

Example.
We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we never shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.
The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!
I charge thee by the years gone by
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear. —John Keble.

The Stolen Love-Letters.

In the uncertain flickering firelight pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said: "What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?" "What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."
"Very likely. When a girl has discarded a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £30,000, it is likely she will be angry at the poor lover troubling her memory."
"I should dismiss the country clergyman very soon from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean!" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"You do not believe Cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."
"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the two young girls seated themselves on a low ottoman in a confidential attitude.
"Now Maggie, when and what?"
"The 'when' was two evenings ago. Sir John said I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorn path. And what do you think? They rushed into each other's arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John' and 'Archie,' and hand-shaking, and 'How are you old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that way are so ridiculous!"
"By-and-bye Sir John remembered me, and 'supposed Archie knew his fair parishioner Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said he had the honor of being my poor cousin. Men never keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new."
"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie, and if he had an ounce of sense he might have guessed the reason."
Kate shook her head and looked grave.
"Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this. Sir John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him."
"Then you have seen Archie?"
"Yes. I sent David Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night."
"How imprudent!"
"I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and give me back all my letters. I must have the letters, Kitty. I really must."
"Well?"
"Well he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried, and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and name, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true, and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got quite in a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he would not give me back my letters, and I must have them."
"I should not worry about a few love-letters."
"Kitty, you don't know all, or you would not say that."
"Tell me all, then."
"I have sent Sir John just—the same—letters, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love-letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them, I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them also for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show those letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it."
Kate looked very much troubled.
"Indeed, Maggie, you are right," she answered. "You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him; that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?"
"He said he never would give them to me."
"Perhaps he has burned them."
"Oh, no, he could never bear to do that. Why, he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawers of his Indian cabinet."
"Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is like your grandfather's key will open the minister's?"
"Oh, Kate, you must not do such a thing!"
"I dare, under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it was me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands."
"I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first."
"I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed, and sleep soundly on my promise."
"When?"

"Perhaps to-morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think."
The next morning proved to be one of those bright days quite characteristic of an English November. Still, about three o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to "Kate's set ways," and her decided declaration "that she would be ill without her gallop."
Arrived at the village she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodding pleasantly to the housekeeper who opened it, she said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

The parson was gone to the bishop's, but Miss Leslie would come in there was a fire in his parlor, and she could warm her feet and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little affected hesitation, and a little more pressing, consented to do so.
She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea. "I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if Cousin Archie is not back by that time, I must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark."

As soon as the door was shut she glanced round the room. It was a cozy place, full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key, and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed it was in constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered that her grandfather's had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie's had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded at once to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There was not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction, put them in her pocket, and relocked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard some one open the front door with a pass key, and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided that it was not Archie's footstep, and that it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also, she had decided that if she did not know him, he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlor; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in, with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next Kate advanced a few steps, and said: "I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?"
"I think he will be here immediately," answered the new-comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. "I am sorry to have intruded, but I will retire at once, if you desire it."

"By no means, sir. I shall not remain longer. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it is likely to be dark very early."
"I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's, with three other clergymen. Your brother—"
"Oh, my brother's clergyman;" and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said: "I am Miss Crowther, of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Henry Crowther?"
The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact, he was Mr. Henry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had any sister. Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?

But almost with the announcement Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round, and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. "What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something nice—like that girl. I do wonder who she is!" The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell-rope down.

"Laws, Mr. Henry, I knew that was you a-ringing, which Mr. Archie never rings that outrageous way. What be you wanting, sir?"
"I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house twenty minutes ago."
"Well, I may say you ask, sir, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and a good one, and a proud her grandfather is of her."
"That is all, Martha."
"Very well, sir."
When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and here has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and, by everything! she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."
"What do you mean, Harry?"
"Just what I say."
"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."
"Stop, Archie; I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."
"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said, mentally, "I must not punish her any longer. I will take her letters to-morrow."
So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat, and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had ever dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlor where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once: "Why won't you shake hands, Archie?"
"How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—"

"That robbed me." Say it if you wish."
"I was going to say it. Why did you do it?"
"Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers, not yours."
"I think they were mine."
"That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favors relating to it ought to have been returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office."
"Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?"
"No, Archie, you have not."
"Do you really think I would?"
"You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much."
"I would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner."
"Archie!"
"Very improper indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would have given you the poor dear little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind."
"You think that is very satirical, I dare say."
"No, I do not. I am waiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make me one."
Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said, "You are right, Archie." Then, putting her hand in her pocket: "Here are the letters. Do what you like with them. I trust you."

