

Charity.

"The greatest of these is charity
The beams of morning are renew'd,
The valley laughs their light to see
And earth is bright with gratitude,
And heaven with Charity.

Oh, dew of heaven: oh, light of earth!
Fain would our hearts be fill'd with
Because nor darkness comes, nor death
About the home of Charity.

God guides the stars their wandering
He seems to cast their courses free,
But binds unto Himself for aye;
And all their chains are Charity.

When first He stretch'd the signed zodiac
And heap'd the hills, and barr'd the
Then Wisdom sat beside His throne,
But His own word was Charity.

And still, through every age and hour
Of things that were and things that
Are breathed the presence and the peace
Of everlasting Charity.

By noon and night, by sun and shower
By dews that fall and winds that flow,
On grove and field, on fold and flower,
Is shed the peace of Charity.

The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the sea;
Man's heart is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charity.

He walks a weary vale within—
No lamp of love in heart hath he;
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
For lack of gentle Charity.

Daughter of heaven! we dare not lift
The dimness of our eyes to thee;
Oh! pure and God-descended gift!
Oh! spotless, perfect Charity!

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crost
With blood-drops from the deathful tree,
We take thee for our only trust,
Oh! dying Charity!

Ah! Hope, Endurance, Faith—ye fail like
death;
But love an everlasting crown receiveth;
For she is Hope, and Fortitude and Faith,
Who all things hopeth, beareth and believeth.
—John Ruskin.

Sam Jones on Running the Risk.

HERE is a man sitting on the pinnacle or cone of a five-storey building. He sat there whitening with a little penknife which only cost 50 cents, but it is a beautiful little knife, and all at once the knife slips out of his hands and slides down to the edge of the building and stops. He sits and looks at that knife and says:—"I am sorry I let that knife slip out of my hand; I believe I'll go down and get it." "But you might slip and fall off; it's very near the edge." "I know that, but people have gone that near the edge and not fallen. It is true the knife is only worth fifty cents, and it is risking a good deal; but I think I can get it and not fall off." "But if you fall, it is death." "Well, I know, but I am going to be careful." And he crawls down to the edge and grasps the knife, and just as he grasps his knife, his hold loosens and he falls and is crushed to jelly on the rocks. But he got the knife; he got the knife. I say to a woman, "Don't go to that dance, sister, it might be the cause of the first downward step of your daughter." "But," she says, "other people have had dances and their children have come out all right." "Yes, but it might be the downfall of your daughters and their damnation." "Well, that is true, but I am not afraid of my daughter." So she has the dance, and every child wakes up in hell at last. But they had a dance that night. God keeps us from going into hell without a particle of reason for it that sensible men ought to talk about at all. For one sham-

pagne supper a drunkard has been started to hell. It was just one little drink of champagne; and while the warning voice says, "Don't drink it, don't drink it," he did drink it, and woke up in hell at last. But he got the drink of champagne. Ain't that consolation for a fellow? Suppose you send your daughter to a dancing school, and she gets to be the nicest dancer in town. Then suppose your husband loses all his money, and your daughter is thrown out on the world, and you say, "Mr. Jones, will you give her a recommendation; I want her to get a position; she's a good girl, and willing to work. I recommend her as well qualified to teach music, and say she's a good girl; but I just add this postscript, 'She's a first-class dancer.'" Why, there isn't a place anywhere your daughter could get a place as a music teacher. Why, do you want to add something to her education that will bar her out of every honest job that she would apply for. I advertise for a teacher in my family; and if I had a young lady recommended by every Governor of every State in the Union and by the President of the United States, and by all the preachers in the country testifying to her culture and goodness; and if they just added this, "She's a first-class dancer," the whole concern might go. I wouldn't bring such a one into my house to train and educate my children. Some old women may just get up and nearly go off in a conglomeration of ecstasy to see their daughters put a pigeon-wing on a ball-room floor. Sister, your happy streaks are out of line with everything I consider worth considering. It is time you are beginning to think. I will do it for my good and for my children's good. Let's "right about" in these things. I will say it and I expect to die saying it. I will protect my children or die in a pool of blood at my front door. They shall not run foul of my children with these tides of worldliness running over this country. Come to the by-service in the Rink to-night. You better go to the Rink. All who want to work and pray go the Rink. I want all the old bench-warmers to come here. Before we leave I want to know how many will say: "I want that heart and one way, for my good and for my children's good."

The entire audience rose, when Sam Jones exclaimed, "Thank God for a sight like that."

Children on the "Ville du Havre."

TWENTY children were on board the *Ville du Havre* when she went down in the ocean, a few days before Thanksgiving, November, 1873. I believe but one of the number was saved. And the nineteen precious lost ones—what a fearful void their absence makes in many homes, leaving some of them entirely empty and silent which once all day long echoed to happy voices and to the patter of busy feet! Some of these children I knew. I had seen them in their joyful sports, and welcomed them to my own circle of playful children who are still spared to me, while their playmates and their playmates' mother—a whole family—went down in the most painful of ocean disasters.

