

vain for you? Listen! He is calling you. He has poured out his precious life blood for you. He is knocking at the door of your heart; won't you let him in? Oh! you must, and then we shall meet again in heaven."

In a few moments Willie fell back on his pillow. Half unconscious, I heard him say, 'Sing to me, mother, the Gates of Pearl.' He appeared as if listening to his mother's voice, and I heard him saying, 'I shall be there, mother.'

'Where do you mean, Willie?' I asked. With a smile he answered, 'Why, in heaven, general! The roll-call has sounded for me; the gates are open; the price is paid.' Then softly, as if entering the gates of pearl, I heard him saying:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.'

Gently he lifted his eyes to mine, saying, 'General, you will help Jim, won't you? You will show him the way to Jesus, and the gates—of—pearl.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

The Flower of God.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers.' And the crocus said: 'No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one.' And the lily of the valley said modestly: 'I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God.' And the trailing arbutus said: 'Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?' And all the flowers cried out: 'No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer.' And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: 'Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts his head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers? And they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this life to our fellow men; no matter how arid your life is, no matter how dull it is, no matter how poor it is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor.'—Lyman Abbot.

'It's Here all the Same.'

'What are you doing there?' asked a passer-by of a lad holding to a string.

'Flying my kite,' said the little boy.

'I can see no kite!' exclaimed the man.

'I know it, sir,' answered the boy; 'I can't see it, but it's there all the same, for I feel it full.'

If we hold on to God's promises an unseen power draws us heavenwards, and, although unseen, we know it.

Sample Copies.

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An Honest Toop.

The sunshine poured down radiantly on the mountain road, causing the white stones to shine out distinctly and the dark rocks to show all their picturesqueness. Old man Toop held the hand of his grandson, Johnny, as the two of them moved along with their faces turned in the direction of the square log school-house wherein Johnny received his learning. Old man Toop was bound on a pleasure expedition—he was going to hear Johnny spell such difficult words as clatter, spatter, patter, as he stood at the head of his class.

Old man Toop never tired of bragging of the Toops. 'Yes,' he said to Johnny. 'I heered you last night say your spellin' to your mother, and I wa'n't surprised that you didn't miss a word, for I always knowed that if a Toop went to school he was bound fer to larn to spell. It's a might' fine thing to get hold of advantages, and to profit by 'em is another fine thing; but there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world, as I knowed of, that was the kind of feller to git hold of advantages and not to profit by 'em. Eh?'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny.

'Thar's something else,' said old man Toop, cheerfully, 'and I 'low I ain't braggin' when I make the statement. To my knowledge, sure and certain, there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world that wa'n't honest. Most of 'em ain't never hed no advantages; none of 'em 'ceptin' yourself, Johnny, ever stood head of a spellin' class. You kin spell better'n your father and better'n your grandfather, but I don't say as you can beat 'em in honesty.'

'No, sir,' said Johnny, meekly.

'There ain't never been no school-teachers among the Toops,' went on the old man; 'you're the first one to have notions high as that, Johnny. Up to date the Toops have been plain workin' men, wood-choppers nearly all of 'em, but they've every one of 'em been honest straight along; and when I say honest I don't jest mean that they ain't rogued another man's coat; I mean they've been fair and square in their hearts to every neighbor ever come nigh 'em.'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny, almost in a whisper.

The little hand in the big hand grew hot with the rest of Johnny, and it was probable that old man Toop felt it tremble; but he went on talking. 'It's harder fer some folks to be honest than fer others,' he said. 'Sometimes there gits into a family a timid kind of a woman, and I say it's harder fer a feller born o' that thar woman to treat his neighbors fair and square, maybe, than it is for a feller whose mother, like his father, is 'feered o' nothin'. The Toops they manage fer to conquer all sech disadvantages.'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny.

The little boy grabbed off his hat at the door of the schoolhouse, and the old man lifted his cap with a great reverence for everything connected with that wonderful advantage, education, from the genial young school-teacher, who never broke his word, down to the rude desks and benches.

Visitors at the schoolhouse were always welcome, but being, as a rule, polite and unostentatious, they usually betook themselves to the corner of the room where the stove, no longer needed for fire purposes, was at present stored for the summer.

The sun was shining through the window near the teacher's desk, and it fell, bewilderingly beautiful, on the heads and faces of

the long row of boys and girls that formed the spelling-class with Johnny at its head; just so had it fallen on the mountain road, and old man Toop, who had seen the white stones and the dark rocks, saw now the shining faces of the members of the spelling-class, all but the face of Johnny, whose head was bowed. 'Like the mother,' thought the old man a little sorely. The Toops were in the habit of holding their heads right up.

'Speak out,' said the teacher, and laughed. 'Remember we have company in the school-house'; but old man Toop had to strain his ears to catch the letters s-p-a-t-t-e-r that came from Johnny's lips.

'Like the mother,' he thought again. 'All the Toops I ever knowed anything about always spoke straight out; none of 'em was afeerd o' nothin'.'

'I'm sorry,' said the young school-teacher, turning to the visitor unostentatiously occupying a part of the stove corner, 'that you will have to witness a thrashing, Mr. Toop, especially after listening to such very good spelling; but, you see, I'm a man of my word.'

'That's right,' said old man Toop; 'I'll wait for the thrashing.'

'This is the way of it, Mr. Toop,' explained the teacher. 'When I first came here it was nothing at all uncommon for a window-pane to be smashed once or twice a week; neither was it uncommon for the teacher's ink to be upset over desk and floor as often as the window was smashed. Well, I recently laid down a rule to the effect that if any boy smashed a window he was to be thrashed in public the next day; and I laid down another rule of a similar nature in regard to the upsetting of the teacher's ink. Yesterday I came in here and found this ball.' He lifted from his desk a baseball liberally smeared with ink. 'It had come through a window, smashing a pane, and lit into the inkstand. So you see both rules were broken; therefore, to-day I am obliged to thrash the boy who owns the ball.'

'He'll be a better boy after the thrashin', sir,' said old man Toop. 'I'll wait fer to see the thrashin'.'

'No use your saying you didn't do it,' said the teacher severely, after ordering the culprit to take off his coat. 'Everybody knows you are too stingy to lend it to anybody else.'

'I lost it,' whimpered the culprit.

'Everybody knows you can lie,' said the young teacher with the bluntness of the mountain folks. 'Mr. Toop, what do you say to this sort of circumstantial evidence? The ball that came through the window and knocked over my inkstand belongs to a boy who is too stingy to lend his pocket-knife to a neighbor to sharpen a slate pencil, and is always overcareful with his property. He is, moreover, I regret to say, a boy who does not tell the truth. What do you say to the circumstantial evidence?'

Suddenly, in imagination, old man Toop felt a little trembling hand grow hot all over. He too grew hot. 'I say,' he called out in the loud voice of the Toops, 'that if any other feller throwed the ball, now's his chance to come forward and prove that he ain't a coward by takin' the thrashin' like a man. It may be the turnin' pint of his life. If another feller throwed the ball, he's goin' to be honest or he's goin' to be dishonest this day, and maybe, on account of this day, honest or dishonest all the days of his life. I'm goin' to wait to see that thar thrashin'.'

Then, also suddenly, a meek little figure bobbed up before the school-teacher, standing there with the rod in his hand. A pair of soft