He took them tenderly, and throwing them into the fire, mournfully watched them turn to ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.
"Archie," she said, "forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him."
"Oh, Kate, see how one fault leads to another. If you had been doing right, you would not have been ashamed to confess that you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?"
"No, I know nothing about such a person."
"Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family."
"Must I do this?"
"You must. It is the least you can do."
"Very well, Archie, I will do it."
But this part of her punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was to be a lawn party at the bishop's, and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crowther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood bravely up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

"Good-afternoon, Cousin Kate."
"Cousin Archie, good-afternoon."
"Kate, this is my friend, Mr. Henry Crowther."
She blushed violently, but she did not lose her self-possession. "I have met Mr. Crowther before, once, when I was on a little private masquerade, and assumed the character of his sister. I hope I am forgiven."
"If I had a sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favor I have never ceased to regret my want."
They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly some together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies, either for one pretext or another. Then he began to come by himself, and to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at last even the dim eyes of her grandfather began to perceive how matters stood.

"Kitty," he said, one night, after waiting patiently through a "good-night" that lasted an hour and a half—"Kitty, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?"
"Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love-letters once nearly cost me my life;" and leaning fondly on her grandfather's neck, Kitty told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.
"Never pays, Kitty, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high."
"You forgive me, grandfather?"
"Yes, Kitty, with all my heart."
"Harry has forgiven me too. You see, after taking his name in jest, it is right I make the amend honorable by taking it in earnest. So, grandfather, if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May Harry ask you to-morrow?"
"Yes, he may ask me. He has asked you, I suppose?"
"Oh, yes."
"And we are to have a wedding, and no love-letters. I never heard of such a thing."
"A wedding, and no love-letters, grandfather. Love-letters are slow and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegraphs in their place."

The Michigan *Christian Advocate* suggests that church letters be made to read: The bearer, A. B., is an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal church in R., and is hereby recommended to the church in M., and when we shall have received notice of his affiliation there, his membership in this church shall cease.

When tea was first introduced into England it sold for fifty dollars a pound.

"THE PASSION PLAY."

A Unique Performance Which Took Place at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria.
The New York *Harold* has the following interesting account of the "Passion Play," a relic of mediæval times, which was performed this year for the first time in ten years in a Bavarian village before assembled thousands, many of them strangers from all parts of the world: To-day, in a remote village of the Bavarian Highlands, within a rude theater, the most part of which is open to the sky, there is seated all day long, from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, with an interval of some hour or more for refreshments, some five or six thousand people, peasants from the neighboring villages, sight-seers from the near-lying Bavarian towns, and tourists from far and near, from England and America. They are gathered together, some for devotion, others out of curiosity, to witness the first representation of a unique and interesting drama, the only surviving mediæval relic in Germany of the kind which has come down with unbroken tradition. The scene of the drama is the village of Ober-Ammergau, and the play, to give it its full title, "The Great Expiatory Sacrifice of God's Son, or the Narrative of the Passion and Death of Jesus, According to the Four Evangelists, with Tableaux Vivants Taken From the Old Testament." The actors are humble villagers, under the guidance and direction of their village pastor. None other has ever acted in the play, and yet it can trace its existence back for centuries; indeed, its origin is lost in the remote past. For long years its fame was confined to its own immediate neighborhood, but in these days of the railway, the telegraph, the press and tourist agencies, it was impossible to keep its fame from spreading far and wide, and thus it came to pass that, from being a spectacle for humble villagers and the goal of a decennial pilgrimage for the devout, it has become center of attraction to the pious and curious of two continents.

