

the police force in other towns about him. Tom was disappointed as well as troubled. He fancied that he saw in the boy such signs of desire to be good, and to learn what was good, and he gave him a fair promise that he would grow up a Christian man, loving God as his Father, resting in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Lord and Friend. Whenever he had spoken about this happy belief, Tom's eyes had shone soft with tears, and his lips had trembled with joy, and though he had said nothing, there had been a look of wonder and gladness upon his face as if a new and happy thought of God had taken an entrance into his heart. He accompanied the Bannermen to Pilgrim Street, to consult with them about Tom; for these three men, in their own hearts, were true friends to the lost lad, and they considered it worth their while to arrange some way of seeking him out, and saving him from condemnation, if it were possible.

(To be continued.)

The Woman's Army.

BY FRANCIS W. TITUS.

Not with the booming cannon,
Not with the rolling drum,
Not with gay banners flying,
Or glist'ning spears we come;
Not with wild shouts of triumph,
Not with the trumpets' blare;
You shall hear no shrieks of terror,
No wailings of despair.

For ours is the pure white banner,
The flag of love and peace,
And, oh, we'll sing Hosanna
When the rule of might shall cease!

No fields of the dead and dying
Shall mark our onward track,
No ill-starred hamlets blazing,
No ruins grim and black;
No harvests torn and trampled,
No scenes of death and woe;
We shall bring no desolation,
We shall cause no tears to flow.

Our mission's one of mercy,
We bring but peace and joy,
We come to raise the fallen—
To save and not destroy.
Then give us a kindly greeting
And a Godspeed on our way,
For, with Heaven's help and blessing,
We are sure to win the day.

For ours is the pure white banner,
The flag of love and peace;
And, oh, we'll sing Hosanna,
For the rule of might shall cease!

DOING GOD'S ERRAND.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love the Lord Jesus. And she showed her love for Him by seeking to please Him in all she did. She used to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did well. One day she had been talking to her mother about the Lord. As they got through, she looked up at her mother with a bright thought beaming in her eyes, and she said, "Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands for His time! O, it is so nice to think that I am a little errand girl!" "Yes, dear," said her mother. "God has given us errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell what we are trying to do, and ask Him to help us. And when He calls us home to Himself we shall have joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him."

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is what the apostle John meant when he said that "his commandments are not grievous." His people serve him from love, and that makes everything they do for him light and pleasant to them.

THE WONDERFUL POUCH

A FAIRY TALE WITH A LESSON.

A YOUNG peasant once sat by the side of a wood. He was hungry, and prayed the gods to give him just a morsel of food.

Suddenly a dwarf came forth out of the wood, and told him his prayer was answered. And, taking a pouch from his own side, and giving it to the peasant, he said: "You will always find in this pouch something to satisfy hunger and thirst; but you must never consume it all, and you must always share your food and drink with those who ask you."

The dwarf now vanished; and the peasant found, to his delight, new bread, cheese, besides delicate viands and delicious beverages. He ate heartily, and noticed that the pouch immediately filled up again.

He now felt sure of food, and from this time lived an idle, shiftless life. One day, as he was gorging himself, a feeble old man tottered up to him and prayed for a morsel, as he had done in the past. Whereupon he refused in a brutal, churlish tone, when immediately the bread and cheese broke and scattered at his feet, then pouch and all vanished.

Have you received help? Pass it on. Let no one worse off than you say: "It was given to him, but he will not share it." Our Saviour has given us a most positive command about this: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I WONDER how many girls tell their mothers everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and *carte de visites* with young men, who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh, young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what other girls may do, don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do her to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that

you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your friend, and is ever devoted to your honour and interest. Tell her all.

Words.

A LITTLE, tender word,
Wrapped in a little rhyme,
Sent out upon the passing air,
As seeds are scattered everywhere
In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,
Breathed in an idle hour;
Between two laughs that word was said,
Forgotten as soon as uttered,
And yet that word had power.

Away they sped, the words;
One like a winged seed,
Lit on a soul which gave it room,
And straight it began to bud and bloom
In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
Borne on an evil air,
Found a rich soil, and ripened fast
Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
Fruitful seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words
Passed by and marked, one day,
The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
The baneful flowers thickly set,
In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;
One smiled, and one did sigh.
"How strange and sad," one said, "it is
People should do such things as this:
I'm glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word,
To reach so far, so high!"
The other said, "What joy 'twould be
To send out words so helpfully;
I wish that it were I."

A GOOD CHARACTER IS BEST.

"It is a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly. "There are three blades, besides the cork screw," said Tom. "It could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" asked Ted, curiously and suspiciously. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "I gave him my red alley for it, and an old medal. I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble; and he thinks he got a bargain. He's awful green."

"Oh!" said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a dunce as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

STUDY THE LESSONS.

WE acquire little that is valuable without effort. In school an education is gained only by hard work. It is said there is no royal road to knowledge. This, indeed, is a mistake, for the road to true knowledge is a very king's highway. But as knowledge of science can be gained only by diligent perseverance, so knowledge of the Lord's word can be gained only by earnest study. Every lesson should be diligently studied. The facts and teachings should all be got carefully into the mind. The "Daily Bible Readings" should all be read up. By this method all our Scripture studies will become most delightful, as well as most profitable.