

to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters and writing down their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children home from school; and the monkeys and brass band brought about two hundred little boys and girls to school, which was pretty well done for two monkeys.—*Selected.*

#### Soldier and Servant.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow  
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,  
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,  
A soldier is fighting the angry gale  
Inch by inch to the camp-fire light,  
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;  
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.  
But who is this with a wan, white face,  
And piteous hands upheld for grace?  
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold  
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,  
The rags that cover him worn and rent.  
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;  
Never his wallet with gold is lined;  
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain:  
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,  
Armor of proof against the storm.  
He snatches it off without a word;  
One downward pass of his gleaming sword,  
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,  
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art  
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—  
"And half for me;" and with jocund song  
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,  
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,  
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,  
His tent had the glory of summer-time:  
Shining out of a wondrous light,  
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzling sight.  
"I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,  
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed.  
"Half of thy garment thou gavest me;  
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."  
And Martin rose from the hallowed trust,  
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

#### HOW SHALL WE SPEND OUR TIME?

**TIME**—when shall we learn its true value? Only a few learn it in youth; some, by a long and sad experience; and some, never. How true are the words of the Psalmist: "We spend our years as a tale that is told!" Life is to many like a dreamy sleep; and only when it is too late do they awake to find that its best opportunities have forever passed by.

Who can estimate the blessings of a well-spent, self-denying life—the sorrows it has soothed, and the blessed sunshine of peace it has shed on humanity? Of such persons it may be said that, though dead, their works do not die; for their influence lives long after they themselves are gone. We cherish the memory of our loved ones who have helped to make life brighter for us.

But the lives of the selfish, the reckless, or the wicked, make no pleasant picture to look back upon. The spiteful acts, the unkind looks, the cutting words, leave wounds that may never heal. And there are others whose lives are nearly a blank. While they are careful to do no evil, they also do no good; they add nothing to the joy or

comfort of others. Their lives are empty and wasted.

What lesson can we who are young learn from the lives of others? Our time will pass away as rapidly as did theirs. What use will we make of it in this our morning? Should we like to sit down at its eve to lament time ill-spent and wasted? Now is the time to settle this question. There are responsible places needing faithful service. Opportunities come to us never to return. Shall we improve them?

The only true happiness lies in doing others good. A selfish life is the most miserable under the sun. Mr. Moody says, "I would rather die than live for self, or for the sake of living, if I could not be a blessing to others." Let us remember life is short, that it comes to us but once, and that its greatest happiness lies in doing good. Let us not forget life's highest aim, to so spend our time that we shall be fit to enjoy a glorious eternity of day

#### THE FALL OF THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

DR. J. M. HODGE, of Niagara Falls, was the last man to cross the Suspension Bridge before it fell by the recent storm. He crossed from the American side to see a patient about ten o'clock, and returned about midnight. His story of his return is singularly thrilling. He says: The lights were out, and the worst gale I ever experienced was howling through the chasm. I had not advanced far beyond the Canadian tower before I realized from the nature of the swaying that something was wrong; but I was exceedingly anxious to reach home, and so kept on. As I neared the centre the swinging of the bridge from side to side was something terrific, and to add to the horror of the situation there was likewise a heavy motion like the rising and falling of a ship in the waves, as though the cables above were elastic. Sometimes the bridge would seem to tip up, as though one side was raised by the wind while the other side hung from the suspenders, and whenever this occurred I dropped on my hands and knees for fear that I should be thrown over. The rest of the time I clung to the railing as though it were the only straw between me and certain death, and worked my way along a few steps at a time, whenever there would come a slight lull in the gale. In several places this railing was bent inward, and I was in constant fear of reaching some break. To add to the discomfort and difficulties of the trip, great volumes of spray from the Falls, mingled with snow and sleet, were dashed at intervals into my face, blinding me and drenching my clothing. At one point a gust of wind more powerful than the rest seemed to come swelling up from the water, and getting under my overcoat, literally tore it open. Had I not been holding on to the railing with both hands I believe that garment would have been carried away. Mingled with the whistling of the wind through the wires when near the centre of the bridge, I heard a sound like the flapping of a broken cable against the railing, and I believe that it was here that the bridge first began to give way. When I finally reached the American tower, being half-an-hour after I begun the trip across, I was wet to the skin, almost blinded, and breathless. Nothing would tempt me to go through the ordeal again.

A ZEALOUS preacher, who loved smoking as well as he ought, in a heated discourse, exclaimed, aiming his rifle at some of his hearers: "Brethren, there is no sleeping-car on the road to glory." One of the party whom he aimed to hit, responded: "No, brother, nor smoking-car either."

#### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE Church very properly warns youth against the temptations that beset them on every side; implores them to avoid the "gilded palaces of sin;" inveighs against "street education," and says don't do this and don't do that; but the Church has not provided in the past for the development of a full-orbed man, nor, might we add, for places where youth may find a refuge from the dangers which, the Church says, assail the young.

The Young People's Christian Association of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, with an enterprise that does them infinite credit, proposed to try and provide a place where youth can at all times find a pleasant, attractive, cosy, and happy home; and on New Year's Day, this new departure in church work was inaugurated under the most auspicious circumstances.

The plan is to set apart three of the beautiful and elegantly furnished Sunday-school rooms—one for a reading-room, another for a parlour, and another for a library; these to be open every weekday from nine in the morning to ten in the evening, to every citizen of Belleville, and "the strangers within her gates," the only payments required being to pay attention to the rules—few, but wise ones—which govern. The reading-room is furnished with handsome desks and tables, manufactured by Messrs. Harris and Walton; is supplied already with over fifty of the best and most popular newspapers and periodicals; and is made further more attractive by having the walls adorned by many chaste and beautifully-framed mottoes, and is brilliantly lighted. The parlour is none the less attractive, and is supplied with a piano. And here it is proposed to have strangers received, made welcome, and entertained from evening to evening with sacred songs and instrumental music. The library will furnish reading matter which, it is needless to say, will be pure as well as winning.

Fully convinced that the success or otherwise of the scheme depended greatly upon the person who would be the executive of the association, great care and thought were taken in the selection of the permanent secretary; and it is the opinion of all who know the young lady who has been selected—Miss Clara Craig—that she is eminently fitted for the position to which she has been appointed.

At three o'clock the reception committee commenced receiving the stream of visitors who, from that hour until ten o'clock, kept pouring in—in all nearly twelve hundred persons—representing every church in the city, and every phase of our social life, visited the rooms during the day.

In addition to the rooms already mentioned, Mr. Ray's class of young men had provided an art gallery, where well-known, and in some cases obscure, works of noted painters were exhibited. This room was a great source of amusement, and was thronged until after eleven o'clock.

Another room had hundreds of stereoscopic views, etchings, and illustrated works on exhibition.

Coffee and cake were offered to each visitor during the afternoon and evening, and as both were of excellent quality, and served by charming young ladies, many partook.

We congratulate the Bridge Street Church on the successful inauguration of these rooms, and believe that this practical way of showing interest in those who have not the privileges which other enjoy, will stimulate churches in other places "to go and do likewise."—*Intelligencer.*

The Metropolitan Church, Toronto, has opened a reading-room in its parlours, and holds a free reception-evening weekly, which is attended by many strangers, with very happy results.—*Ed.*