The last performance of the "Passion Play" was given in 1871, as a crowning religious act of the general enthusiasm which prevailed in Germany after the victories of the German troops in France and the returning peace. The performance of 1870, the proper year for the exhibition, was interrupted by the breaking out of the war, in consequence of which the theater had to be closed long before the appointed time, and the visitors were scattered to the four winds. Forty of the men and youth of Ammergau, among them several who had taken part in the play, were called to the ranks of the Bavarian army. Joseph Maier, the delineator of the character of Christ (as in the present year), was among those who had to perform military duty, although it fortunately happened that the reigning king of Bavaria, Ludwig II., who had ever manifested a deep interest in the "Passion Play," interceded in his favor, and allowed him to do garrison duty in Munich and retain his long, flowing hair. Of the forty who left the village but of the six who never returned—two fell in battle and four died in the hospital. When the news of the peace concluded between Germany and France arrived in the Bavarian Highlands, fires of joy were lighted on every mountain top, from the Odenwald to the Tyrol, and the villagers of Ober-Ammergau met together and determined to give a representation of their "Passion Play" in honor of the event.

"This," they said, "shall be our method of thanking God, who has bestowed on us the blessings of victory and peace." Since then nine years have passed, during which the villagers have prepared themselves for the representation which begins to-day. When we look at the names of the players we can hardly realize that nine years have elapsed since the last performance. With the exception of Anastasia Krach, who takes the place of Marie Flunger in the role of the Virgin, there is not a single change of importance. Truly, time does not seem to age the simple dwellers of the Ammerthal.

The "Passion Play" is composed of no less than eighteen acts, representing the life of Christ from the entry into Jerusalem to the resurrection and ascension. Each of the eighteen acts is prefaced with one or more tableaux vivants, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament. They stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illustrate. The small text book published by the community of Ober-Ammergau has very appropriate remarks upon this subject by the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger: "Our main object," he says, "is to represent the story of Christ's Passion, not by a mere statement of the facts, but in its connection with the types and figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional strong light will be cast upon the strong narrative, and the thoughtful spectator will be able to realize the grand truth, that Jesus Christ, the son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes. As in the history of the Christian church, the life of the Savior and all his sacred actions are continually repeated and reproduced, to the extent that, according to Scriptural commentators, he lives over again, suffers and triumphs again in his saints, so it happened before His appearance in the flesh, and the holy patriarchs and other saints of the Old Testament foreshadowed His coming by the events of their history, and by their virtuous lives; for He is the eternal sun of the spiritual world; the sun of justice, sending forth His divine rays to illuminate in all directions both His predecessors and His successors, no less than His contemporaries. Many of the incidents in the lives of the ancient fathers bear a striking and obvious resemblance to various parts in the life of the Redeemer, and set forth the sufferings and death and resurrection so minutely that the evangelists continually mention some prophecy which was fulfilled. Thus the heroes of the Scriptures—Adam, Job, David, Micahiah, Jonas, Daniel, and so many others who labored and suffered in His spirit—represent in part, though imperfectly, His life, and through what they accomplished and suffered they became the prophets of that which in him, the Urbild, the primitive type, should take place. In this fundamental thought is the representation of the Passion arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

To-day we shall give only a single scene from the "Passion Play," as recorded by the author of the "Album of the Passion Play." The drama has a double prelude, one of prayer and one of nature. Precisely at eight o'clock the booming of cannon, planted on a slight elevation beneath the peak of the Kofel, announces that the play is about to begin. The whole available space within the theater is crowded. Every eye is directed toward the broad proscenium, which is bathed in the glory of morning sunlight. If the curtain of the central stage was removed, while the musical overture is being performed, and were revealed at once what is only to be gradually unfolded the hearts of many indifferent spectators would be filled with surprise, if not with deep emotions. In the principal scene of the future labors of the players are assembled all the members of the community who are to take an active part in the performances—upward of five hundred in number—together with their pastor or the aged priest-father of the village, the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, and there, unobserved by human eye, but feeling conscious of the Divine Presence, have fallen upon their knees and are engaged in a silent prayer. The spiritual leader of the villagers kneels down in their midst. We know that the purport of their prayer, although very suppliant in silence, is that the dramatic labors in which they are about to engage may prove spiritually beneficial to themselves and to the thousands who have come from distant parts to witness them. This is the unseen prelude to the "Passion Play."

