

that he fell upon it. The woman went out and found him gasping his last. She determined to finish me herself and ride off on the horse.

"Now, then, to return to the dog. He acted perfectly natural from the moment my safety was assured. *If his previous conduct did not come from an instinct that danger menaced me, tell me what it was. Didn't he know the danger better than I did, and didn't he do everything he could to warn me?*"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THREE FOLLOWERS.

THE wise old Hassan sat in his door, when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after any one, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said. And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."

—Selected.

BAD COMPANY.

A FATHER was anxious that his son should not associate with bad companions. One day they were sorting some apples, picking out any rotten ones from among the good. The father said, "My lad, bring me a plate." He then placed a

rotten apple in the centre of the plate, and six good ones round about it. "Now," he said, "place this in the cupboard, and we will look at it in five or six days. At the end of the six days, the father said, "Fetch the plate of apples from the cupboard." When the lad took the plate, and looked at the apples, he exclaimed, "Oh, father! they are all rotten now." "So is the effect of bad company, my boy; if we had placed six bad apples round the good one, it would have been bad all the sooner. Bad company will spoil good boys, just as a bad apple will spoil good ones."

THE IRON GIRDLE.

IN the wild time when

He might take who had the power,
And he might keep who could,

the turbulent Scotch nobles conspired against their king, a weak and unwarlike sovereign, and at the head of the rebellious army marched—whom do you think? Why, none other than the king's own son. He was but a child, and was partly carried by force, partly led by the enticements of the conspirators.

The poor king's weak heart failed when he saw his own son among those who fought against him, and he turned and fled from Sanchie field, only to fall by the hand of an unknown assassin.

Then was his rebellious son king of all Scotland. But little peace or joy could his fair kingdom bring him, for it seemed to him, as he cried out, that his right hand was red with his father's life-blood. After submitting to all the penances prescribed by the Romish Church, he had made an iron girdle, which he always wore; each year he added a new link to this to signify that his remorse increased rather than decreased. And often as he was merry with song and dance a sudden movement clanked the chain, and the king's brow darkened as the sound brought back the bitter past.

We do not believe in penance now, and we seek remission of sin by repentance, faith, and better works. God is very merciful, but He is also a just God. And there are sins for which we must bear penalties hard and heavy as the chain of King James. Our iron girdle is consequences, and every year adds its weight of new links. The girl who neglects her studies and work must bear through life the iron girdle put on by ignorance and inefficiency. The boy who indulges an appetite for tobacco and strong drink is hampering himself with the iron girdle which a perni-

cious habit and a weakened constitution fasten on him. And, oh, with how heavy a chain disobedience and irreligion gird young and old!

Are you indulging any bad habit? Then be sure that it is preparing for you its terrible iron girdle of consequences.—*Elizabeth Lee, in Sabbath School Visitor.*

WHEN our houses take fire, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now, the best water bucket for a roused temper is a resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act is done, or an injury has struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for a few minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn, many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off, and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until he cooled down.—*Cuyler.*

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