

THE MASTER'S TREASURES.

I wonder if ever the children Who were blessed by the Master of old Forgive He had made them His treasures. I wonder if little lambs of His fold. I hear it, angry and willful, They wandered afar and astray— The children whose feet had been guided So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening, Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair, And low leaning down to the murmur Of sweet childish voices in prayer, Of hush the small pleaders to listen, If haply again they might hear, The words of the gentle Redeemer Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy That ever those children went wrong, And were lost from the peace and the shelter, Shut out from the feast and the song. To the day of gray hairs they remembered, I think, how the hands that were given Were laid on their heads when He uttered, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to all of His children, We, too, may be sorry for sinning; Who read it in God's Word today; We, too, may believe and obey, And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven If one little child shall go wrong— Be lost from the fold and the shelter, Shut out from the feast and the song.

"SAID."

[Concluded from last week.]

"That's true, yes; but it is untrue that I have come to disturb your ancestors." "Englishman man not dig up Chinese mans as the dogs dig up the sweet potatoes in the drack?" she asked.

"Never." "But the dragon of a million teeth must make his bed across the sacred place of my ancestors, or else he slips into the river and is lost, for no bridge can be stretched above the river over there." She pointed with her tiny finger toward the west.

"No," she answered. "Red is for festivals, for betrothals, for—" "Is it not 'said' between us?" he whispered to the girl, meantime giving much praise of the needlework to the father.

"Ah-Moy-Ah," he answered, "I will be obedient to your father, who directed her to fetch down her best flowers of silk while he pocketed the money which the foreign mister cheerfully gave."

And Ah-Moy-Ah, having wrapped the flowers of silk in the devil paper, fetched them to her father. He took the parcel from her, scolding her for her abominable carelessness as he pulled the flowers from the paper, put them into a seed-bag, and gave them to Holt, who then went away without even so much as looking at his sweetheart. Indeed she had discreetly turned her back to him, and was wiping her honorable father's shoes.

Then her father said to her, still holding the devil's paper in one hand, as with the other he took from the pocket of his blouse a pile of red cards: "See, you are sold; you are to marry Wu Lang from the village of Fan-Si, twenty li from here. I have never seen him, but he pays a suitable dowry through the middle-man. You are lucky. The wedding will be soon. He has no time to come; but you will go to him, and that is all. You are betrothed."

And Ah-Moy-Ah, with her little fingers slipping over Sir Eliot Holt's ring in her pocket, laughed softly as she replied: "Honorable sir, I am indeed a happy slave to you, and it is an unspeakable joy to me that I am at last betrothed to a beautiful man." As she spoke these words, she managed to slide her finger into the big seal-ring.

Her father also was feeling the money in his pocket. "The foreign devil that buys the flowers of silk is not a trader; he is the one who comes to make place for the railroad that shall desecrate our ancestors."

Ah-Moy-Ah shook her head and played with the red cards of her betrothal; she evinced no interest in the trader.

"Look," Ah-Moy-Ah's father spread out before her eyes the devil's paper with the pictures. "Behold! This is the portrait of the trader; and see, the railroad. In our language it says he comes to make the journey short from one part of the land to the other."

Ah-Moy-Ah looked. She could not read Chinese at all, but she could make out fairly well the English printing. She nodded impassively, returning to her play with the cards.

But when her father had gone, she seized the paper which he had dropped, lay down on the ground, and caught the swinging lanterns closer. Then spreading the paper open, she made out the meaning.

That Sir Eliot Holt was off for China about the great railway the very day after his betrothal to the beautiful lady whose portrait was on the paper east side of his own!

She lay there a long time, so long that there were rustlings in the thicket, hoofs stamping, a man's impatient treadings. She did not hear. By and by she got up, put out the blue lanterns, and lighted the red ones. Then she laid Sir Eliot's ring in the middle of the paper, right on the hand of the lady whose portrait was near his; took her needle and red silk and sewed it fast there; then folded the paper carefully, and tied it with a piece of red ribbon. Then she awakened her grandmother, saying, as she gave her a red card:

"Grandmother, honorable old lady, I, your unworthy and foolish slave of a grandchild, am betrothed."