There is also the prelude of nature, which contributes to a calm and joyous feeling in the breast of the spectator. The eye, wandering far beyond the limits of the stage, dwells upon the green, sunlit landscape of the valley, greets the right and left the gaze rests on mountains fringed with firs, and more prominent than all on the high peaked Kofel, with its high cross gilded by the morning's rays. The fresh morning breeze is laden with the perfume of myriads of wild flowers that carpet the meadows of the valley. The ear is captivated by soft, thrilling melodies as the lark soars from his nest among the meadow grass and pours out a matin hymn to the Creator. Even within the confines of the theater itself tiny feathered visitors dart across the sea of human heads, hark about on the broad proscenium or rest demurely on the projecting corners of the stage, while the fluttering of every hue sail about at the caprice of the breeze, enlivening and diversifying the scene. From the distant hills the tinkling of cow bells is borne faintly to the ear, giving evidence of the charm and simple beauty of pastoral life. Nature and art here unite in preparing the mind for the grand scene of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Every feature of landscape and surrounding contributes toward the realization of the first scene of the drama—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem—in such a manner as almost to produce complete illusion.

An Easy Death.
Dr. Sam Johnson was a dear lover of tea, and drank it freely. On a certain occasion he chanced to be taking tea in company where was present a woman who not only held the fragrant herb in holy horror, but who believed it to be poison. She sat near the doctor, and beheld him receive his sixth cup. She had borne it thus far in silence, but when she saw the good man about to empty another cup, after having drunk five of them, she felt it her duty to speak, which she did, feelingly and emphatically:
"My dear Dr. Johnson, do you know what you are drinking poison? Do you know that you are drinking poison? If you are given to that habit, you may be sure it is killing you."
This burly doctor looked at her, first in amazement and then quizzically, with the waiting cup suspended. With a reverent nod he replied:
"Madam, I thank you for your concern in my welfare, but on my account you need not be alarmed. I have been many, many years at this work, and if, as you say, it is killing me, it must be an easy death to die. Let me hope that your exit may be as vigorously healthful and as calmly placid!"
And he raised his cup to his lips.
A physician who had been called to attend Fontenelle found the great author sipping coffee.
"My dear sir, do you expect medicine can cure you while you persist in drinking the infusion of that pernicious berry? Coffee, sir, is a slow poison!"
"I should say so," replied Fontenelle, sipping away at his beverage. "I have, within my own remembrance, been drinking it, daily and freely, for over sixty years."
He lived to be 100 years old.

Turkish Robbers.
Three robbers, armed to the teeth, recently broke into a Prussian's house in Constantinople. He gave up his watch and \$20 in Turkish money, but they wanted more. They bound him hand and foot, and compelled him to tell them where they would find the key of his business safe. This safe happened to be in a room on the third floor, at the top of the house, and thither the three robbers hastened, leaving the owner bound, and threatened to return and shoot him if he called for assistance. But as they went upstairs, his wife, who had been watching what was taking place from another room, slipped quietly in and cut the bonds of her husband. Arming themselves with revolvers, the pair crept quietly up the stairs came upon the robbers, and without a word shot down two of them. The third threw down his weapons and begged for mercy. The Prussian bound his late assailant fast, and leaving his wife to watch over him with a loaded revolver in her hand, hastened to the nearest station house. There he found the officer in charge absent, and on inquiring for a sub-officer was told that both of the latter were also away. Thereupon the Prussian asked four of the men to accompany him to his house and take the bound burglar into custody. Arrived in the room where the two men had been shut, the zaptiehs looked on at the two corpses and the apprised and recognized in the former the two sub-officers, and in the latter the officer of their own guard.

A centenarian ex-soldier, who recently died in a Russian village, continued his business of tailor till death, though he had been blind for forty years. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish different banknotes. He used to thread his needle by means of his tongue.

