

## A Lost Pearl.

I do not know where I lost it,  
For it slipped from a broken string,  
And far and away from my sight to day  
It lies, a neglected thing.

Oh, woe, since it may be another  
Is wearing my pearl of price,  
And the gem that was mine, with its lucent  
shine,  
May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it;  
It was just as the dawning burst  
Through the crystalline bars of the lingering  
stars  
That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,  
Perhaps when the moonbeams lay,  
With their delicate quiver o'er field and river,  
And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious  
Was my beautiful pearl to me,  
Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross,  
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it!  
I have lost what I could not lend,  
What I'll mourn while I live; for no art can  
give  
To my heart the lost heart of my friend.  
—Margaret Sangster.

## Keep Close to the Colours.

THE Colour-Sergeant of a Highland regiment, engaged in action during the Crimean War, carried the colours far in advance of his regiment, to a height occupied by the foe. "Bring back the colours," was the call to him. His ringing answer was this: "Bring up your men to the colours."

We are not to refuse to take a position of peril and danger when the path of duty leads there. If our colours are unfurled in the very camp of the enemy, it is all right. He is not much of a soldier who knows nothing about long marches and fatigues, and was never lost in the smoke of battle.

"It is a sad day," says Mr. Moody, "when a convert goes into the church, and that is the last you hear from him." Some professing Christians engage so earnestly in worldly schemes and amusements that they cannot be distinguished from those who make no profession.

Positive conviction as to what we ought to be, after making a profession, is very important. Too many of us hold our beliefs loosely; because of this we are found sometimes where we are not expected to be seen, where professing Christians ought not to be seen. We hold fast many things that belong to worldly lives—that hinder us from reaching high places in Canadian experience—until sorrows fall upon us, as sorrows will, when, with the quickness of thought, prayer flashes upward.

Jesus of Nazareth is indeed our glory and our strength; let us see to it that we do not serve him afar off.

## A Highlander's Honour.

Two centuries ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was thought an insult. If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated their obligations without a mortal witness. A mark was then carved upon some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honour. When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer

who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a small sum of money, and he made bold to ask a loan from a gentleman of means named Stuart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stuart counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt and handed it to Mr. Stuart. "What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stuart, eying the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back the gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye! Weal, man, if ye canna trust yourself, I'm sure I'll no trust ye. Ye canna have my gold."

And gathering it up he put it back in his desk and turned the key in it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favour of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye; but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honour! They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. I neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but ye'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than in a neighbour's word o' honour and his fear o' God."

## Victory Over Self.

An ill-temper is not only a torment to one who yields to it, but to every one who comes into contact with the person under its control. To those seeking to lead a true Christian life, it is one of the hardest faults to bring into subjection, particularly when it has been allowed to hold unlimited sway over its unhappy victim from early childhood.

A young girl who was subject to a passionate disposition was anxious to lead an obedient Christian life. Her temper had caused herself and those around her much unhappiness. A trifle was sufficient to throw her into a violent rage. She strove to overcome it, but such a hold did it have upon her, that it seemed impossible to gain the mastery.

One day her brother, having by some trifling act thrown her into a passion, exclaimed with some scorn to his mother:—

"I thought she was trying to be a Christian! A noble Christian, she!"

Then did she fully realize for the first time how dangerous this evil had become to her influence. She saw that to those who were watching her, her conduct would bring discredit upon her faith.

From that time she tried in earnest to master her emotions, not in her own strength alone, but with the help of her faith in One whose follower in every way she was striving to be.

Her brother saw the struggle going on. It made him thoughtful, and turned his attention to the concerns of his soul.

Some time after both she and the brother were united to the church on the same day.

It was a happy day for them both. Truly noble in life are they who are able to conquer themselves. The world marks such a struggle, and the influence is a power for good in other lives.

Those to whom the earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane.—Martineau.

