

understood, an' there was the church, that I couldn't bear to miss now, an' there was the daily bread, that I'd never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night when I found out how much I'd had in my life, an' begun to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top, an' said:

"That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one! an' Mary she cried when I said it."

"So when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the ir'nin' an' we went off together, an' there was singin' an' everythin', jest as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd ben rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine, an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if over there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I'm the one; for I've ben a-keepin' count of my mercies, at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginnin' to cry, 'for when I begun to find out what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel! You'll jest finish this here box the way you begun!' An' here't is, I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies, 'so I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton, she begun to count, with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through, we were all cryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five-cent piece that nobody knew what it meant."

"And now," says I, "for mercy's sake give me another box, but don't let it have that molto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!"

"So they gave me this one, with 'The Love of Christ constraineth us' on it, an' Mis' Barnes, that was the minister's wife then, she prayed for us all, about havin' thankful hearts, an' lovin' the Lord for what he's done for us, an' I went home with the new box, that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's ben a different thing to me sence that day, Miss Malcolm, my dear, an' that's why that missionary box is worth it's weight in gold."—*Miss Eddy, in the Advance.*

#### Never be Idle.

Idleness is the great destroyer of young men. It is sure to work out the ruin of the most talented. Give a young man plenty to do and he is safe. Allow him to spend his hours in idleness—to loaf around bar-rooms—stand on the street corners or stay about home, with no higher ambition than just to eat, drink, sleep and smoke, and you lay for him the broad foundation of future disgrace. Parents, you may depend upon it, that your grown-up boys find little that adds to their manhood in the walks of idleness. Better to give them some honourable trade than to trust to chance for some windfall of luck or fortune to benefit them in after-life.

If young men are out of employment, let this great truth be impressed upon their minds, that time, even though it brings no money, is valuable. Self-improvement should be kept up, so

that every spare hour may bring to its possessors some valuable acquisition. Enrich your mind by the careful study of some good work, for you may rest assured your labor is none the less for being intelligent. Better be found studying at home, thereby improving and disciplining your mind, than to be seen on the street corners with hands in pockets, a cigar between your lips—the very picture of laziness.

Nothing can be accomplished without labour. Excellence in every trade or profession depends upon it. It is not the idlers that make their mark in the world, but the earnest, go-ahead men who never stop for little troubles or give up for great ones, but who go forward, determined to be and do something in this world. Young man, turn over a new leaf—place before you the object of your desires and work for it.

#### A Heathen Woman's Cry.

TAKE me nearer to your Jesus!  
Scarcely I know of whom I speak,  
But my life is very weary,  
And my heart is very weak;  
And you say that He can help me,  
That the Christ of woman born  
Will not spurn my feeble pleading,  
He my sorrow will not scorn.

Take me nearer if you love Him!  
To His throne, you know the way!  
Let your stronger faith support me,  
Teach my lips the words to say.  
Help, oh help me find His presence,  
For my feet in darkness grope;  
I may die and never find Him,  
Christ my last, my only hope!

Take me nearer to the Healer!  
For my soul is sick with sin,  
And I need the strong Life Giver  
Who can make me new within.  
And I need the tender Shepherd  
Who will lift me to His breast,  
And content my longing spirit  
With His love and home and rest.

Take me nearer, ever nearer!  
For I faint beneath the weight  
Of the burdened life I carry,  
And I dread to meet the fate  
Which must come, or soon or later,  
With its swift and stealthy tread,  
To enshroud my soul in darkness  
With the cold and silent dead.

Take me nearer to your Jesus!  
And the blessing yours shall be  
Of a soul that near to perish  
From the captor is set free;  
And another star in glory  
So shall shine to Jesus' praise,  
And another heart shall love Him  
Through the bright eternal days.

#### Student Life at Yale.

THE daily life of a student may be briefly stated. The great bell of the college arouses him from his slumbers at seven o'clock. He makes a hasty toilet and repairs to his "club" for breakfast. By "club" is meant simply the dining-room in any boarding-house in the vicinity of the college where six or a dozen men take their meals. Conning his lesson and making his breakfast at the same time, he neither masters the one nor enjoys the other. At eight the bell summons him to chapel, where the whole college assembles to profit by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the venerable President and the singing of the student choir. At 8.30 he attends his first lecture or recitation, which lasts an hour. He is then free to do as he pleases until noon, when the bell rings for attendance on the second recitation. At one he dines, and the afternoon is his own until five o'clock when another lecture or recitation is held. He is absolute master of all the rest of his time. The dormitories are never locked. He can stay out of col-

lege all night, if he please, and no one is the wiser. There is no surveillance, no stringent rules. The authorities expect all to act like gentlemen, and, as a rule, the liberty and privileges are not abused. For sports there are boating and football, tennis and baseball, and many others. The event of the junior year is the promenade concert or reception given in the Opera House in town by the class to their friends. It occurs in February and makes a pleasant break in the long winter term.—*Walter Squires, in Cassel's Family Magazine for March.*

#### The Harvest Field.

SEE the fields of ripened grain  
Ready for the reaper's blade,  
Bending in the summer breeze  
Or by fiercer tempests swayed.