The editor of the *Albany Argus* has a dog which catches fish by submerging her head and taking them with her mouth. She does this purely for sport, and does not eat or even hurt the fish.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Spurgeon's Pastors' college has educated 472 preachers.
The national council of the Congregational churches will meet this year at St. Louis.
It is about 140 years since the beginning of foreign missions, and converts from heathenism now number about a million and a half.
The Methodist ecumenical council is appointed at London in August of next year. It will have four hundred members, one-half of them from the United States.
The Japanese edition of the book of common prayer is said to be nearly completed. It is being prepared under the supervision of a mixed committee of English and American missionary societies.
The representatives of twelve theological seminaries who recently held a conference in New York city adopted a plan for an inter-seminary missionary organization, and appointed a missionary convention at New Brunswick in October.
In October the First Congregational church of Boston will celebrate its 250th anniversary, and preparations are already being made for the event. Among the four signers of the first covenant in the church were Governors Winthrop and Dudley. The first book of records and a silver goblet which Governor Winthrop gave to the church are still in the society's possession.
The home mission committee of the Canada Presbyterian church has received \$400,000 during the last six months, and it has arranged to send seven additional missionaries to Manitoba, where they are greatly needed.
The need of increased efforts on the part of the Presbyterian denomination among the German element in this country is beginning to attract attention, and steps are about to be taken to push work in that direction more vigorously.
The Woman's Baptist Missionary society, which was organized nine years ago, has received in all \$281,100. Last year the society received some \$46,178, the largest amount ever received in one year.
The income of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions for last year shows a very large increase. The receipts aggregate \$568,844, a gain over the previous year of more than \$150,000. The legacies have been unusually large, and the Woman's societies have collected \$200,000. The last assembly asked the church to bring its contributions up to \$500,000, which the church has done, and much more.
The desire for spiritual instruction is such in some parts of Spain that West leyan ministers report it not an unusual thing to receive a written requisition from villages, signed by forty or fifty inhabitants, asking them to come and preach the gospel to them.
The quadrennial report of the agent of the New York Methodist Book Concern shows that its net capital is \$1,060,568. The net profits of the four years have been \$201,978. The sales for the same period were \$3,415,016. The report also shows that the support of the bishops, which was thrown on the churches three years ago, has drawn upon the funds of the concern. Three years ago the fund owed the concern \$118,436; it owes now \$130,311. The agents recommend that this amount be charged to profit and loss, as they do not believe it will be made good by the church.
The Presbyterian board has very encouraging reports from their mission work in Mexico. More than 500 converts recently sat down together at the communion table in the city of Zitacuaro, situated southeast of the capital, and the two native preachers say they have nearly 2,000 converts in the State of Michoacan.
There are in Great Britain thirty-four Catholic peers, twenty-six holding seats in the house of lords, and fifty-one Catholic members of the house of commons. There are five members of the queen's privy council who are Catholics. There are in Great Britain eighteen archbishops or bishops, 2,140 priests, and 1,348 Catholic places of worship.
The Episcopal convention of Northern New Jersey has appointed a committee to ascertain the nature and amounts of all incumbrances upon church property in the diocese, with a view to devise some practical means by which all such incumbrances may be removed prior to the centennial diocesan anniversary, which will occur in 1883.

Home-Made Soda Water.
The artificial seltzer water, made with a carbonic acid generator, is already, says the *Scientific American*, an imitation far from perfect of the natural water. A recipe to make it on the small scale for family use, as it were, can only give a product differing still more from that of the spring. Yet the following would fairly imitate the taste and properties of the natural water:
Fused chloride of calcium.....4 grains.
Chloride of magnesium.....12 grains.
Chloride of sodium.....15 grains.
Citrate of iron.....1 grain.
Tartaric acid.....3 drachms.
Bicarbonate of soda.....2½ drachms.
Water sufficient.
Dissolve all the salts, excepting the tartaric acid and the bicarbonate, in about one pint of water, and introduce the solution into a champagne bottle. Then having completed the requisite quantity of liquid so as to leave an empty space of about two fluid ounces after the bicarbonate of soda. Cork the bottle tightly, secure the cork with stout cord, and set the bottle aside for about six hours before it is opened. It is then ready for use.

Wisdom for Boys.
Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:
Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Yield not to discouragements.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use all your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.