



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE DOCK AND CAR.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

How to Be a Hero.

BY EMILY JANE MOORE.

"I SHOULD like to be a hero,"
Said a little lad one day,
As he gazed upon the picture
Of a soldier, tall and gray.

"You can be a hero, darling,"
Was his grandma's soft reply,
"If at play you're fair and honest,
And you scorn to tell a lie.

"If you stifle angry feelings,
Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,
Ever praying, always trying—
Yours shall be a hero's crown.

"For remember this, my darling,
Hero hearts of men grown old
Beat at first in breasts of children
Who were tender, true, and bold."

Four Steps to Jesus.

FLORENCE felt that she must be a Christian. Her heart was heavy with the knowledge that it was sinful. For many days she had been carrying this burden alone. She did not think she could speak to anybody about it. She had been away in her bed-room alone, and prayed many times, and still all was hard and heavy in her little heart. "Oh, if I knew how to believe," she would say to herself. "And Mr. Marlette says it is easy. If I could only ask him?" Mr. Marlette was her dear, silver-haired pastor. At length a thought struck her: "If I cannot talk with him, I can write him a little note."

When Mr. Marlette found an envelope directed to him, which some one had quietly laid on the large Bible in his study, he was surprised to find a

note from his little friend Florence. When he read it he was very glad, too. "The dear child! what can I say to her?" he thought. Then he closed the door and asked as if he were a little child going to a father, to be guided in answering that note. And I think he was. He began it with Florence's own question, and this is what he wrote:

"How shall I come to Jesus?" "The desire to come now, is the first step.

"Feeling my sinfulness and danger, and need of his help, is the second step.

"Feeling that he is both able and willing to help and save me is the third.

"And then asking him to do for me what I cannot possibly do for myself is the fourth.

"Four steps to Jesus. That's all. Perhaps I should say there is but one, and that very short. Out of the heart gushes the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and on the wings of the prayer the soul flies to the Saviour, in a moment saying:

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.'

This seems to be short, simple, and the only way to the Saviour. May my dear Florence find it so!"

Florence read the note carefully.

"I think it is the third step I need," she said. "I have the first step and second and fourth, and will believe he is able, yes, and willing to save me." So taking the third step, and then trying the fourth, it was not very long before Florence felt in her heart she had

found the answer to her own earnest question, "How shall I come to Jesus?" And she said, with a glowing face, to her pastor:

"It is an easy way."—*Children's Friend.*

"His Love to Me."

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there, the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love the child with unutterable tenderness.

"But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in this world's possessions, there is not money enough in this

world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.

A Lord in the Family.

A POMPUS, silly schoolboy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and having exhausted his topics, he turned with an important air and asked one of his schoolfellows—

"Are there any 'lords' in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least; for I have often heard mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder Brother."

The boy was right; and as he grew up it was his privilege to know more of this elder Brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of his grace. Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family and who know him as their elder Brother and their everlasting Friend.

MONEY and fame are the two things that men work hardest for, and after death one is worth to them about as much as the other.