Soon the autumn rains will fall,  
Shall this precious grain be lost?  
All was purchased by our Lord,  
Purchased at a fearful cost.

Send, O Lord, Thy reapers forth!  
Jesus bids us thus to pray:  
Send us; use us as Thou wilt:  
We would work while it is day.

Give Thy reapers, Lord, success!  
Let not Calvary's price of blood,  
Paid this very grain to save,  
Fail to make the purchase good.

—*Thos. Hill.*

#### Humble but Faithful.

REV. W. C. BLACK, of Natchez, Miss., relates the following instance of true-hearted sacrifice, showing how a noble action becomes doubly so when neither means nor opportunity have made it easy:

"An honest Irish lumberman in one of the vast cypress forests on the banks of the 'Father of Waters,' fell very sick of pneumonia, and lay dying in his cabin. When near his end, he called to a fellow-workman who watched with him, and said: 'Mike, if I should be buried here in these lonesome woods, where the water would cover me whenever the river overflows, and where me dear old mother could never come to strew flowers on me grave, I do believe 'twould run the darlin' old soul ravin' distracted. Mike, as far as I'm concerned, it don't make any difference; but, Mike, for me dear old mother's sake, won't you promise to carry me home?'"

"'Certainly, certainly I will,' said Mike.

"The poor fellow died, and Mike set about preparing for his journey. The dead man had left no money, for he had sent all his wages to his mother. Mike had none. But he had promised, and his promise was sacred. His employer denounced the idea of such an undertaking without funds, and he did not offer to lend him any. Mike told him that he did not intend to go by steam-boat, but in a canoe. At this the master lost patience entirely. A canoe voyage in the winter!

"'Mike Ryan, you are a ravin' maniac! What on earth are you talkin' about? Go fifty miles on the Mississippi River in a skiff, such weather as this, with the wind blowin' from the north all the time like blue blazes! Why, I'd sooner sign my death-warrant!'"

"But Mike was inflexible. Said he, 'D' you think I'd make a poor fellow a promise on his death-bed, and then go back on me word? No, sir; that's not Mike Ryan. I'll take him to his mother, or perish in the attempt.'

"So Mike procured a boat, placed

the body in it, and started down the river. The boat was so small that it was impossible to build a fire in it. Mike had no overcoat. He wore a red flannel shirt and a working man's woollen jacket.

"Reader, just think of a fifty miles' skiff-ride on the 'Father of Waters' in such apparel, with a furious north wind whisking about you, and the thermometer at its minimum point for this climate. Mike was obliged to stop at every landing to warm himself. When night came on he endeavoured still to pursue his journey; but the night being quite dark, he came very near overturning the boat by running against some obstruction. He then stopped at the first negro cabin, and slept soundly until morning.

"Sunrise found him again afloat in the midst of a storm of sleet. Yet on he went, stopping at every plantation to thaw his benumbed extremities. After two days and a night he reached his destination. I was called upon to repeat 'Earth to earth' over the remains of the deceased woodsman.

"When I heard the story, as I have here related it, I confess I looked upon that rough-looking, coarsely-clad son of Erin with feelings akin to veneration. One thousand dollars in gold would have been no inducement to me to take such a trip at such time and in such apparel. Yet here is one, poor in purse and lowly in station, who had voluntarily passed through this fearful ordeal without either hope or possibility of reward. I said to myself, 'This man is a hero; one of nature's noblemen!'"

—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

#### Wellington's Last Words.

WHEN the Duke was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home-talk remember "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget "If you please." To all that wait upon you and serve you believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure the comfort.

COMBINATIONS have been formed in New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia for the purpose of reinstating the Bible in the public schools.

EIGHTY years ago William Carey wrote from Bengal: "The people here hate the very name of Christ, and will not listen when His name is mentioned." To-day Rev. W. R. James writes from Serampore: "By all means see to it that the name of Christ is plainly printed on the title-page of every book or tract that we print."