And the grandmother moaned as she waved the red card back and forth.

"Get up and come with me," exclaimed Ah-Moy-Ah. "There may be relatives, friends in the fields, to whom we must tell the news. Come!"

And the tottering old woman was led by the younger one out of the yard through the puddles to the thicket next the wide ditch; and each woman carried her red lantern, glowing through the mists like a gigantic ruby. As they came, Sir Eliot saw them, and sprang to meet her. But something—maybe the yellow, decrepit grandmother waving her red light and her red card—held him motionless.

Ah-Moy-Ah bowed to the ground. Then her face shone transfigured in the rosy gleam of her lantern as she said:

"Honorable sir, you have left with my father the much price for my flowers of silk, but you have forgot to take everything that is yours with you: they are here."

She handed him the parcel, laying on top

of it one of the red cards of her betrothal to Wu Lang. Then taking her grandmother by the hand, she turned away, and each held her lantern high. "Ah-Moy-Ah, my little love!" Sir Eliot darted to her and grasped her arm. What was an old Chinese woman as a barrier to him?

The grandmother stood still, but Ah-Moy-Ah, lifting her lantern higher, pointing to the red card and the parcel in the hand of the foreign mister, spoke softly, saying:

"Honorable sir, I am 'said.' Go 'by.'" And the old woman and the young one passed out of his sight in the mist.—Century Magazine.

China Old and Unclean.

In America think that the famous Pyramids of Egypt are old. We look back upon the history with a sort of awe. Yet the Chinaman of today comes from a nation who lived and worked and studied the celestial philosophy eight centuries before the biblical period of Moses, writes Clyde Witmer.

Ordinarily, we look back upon the history of Greece and Rome as an antique period. As compared with China, our Grecian and Roman history is as modern news. Of the two races of people who still survive from out the period far back in ancient history, the Jews and the Chinese alone are left. Every other nation has perished. The Jews, however, have lost their country, and there is no nation which they can now claim as their own distinctive Semitic nation.

The Chinaman, however, still possesses all of these things perfectly intact. His country still remains well preserved. His language is his own possession still, and the yellow man still possesses his distinctive nationality. "John," in addition, has contributed his share toward the world's progress.

Around the commencement of the Christian era, the Celestial discovered how to make paper, and a few hundred years after this he devised the art of printing. Far back in historic times, when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited the British Isles, wearing coats of animal skins and fishing in canoes dug out from tree trunks, the forefathers of the present Chinaman were selling Chinese silks and other profitable wares to the Roman Empire.

Although the Chinaman did not possess the instruments of mathematical precision which our engineers of today utilize, yet 200 years before the birth of Christ John Chinaman constructed the Great Wall around China, which contains material sufficient to build a wall six feet high around our entire globe. You cannot help but take your hat off in admiration to the abilities of the higher grade Mongolian, even though his country is reeking with filth and squalor.

Babies Who Think.

Do children think before they can talk? Professor Ribot, the great French psychologist, says that they do.

He cites the case of a child of Preyer, the famous student, writer and scientist. Preyer says of one of his children that it was impossible to take away one of his nipples without it being discovered by the child, while at 18 months he knew quite well whether one of his ten animals was missing or not, says the Springfield (Ill.) State Journal. Yet this is no proof that he was able to count up to nine or ten.

At 17 months Preyer's child, which could not speak a word, finding that it was unable to obtain a flinty placed above its reach in a cupboard, looked about to the right and left, found a small traveling trunk, took it, climbed up and possessed itself of the desired object. Here there is certainly an element of invention.

