

presence will encourage the young people and check any tendency to improper proceedings. Unite with it. Become a part of it, and stand or fall with it. Remember the large field of usefulness it opens up, and stand ready to do your share. It has six departments of work. Volunteer for service in some line. Contribute to it; first, by prayer; secondly by your talents. The Epworth League is fathered by intellectuality and mothered by spirituality; the offspring is "consecrated religiousness." Pray for it at home, speak and sing and play and recite at its meetings. Thirdly, by your money. Be willing to pay for the benefits you derive from its services. Don't be mean enough to take it all in fees.

What are the inducements to its support? Apart from the social and intellectual elements the speaker considered only the spiritual work: religious activity in the Church, house visitation, especially boarding-houses, looking after those who manifested a desire for a better life, tract distribution, and open-air services. He spoke of the reflex influence of this activity in the lives of the members, and closed with an earnest exhortation to the League to live up to their motto, "Look up, lift up."

Calvary.

Cast thine eyes on yonder mount,
And tell what thou canst see;
Ah, 'tis the Saviour's dying form
That hangs on Calvary.

With eyes upturned in anguish sore,
He to the Father cries,
Oh, Father, canst thou spare this cup,
Is there no other sacrifice?

But oh, the bitter draught he must
In untold misery drink,
To bring his loved ones back to God,
Who stood on death's eternal brink.

Me thinks I hear that trembling voice,
In tones of sweetest love,
Imploring pardon for his foes,
At the great white throne above.

Oh, what a sight was that to see,
The Son of God hang there!
Who could in Heaven's glory be,
But came the sinners death to bear.

Then why should we at such a price,
Resist the Saviour's love?
Why not live daily for his sake,
At last to live with him above?

Smith's Falls, Ont.

A. S. S.

Willie's Adventure.

WILLIE was a youngster between seven and eight, as fond of fun and frolic as most boys of his age. At the time we are speaking of he was at the seaside with his papa and mamma, enjoying the fresh free breezes that came sweeping from the sea, digging in the pebbly sands on the shore, and getting as much enjoyment out of the long sunny days as he could. "But he wasn't alone, was he? I hear some one say. Oh, no, he wasn't alone. Boys, as a rule, don't care to have all their pleasure by themselves. They are thoroughly social, and manage to find company everywhere. And Willie had a playmate who joined him in his rambles and doubled his enjoyment.

"Doubled his enjoyment," did I say? Yes, and doubled his peril, too, when he got into danger. And this was how it happened.

One day, as the tide was coming in, Willie and his friend were climbing on the rocks which lie along the shore, below high-water mark. They did not notice the stealthy waves coming nearer and nearer. All absorbed as they were with what they were doing, they were easily overtaken. The tide made scarcely any noise, it gave them no loud warning,

but flowed quietly along till it came beneath their feet. Still they gave no sign of retreating, and now the water, as if aware of these presumptuous invaders of its territory, creeps slyly round the rocks along the channel, which its continual ebb and flow had made.

Hark! a piercing cry—a distressful wail rends the air. Ah! now Willie's companion realizes the perilous position they are in, and Willie, pale with fear, with lips sealed, looks anxiously for deliverance. Men and women from the pier are looking heartlessly on. The danger is not to be despised. Wave after wave rises higher, leaping to seize its prey. But now Willie's papa has come to the rescue across the widening channel: he lifts the boys and lands them in safety beyond the reach of the tide. So the day ended cheerily, and all were glad at this happy termination of the boys' adventure on the rocks.

To them, and to us, and to all, our story furnishes a serious lesson. Beware of danger. Keep on the look-out for what would hurt your mind, as well as for that which would hurt or destroy your body. Sin is like the stealthy tide which surrounded the boys, it catches us unawares, and then it seeks to destroy us. We are by nature as careless about sin as Willie and his friend about the incoming water; therefore, let us pray to Christ our Saviour against it, and say, "Let not the water-flood overflow me; neither let the deep swallow me up." (Psa. lxxix. 15.)

What She Did.

CHRISTIANA DICKSON, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid. But she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in days when the use of liquor was universal. But when her sons were born she resolved to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent, her brothers called for the help of the neighbours, according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared to get dinner. After an hour or two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and at last an elder in the church, came to reason with her—to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word the little woman went to the barn, and, baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them.

"My neighbours," she said, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church—all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I would rather these timbers shall rot where they lie than to give you whiskey."

The men angrily went home. The little woman returned to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to a discontinuance of the use of whiskey at barn-raisings in the county. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, and did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world. Their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become, like many of their neighbours, drunkards.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers redeemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are vices and malignant customs still to be conquered, for which we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.

The Weavers.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

We sit, each one, at the loom of life,
And early and late a web we weave;
The pattern is placed before our eyes,
And the task that is set us we may not leave.

Sometimes half-careless the shuttle flies,
For our ears are filled with the din of earth,
And our eyes away from the pattern turned
So oft that our work is of little worth.

And then in a passion of keen regret
We eagerly bend to our toil once more;
But spite of our patience the threads go wrong,
And tangle and cross till our hearts are sore.

We may not see how the tapestry looks,
For ever the wrong side lies to view,
With lines all broken and rough and mixed,
And here and there with tears stained through.

Yet ever the loom clangs on and on,
Till Death, the warder, at set of sun,
The shuttle takes from our failing hand,
And says, "It is finished; the web is done."

And then, ah, then, as we trembling lay
The work of our life at the Master's feet;
How happy and blest if we hear him say,
In love and mercy, "Your work is meet."

Bits of Fun.

—"So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs England was deaf to her cries."

—"George, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric-light plant?"

"Electric currents, of course."

—Mistress—"Why, Nora, how dusty the chairs are!"

Maid—"Yes, mum, there's nobody sat on them to-day, mum."

—A waggish cabinet-maker, who repaired chairs as an accommodation, advertised thus: "All kinds of chairs, and bills contracted therefor, receipted with pleasure." His wit and wisdom turned him in a deal of cash-trade.

—Pat (in gaping wonder at the letters on a Hebrew butcher's sign)—"Here, Mike, 'tis yerself has the foin l'arnin'. Can yez rade that now?"

Mike—"I cannot, but if I had me flats here I believe I cud play it."

—Robert Browning's first attempt at rhyme was at the age of four years. When his mother was about to give him a dose of medicine he struck an attitude and said:

"All people, if you wish to see
A boy take physic, look at me."

—Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?"

Little son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

—Little Elsa, who has learned that it is night in America when the sun is shining in Germany, and vice versa, hears that an aged lady is preparing to go to her son in America, and asks:

"How will the old lady ever get used to living there when it is night in the day-time and day in the night-time?"

—New Yorker—"I suppose a horse can be kept very cheaply in Texas."

Texas—"That all depends on circumstances, stranger. A neighbour of mine had to pay pretty high for keepin' a hoss."

"How so?"

"It cost him his life, and he didn't keep the hoss long, either. It was my loss he was tryin' to keep."