

Isaac Brown



AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

VOLUME XVI., No. 18.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

TAME LION AND SAILOR.

When the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. A remarkable instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge of one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When "Nero," as the lion had been called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who every now and then turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad!"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head and it rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE LORD'S WORK.

A new temperance movement had been inaugurated, in which the churches were leading with great earnestness of purpose. They were counting their possible resources when one remarked:

"There is Miss Crosby. If she would come with us and give us her influence, she would count far more than any score of men or women in town, but she declines to do anything except in the way of giving money. She is a good woman and I have no doubt she is a Christian, but she is very exclusive. If she could be induced to join us we should have reason to rejoice."

"Is she a real Christian?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, an elderly woman who had not been long in town.

"No one doubts her piety," was the reply.

"Then, of course, she will do her duty when she sees what it is. I am poor, and plain and a stranger. I can't give much money or speak acceptable words in public;

but I'll go and talk with Miss Crosby if you'll pray for me while I'm gone."

Everybody was surprised, but the evident sincerity of the woman forbade criticism. They acceded to her proposal, and she started on her mission.

In an elegantly furnished room Miss Crosby received her visitor, who said respectfully:

"You are rich and I am poor, but they

"I thought so, and it is a blessed thing when one like you is willing to do that. I told the ladies if they would pray for me I would come and ask you to join us in our temperance work."

"Do you mean that I should attend your meetings?"

"Yes, ma'am; come and talk and pray with us, and then go out and talk to those

are both trying to make some return for the love wherewith Christ loved us, and if you haven't tried you don't know all you can do. I don't believe you would drink wine or offer it to anybody else."

"I will not do that, but—"

The woman looked at her, nothing doubting while the struggle went on in her heart. She was not troubled by the appearance of her name in public journals as a leader in society. Tributes to her scholarship, which were justly due, were by no means distasteful to her. But to appear as a pronounced social reformer, and especially as an aggressive worker for total abstinence, was a cross she was not prepared to accept.

"There are ten ladies praying for waiting for you, too. The Lord can give you to this work."

"If I was sure of that, I would try to do it," answered Miss Crosby. "Excuse me for a short time."

No sooner had she left the room than her visitor knelt to pray, and when she returned she too knelt, extending her hand to her companion in unspoken sympathy. Then the elder woman's voice was heard in supplication that she to whom God had given ten talents might not withhold them from his service.

No more was needed. When Mrs. Goodwin appeared in the chapel where a few had met to pray, Miss Crosby was with her, ready to consecrate riches, culture, talents and influence, all to the work of temperance reform.

She had thought to choose her own work, but God had chosen for her, and in doing his service in his way she has been abundantly blessed.

Are there not hundreds of women in our churches called to this work, and whom God will hold to strict account for buried talents and unused influence if they fail to make a hearty response? Are you, my reader, one of these women?

I pray you see to it that in this matter you fail not of your duty.—*Banner.*



NERO.

told me you are a Christian, and so I ventured to come and ask you to come and do the Lord's work."

"The face shaded by the plain bonnet was so good and motherly that Miss Crosby could not but respond cordially:

"I trust I am a Christian, and I trust I am willing to do what I can for the master."

who need to put away their cups. When you once begin, the work will come right along, one thing after another, until you wonder you didn't see it all a great while before."

"I am willing to do what I can, but that is not my way of working."

"I am bold, I know, Miss Crosby, but we

A MAN WHO READS most of his time is not necessarily a wise man. True mental advancement is gained by thought, and those who are said to be "great readers" have usually neither time nor inclination for thinking. No one can grow strong by continually gorging himself with food; in like manner, no one can add to his mental vigor by feeding his mind beyond its power of digestion.