Another illustration is that of a boy, aged less than one year and incapable of pronouncing a single word, to whom a stuffed grouse was shown with the word "bird" uttered to identify it. The child immediately looked across to the other side of the room, where there was a stuffed owl.

Another child, having listened first with its right ear, then with its left, to the ticking of a watch, stretched out its arms gleefully toward the clock on the mantelpiece.

Darwin related these observations of his grandson: "The child, who was just beginning to speak, called a 'duck quack,' and by special association it also called a 'water quack.' By an appreciation of the resemblance of qualities, it next extended the term 'quack' to denote all birds and insects on the one hand and all fluid substances on the other. By a still more delicate appreciation of resemblance the child was usually called after the French coins 'quack,' because of the color of a French sou it had once seen the representation of an eagle."

The Ideal Jurymen.

There is a general agreement in London legal circles that the best jurymen are to be found among men sixty years of age. The opinion is that jurymen at that age show better judgment than younger men.

A leading London barrister, asked for his opinion, said: "I prefer a man of fifty years of age. A defending barrister, in say, a criminal case which has certain sentimental elements will always welcome a young jury. He knows he can touch their emotions far more easily than he can those of men over fifty. Sentiment is very rare at fifty, and a man is cold and purely logical. The average man who has reached the age of fifty looks upon things from a materialistic point of view, and his judgment is therefore unaffected by sentiment."

Education, save in certain civil cases, is no great asset to a jurymen. The bricklayer or the mechanic has just as much knowledge of human nature and a sense of justice as the professor, and in many respects barristers and judges prefer the unlettered jurymen to the man of culture, though in the case of the latter he is less susceptible to an emotional plea.

The man with sound common sense, learned not from books, but from every day life, is not so easily led either by judge or counsel as many suppose, and if you add the wisdom of years you get the ideal jurymen.—Exchange.

She Knew the Game.

"Now, children," said the teacher to the junior class in arithmetic, "if I had nine yards of cloth and used five to make a skirt and three to make a jacket, what would I have left?" "A lot of scraps," promptly answered the little girl at the foot.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Chastising Servants. The Different Peoples in India and Their Customs. Sick Kept in Hot, Close Rooms, Etc.

JHANSI, APRIL 29th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

The rains and cool weather are all a thing of the memory and tonight the heat is intense—not more than you can stand, but so drippy. Miss McL., the one who has been ill, declares I look like a washed out rag and I merely laughed at her, for you know how perspiring makes one white and I am almost as clean and clear of skin as I can ever become; it is all due to the constant bathing and perspiring one does. I didn't think my skin could ever be so active as it is here.

I want to tell you about the chastising I did yesterday. I have been having two small boys pull my "punch," (not so very small either) but pull that fan they would not. I have talked and argued and scolded, but all to no avail, so yesterday I had a tub of rain water standing on the porch and boy-like they were more interested in throwing water over their nice bare bodies than in keeping me cool. I, of course, did not know how my precious water was being wasted, when after an hour and a half of exasperatingly shrieking at them I cautiously looked out and saw what was happening, out I went in my night dress and bare feet, and finding a nice long stick I proceeded to tan those boys' backs good and hard, and for the rest of the day I had as good a fan as anyone could desire. Miss McL. said she had not had such a good laugh in years as while I was venting my heated wrath upon those bare skinned urchins.

Another day is started and as it happens to be my natal day I have had a nice little surprise. Two of the nurses brought me a very pretty silver napkin ring and had it beside my plate at early breakfast, with a very charming little note attached to it. One of the English women whom I have met sent me such a pretty belt, knitted from thread.

Speaking of these Indian peoples; I have told you of the smallness in stature, etc., of the Hindustani men and women. Truly their feet and hands are so tiny their bracelets wouldn't go over three of my fingers. There is a native state here which takes in nearly the entire upper India and it is bordering on the U. P., called the "Punjab." The curious thing about it is, that their men are great big, splendidly developed men, nearly all over six feet tall; their morals and their characters correspond with their stature. Their wives are big, handsome women, very intelligent and nearly always beautiful. They are clean and are really delightful to deal with, and yet they are our neighbors; the people of this U. P. are so different.

