

but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence. Such a boy's religion will be marked by growth and continued usefulness. —Exchange.

### LACKED YE ANYTHING?

"Lacked ye anything?" even in seasons of sorest need, in unforeseen exigencies, in greatest danger and utter helplessness. God sometimes allows us to be brought into seemingly inextricable embarrassment and difficulty before He interposes for our relief and deliverance. Thus our proneness to look no higher than second cause is corrected, our tendency to lean on an arm of flesh is cured. We are made to say, "This is God." When the crooked things are made straight, and the rough places plain, we own His working. When the prison doors are thrown open, and our chains fall off, we awaken to the conviction God hath sent his angel. When the storm suddenly subsides we are sure that Jesus has spoken. It is worth while to suffer much in order that these lessons may be engraven on our hearts. In the darkness light has arisen. Deliverance has been sent through a channel, the very existence of which was unknown. From the flinty rock water has gushed forth.

His arm has safely brought us  
A way no more expected,  
Than when His sheep  
Passed through the deep  
By crystal walls protected.

*The King's Highway.*

### HOME.

How wonderful the spell, how strong and tender the associations that gather about that little word! It is the sphere in which our purest and best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon. It is childhood's temple, and manhood's shrine, the resting place of the heart in every stage of life!

The home is the treasury of society, the source of national character, and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the thoughts, habits, principles and maxims which govern both public and private life. The nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is, for the most part, the outgrowth of the home; and the best philanthropy, as well as the most perfect Christian character, finds its highest and best development in the well ordered home.

### UNDER THE JUNIPER.

Elijah had done his work well. Ahab frightened, the priests of idolatry slain, the people acknowledging the supremacy of Jehovah; such was the situation. Yet this was the moment when the man of God for the first and only time in his magnificent ministry showed the white feather. Whatever others might do, Jezebel, like Milton's Satan, possessed unconquerable will.

Unconquerable will  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit nor yield.

What an example bad men and women give of persistency. If Christians had half of their grit the world would be converted in a generation. How long is it to be the case that Jezebel shall fight on until death, while Elijah shall scurry off in white-lipped terror? For mark, in the very midst of the prophet's success, and enraged by the destruction of her adherents, she sent to him and exploded this message under his feet: "So let the gods do unto me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them (the slain prophets of Baal) by to-morrow about this time."

Had Elijah acted like himself he would have responded to this insolent message as Chrysostom did, when Eudoxia, the Empress, threatened him: "Go tell her I fear nothing but sin!" He would have replied as Basil did when Valerius, the Arian Emperor, sent him word that he would put him to death: "I would that he would—I shall only get to heaven the sooner!" He would have answered as Luther did when his friends tried to persuade him not to enter Worms, whither duty called him: "I would go, were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses." He would have said as the Prince of Condé did to the French king when he commanded him to go to mass, "suffer either perpetual banishment or death: 'As to the first of these, by the grace of God, I never will; as to the other two, I leave the choice of either to your majesty.'"

But, weary in mind and broken in spirit, Elijah lost the splendid opportunity. He wandered forth over the dreary hills beyond Beersheba and into the tangled wilderness. "Here he sat down under a juniper tree; and he requested for himself that he might die, and said, 'It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life.'"

Christian brethren, let us get out from under the accursed branches of the juniper tree. To linger there means dishonour and death. Why, difficulties are the nurse of manhood. As exercise develops muscle, so difficulties develop character. Ahab and Jezebel were, in some sense, the creators of Elijah. They gave him the occasion and afforded him the opportunity to reveal the full measure and strength of his moral altitude. Just so with our Ahab and Jezebels. In confronting and overcoming them, we at once serve truth and discover our own nature.—*Rev. Carlos Martyn.*

## Our Young Folks.

### WOULD YOU HAVE FRIENDS?—BE FRIENDLY.

I do not know how it can be,  
Said little Marie,  
But every one can easily see  
How kind all the girls and boys are to me.  
The rich and the poor, even cross Kate Lee  
Seems quite pleased when I invite her to tea.  
Really! I do not see just how it can be

I think I can tell you just why it is so,  
Answered aged Joe  
The rich and the poor, the high and the low  
Find in you a friend—not a foe.  
You are kind and good to all whom you know,  
To serve them, out of your way you will go.  
Really! that is just why it is so.

### GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

#### THE GODLY MAN'S TRIALS.

- They do not go beyond his strength, 1 Cor. x. 13.  
They are tokens of divine affection, Heb. xii. 6, 7.  
He chooses them rather than the pleasures of sin, Heb. xi. 26.  
They bring forth the fruits of righteousness, Heb. xii. 11.  
They make us partakers of God's holiness, Heb. xii. 10.  
They work patience, James i. 1, 2.  
They result in blessing when endured, James i. 12.  
He acknowledges that they are good for him, Psa. cxix. 17.  
He sees God's meaning in His word better through them Psa. cxix. 67.  
He sees God's faithfulness in afflictions, Psa. cxix. 75.  
They bring him to look to God, Psa. cxix. 107.  
In the time of affliction he is called on to pray Jer. v. 13.  
He appeals to God's righteousness for deliverance, Psa. cxliii. 11.  
The trial of his faith is precious, 1 Peter i. 7.  
They cannot separate him from the love of Christ, Rom. viii. 35-39.  
They are not regarded as strange, 1 Peter iv. 12, 13.

