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An Arab Legend.

The Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a helpful lesson.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled at a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

'It is very cold outside,' said the camel, 'I only wish to get my nose in.'

The miller was an easy-kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.

'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel, 'pray allow me to put my neck inside.'

He replied the beast, 'As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am.'

This is a very good story; we hope the Arabs are all the wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to good account.

There is a camel knocking at the heart of us all, young and old, seeking to be let in; its name is sin. It comes silently and craftily, and knocks: 'Let me in'; only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession. Once in possession

The Young Brahmin.

Five years ago, wrote Mrs. Capron, in 1875, as I was one day visiting a sick infant, I was asked to go to a Brahmin lawyer's house and see his sick child. I consented, and found that the 'child' was a young man about twenty-five, in the last stages of consumption. I have often recalled that visit, and wondered if the World's Redeemer, in his need of someone to carry a message of his saving love and power, had responded to the weak faith of that dying man, and kindled it into saving faith; and if somewhere among the eternal hills I should ever see him again—would he ever tell me that Jesus had paid his debt, and had met him on his very dying day with salvation and heaven?

What if I had not gone that morning? One day, two months after our return from America, a young brother of the consumptive called. I had not seen him for three years, and had been wondering why he had not given us a welcome. He gave the reason.

'I have been away from this place, having been employed as a clerk. My father sent for me to come home. Do you remember,' he continued, 'coming to our house some years ago to see my brother, who soon after died?'

'Certainly,' I replied; 'I could not forget that visit if I would.'

'Now' he went on to say, 'my only other brother has come to the same age, and has been brought home from the Cumbum Valley, and is just as he was. He sent me to ask if you will come and see him this afternoon.'

'I can come,' I replied; 'but, if he is like your other brother, I could not hope to help him to get well.'

Speaking very rapidly he continued: 'My brother knows a great deal—I mean that he has read many of your kind of books. It is not medicine, but to see you, that he wants.'

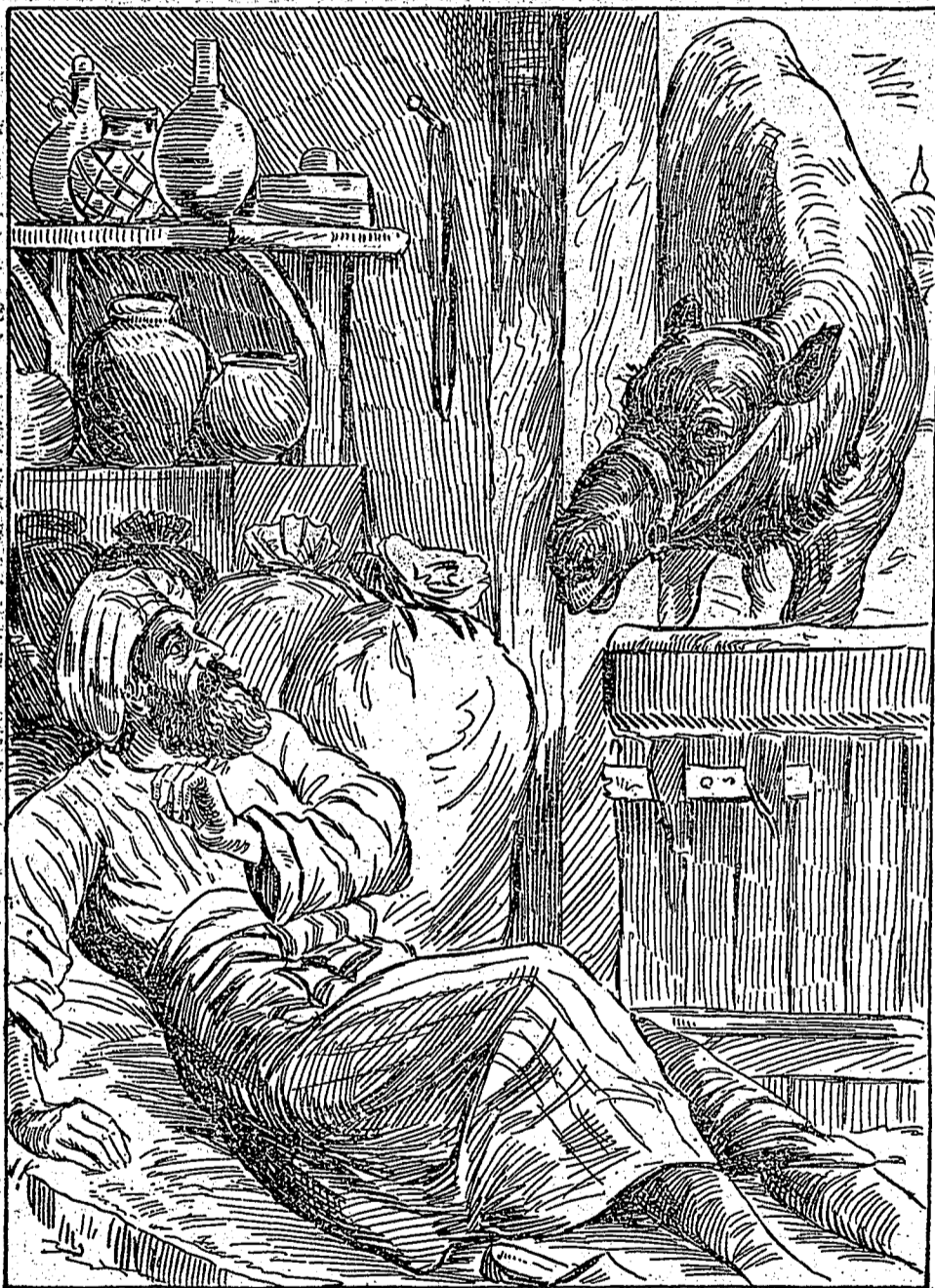
So I went. It was the same house—the same dignified father at the door—the same mother bursting into tears as she saw me. A young sister had grown into beautiful womanhood; but that young man, very like his brother, wasted and panting, with large, searching eyes, was not, apparently, so nearly through with life.

I sat down on a couch beside him; I had never seen him before. 'Well, my young friend,' I said, 'I have been here before, on very much such an errand.'

'I know it. I remember it well. I have always remembered it. You did not see me. I stood out of your sight, behind that pillar, there, and I heard every word that you said. Your visit did my brother great good. I knew that you would come and see me if I asked you. I want you to come often.'

I told him that nothing could save him from ere long making that great change called death, but what might be to him, if he would, an entrance into eternal life. If I came often my one purpose would be to make him know a free salvation—and a living Saviour ready to save. His, 'Thank you,' and an expressive smile were the only responses.

It was most trying to endure the restraint of his mother's presence, and especially that of his grandfather. He was a polite old man, who sat directly in front of me, and was looking at me all the time. I could not



This request was also allowed and the neck was also thrust in.

'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?'

This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little and a little more, until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got into his room, which was not large enough for both, and, as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

'If you don't like it, you may leave,' sauc-

the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad thoughts enter the heart; then bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule. 'It is the first step that leads astray'; if the first step is not taken, the second will never be known.

It is the first glass that is the first step in the path of drunkenness.—'National Advocate.'

Christians who have only enough grace to keep their heads above water will not be of much use in rescuing the perishing.