Then there are the "Bengali" people, living down around Calcutta. They are all very light in color, just about average in size, but are keen and bright and it is from this rank that most of the "pleaders" come; but they are not to be trusted and are the ones from which all the "bombs" and seditions start in this country, and then the West asks, "why can't this new India rule herself?"

These various peoples are as much at war with each other as they are with us. They have a different language in all these sections, a different religion and different standard of morals. Could you ever imagine them combining on the small subject of ruling their own land? And in the meantime, England, or some other country must take the helm, and the papers in the U. S. will be shouting war; and yet, what can they do (I mean those at the helm.)

I don't know just why I started on such a topic except that in the dispensary today two fine looking "Punjab" women, wives of soldiers, came for medicine and they submitted to the examination without shrieking and fighting and listened to all the instructions with eager ears and I know they will follow the directions. It was so hard to talk to them and I had to find a special nurse to tell them what I wanted. I came home and upon crossing the road saw some "Bengali" men driving past on their way to the "Katchery" (court house) and of course you see how my mind ran on.

These better grade men have a club just beside the English club and each night they go there to play tennis and talk, just as their English brothers do; and they are dressed just as the English are, with this difference; they will wear only a small visorless cap. Of course no women are ever seen, that would be wonderful. If you were to follow these men to their homes you would find that they lay off their European clothes the minute they cross the threshold of their houses.

And just here, to show you a bit of what "in Perda" may mean. There has been in the hospital, in a small private room, some Mohammedan women. The other night I was called over on account of a case and got there about 12.30 in the night. It was a hot, close night, although in one quarter a very good breeze was blowing. I went up onto the veranda and past the screen doors leading into their room; a lantern was burning brightly and these three women, in full day dress, were lying on the floor, fanning themselves, evidently in much distress from the heat and yet just outside was a fourteen foot veranda with screens along the sides, upon which were eight or ten women sleeping, and a de-

lightful breeze came sweeping in from a distant corner.

I sat down on the steps at the side to wait until I was called, and a servant came out from the room naked, except for her pajamas, fanning herself, and then finding such a nice cool place she pulled her blanket out and stretched her frame of skin and bones out on the wind cooled stones and in a few minutes I heard her snore. To me it seemed almost cruel, with all the big outside to leave any of God's creatures penned up in a small room on such a night.

We have had some patients who were supposed to be "perda" but have not stayed in their rooms nor refused in any way to go out if we asked them to do so; but these others are very strict. It is all interesting, because so different from home and seems to fit in with the terrific "Loo" that has been blowing for the last two days, a wind so hot it simply feels as though you would burn to pieces. The scant clothing and the inefficient food seems to all go together, but are surely in direct contrast to the little dinner party I was at last night. A charming woman had invited me to come informally to her home, with only herself and husband. Everything was so nice and charmingly served and after we were through out onto the driveway we went and then one of the young captains whom I know came in and the men smoked and we all drank lemonade and told experiences until after eleven o'clock; and this morning, while working in the dispensary, it all seemed like a dream, due to too much pudding last night.

(Continued next week.)

Tobacco Dwarf.

There are many cases of boys whose use of tobacco has stopped their physical growth and there are thousands more whose minds are dwarfed, and all penal institutions for boys and young men are filled with youths whose bodies are from two to ten years older than their minds. Tobacco effects every part of the body. It prevents the proper digestion of food, which is necessary to build bone and muscles. Its poison gets into the blood and shrivels up the little blood corpuscles, just as alcohol does, so they cannot convey oxygen and nourishment to the different parts of the body, nor carry out the poisonous waste matter. It paralyzes the motor nerves so that they cannot properly control the circulation of the blood nor be steady. It acts upon the nerves of the heart, giving it a disease called "tobacco heart." It is stated that one-fifth of all the young men examined for the United States Navy fail to pass because of heart disease caused by the use of tobacco.

