

A VERY SILLY BOY.

All the boys and girls in the schoolroom sat erect, with folded hands, and looked at their teacher. He held an open letter in his hand, and this was the sentence which had called them to order:

"Scholars, you may lay aside your books and give attention to me. I have something to read to you. This letter is addressed to 'Schoolroom No. 4.' Listen!

"Whoever would like to spend a day in roaming around my grounds, gathering nuts, and mosses, and anything else he can find, is invited to be ready in the schoolroom at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, when my hay waggons will come for them.

Your friend,

SILAS G. BURNSIDE."

The reading of this letter made a sensation. The girls looked at one another and laughed; the boys puckered their lips in the shape of a "hurrah," and swung their arms, and little Peter Bacon, who was apt to be the first speaker, said:

"If you please, sir, can't we give him three cheers?"

"Yes," said the smiling teacher. And they did.

But the boy I wanted to tell you about was Reuben Parsons. He neither smiled nor cheered. More than that, when Thursday morning came, instead of being up early to blacken his boots, and get himself in trim to spend a day at the great handsome farmhouse, he sat glumly down in a corner of the room, tossed over a book or two, and wished he had something that was worth doing.

"Why, Reuben Parsons!" his sister Emma said, dashing into the room ready dressed. "Did you know it is almost nine o'clock, and your hair isn't even combed! I don't believe they will wait a minute after nine o'clock. You aren't going! Why not? Are you sick?"

"I don't go to places where I ain't invited."

This was Reuben's surly answer. But his sister was only the more astonished.

"Why, Reuben Parsons! What do you mean? Don't you belong to room No. 4?"

Of course he did, Reuben snarled. What was the use of her asking such silly questions, he would like to know?

Well, didn't he hear the letter read and didn't it say:

"Whoever wants to spend a day there?" And didn't he want to go?

"It was likely he wanted to go," Reuben said. "A fellow wouldn't be so foolish as to not want to go to such a place when he could; but that was neither here nor there; he wasn't invited. There wasn't a single word about him in that letter from beginning to end, and the long and short of it was, he wasn't going a step."

For a full minute Emma stood and looked at him; then she spoke her mind:

"Well, I think you are just the silliest boy I ever heard of in my life!"

You think so too? You don't believe there was ever a boy who acted so like a simpleton as he did?

Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know that there ever was about going to a nutting party. I just imagined it.

But I'll tell you what made me think of it. I had a talk the other day with this same Reuben Parsons. It was about going to spend his life in the Beautiful City. I tried to remind him of the many invitations he had received, and how very rude he was in paying no attention to them; and don't you think he told me that he had never been invited in his life!

I found the verse in the Bible that says "whosoever will," but he said that wasn't his name; that it didn't say anything about Reuben Parsons in the Bible. Then I was tempted to tell him that I knew what his name was. It wasn't Reuben Parsons at all, but "Whosoever Won't."

Do you know what I mean by that?—Pansy.

"NAMING" OF A HINDU BABY.

I have been thinking that perhaps the young people of your band would like to

know about a Hindu baby's, I was going to say, baptism, but that is not correct for a heathen—so will just call it "naming."

They are all familiar, no doubt, with the grave kindly minister, the tiny figure of the baby in its long white robes, and the solemn baptismal service of our own Church.

I'll try to picture for them the Hindu baby.

Come with me to a house in the city. Here we are at the door. There is a pipal tree; at some seasons the people take cotton yarn in their hands and, fastening the end to the tree, they walk round and round, each round of the thread on the tree trunk makes so much *puu* or merit for them. We will go into the house. This porch is a

about him—little rings, bracelets, jewels, silver cups, bright colored jackets and funny little caps made of bright calico. A nice new cradle has been brought. It is made of round sticks painted in brightest shades of red and green and yellow. It is hung from the ceiling by long iron rods instead of being set up on legs and rockers. Now baby is laid in his new cradle and two women sit down on the floor, one on each side. The one on the right lifts the baby, and hands him under the cradle to the other, who lifts him up on her side of the cradle and lays him down in it. While doing this they call on their god to take the child under his care and make him prosperous. This is done three times; then one of the

Meanwhile, the Christian who has lapsed into indifference and is trying to regain his lost ground, will regret nothing so much as that his habits of devotion are broken up; that he does not, at certain hours, turn instinctively, as once he did, to God for guidance and strength; that he sometimes, through force of habit, forgets to pray, just as Roland Strang, in William Black's "White Heather," through mere force of habit, forgot the pledge, which he had taken.

HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYERS.