## A Living Evidence in Japan.

For several years students from the Kioto Training School have been going, occasionally, to the village of Gawata, about fifteen miles south of the city. A few have become believers, but the interest has always been quite limited. A few days ago, however, we learned of a largely increased number of hearers, and a much greater interest in Bible study, with the explanation that the reformed life of a recent believer was the cause of this more general interest.

About five miles north of Kioto lives an humble peasant, woman, a widow, who has for some time been a member of the First Church in our city. She last year gave of her poverty sixty yen (dollars), for the church building, and lent thirty yen more, without interest, for the same purpose. As would be expected from this, she is anxious to have the gospel preached in her village, and a student from the school has gone there occasionally on Friday nights for a year or two past. Here, too, the interest has been limited to a very few. One of these few, a woman, died last month, and the whole village were astonished that she died without calling upon an idol, and that her death was so strangely peaceful and happy. The excitement over the affair reached the ears of the village priest (Buddhist), and he protested against the introduction of this "new way." The head man of the village, in whose house the woman lived and died, told the priest that he himself was not a Christian, but that a religion which purified the life and gave such a hope at death couldn't be very bad. The priest then threatened to confront the students. The latter were somewhat anxious, and the next trip took with them a student from our theological class who was formerly a Buddhist priest. The village priest, however, did not show himself; and the students, after spending a good part of the night talking to the people and answering their questions, returned much encouraged.—*Outlook.*

## Not Useless.

THERE died lately in a western state, a blind brush-maker, whose story is worth telling for the truth it illustrates and the practical lesson it conveys.

At the age of sixteen, John B. was a bright, ambitious student in an Ohio college. His parents being poor, he worked on the farm in summer to pay for his schooling. He was an earnest follower of Christ; and it was his intention to become a missionary, and he hoped to go into the field in Africa, his attention having been drawn to that field of Christian labour. A violent attack of fever destroyed his health, and left him with a disease of the eyes which, in a year's time, rendered him stone blind. Whatever the boy suffered in this destruction of all his earthly hopes, he kept to himself. He was outwardly the same cheerful, light-hearted fellow. As soon as he had strength he began to learn the art of brush-making, and supported himself by that trade.

A year after he was established at it, he began to gather into his little shop on Sundays the boys whom he found on the river wharves, to teach and talk to them. This work he continued for thirty years, until the time of his death. He had a peculiar aptitude for interesting lads, and the experience of his own life gave a force and pungency to his

appeals which they would have lacked coming from happier men. But he was in the habit of regarding his life's work as utterly destroyed by his misfortune.

"God," he would say, "perhaps will allow me to be of some use hereafter." When he died, a letter came from one of the most influential statesmen of our country—a man whose strength has urged many a reform which has helped to civilize the nation.

"Whatever I am," he said, "and whatever I have done, I owe, under God, to John B. It was he who took me out of the slough and made a man of me."

Let no man who reads this be discouraged by any circumstances, however hard. If God forbids you to plant an oak, plant an herb. It is He who will give the increase, and only the future can tell how great the harvest will be.

Do thy work—it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meal,  
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

43.—Met-hod-is-m.

44.—Pennsylvania.

45.— B a r T  
A i r A  
L o n G  
S o l D  
A l b A  
M i l D

46.— R E C K N S I O N  
E F F U L G E  
T U M O R  
R E D  
R  
L I D  
T A C I T  
N O K A D I C  
L I B E L L U L A

## NEW PUZZLES.

47.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; pale; a girl's name; a nickname; a consonant.

48.—SQUARE WORD.

A liquor, a permit; a nickname.

49.—DECAPITATION.

Behead a fish, and leave healthy; again, and leave a drink.

50.—CHARADES.

To agitate; a mug. One habitually given to strong drink  
A fruit; a weight. A distinguished publisher.

Mr. C. was in the habit of asking his children to repeat the text, on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One Sabbath the text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle! Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Charlie came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then, as if it just came to him after much thought, he said, "What are you loafing around here for, doing nothing! Go into my barnyard and go to work and I'll make it all right with you!"