#### A TRUTHFUL HERO.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief maker and a liar. He was called up, and though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again and again, was commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant a slender little fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him; I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, I rubbed it out by mistake and spoiled it all, and before I thought whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may cane me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected. "Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity, "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle; you have been a truthful hero."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him with admiration, for the smallest scholars could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.

#### BUSY.

Are any of you grumblers, little ones? Do you ever sigh or fret? Let me tell you what to do to make yourselves happy: go and work. You think that is very hard. You will find, if you try, that it is a very happy thing.

Let us take one of our "make-believe" walks and see if we meet any workers. If we find that they are very unhappy, then we may think that work is not a good thing.

"Busy! busy! busy!" Listen to what the bees are buzzing about our ears. You know what workers they are. God meant them to work, and they do so.

"Chirp! chirp! chatter! chatter!" Well, little birds, you seem to have nothing to do but to hop and fly about.

"Indeed," answer the little birds, "we have a great deal to do—more than you. You can buy your food; we have to find ours and carry it home. You can buy your homes, but every bird has to make his own house and hunt for things with which

to build. We have a great deal to do, and we are glad of it. And away they fly, singing, "Water, water, where are you running so fast?"

"Oh, I have work to do," gurgles the water. "I must turn that wheel at the mill, and then I must carry these logs and other things; and after that go to the sea."

I think our walk will make us feel sure that God means everyone and everything to work.

It is almost impossible for a child who is well and strong to do nothing; but all doing is not working. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Little folks who have no work to do generally do a great deal of mischief. Children who have proper work to do are the happiest. How do people make silver shine? By hard rubbing. So good, honest work makes bright, shining faces. Don't you know that a top sings when it is busy spinning?

God's holy word says, "Work with your own hands." He has work for us all. Do not leave your work undone. It will hurt you and grieve God.

### THE PALACE OF ICE.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, who died a little over a week ago, said: Children often think what they will be and what they will do when they grow up; they build castles in the air. They put me in mind of a beautiful palace one reads of in Russia. What do you think it was made of? Ice. You know the frost is very hard there for a long time—for many months; so they cut an immense mountain of ice into a palace. There were beautiful large rooms in the palace a gate, windows, benches, tables, pillars—all most perfect, just like a house of crystal. The windows were stained, some red, some blue, some green—all kinds of colours; so that one going into this place would say it was the most beautiful they had ever seen. It stood very well for three or four months. Then the spring came, and the thaw, and all went to pieces; and soon nothing was found but a little dirty water. That was the end of the palace.

And that is the way many of our great hopes end. We think of many beautiful bright things we would like, and all come to this. I could tell the story of many a boy and girl, many a young man and young woman, who found this. They built to themselves a beautiful palace which they were to enjoy, and before forty years had passed, it came all down about them, and nothing was left but sin and misery. If I am speaking to a young man who is building this sort of house, I warn him that it will soon come down. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—*Dr. Horatius Bonar.*

### SPEAKING TO PEOPLE.

"Who in the world is that you are speaking to?" said one lady to her companion of the same sex and age, as they walked down one of the avenues the other day.

"That man? He is the man that mends my shoes when they need it," was the reply.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I wouldn't speak to him; I don't think it's nice."

"And why not?" queried the other. "He is a kind, faithful, honest, hard-working man. I never pass his window but I see him on his bench working away, and when I bow to him and give him 'Good-morning' he looks as pleased as can be. Why shouldn't I speak to him?"

"I never speak to that class of people," said the other; "they're not my kind."

"I do," was the rejoinder. "I speak to everybody I know—from Dr. Brown, our minister, to the coloured man who blacks our stoves and shakes our carpets—and I notice that the humbler the one in the social scale to whom I proffer kindly words, the more grateful is the recognition I return. Christ died for them as much as He did for me, and perhaps if some of them had had the opportunities my birth and rearing have given they would be a great deal better than I. That cobbler is really quite an intelligent man. I've lent him books to read, and he likes quite a high style of reading, too."

The two girls were cousins, and they finally agreed to leave the question as to recognizing day labourers, mechanics and tradesmen, to a young lawyer of whom they had high opinion. So the first time the three were together one of the girls asked him:

"If you met Myers, the grocer, on Broadway, would you speak to him?"

"Why, yes, certainly; why do you ask?"

"And would you speak to the man who cobbles your shoes?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"And the janitor of the building where you have your office?"

"Of course."

"And the boy that runs the elevator?"

"Certainly."

"Is there anybody you know whom you don't speak to?"

"Well, yes; I don't speak to Jones, who cheated a poor widow out of her house; or to Brown, who grinds down his employees and gives them starvation wages; or to Smith, whom I know to be in private anything but the saint he seems to be in public. I speak to every honest man I know whom I chance to meet. Why do you ask?"

"Because we simply want to know," replied the young lady who had taken her friend to task for speaking to a cobbler. In fact, she was ashamed to tell him that he was referee in the discussion on this point held a day or two before.

It is the privilege of nobility to be gentle and courteous to all. Kindly words hurt no one, least of all him or her who speaks them.