

"The Harvest truly is Plenteous,  
but the Labourers are few."

(Matt. ix. 37.)

BY FAIRLIE THORNTON.

There's a work for me and a work for thee  
In the world's wide field below;  
Let us up and away, for we may not stay,  
As time waits for none, we know.

We are young, 'tis true; but there's work to do  
For children such as we;  
If we never begin no crown we shall win,  
Or a starless crown 'twill be.

See, yonder they go the good seed to sow!  
Oh! shall we not join the throng?  
Hark! the Master doth speak, for us He  
doth seek—  
He may not wait for us long.

Then let us arise and in time be wise,  
For the work brooks no delay.  
Shall we idly lie and sigh, "By-and-by?"  
Oh! shall we not work to-day?

The work is great and the hour grows late  
And the Master calleth now;  
His voice let us heed and at once sow the seed,  
For no slumber will He allow.

There's a work for me and a work for thee  
In the world's wide field below;  
Let us follow our Lord, and obey His word,  
And the seed He gives us sow.

#### Touching the Right String.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"FACT is, Ned, if they are bound to drink, you can't stop 'em," said Tom Staples to his fellow-clerk, Ned Owen. "No, you c-a-n't," and Tom yawned lazily.

"O, if we could only find the right place in a man—touch the right string—we could influence him," replied Ned. "Ahem!" said some one who was passing.

Ned and Tom looked up. They saw a shabby old man shuffling along. It was a pitiable sight—those gray hairs, those worn clothes, the battered hat, and the general air of destitution and neglect.

"There's one of 'em!" whispered Tom. "He's a soaker. See his nose!"

Tom and Ned were standing in front of their employer's, Mr. Drinkwater, store when this occurred. Tom declared that he must go in and start things at his counter. Ned remained on the sidewalk watching the poor man.

"I have a great mind to follow him. It is not time in my department to start the selling. I feel sort of interested in that rusty old chap. Wonder where he'll turn in?"

Down the street went Ned Owen. The rusty old gentlemen turned off into a little alley, then into a narrow court flanked by tall tenement-houses, and stopped.

"Grab Court! He live here!" thought Ned.

The man suddenly faced Ned. He was apparently sixty years old.

"As I passed you two young chaps, didn't I hear you saying something about people's drinking?" asked the old man.

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Didn't you say something about touching the right string?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you come up here."

Ned followed the old man up a dark, dirty stairway, and then up another, climbing, climbing, till the old man threw open a door—battered like his hat—and said, "There!"

It was a low, unclean room. In one corner was an old mattress, and beside this there was a chair. There was no stove, but ashes and dead embers on

the hearth showed that a fire had been there once.

"Do you live here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, Timothy Truil lives here. No other place!" he muttered. "Room enough for a rum bottle besides me, and there's room, more and more of it, for as the rum bottle comes in, other things go out. Sold 'em," he said fiercely, "sold 'em for rum."

"How do you get a living?" Ned wanted to say, but the old man anticipated him.

"My violoncello almost went this morning, and my living would have gone with it."

"You a musician?"

"Yea. You want to hear me?"

"I should like to, very much. Won't you let me?"

But where was the violoncello? The old man went to the mattress, and lifting it, look up his only earthly treasure. Then he seized his bow, and woke out of its sleeping-place note after note.

"You know how to handle it," exclaimed Ned admiringly.

"You think so?" said the old man, his eyes kindling with delight at the praise.

"Of course, I do. Now, see here. Why do you throw yourself away when you are a good musician—"

"But," said the old man, "I lost my place."

"Well, if you will say that you will quit drinking, I will go this noon and see your old employer—whoever he is—and ask him to take you back. You just fix up, you know, and there! I'll get you a coat."

"Where?"

"My employer gives away his when he is through with them, and I dare say he has one."

"What's his name?"

"Drinkwater."

"That's the kind of folks—those who drink water—who have things. I have a great mind to try."

"I would—try once more, and God will help you, if you'll ask him."

"Once more, once more!" murmured the old man. Then he lifted a tearful face heavenward, and sobbed, "God help me!"

Between that time and the next evening, Ned saw Mr. Winthrop, Timothy's former employer, and the latter promised to try him again.

On the edge of the evening, Timothy appeared in the room where Mr. Winthrop's force of musicians met for rehearsal. The janitor had lighted the room, only tenanted as yet by chairs, music stands, and a few musical instruments.

What happened afterward Timothy told Ned when the two met the next night in Timothy's room, swept now, with a clear fire burning on the hearth, though it was a room of poverty still.

"He told me—Mr. Winthrop did—" said Timothy, "that I might have my old place, and I took it last night, and I'm going to be a new man."

Timothy was crying now.