A fine looking gentleman, who appeared to be in perfect health, said to a doctor, "I have smoked twenty cigars today."

The doctor asked, "Do you not feel some ill effects from it?" "No, sir; not a particle, I feel splendid. I am as sound as a dollar."

The doctor took the man's pulse and said: "Your heart is beating 106 times a minute and that is thirty-six beats more than it ought to make in one minute. At that rate it would beat 1,190 too many times in an hour. The heart can not stand that kind of work many years."

Tobacco relaxes and weakens the muscles. That is why its victims are led to believe that it is so soothing, when it is simply taking away strength and endurance. By investigation it is found that the students in our great institutions of learning who do not use tobacco develop, during the four years of college life more height, weight and chest girth and lung capacity than those who are occasional or habitual tobacco users, and it is a well known fact that the prize fighters, pedestrians, oarsmen, billiard champions, are not allowed by their trainers to use tobacco because of its effects upon the nerves and muscles.

It stupefies the brain, impairs the memory and weakens the mind—the will power. This is enough. How can any boy expect to grow and become a strong, resolute man, as every boy desires to be, while he is determined to smoke or chew tobacco.

An English journal says: "If there is a vice more prostrating to the mind and body, and more crippling to the man's spiritual nature, than tobacco, we have yet to be convinced of it."

A medical society in Paris examined thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two or more years, and found that twenty-seven of them showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed irregularity of heart action, disordered stomachs, coughs, and craving for alcoholic stimulants; thirteen had intermittency of pulse, and one had consumption. After they abandoned the use of tobacco one-half were free from all symptoms in six months, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.—Industrial School Times.

Tragic Bravery.

In the chapel at Glenasmold school in Perthshire, Scotland, there is a marble slab with this stirring story recorded upon it.

There was once in the school a pupil named Alexander Cumine Russel who became an officer in the Seventy-fourth Highlanders when only a lad of seventeen. In connection with the memorable loss of the Birkenhead he won immortal glory. The troopship struck upon a rock; the soldiers were formed in ranks upon the deck to die; the women and children were being saved in boats.

Russel was ordered into one of the boats to command it, and a little while off he watched with dimmed eyes the doomed ship. When she went down he saw creatures of the deep contending for his beloved comrades. Then he saw a sailor's form rise up close to the boat and a hand strive to grasp the side.

A woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Oh, save him, sir! He is my husband!" but there was no room for another, and the boat was laboring heavily as it was. Russel looked at the woman and then at her children, then at those beseeching eyes in the deep, and, rising in the stern, he plunged into the water and helped the sailor into what had been his own place. Then amid a chorus of "God bless you" from every one in the boat the brave young officer turned to meet his death.—Pearson's Weekly.

FARM NOTES.

—The germ of seed corn lies in the tip of the kernel. Broad, well-filled tips indicate strong germs.

—Never allow the mare to go to her foal in an overheated condition. This often causes serious digestive derangements in the foal.

—It pays to have rich orchard land. Those who have thin land would find it profitable to manure and fertilize it, so that more fruit can be produced.

—An acre of alfalfa will furnish more high-class protein feed than almost any other crop that is grown in the sections where dairying is followed to the best advantage.

—If the farmer is looking for quick returns in live stock, and for a large percentage on the money invested, there are no animals on the farm that will beat the sow and the ewe.

—Milk butter and cheese are cash products. The dairyman's returns are steady, the cows paying their board twice a day. This is one of the biggest advantages that the dairyman has over the beef or grain farmer.

—There is hardly any question but that there is as much in the care of the trees after planting as in the selection before. The best trees will not stand neglect, while poor trees will respond readily to good treatment.

