

A Glorious Battle Won.

He stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits a royal welcome
From lips of bravest men,"

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nought to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
It's only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a haunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God.

What though he was branded "coward?"
If the blazoned halls of vice,
And banished by his baffled tempter,
Who suddenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the star light—
As guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

The Ruined Missionary.

ONE of the most impressive spectacles I ever saw is many a time present to my mind. I was a young student at college, not above fourteen years—not even quite that. On a week day, one of the largest churches of the city where the college was placed was crowded with people. It was a very unusual service. A large platform was filled with the ministers of the presbytery and of the neighbourhood. They were to designate a group of young men to go from the Irish General Assembly as missionaries to the Gujarat, in India. You can fancy how it impressed the people that had never seen a thing of the kind before. I sat, as it were, upon the end of that gallery, and I looked down; and I tell you, as I saw those young men kneel down upon the platform, and saw the presbyters lay their hands together upon their heads, and then invoke the blessing of God Almighty upon them as they went into heathendom to preach the gospel, as a boy I thought they were entering upon the most brilliant and noble career of which I could well conceive. And they went to India.

I suppose it was about twenty years after, when I was a minister myself,

in the capital of the country. I had a Bible-class in the lecture room of the church every Saturday; and I remember very well, on one gloomy, rainy Saturday, as I was conducting the class, the sexton came to me, and apologetically for disturbing me, said, "There is a man here, sir, that I don't know. He looks as if he had been a gentleman once; but he is very poor now, and I can't get rid of him. He says he must see you, and I was afraid to make any disturbance, and so I have come to you."

I arranged for the class as well as I could for the little while I was to be absent, and went out into the passage. There was a man, with clothing that had once been respectable, speaking in such a way as to show that he had been well educated. It was a very rainy day—he had no overcoat—and he had that look of misery that you see upon a man dripping all over with the rain. His shoes, I could see, had no stockings within them; they were broken in places so clearly that one could see the naked feet. And he began to tell me that he had come to get a little money.

"You don't know me," he said; and then he proceeded to tell me who he was—one of the young men on whom I had seen the hands of the presbytery laid as he was sent forth to do the work of missions in India. He had been led into temptation—he had yielded to the temptation; and he had become a pitiable, helpless drunkard. It became necessary for the presbytery to send him home. Charity had put forth its hand in his favour again and again, and there he was—a poor, wretched, despicable, helpless tramp, begging like the coverless beggar in the streets.

Lead me not into temptation! Oh, young man, thinking within yourself, "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you, you make the most dreadful mistake! The very fact that you think yourself so strong, opens up the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside! Come to the Lord's side, and pledge yourself to him, and be his. And when you say, "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength in which alone you will be able to conquer the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself—not magnifying yourself—but saying, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."—*Dr. John Hall.*

"FATHER," said a little boy one day, "can you tell me why the whiskey shop is like a bad ha'penny?" "No," answered the father; "Can you?" "Yes; because you canna pass it."

"PA, is it right to cail a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course it is right, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a hole?"

A Little Temperance Boy.

NOR very many years since I was acquainted with a little boy whose mother was left a widow by the late war of the rebellion. She, feeling deeply the great responsibility of training her children for the Lord, talked much to them about the evils of swearing, lying, and stealing, and especially of the great evil of strong drinking (as this is often the foundation of all the rest), and she told her little boy that many mothers ruined their little boys by giving them whiskey and brandy, sweetened for medicine when small children, and called it good, thus creating a taste for it, which grows with their growth, and ruined them, when they became men.

This little boy remembered the instruction of his mother, and God answered her prayers in the conversion of her darling boy when about twelve years of age, and he was a great comfort to her because he was so kind and dutiful. When he was nearly thirteen years old he was stricken down with scarlet fever, was very sick for a while, but seemed to be getting better and walked around some when the dropsy set in and when he was very weak, a little whiskey, only a few drops at a time, was ordered for him to take in sweetened water. He said, "I cannot take it. I made a promise, long ago, that I would never taste a drop of liquor while I lived, and I cannot take it." When told he would die, if he did not take it, he said, "Then I will die," and soon after he did die, a little Christian temperance boy. How many little boys who read this, will make such a promise, and keep it, until Jesus comes and says, "It is enough, come up higher."

A True Gentleman.

WHEN you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Leo Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labour.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman

deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—minor though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier.

St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world."—*Bishop Doane.*

Jarrah Wood.

THE jarrah wood of Western Australia is acknowledged by those who know its qualities, to be about the next thing to everlasting. Almost everything in Western Australia is made of this timber—work-boxes, piano-fortes, buildings, wharves, and jetties. It seems to defy all known forms of decay; and is untouched by white ants and all other insects, so that ships built of it do not require to be coppered. It has been used above ground and below, in almost every situation in which timber can be placed, and is durable in all.

There are about fifteen varieties of the timber, and it can be obtained of any reasonable length up to sixty or eighty feet—the trunk of the tree having no branches whatever.

Another advantage is that it does not burn freely, but only chars, which makes it additionally valuable for building. It is poisonous to all insects. This timber will not grow on good soil—only where there is ironstone—tons weight of which are sometimes lifted by the roots. The more ironstone there is in the soil, and the higher the elevation, the better the trees grow.

It is one of the most remarkable facts connected with this timber, that if you put a bolt—no matter of what size it may be—into it, when you take it out a bolt of precisely the same size will go into the hole again. The effect of the iron, apparently, is to preserve the timber, and the timber to preserve the iron. Jarrah is far superior to teak; it is less liable to split; and it will bend freely without being steamed.