

## HARRY'S TEMPTATION.

"I don't begin to make enough money, and I would leave Mr. Hardin's store if I could find a better place. You know mother, the doctor says you should have good food and medicine, and I don't know how I can buy them unless I get a better place, or Mr. Hardin raises my salary."

"Don't worry, Harry; we will get along. You are receiving three dollars a week, and we can't expect more than that. I am very thankful, indeed, that he has given you a situation in his store. Three weeks you could find no work, I did feel that we were in danger of want; but the prospect is brighter now, and I know we will get along very well."

"That's just the way with you, mother; you never complain. But I don't want to starve, and I want you to have the medicine. How can you get well if you don't have the medicine the doctor ordered? O, it is awful to be poor."

"Come, Harry, do not repine. Our lot may seem hard; but we are all in the hands of a kind Father, and he will watch over us, and care for us, and provide for our wants. We are told in the Bible that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His knowledge, and do you not think He can see and know our wants?"

Mrs. Thompson was a widow and lived in a tenement in the city of B—. Her husband had died in a few years after their marriage, and she and her two children, Harry and Annie, were left in straitened circumstances. For some time she had taken in plain sewing, and done different kinds of work to keep the wolf from the door, but at last she fell sick, and her small savings were used up before she was again restored to health.

About this time, however, Harry had succeeded in obtaining a situation in Mr. Hardin's store, and they felt encouraged. Harry straitened himself up manfully, and said:—

"Now, mother, you will get along very well. I have a situation, and I'm going to keep you like a queen."

But Harry soon found out that if a queen and her family could live on three dollars a week, they couldn't be charged with extravagance and high living. The dialogue at the beginning of our little story shows that Harry had "reckoned without his host."

Harry had been at work about four weeks for Mr. Hardin, and was engaged one morning in sweeping the store, when he discovered a twenty-dollar bill lying on the floor.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he picked it up, "now I'm rich. Twenty dollars! I wonder who lost it? Some of last night's customers, I suppose. Well, they'll never miss it, and I can buy the medicine now; and I'll get a picture-book for Annie, too."

So, with a beating heart, he thrust the money into his pocket and continued his sweeping.

But he didn't feel quite right. His conscience troubled him, and he imagined that something was saying to him—"The money is not yours. Do right and sin not."

Before the time came for leaving the store in the evening he had decided to tell Mr. Hardin of the circumstances, and to give him the money.

He said to himself several times that afternoon, "The money is not mine, and I will not keep it. So that's a settled matter."

When his day's work was done he went into the office where Mr. Hardin was, and handing him the money, remarked that he had found it on the floor in the morning. "In the morning!" said Mr. Hardin, somewhat sternly. "And why didn't you bring it to me at that time?"

"Why sir, I—I—" said Harry, his lip quivering. "I was tempted to keep it. I supposed it had been lost by a customer who would not know where it had been dropped, and would never return for it. I didn't want it for myself; but my mother is sick and has no money to buy the medicine which the doctor has ordered. I thought of the many nice things it would buy, and I wanted my mother to get well. But I don't want the money now. I have come out all right; I know it wouldn't be right to keep it, and I don't want it."

"Truly you have come out all right," said Mr. Hardin. "I left the money on the floor to test you. Honesty is a rarity among boys. Here Harry," he continued, rising and advancing, "let me shake your hand—the hand of an honest boy, just such a boy as I want to have in my store all the time. Here take the twenty dollars and buy what your mother needs. I will see that she doesn't want for anything. Run home and tell your mother that she has a noble boy, and that his salary will be raised immediately."

As he finished speaking he thrust the bill into the boy's hand.

"Oh sir," exclaimed Harry, "how can I thank you?"

Of course there was rejoicing that evening in Mrs. Thompson's humble home. Harry rejoiced because his mother would now want for nothing; the mother rejoiced because her son had remembered her teachings and proved himself honest; and Annie was glad because she could now have a "picture-book" and some "tandy."

And that night, at the family altar, the mother's prayer was a prayer of thanksgiving, not only for the timely aid they had received, but that her only son, her darling boy, had been strengthened in the hour of temptation, and enabled to choose the path of truth and right.—*Christian at Work.*

## KEEP THY TRUST.

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science so called." This strong entreaty addressed by Paul to Timothy has remarkable point and adaptedness at the present day. The appeal is a direct, personal application to every Christian among us, but especially to those in our congregations, theological seminaries, and among our clergy, who having once received the trust of Christian discipleship, and having accepted the promises as revealed in Holy Scripture with a sincere and believing mind, are now indulging in vain disputations concerning them, frittering away their means by subtle hair-splitting, or who are substituting mere human reason or elevating it above the Word of God. Every man who is indulging in these vain babblings; every one who surrenders his faith to fascinating novelties suggested by the pride of intellect or scientific attainment; every one who runs after the "oppositions" of science and suffers them insidiously and almost unconsciously to undermine the hope that is in him; every one who permits his faith in God and revelation to be shaken by the doubts which these "oppositions" inject upon his heart—to all these the warning of Paul to Timothy comes as a direct and personal message, uncovering the dangerous tendencies of dalliance with every species of science that places itself in opposition to the Scriptures. True science is humble, and sits at the feet of revelation, a loving interpreter of its unchangeable—though sometimes dimly perceived—truths. False science is arrogant, proud in its own conceit, and strives not so much to interpret the truths that have been revealed as to embarrass and becloud them by its factious

"oppositions" or its wild inferences. Listen then, Christians, to Paul's warning so full of special meaning in those days, and while you prosecute your researches and perfect your accomplishments in the field of true science, as you value your hope of everlasting life, avoid "the oppositions of science so called!"

## AN ENCOURAGING DREAM.

I have read of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory, and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said: "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still, and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he watched, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross, and our Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angel said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.

The problem of feeding the young and the poor physiologically is not easy, but it is simple if considered from the scientific point of view. That the bulk of the food of the poorer classes must always be bread is unquestionable. Peas, beans, and other like leguminous plants, however rich in albumen, can never be expected to successfully compete with bread; first, because they require steeping in water and boiling for hours—next, they become hard so easily, and then are indigestible, while at all times they are not so easily digested as bread. But bread is not so good a food as meat—and here chemistry comes in, and shows that bread soaked in broth made from extract of meat is as good food as the best meat diet. Indeed the most eminent chemists and physiologists are now agreed in the opinion that, when people will use more of such simple vitalizing extract, and a little less tea, for their strength and health, they will be willing to dispense with the present artifices of cookery as numberless as they are useless.