



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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RUNNING FROM TEMPTATION.

A TRUE STORY, BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

It was a long, hot walk for Jessie, nearly a mile, to Sabbath-school. She lived in the country, and could not get in to the village church every Sabbath, and she was only too glad to go to the little Sabbath-school in their district every week. And very likely she paid better attention to what she heard when she got there, because it did require some trouble to go so far and always be in time. Jessie's mother was very particular about the Sabbath-day. She never forgot how her own mother regarded it, and the first text she ever learned from that mother's lips: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

One day Jessie came in with a flushed face from Sabbath-school.

"I 'remembered!'" she said, going up to her mother with a pleased look.

"Remembered what, Jessie?"

"The Sabbath-day. I was going along Brier Lane, and I saw, oh! such nice blackberries. I could see some ripe ones, and I was sure there were some further down the little stream. I picked two or three, and was half tempted not to go to school, but stay and get berries. Then I knew that wouldn't do. But while I was saying my lesson I thought of the berries. Susie Boyd told me after school there were lots of ripe ones, and Milly Ford and Fanny were going to stop with her and get some. They wanted me to go too."

"What did you tell them, then?"

"I said I couldn't stop on Sunday. I walked along with them until I came in sight of the berries, and then I shut my eyes and ran, just peeping out a little to keep from falling, till I was past the lane, and then I walked on fast, and every step was lighter and lighter all the way home."

"That is worth a great deal to me," said Jessie's mother tenderly.

"To-morrow I will take you over to your Uncle Arthur's and Walter and Harry and Daisy, and you shall go blackberrying, and have a little picnic besides. And I am sure the berries will taste much sweeter to you than they would have done to-day."

"I know they will," said Jessie. "And it's just as easy when I shut my eyes and keep saying 'No, no,' to myself."

"It would be a blessed thing if every person when tempted to do wrong, would

shut their eyes and run from the temptation. It is easy, at first, to do that, but if one begins to go in a wrong path, saying 'Just this time,' instead of 'No, no,' they will find it grow harder and harder, and their way, too, instead of becoming 'lighter' at every step, will grow darker all the dreary way. We should always remember who it was that taught us to ask, 'Lead us not into temptation.' He is able to keep all who look to

a visit he made to the Bahama Islands, a shower of rain unexpectedly fell. Such an occurrence is very rare at the Islands except during the rainy season, and is regarded with great dread by the natives, who as rapidly as possible seek the nearest shelter.

On this occasion, a little colored boy was caught in a shower at a distance from home, and having no place to go to for protection, crept under a bush that was near. Its fol-

to his home. Dr. Hodge was requested to attend his funeral. The circumstances of his singular death excited his curiosity and he wished to learn something more about the fatal poison-bush. An aged negro told him that it grew abundantly upon the island, but that by its side there always grew another bush which was its antidote; and that if the little boy had known it, and had rubbed himself with the leaves of the healing bush, the poison would have done him no harm.

What an illustration is this of the sad fate of those who have been poisoned by sin, and know not how to escape from its dreadful consequences. But for this fatal poison there is a sure remedy, provided by the same God who placed the antidote beside the poison bush. The Cross of Christ is the Tree of Life. Let the suffering and the dying come to that and they shall be saved, for "its leaves are for the healing of the nations."—*Christian Weekly.*

NEVER FORGET ANY THING.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterward of great use to him; namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," enquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"—*Selected.*

How many a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world. Surely we are "playing at missions."



BERTRAND FELL EXHAUSTED ON THE SHORE. (See fifth page).

Him, and lead their feet in a safe and happy way.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE POISON-BUSH.

BY ELIOT.

At a Sabbath-school Anniversary in Brooklyn some years since, Rev. Dr. Hodge related the following interesting fact. During

age, however, was not dense enough to keep him from the rain, and he was wet by the water trickling through the leaves. Unfortunately for him, the bush was a poison-bush, and the water falling on the leaves caused the poison to strike into his little limbs, so that in a short time he was dead.

After the shower he was found and carried

ion for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"—*Selected.*