"This is all the home—I've got, but I'll make it—better. I haven't—any wife or children left, but I'll try—to meet 'em—in heaven. I 'spose they—know up there—and praps—God has his angels—that won't leave—a poor—man trying to do—better."

There was silence save as Timothy's sobs and the crackling of the fire were heard. The room was only lighted by the flames, but their radiance pure and golden swept across the bare floor and

walls till they shone. Was it just the firelight? What if the angels had come to help a poor soul struggling to do better, and brightened the place with their forms? All because a boy wanting to do something had touched in a human heart that "right string" always responding to kindness.—*Royal Road.*

#### Poor Drunkard.

"Poor drunkard!" 'Twas all that the baby said,  
As she looked with pitying eye  
On the bloated form and filthy rags  
Of the poor wretch reeling by.

"Poor drunkard!" the accents floated down  
To the ear of the fallen man,  
And his heart was bowed with a load of shame,  
As tears from his bleared eyes ran.

"Poor drunkard!" can that be the name I bear—  
Once pure as that innocent child,  
Once filled with the pride of a noble heart  
By the tempter undefiled?"

"Poor drunkard!" how little that child can tell  
The depths that her voice had stirred  
In the guilty soul of that fallen man  
By her sad and pitying word.

"Poor drunkard!" The crowd jeered on as he passed,  
With never a thought for his woe.  
Little cared they though his brain was mad,  
As their different ways they go.

"Poor drunkard!" a slave to his own weak will;  
With his own hand forging the chain  
That binds him fast with links of fire  
That can never be quenched again.

"Poor drunkard!" he cares no more for his home,  
Nor friends, nor his children dear,  
For the demon Drink asserts his might,  
And the end is drawing near.

A YOUNG LADY in Chicago has some very practical ideas about missionary work. She is a student in the Female Baptist Missionary Training School, and is not yet twenty years of age. It has been her practice for the past few months to visit the sick and destitute in the lowest and vilest slums of Chicago, entirely alone, at all hours of the day. The little figure dressed modestly in black is known and respected by the criminal classes of the city, and in all her errands of mercy she has never once been molested or even insulted. She says that her object is first of all to do some practical good, and next to fit herself by actual experience for her life work as a missionary. Wiser people than this young girl getting as near the ideal of Christianity.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LOVING GREETING.—Never take your place in your class without a smile and a kindly word of greeting to each of your scholars. Many a teacher puts a barrier between himself and the warm-hearted, wide-awake boys of his class by taking his place in the Sunday-school without seeming to recognize the presence of those already there, or to observe those coming in afterwards, until he has to speak to them in opening the lesson. And many a teacher gets a fresh hold on restless, trifling scholars, and prepares them for an interest in the lesson he teaches, by the sunny look and loving word through which he shows sympathy with each scholar on his first meeting with him for the day. A teacher must show his love for those whom he would bring to see the love of Jesus.

#### Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

55.—Mart-i-net.

56.—Indiana, Indian, India. Tinge, ting, tin.

57.—

C  
T H E  
C H I L I  
E L M  
I

J  
B E N  
B E D A N  
J E D I D A H  
N A D A B  
N A B  
H

58.—

C A P  
A P E  
P E N

#### NEW PUZZLES.

59.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

Get up, Bob; England is in sight.  
Sugar, honey, and candy.  
Lo, I remembered him.

60.—CHARADE.

One of the twelve tribes; a termination;  
in what manner; a son of Judah.

61.—WORD SQUARE.

A garment; dry; to languish; a paradise.

62.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to gain; an animal; lately made; a consonant.

#### Varieties.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend is nobody's.

No lady can fan herself without giving herself airs.

JAPAN has the cheapest postal service in the world. Letters are conveyed all over the empire for two sen—about a cent and a half.

A DOCTOR considers tight lacing a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

TWO LADIES, officers of the Salvation Army, who recently went over H. M. S. Britannia in Dartmouth Harbor, duly entered their rank and names in the book kept on board for visitors, adding, in the column for residence: "Bound for glory!"

A MASSACHUSETTS pastor gives a good illustration in this line, when he writes: My little boy, in reading the golden text for last Sunday [May 6], made of it a statement which is not yet real or realized: "On the *gentools* also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." The "*gentools*" are only a species of the "*Gentiles*." When will the upper classes be as accessible to, or as receptive of, the Spirit of God, as are those in the humbler circles of life? Cornelius was *genteel*.

THE following answer by a boy of ten or twelve is remarkable: In a Sabbath-school class in which the lesson touched upon the promise of Herod to the daughter of Herodias, the teacher asked whether it was true that Herod was obliged to keep his vow, when it would lead to the beheading of John the Baptist. "I guess if she had asked for his own head, Herod would not have felt himself obliged to keep it," replied a bright boy of ten or twelve.