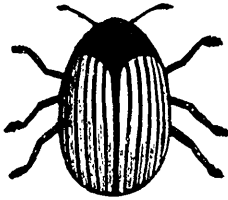


The Potato Bug.

[ORIGINAL.]

BY ALF. SANDHAM.



SOME years ago, by invitation of the Y. M. C. A., of Ottawa, Ont., I visited that city, and conducted a series of Bible Readings. During my stay, I was guest of the President of the Associa-

tion, whose residence was situated in the out-

skirts of the city.

One morning, as I

sat in my room, I

noticed upon the

window-sill a *beau-*

tiful (?) specimen

of beetle or bug.

That morning, as I

walked through the

garden, I saw many

more; and when,

after breakfast, I

was walking with

my host into the

city, I saw several

on the sidewalk. I

called his attention

to them, and said:

"What pretty in-

sects those are! I

never before saw

any like them."

"Pretty!" said he,

"I think them very

ugly, and as to

their rarity, I wish

they were more so.

Why," added he,

"don't you know

what they are?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, those are

the Potato Bugs

which are committing great havoc all through the

country. In fact, some of the farmers have lost

all their crop by them;" and, as he spoke, he

brought his foot down upon a couple which were

crossing the path. At once my thoughts concern-

ing their beauty changed, and all I saw in

them was a source of trouble and loss; and

after that it seemed to me that I was doing a

virtuous act by crushing under my feet every

potato bug which crossed my path.

On that day I learned a lesson which it would

be well for all to learn, and having learned, to put

into daily practice, that is—not to be too easily

deceived by appearances. Is it not a fact that

many—very many—Christians and others are attracted by the outward appearance of the so-called pleasures of the world? They admire them, and dally with them. But, how different would it be were their eyes opened to see the truth that, after all, those very pleasures, or sins have wrought such devastation in many homes, brought many sorrows to the hearts of parents—yea, have ruined many who, through ignorance of their deadly nature, have played with them, and encouraged their growth.

Dear brethren, let us open our eyes to the fact that the show, glitter, folly, and friendships of the world are like

potato bugs: out-

wardly handsome,

but breathing des-

truction. Let us

get them under our

feet, and keep them

there.

The Mystery of Election.

A GENTLEMAN who thought

Christianity

was merely a heap

of puzzling prob-

lems, said to an old

minister, "That is

a very strange

verse in the ninth

chapter of the Epis-

tle to the Romans:

'Jacob have I loved,

but Esau have I

hated.'

"Very strange,"

replied the minis-

ter; "but what is

it, sir, that you see

most strange about

it?"

"Oh, that part, of course," said the gentleman, patronizingly, and with an air of surprise, "'Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange."

"Well, sir," said the old minister, "'how wonderfully are we made' and how differently are we constituted! The strangest part of all to me is that he could ever have loved Jacob."

There is no mystery so glorious as the mystery of God's love.
—Selected.

DESPISE not little sins: they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties: they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility.—Goulburn.

THE GOSPEL ALPHABET. No. 12.

Look unto Me, and be saved.—Isaiah xlv. 22.
I will direct my prayer to Thee, and Look up.—Ps. v. 3.
I will wait on the Lord, I will Look for Him.—Isaiah viii. 17.



Look to Jesus, weary one,
Look and live! Look and live!
Look at what the Lord has done,
Look and live!
See Him lifted on the tree,
Look and live! Look and live!
Hear Him say, "Look unto Me!"
Look and live!
Look! the Lord is lifted high; look to
Him, He's ever nigh: [and live!
Look and live! why will ye die? Look

The lofty Look of man shall be humbled.—Isaiah ii. 12
A high Look, and proud heart, is sin.—Prov. xxi. 4.
The Lord hateth a proud Look.—Prov. vi. 17.