But the calamity had its mitigations, as the death of Christian people, no matter when or how, is sure to have. Some of these dear children, were

Christians; they had given their hearts to the Saviour only a short time before they started on their disastrous journey. Two of them, especially, had shown great earnestness on the subject of their souls' salvation, and begged their parents' permission to go out to the evening meetings held in their church. Their parents were excellent Christian people; but they rather restrained than encouraged the children in this wish. Finally they were permitted to go; and when they asked and begged to be allowed to stay and meet the session, that they might be examined for admission to the church, with much hesitation this wish was also granted.

"Are you not too young to join the church?" asked one of the elders.

"I am not too young to love Jesus," was the reply.

They were admitted to the church, and soon after sailed with their mother for Europe, expecting to make long stay, and to get a good part of their education abroad. But their consecration to Jesus had already prepared them to meet their approaching end more completely than could any American or European schooling. Possibly it was foreseen by a higher intelligence than man's that further earthly training would have tended to unfit them for the heavenly life. Certainly there was some great mercy wrapped up in this mystery of sorrow. The less we can see of it the more we are called to believe it.

It was the conduct of these Christian children amid the horrors which were crowded into the fifteen minutes between the shock and the sinking of the vessel which proved the power of their faith, and which casts a great ray of light and consolation over the gloomy scene. They gather close around their mother as she stood helpless upon the sinking deck. Instead of waiting for comfort from her lips, the brave little ones cheered her with such words as these: "Don't let us be afraid, mother. If we die, you know we shall all go straight to heaven; if we are to be saved, nothing can hurt us."

In such calmness, and as if with inspired words upon their lips, these little heroines of faith went down beneath the water. How wondrously lightened did this calamity come to them! The presence of the Saviour, whom they loved, took away the sting of death. In His victory they conquered. They saw in the engulfing waters, and they taught others to see in them, a short passage way to heaven.

Why, dear Christian parents and teachers, should our faith in the religious possibilities of little children be so small and weak? Why should any of us ever be found among the rebuking disciples who would have kept the young children away, when Jesus, with open arms and yearning heart of love, was waiting to receive them?—*Presbyterian at Work.*

About Toads.

"BERGAMOT" writes thus in the *Advocate* about toads:

I can think of so many things interesting about this discarded, not to say abused, brown animal that I know not what to say first. I will mention a very few.

First, I like them because they remove so many disagreeable insects. I always pet them. The greatest blessing to my garden, next to the sunshine and the rain, are the robins and the toads. By the way, I counted what a robin

would eat of caterpillars at the rate at which I saw one eating them during one hour, and it was three thousand per week.

Toads are just as useful in their way, continually watching, with their long tongues curled up inside their mouths, ready to snap any little mosquito or biting fly that happens in their way. I would like to have fifty in my garden at once if they did not quarrel about their breakfasts or dinners or suppers. I can not endure quarrelers. I wish everybody who do not like their toads would give them to me. But that would not be best. They could not spare them from their own land, although they might not know it.

I always stop and pet them. Do you know how funnily and meekly they bow their heads when patted gently with a stick? They seem to like man's lordship, and do not try to hop away—at least the old and wise ones do not. I do not think I could let a toad sit beside me and help eat my dinner, and kiss it afterward, as I heard a little girl did with her pet toads.

My long acquaintance with toads as servants has shown me, without a doubt, that they belong to God's perfectly harmless creatures, and are a great blessing, snapping up all the insects in their way. I take every one I find in the road, and bring it home safe. Once or twice I had no pail or handkerchief, and I gladly took my hat to carry them to my garden in. Yes, Mr. Toad is good.

A toad changing his coat I saw once, and only once. In August or September of the year 1874 I saw, near the south side of our house, a toad partly greenish and the part near his head very dark. The thought flashed on me, "Here is a toad taking off his coat, that I have heard so much about. Run for the others to see too." So I ran in for Stella, Clara, Ernest, and Harlan, who were quick to respond. There we saw him, still on the flower-bed, pulling the remainder of his old brown, jewelled coat over his shoulders and arms and funny hands, all in one piece; and then we all stood in amazement to see him finish by swallowing the coat, which he did in three dreadful gulps. He then hopped away in a very complacent manner.

How to "Get On."

LONG ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of having been in the lower classes. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he bought the grammars and other books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He gave the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these, and in a few weeks he began to rise; and it was not long before he shot far ahead of all the other boys, and became not only leader of the division but the pride of Harrow.

You may see the statue of that boy in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe. His name was Sir William Jones.—[London] *Children's Paper.*

Those who remain at home should give freely to sustain those who go forth to preach the Gospel.