

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Come in, O Christ, come in !  
 The door we open fling ;  
 We know Thy blessed knock and voice  
 A joy and blessing bring.  
 Our board is scant and lean,  
 But simple wine and bread ;  
 Come sup with us and it shall seem  
 Abundant feast instead.  
 O ! precious drop and crumb,  
 weetest of any cheer ;  
 My overflowing soul is dumb  
 When Thou, O Christ, art near.  
 We, through Thy poverty,  
 Have more than Ophir's gold ;  
 We know that with Thy righteousness  
 Thou wilt our souls enfold.  
 Come, Prince of Peace, come in,  
 And evermore abide ;  
 Make spotless white the blood red sin  
 Of human strife and pride.

—Caroline L. Post.

## SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

For the *Children's Record*.

**O**N one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of L—. Dinner was just over, and I was left in the commercial room with but one other gentleman. We had not been long in conversation before a youth was ushered in who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message and was on the point of retiring he was asked the question: "What will you take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select; rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered, and mechanically said, "Brandy, please sir," which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, Mind your own business! Duty seemed to say, Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin. I waited until the brandy appeared, and just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak; "My boy, before you drink that brandy, I should like you to hear what I have got to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered to you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply.

Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment that that which this gentleman has been kind enough

to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that and drinks of a similar nature, fill our prisons, poorhouses and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks than from any other cause;" and, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I say correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it."

Then speaking to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months afterwards, I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets, I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed on me. When we met he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, my boy," I replied; "you seem to know me, but for the moment, I don't remember you; have you met me before?" He heartily and with boyish sincerity said, "Yes, sir: don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day, two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, and I think something I said to him prevented him from drinking a glass of brandy. Was it you?" "Yes sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't want the brandy, but I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Band of Hope at our Sabbath school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it."

"A word in season, how good is it."

## A SPARTAN BOY.

**WHAT** did this boy? According to the story he stole a deadly weapon and concealed it in his tunic. By an accidental fall, that weapon was driven into his body. Discovery and confession would have resulted in immediate death, so with true Spartan bravery he continued laughing and playing while his life-blood was slowly and surely oozing away. Are there not some boys concealing under their clothing stiletos of grief and recollections of sins committed during the past year, which are stabbing the quivering heart, causing the rose to fade from the cheek driving gladness from the countenance, chasing away all joy from the life, and bringing the victim down to an early grave? My boy, come to the Great Captain of salvation, for he alone can heal the wound and make you whole and glad with a great, indescribable gladness.—*Boy's Brigade Courier*.