"Look Up, Lift Up."

BY THE REV. D. A. PERRIN.

Look up, look up to Jesus, Fail day of life begun, He will with joy receive us Who seek the race to run; His glory be our motto, Salvation be our aim, Look up to him for wisdom, Ye shall not seek in vain.

Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
Each other's helpers be,
His presence shall go with us,
And give us victory;
Let every work of mercy
Employ our every hour,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
And save from Satan's power.

Look up, look up to Jesus,
And in his footsteps tread,
Pursue the bright example,
By his great Spirit led;
Lift up, lift up the fallen,
And gather in the youth,
By Christ our Lord forgiven,
Rejoicing in the truth.

Look up, look up to Jesus,
The pledge within the heart,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
All who from sin depart;
Sing of our noble mottoes,
"Look up," "Lift up" for aye,
"Look up" by faith to Jesus,
"Lift up" each other, yea.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER III.

Many besides the old coal agent had remarked of Jo, "That laddle'll get on." His partner had got tired of the work, and Jo was not sorry to part with him.

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The dissolution of partnership had been talked of for some time, and Jo, feeling himself unable to drag the load unaided, and being at the same time averse to taking another partner, had been arranging a scheme of—to him—the greatest magnitude, being nothing less than carrying on the business by means of a horse and cart, the preparations for which had been arranged at nights, while his partner was talking of leaving.

It was winter. Building was almost, if not entirely suspended; the quarries were not

It was winter. Building was almost, if not entirely suspended; the quarries were not being worked, and, as a consequence, the horses were—as Jo had heard the owner say—"eating their heads off, in the stable," and he had no difficulty in arranging to have the use of one on easy terms, and his old friend the coal agent was only too glad to lend him a cart, and at the same time give him a few the coal agent was only too glad to lend him a cart, and at the same time give him a few shillings per week, in return for Jo assisting him with the delivery of his orders, which he would have been otherwise unable to overtake, owing to the extra pressure of business brought on by the cold weather.

"Man, Jo, ye're a perfect wonder," said the old man one day, when Jo returned for a third ton of coals. "Hoo in the world d'ye manage to get orders, an' frae such swells, too?"

"Oh, it's Mrs. Fraser I'm obleeged to for it a' maistly. She sneaks to a lot o' her freends; she's an awfu' kind leddy."

Jo's excitement and pride knew no bounds as he drove to the canal basin for the first time."

Jo's excitement and pride knew no bounds as he drove to the canal basin for the first time with a cart of coals, the climax of his importance being reached as he picked on one of the porters waiting at the gate for a job. A laugh all around was the first response, followed by banter at Jo's expense; but the man addressed, seeing Jo's good-natured face, said—

Wha are ye drivin' for? Ye're young at the Ye're young at the

"I'm no' drivin' for onybody," said Jo appropriately, as if ashamed of the importante of his position. "I'm in business for mysel". mysel*

Ha, ha, ha! Weel, you beat a', upon my Mord

word: ye're a caution."

"Hyte, Tam, my man," said Jo, addressing the horse, more f r the purpose of showing his companion the familiar terms on which he was with it than with any intent to hurry it. He had picked on Tam as it was one of the horses his father used to drive, and he had often fed it and stroked its soft, warm nose.

"The beast kens ye."
"Ay, fine," Jo replied saddy, thinking of the many one-sided conversations he had had with it in its stable. "Man, Tam," he said

on one of these occasions, "I wish ye could dae something wi' my faither to stop 'um frae drinkin'. Ye canna speak like Balaam's cuddy, to tell him aboot my mother, but ye could gang richt past the public-hoose an' no' stop, an' if he did offer to gang in, jist catch 'um by the cuff o' the neck an' haul 'um awa'. I read aboot anither horse daein' that, an' I'm sure you have as muckle sense as ony horse."

This and many similar secrets had been This and many similar secrets had been half whispered into Tam's nose, which Jo could be ly reach at the time, and that only when it rered its head for the hay which he held to it, and Jo at any rate felt relieved that he had confided his troubles where they would not be betrayed.

"Ye're kind o' thochtfu'. What's yer name?" said the man, interrupting the reverie.

"They ca' me Jo. Ay. I was thinkin' aboot Tam here; I've kent'um since ever I

can mind."

can mind."

"That'll be a lang time," said the man, with good-humoured sarcasm.

Jo, however, was soon on the best of terms with the porters, for as he gave them work they were careful not to offend him, and he could take in good humour their mild jokes with him, and was not displeased when they said, "Here comes Mr. Keddie," though he knew it was not altogether said as one speaks to an employer.