There lived in one of the mountain towns of New England, aloof from the vice of cities, a man of extremely depraved tastes and vicious habits. As he lived, so men predicted that he would die. Christian hope for him had died out. The brand of Cain was on his brow, and children avoided him in the street. At length he was mysteriously and suddenly arrested in his evil courses, apparently by no human hand or voice of warning. He woke from a sound night's sleep conscious that he was a changed man. He felt a strange impulse to confession and prayer. Explain the anomaly as we may in our theological analysis, such was the fact. Evidence soon appeared to others of a radical revolution of his moral nature. Profane speech gave place to prayer. Dishonest, licentious, intemperate living yielded to Christ-like virtues. There was a singular completeness in the change. His character seemed to be quickly rounded in gracious symmetry, so that aged and saintly men learned wisdom from his lips. He lived a consistent Christian life, and died as good men die. The community looked on in amazement. Men inquired: "What is the meaning of this? Is this John —, the man whom we have known as the scapegrace of the Four Corners?"

One old deacon of the church had been a shrewd observer of the ways of God. Said he: "Inquire into the man's ancestry. You will find somewhere, not very far back in the line of his pedigree, some man, or more likely, some woman, of eminent godliness. It is his or her faith which comes to light in this man's conversion. Prayer somewhere is answered in this mystery." Surely enough it was so. On inquiry, it was discovered that in the third generation, counting backward, the man had in his ancestral line a "mother in Israel." She had been the saint of the region. Her habit for years had been to pray much for the salvation of her posterity to the end of time. So mysteriously, yet so naturally, does the grace of God use the law of heredity in the building of his kingdom.—S. S. Times.

HE FELT MEAN.

A gentleman recently called at the rooms, who has found the blessedness of giving on principle, stated and frequently, for the Lord's work. In the course of his conversation he said: "I used to be of that class who give a dollar a year to each of our societies, and this was done the last thing before our association meeting. No matter what the appeal was, I gave my dollar and thought I had done my duty. But I began thinking about it. I said: Here are these societies, that can't wait till the end of the year for means to carry on their work, and they are dependent on contributions from the people. They ought to have something more frequently. Then, too, I receive every day my daily bread, and I ought not to put off my offerings to God to the end of the year. I began to feel mean about it. It wasn't the manly, Christian thing to do. I turned over a new leaf. I began the system of weekly offerings as God blessed me. I found it much easier. I gave freely. The Lord has prospered me and it is now my delight to give.

Yes, I felt mean, and it was mean to do so little and that at the end of the year. I wish you would get all the people in the habit of making their offerings regularly and often to the Lord."—The Home Mission Monthly.



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curious looking affair. The roof is of woven splints and is held up by two bamboo poles. At night it is let down, and is the shutter for the front doorway.

If you are tall you must stoop as you enter or your head will suffer. Now, here is the baby. It is only twelve days old and such a tiny, dark morsel of humanity lying on the bed beside its mother, covered up with a lot of cotton, for it has no clothes of its own. You see he is a Brahmin baby and will not wear any made-up clothing until this ceremony has been performed.

A number of Brahmins are out in the little court-yard at the back of the house, and a white cow is there too. Now an old Brahmin comes in; the baby is wrapped up in clean cotton and laid on a thing that looks like a dustpan, only it is made of splints like an Indian basket, instead of tin.

The Brahmin carries the baby out on this and holds it in front of the cow. The cow sniffs at it, and then the people say the gods have recognized it and the baby is carried back to its mother. After this the Brahmins sit round a fire, read from their sacred books and offer prayers for the safety of the child. When this is done they have a big dinner, baby's father gives them presents and they go away. Next day the lady friends of baby's mother come—baby lies on his mother's lap and the ladies lay their gifts

women stoops down and whispers baby's name into its ear. Then a big dinner and a great deal of talking and baby is left to sleep, all unconscious of the wretched system of idolatry he has been introduced into. I hope that this baby's parents will have learned to know the true God and His Son Jesus long before baby is old enough to learn the idol worship and superstition that is their only religion now.—E. R. Beatty in Canada Presbyterian.

Indore, March 3, 1886.

A REGULAR TIME.

One of the greatest of English novelists has told us that, at a certain hour each day, he always resorted to a certain room to write, and stayed there a certain predetermined number of hours; that, often, he was not in the mood for writing when he entered the room, but he generally was before he came out; that the mere fact of regularly resorting, at a definite time, to a definite place, greatly facilitated the work of composition. The young Christian will find that it greatly facilitates the duty of prayer to have a regular time and place for prayer; and many an old Christian can testify that prayer may become habitual—may, almost automatic—yet gain, rather than lose, in all that makes it precious to the believer.