

What I Live For.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my presence too:
For the human ties that bind me,
For the tasks by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
Where men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Christian hearts and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth apart from fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my being too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Blue Violets.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

MANY little people know that in the village of S. there is a State Prison, in which some four hundred women are confined. It is clean and comfortable, the food is well cooked, the women do not overwork, but yet it is a prison, and the women cannot leave it until the end of their sentence, but must wear the prison dress, obey the prison rules, and sleep in their lonely cells.

Not many miles from the prison is another large building, in which are four hundred women and girls. But this is a college for young ladies, and every thing is sunny and home-like. At study or recitation, roaming the beautiful park, or rowing on the lovely lake—wherever they may be, the occupants of this building show bright, hopeful faces.

All around the college grounds are meadows that are blue with violets in the early spring. How the girls rush to gather them! how the mails are loaded with boxes of the fragrant flowers for friends at home.

One day the president of the college suggested that the young ladies gather violets, make them into tiny bouquets, and send one to each woman in the prison. By breakfast-time the next morning many a table was loaded with the purple blossoms, and skilful fingers were soon busy in fashioning the dainty bouquets.

"Let's tie them with a ribbon," said some one. "Perhaps it will please the women."

Drawers and boxes were searched, and when the flowers were ready at last each bunch was tied with a bit of ribbon—red, blue, pink, or, best of all in its suggestion of purity to the poor, sinful women, a knot of snowy white. The flowers reached the prison, a note of grateful thanks from the matron came in return, and the incident was half-forgotten at the college in the press of work.

A few weeks after, as the students gathered in their beautiful chapel for evening prayers, the president said, "I have some letters to read to you to-night." And then, selecting from the large number received, she read the touching words of thanks that the

prisoners themselves had been allowed to write. I wish you could have seen and heard those letters. Poorly-spelled and full of mistakes were many of them, yet they brought tears to the eyes of the listeners that night.

"I thought nobody cared for me," said one, "but I shall never think so again." "I can remember picking just such violets when I was a girl," wrote another. "I have preserved the flowers, and shall always keep them," said a third. But their gratitude for the tiny ribbons was most touching. "Just think!" they said to the matron, "the young ladies tied the flowers with ribbon!" And nearly every letter spoke of treasuring the bright bits thus sent, while one woman wrote that she should leave the prison in a few days, but should take with her the ribbon, and tell her children about the kindness of the young ladies.

VERY eloquently does Dr. Dix show the terribly degrading effects of fashionable life on womanhood. He pictures the little girl with a child's fresh soul and honest heart sent to school to conscientious pains-taking teachers. She is thoughtful, earnest, apt, makes rapid progress, and her eyes begin to see the outlines of a noble mission. Thus she reaches the age of eighteen, the very time when higher education should begin. "Two or three years more would make the woman that should be," but the mother comes, and against protest of both child and teacher, takes the child away to make her a "success" in society.

And what will society do for this poor child of God! What will she learn there, she who has just missed the chance of entering God's great temple of thoughtful, earnest souls. It will work her hard in the tread-mill, till the freshness of life is faded; it will drag her up and down from show to show; it will fill her eyes and ears with things which she had better never have seen and heard. Whatever in her is ingenuous, pure and religious must be rubbed out. She must be successful; and success in these days is measured by the distance from modesty, simplicity, and quietness. Let us leave her to this undoing, and a year or two after let us come back and see what we have. Here surely is another person; old, hard, unmade, as it were, and made over again; thoroughly converted to the spirit of the age; she can banter, jest and make repartee; she listens without flinching to talk which but a year ago would have brought the bright blush to the maiden cheek. She has no more simple tastes; she laughs at her own old virtues; she has no aspirations beyond the charmed circle in which she is held enchanted; home is tiresome; old friends are a weariness; God and religion are very far away.

