in his mouth—his mouth runs clear around, except a small isthmus which connects the top of his head with the nape of his neck—and held his nose till the first burst of glee had subsided. Now came a suppressed scream, one foot on the stairs, then another foot down, then a scream that wasn't suppressed, then a howl, he had struck the second stairs; then he sat down on the next step, but he got up again, and a groan, with exclamation points after it, came tearing up to the wood-closet. The boys stood back to give Tommy room to kick; then came a scrambling and shouting of heavy words, and Tom promptly appeared and asked in a voice fresh from the valley of Nod. "What seems to be the matter?" "Matter! The boys! The demons! Confound it; see here! Help" and he shifted about and hung to the railing, and tried to stand on his knees. Tom brought a light, and the boys carried the wounded man to his room, offered sympathy, got a claw hammer and drew out the tacks. The professor wears slippers and sits on a cushion. Tom sits on nettles, for seventeen boys know the secret, and it is spreading like small pox in an Indian camp.—*Tidbits of London.*