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That first night of his experience as coal agent Jo felt was an episode which must be celebrated by taking home two pies. He had done a good day's work, which brought its own satisfaction; he had more money than usual to give his mother; and a victorious general never felt more pride in returning to the capital than did Jo as he triumphantly entered the stable yard, in charge of Tam; his mother saw him, and that was more than the huzzas of the crowd to the general, and if he envied any one in the world it was the owner of Tam. "Man, Tam," he said as he fed the horse, "if I was yer maister I wad like; an' there's nae sayin', if I mak' as much every day as I've dune the day, I think I could save enough to buy ye. An' if ever I'm able to buy a horse it'll be you, if Simpson 'll pairt wi' ye. It's better for me as it is the noo, but then in the simmer-time he'll need ye, an' I wadna like to see ony ither man drivin' ye; but I doot it'll be a lang time or I could buy ye, for ye're a far better horse nor Bob, an' he got sixteen pound for him—sixteen pound! what a lot o' siller! I wonder hoo lang it wad tak' me to gether up that, if I could lay past five shillin's a week? I'll coont it up on the slate when I gang hame, an' maybe Simpson wad let me hae ye on the three-years' system—thou_h I wadna like that; I wad like to feel that ye were my very sin."

"Pies again, laddie!" said his mother, as

though I wadna like that; I wad like to less that ye were my very ain."

"l'ies again, laddie!" said his mother, as Jo entered with the luxury which meant a good day. "We're gettin' reg'lar extravagant, though I shouldna say that o' you, for naebody could think less o' buyin' things for theirsel' than you."

"What d'ye think I've made the day, mother?"

mother?"
"I dinna ken, laddie, but ye're a perfit"—
"Five shillin's," said Jo, interrupting the coming compliment.
"Five shillin's?"
"Avy, I was two roles for Inglia the coal.

coming compliment.

"Five shillin's?"

"Ay; I was twa rakes for Inglis the coal man, and three for mysel'. If I could dae as much as that every day, I could sune buy a horse; at least, I'm gaun to coont it up on the slate, an' we'll try to put something in the Savin's Bank every Saturday."

"I've jist been coontin' up, mother," he said after dinner, "an' it wull tak' aboot a year an' a half to buy Tam—that's the name o' my horse—if I was to lay by five shillin's a week; an' that's no' sae much, either. I'm sure my faither drinks mair than that when he's workin—isn't it awfu'? Just think of onybody drinkin' Tam!"

Jo seldom mentioned his father's name, and as he saw his reflection had brought the sad expression to his mother's face, he hastened to change the subject by narrating the day's experiences.

"I got twa shillin's a'thegither frae the

ened to change the subject by narrating the day's experiences.

"I got twa shillin's a'thegither frae the different hooses I was at, an' then what Inglis alloos me on orders, an' he's to gie me mair on Saturday for the use o' Tam, an' I got mair to eat frae the folk I took coals to than I could tak', but I put it in my pouch for Tam. I wish I could buy Tam; I'm awfu' fond o' 'um, an' I'm sure he kens me. If ye saw 'um cock his lugs when I come oot o' a hoose, to see if I have a bit breid for 'um! an' a leddy an' gentleman lauched when they saw 'um lookin' at me an' nicherin' when he saw me gaun forrit wi' a bit piece."

"Weel, laddie, ye wad mak' onybody lauch wi' yer big notions aboot buyin' a horse. I'm sure we have a lot to be thankfu' for as it is."

"I ken that fine, mother, an' I am thankfu';

"I ken that fine, mother, an' I am thankfu'; "I ken that me, mother, and I am manktu"; but shouldn't ye aye try to better yoursel'? Nachody wad get on in the world if they werena aye aimin' at something. I'm content,

an' mair nor content in yae way, but I'll no' be content in anither as lang as workin' can mak' me better. The porters were lauchin' at me this mornin' at the canal basin, but they

mak' me better. The porters were lauchin' at me this mornin' at the canal basin, but they were gey an' glad to get a job frae me."

"I was jist lauchin' at yer auld-fashioned notions, for guid kens I'm prood o' ye, laddie, an' mair than sorry that I've to tak' siller frae ye; an' if yer faither wad only—"

"Ta, never mind. We're gettin' on fine, an' ye have Mrs. Fraser to thank mair nor me for a' the siller ye get, an' if I hadna you an' Maggie to work for I wadna hae half the pleesure in my wark; I dinna care a snuff for siller if it wasna for you."

When Saturday came, Jo insisted on his mother taking the half-holiday with him, Maggie, of course accompanying them. Jo was on the important undertaking of opening an account at the Savings Bank in Grove Street, and as he left the bank with the book in his hand his pride was greater than that of most large shareholders, reading over and over again with evident satisfaction, "Joseph Keddie," and in the shilling column "5." He would not hurt his mother's feelings by asking her not to say anything of the bankbook to his father, but he was thinking where he could safely keep it, and trusted to her saying nothing of it. It is true that money brings care. Jo could hardly fix on any place safe enough. He felt that the best plan would be to ask Mr. Inglis to keep it with his other books in the safe, but the great objection was that by se doing he would not have the satisfaction of seeing it as often as he could wish; in the meantime, at any rate, he would keep it in his pocket. And when on Sunday morning he went to give the horse a walk out for a drink, followed by breakfast, the found a hole in the wall in the dark shadow of the manger, which he determined to adept as his safe.

"D'ye see that, Tam?" he said, holding out the book for the horse's inspection. "That's

walk out for a drink, followed by breakfast, the found a hole in the wall in the dark shadow of the manger, which he determined to adept as his asfe.