—Give more attention to the little things on the farm and you will have less difficulty with more important matters. A great idea is very valuable, and those who have one are fortunate, but ideas must be put into practice if use before they are of any financial benefit to farmers.

—A loamy soil is naturally rich in plant food, hence it will need little if any manuring in its preparation. But it should be deeply stirred and thoroughly broken up by subsoiling. This loamy soil is what is termed free soil, as it seldom becomes compacted, even by abusive treatment.

—Silage is especially beneficial for calves which have just been weaned. They take to this ration quicker than to dry feed and there is usually little loss in weight from the weaning. The silage should be supplemented with some good leguminous hay, as alfalfa, cowpea or clover, and the calves should be given a small amount of grain. A mixture of one-half corn chop and one-half cottonseed meal is excellent.

—By removing the surplus wood of the young fruit trees in the summer and then stopping the leading branches when they reach the "desired length," to induce a strong growth of laterals, it is possible to secure a two-year growth in a single season. One must study carefully the position of the wood and the philosophy of the operation to succeed with summer pruning and pinching.

—According to Dr. H. J. Wheeler, the most striking, and also the most valuable feature of the aliske clover, for many purposes, is its perennial character, for the plants live from year to year. This fits it especially for pastures or for land which is not to be heavily fertilized with nitrogen, and where one wished to retain clover consecutively for a series of years. For moist soils aliske clover is much superior to the red clover, a point of material importance in connection with the culture of lands which are imperfectly drained. The seed of aliske clover is considerably smaller than that of the red clovers, and consequently the amount of seed used per acre to insure an equally good stand may be materially less.

—The tomato requires a rich, warm, sandy loam soil for a good early crop. Any soil that will grow a good crop of potatoes is admirably adapted to a good crop of tomatoes.

Water, fresh air and sunshine are essentials in plant growth. If the land is richly manured, or too much shaded, plants often fail to either blossom or fruit. If the land is well cultivated and fertilized, about 250 bushels of tomatoes are a fair average for an acre.

In setting out plants, it should be remembered that the largest are not always the best, but those that have the strongest stems. If the plants are healthy when set out, and kept vigorously growing by proper cultivation, the occasional application of a little air-slaked lime will be about all that is necessary to secure a large early crop.

Cultivation of the soil should begin soon after the plants are set out, in order to counteract the effect of the treading and packing of the ground due to the setting, and to aid in warming up the soil.

According to results from tests made by the various State experimental stations, heavy applications of stable manure, or complete fertilizers, are very desirable. The tomato needs large amounts of both potash and nitrogen. Stable manure being essentially a nitrogenous manure, it should be supplemented with heavy applications of muriate of potash, ashes, kainit or like potash fertilizers and a smaller amount of acid phosphate or ground bone to supply phosphoric acid.

Professor Voorhes, of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, recommends for soils already in good condition a mixture of 400 pounds nitrate of soda, 700 pounds bone tankage, 400 pounds acid phosphate and 500 pounds muriate of potash, applied at the rate of 500 pounds per acre.

On rich garden soil the plants should be set four to five feet apart each way and six inches deep.

In limited areas it is best to put out the plants in a row—a row 50 feet in length will grow as much fruit as an ordinary sized family will consume. The vines should be kept tied up to a support. A good trellis is made by using stout stakes, seven feet high, to which wire is tacked. After the fruit begins to set, all growing shoots beyond the fruit should be pinched off. This will greatly encourage fruiting. A slight thinning of the foliage will hasten the maturity of the fruit.

Another good way to support the plants is to use two stakes, six feet long, to each plant. These stakes should be placed on a line parallel with the row, one foot each side of the plant. Allow three vines or shoots to remain with each plant, securing them firmly to the support as they increase in length.

The mosses and fungi gather on sickly plants, and not on thrifty ones. Odious parasites generally choose plants already enfeebled.

No potatoes, egg plants nor weeds of the tomato family should be permitted to grow near the tomato crop.