THE prospect of conquering this world for Christ was never so bright and cheering as at present. The Church is coming to see and understand her mission better than ever; her different branches are more united, are seeing eye to eye, and are pushing their conquests to all parts of the world. She is moving slowly, but surely. Her speed will increase as she awakens more fully to the importance and magnitude of the work before her. To take the world for Christ is her mission—a stupendous undertaking! It transcends in importance every other interest

of man. But it can be accomplished. Provision is amply made for it. "Go," said Jesus, "and disciple all nations;" and "Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world." She was to receive "power from on high;" with this she conquered everywhere, and this will enable her to triumph in her great mission. Opposition will come; various obstacles will be met and overcome; blatant infidelity will make its boasts; but nothing can stand before her onward march to victory. Let every Christian take heart and be encouraged.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run."

—Zion's Herald.

Our Country and our Home.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores.

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Not breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
friend;

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of
life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be
found?

Art thou a man!—a patriot!—look around;
O thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

The First Temperance Society.

IN 1812 the only Temperance Society in America was the Methodist Episcopal Church. But many of her members did not recognize the Church as a Society of this kind, and followed the "way of the world" in regard to whisky making and drinking. The Rev. J. B. Finley was at this time a young preacher. He had a heart of fire and nerves of steel, and feared no living man. He was ridiculed and opposed for his advocacy of the cause of temperance, but, as might be expected, "none of these things moved him."

On one of his circuits, his host, who was a member of the Church, assigned him a room in which stood a ten-gallon keg of whisky. This the brother had provided in view of a barn-raising which was soon to take place.

"Do you know," said the brave preacher, "that God has pronounced a curse upon the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips?"

"There is no law against using whisky, and I will do as I please," replied the brother testily.

"Very well," said the preacher. "I will also do as I please. Take that whisky out of the room or I will leave your house at once. I would rather lie in the woods than sleep in a Methodist house with a ten-gallon keg of whisky for my room-mate."

The angry host let the plain-spoken preacher depart, and at his appointment

the following day he preached a vigorous temperance sermon. He was advised by an old exhorter, after the sermon, to go home and preach no more. "If you can't preach the Gospel," said the old gentleman, "you are not wanted at all."

Finley was not dismayed, but pursued the work vigorously of breaking up this "stronghold of the devil," as he called it. Often, after a strong sermon, he would pledge his whole congregation to the temperance cause, and on one circuit alone, he relates, at least one thousand persons pledged themselves to total abstinence. Throughout his field, he says that the better portion of the community became the friends and advocates of temperance, which shows what one earnest-minded man can do.

Through all this region revivals of religion swept soon after, like "fire in a prairie," so true is it that the faithful denouncing of sin prepares "the way of the Lord!"

Our Scholars Watch Us.

I WAS early at my post one Sabbath morning, but I found John there before me. His peculiarly happy smile told of great joy and peace within, for he had some months before opened his heart to the Lord Jesus.

After a few words of greeting, I said,

"John, I am glad to see you are so near the Saviour this morning."

"Yes, I do feel very happy, but how did you know?" "Ah, I can tell as soon as I look into your face when you are happy," I said. He smiled and looked as if he wished to say something, but could hardly speak it.

"What is it, my boy?" I asked.

"Did you wish to tell me something?"

"Yes, teacher, I was going to say I can always tell when you are close to Jesus, too."

"How can you tell?" I asked. "Oh, by your looks one way, and then by the way you talk to us."

Just then the rest of the class came in and we talked no more, but those few words kept speaking to me all the day, "I can tell when you are near to Jesus."

I had often scanned each face to see if the love of Christ lighted up the eye, or if the tear of penitence welled up from the heart.

So long had I been with them, so well had I known them, that I thought I could tell much of the heart by the outward appearance. But John had turned the tables, had been watching me—could tell when I was far from Jesus.

I knew that my pupils watched my conduct to see if precept and example went together. I knew they watched my words when I spoke of Jesus, but I knew not that they watched my very looks.

I had not expected this. I had not thought they felt the difference when I came with the heart warmed by communion with Jesus or with a closely studied but prayerless lesson.

Those few words made me think if I would have them close to Jesus I must be there myself.

Teachers, our classes are watching us. Do they see that we are near to Jesus?

We must lead if we wish them to follow.—Sunday-School Times.

THE way Chinese laundries are accumulating it really does look as though the celestials had come to clean out the country.