"D'ye see that, Tam?" he said, holding out the book for the horse's inspection. "That's the beginnin' o' my savin's, an' when I heve enough I'll see if I can buy ye. Hoo wad ye like to hae me for a maister, eh? Ya, auld man, ye ken fine ye wad like me. Eh, it wad be rare if ye belanged to me. 1'ye ken what I wad dae? I wad hae ye a' polished up on Saturday afternoon, an' pit a lot o' clean strae in the cart, an' you an' me an' my mother an' Maggie wad a' gang awa' to the country for the fresh air, an' I wad tak' ye oot o' the cairt an' let ye pu' the fine fresh grass for yersel', an' that wad be sweeter to ye than eatin' that dry hay. Wadn't that be fine, eh? It wad be a reg'lar picnic for us a'."

Jo was soon lost in the delightful scheme he had pictured to the horse, and when he brought himself back from his imaginary bliss he said, "I wish I could keep thae things oot o' my heid; I aye feel sae sorry I canna cairry them oot. I mind when I was in the country wi' the Sunday-school picnic, I was aye wishin' my mother an' Maggie required no persuasion,—and on one of these occasions he managed to cross the canal bridge, from which the coal office could be seen, and sa d, with all the carelessness he could assume, "That's whaur I gang wi' my orders."

(To be continued.)

HOW SMALL BIRDS CROSS THE OCLAN.

A GERMAN author, Adolf Ebelling, writing in the Gartenlanbe, asserts that he found it currently believed at Cairo, that wagtails and other small birds cross from Europe to Nubia and Abyssinia on the backs of storks and cranes, and details the result of conversations which he had with several independent witnesses, all testify-

several independent witnesses, all testifying to the same thing. He then proceeds:

"At supper, in the Hotel de Nile, I related the curious story to all present, but, naturally enough, found only unbelieving ears. The only one who did not laugh was the Privy-Councillor von Heuglin, the famous African traveller, and, executing Brehm, the most celebrated excepting Brehm, the most ce'ebrated authority of our time on birds in Africa. On asking his opinion, he remarked: 'Let others laugh—they know nothing about it.
I do not laugh, for the thing is well known to me. I should have made mention of it in my work, if I had had any personal proof to justify it. I consider the case probable, though I cannot give any warrant for it?

"My discovery, if I may so call it," continues Herr Ebelling, I would have kept to myself—even after Heuglin had kept to myself—even after Heughn had thus expressed himself, had I not discovered a new authority for it. In the second book of Dr. Petermann's great book of travels, I find the following: 'Pro-

fessor Roth, of Munich, related to me, in Jerusalem, that the well-known Swedish traveller, Hedenborg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autum, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small hirds without being a w birds, without being able to see them; but, on one occasion, he observed a party out, on one occasion, ne observed a party of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been transported by them across

THREE TALENTS FOR EVERYBODY.

THAT story which Jesus told his friends about the use of the talents has a meaning, even for the children. This is how the celebrated Scottish writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, explained it:

Stevenson, explained it:

Talking one day to the children in his friend Miss Large's school at Apia (in Samoa) about this parable, he told them there were three talents they all possessed:
"Tongues, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. Faces, that they must keep bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. Hands, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

DID I GUIDE YOU STRAIGHT?

WHEN General Wolseley was about to indertake his march over the plains of the Nile for his last engagement with Arabi he secured the services of an educated young Scotchman, who was familiar with the course, to guide the movements of his army. Before they took up their march the General said to him:

the General said to him:

"Now, I want you to guide me straight; guide me by the star."

During the battle that followed, the young man was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, General Wolseley visited him in his tent. As he entered, the dying solution spring his aver and said: ing of this, General Wolseley visited film in his tent. As he entered, the dying soldier raised his eyes and said:
"Didn't I guide you straight, General?
Didn't I guide you straight?"
And the General could only acknowledge that he did

ledge that he did. Is this not a most appropriate question Is this not a most appropriate question for parents, pastors, and teachers to ask as we look upon the souls committed to our trust? By our example have we led our followers only in the paths of safety? In our instructions have we declared the truth, warmly, earnestly, plainly, affectionately? Have our warnings been faithful and tender and loving?

In our exhortations have we pleaded with

In our exhortations have we pleaded with them "as dying men with dying men"? In our supplications for them at the throne of grace, have we wrestled for them as did He whose heart's desire and prayer for Israel was that they might be saved!

Can it be said of us-

He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
As a bird each fond endearment tie

As a pird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies.
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay.
Altured to brighter worlds and led to way.

Can we say, as we will want to say when we look up from our dying beds, I guide you straight?

WHAT A PITY!

Can it be possible that our pretty girls are encouraging the slaughter of our birds? It is estimated that about five million It is estimated that about five million song-birds are annually required to fill the demand for the ornamentation of the hats of American women. The slaughter is not confined to the singing birds, however; everything that has feathers is a target for the bird butcher. It is said that in a single season about forty thousand terms were killed at Cape Cod, Mass., and the swamps and marshes of Florids have been depopulated of their egrets and herons for the and marsnes of riorids have been depopulated of their egrets and herons for the sole purpose of using their plumage in millinery.—Sunday-School Visitor.