

### THE CORAL-ISLAND CRIPPLE.

"As I went along one evening," says Mr. Williams, a missionary to the Pacific islands, "I was struck by seeing a man get off a seat near his house and walk upon his knees into the middle of the pathway, when he shouted, 'Welcome, servant of God, who brought light to this dark island! To you we owe the word of salvation.'"

"His hands and feet were eaten off by leprosy, and he could only move along on his knees.

"On asking what he knew about Jesus Christ, he said: 'I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died in great pain on the cross for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved and go to be happy in the skies.'

"Where did you learn what you know?" asked the missionary.

"Why, as the people come back from the service, I take my seat by the wayside, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by. One gives me one piece, another a second piece, and I gather them together in my heart, and, by thinking over what I get and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word."

After this the missionary seldom went by the poor cripple's house without speaking to him.

### WHAT A BOY ACCOMPLISHED.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out in the country the past Summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer who had taken a great liking to him, said:

"I thought you were going to stay all Summer?"

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must

go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said:

"If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.

### A MINUTE'S ANGER.

Not long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbors, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other, and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But, instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused.

A minute's anger caused this.

### GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games, and when the play is ended, go home.

The way to be saved—believe.