

ment "to burn." At the next station they loaded a lot of kegs, and when the agent opened the door there sat Mrs. Cat, eyes as big as saucers, on a keg in the corner. Mr. Cat came to meet them, snarling fiercely. In front stood the broken cage from which the prisoners had escaped.

"I'll tell you he slammed that door shut in a hurry and sent the car on to Cincinnati a-flying. The charges were only 80 cents, but the wild-cats in a special car went on their way unmolested. The station agent telegraphed ahead and they were met at the depot by a professional trainer with a tarpaulin, and between them the animals were safely landed in the museum.

"Professor Andrews, the owner of the place, after reading the letter was much interested in the story and the boy. He told the comical tale to everyone who came in and before long every Sunday school in the city was taking up collections for John. Then to cap the climax, Andrews visited the school, and it ended by his promising to see John through the whole course. He graduates next June, and a smarter man never left the college doors."

"He ought to have—er—a couple of cats on his coat of arms—er—after he makes his fortune," drawled Harold Jones, the son of a wealthy pork packer, who had been listening disdainfully.

"That's all right," interrupted the boys. "No amount of money can buy brains, but brains carve their own way to success."

"Next year John will be practicing law before the greatest judge of the land. I say all honor to the boy who allows no obstacle to hinder his success," said Haines.

"It's all right for them who are obliged to labor, I suppose," drawled the young fop, pettishly. I did not hear the answer of his companions, for at this point I left the train, their loud expostulations ringing in my ears.

'Wanted, a Boy.'

(By Mary B. Reese.)

"Wanted, a boy!" 'tis written above
Coveted places of highest renown;
But the ladder of labor must ever be trod
By boyish feet ere the sign comes down.

There are humble names half hidden now
On the school day roll, 'mong many a score,
That yet will shine as the lights of fame,
Till the boys are wanted on earth no more.

The forum is echoing burning words
Of orators destined to pass away;
You will be wanted instead of them soon,
Men of the future are boys to-day.

Is There 'Time Enough?'

When working at Flushing, L.I., Mr. Davidson, the evangelist, was striving to impress upon his hearers the necessity for prompt action in the matter of preparing for eternity. He said, "You tell me, 'There is time enough.' I will show you whether there is time or not:

"Will all those in this audience who were converted before they were twenty years old please to stand up?"

There were about 800 persons present, nearly all adults, and about half of the audience rose in response to Mr. Davidson's request.

Then, requesting these to sit down, the evangelist asked all who were converted between the ages of twenty and thirty to stand up, and thirty-two responded to this call.

Then he called for those who had been converted between thirty and forty years of age, and twenty-six persons stood up.

Those who were converted between forty and fifty were next asked to rise, and only six persons stood up.

And when Mr. Davidson asked for those who were converted after the age of fifty, there was not a single response.

This was certainly a startling object lesson; far more impressive than any general statement of fact or opinion which could have been presented. It was the testimony of the people themselves to the fact that after twenty years of age the chance that a

man or woman will repent and turn to God is a very slight one and that it diminishes steadily with the increasing years.

If a sick man was informed by the doctor that there were only 64 chances out of 800, or even out of 400, that he would recover, he would feel that he was in a pretty hopeless condition. And, if that audience was a fair average, as it probably was, its testimony indicates that a man or woman who is over twenty years of age has at the most not over 64 chances out of 400, and after thirty years of age only 32 chances out of 400, of turning to God.

The offer of mercy in Christ Jesus is open every day and every hour of the day to all men, but, as the days and hours go by, man's power to throw off the burden of self and yield to Christ grows less and less. Christ is able to save to the uttermost, but man's capacity for salvation is limited, and can be entirely squandered.

The Windmill.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.
—Longfellow.

A Remarkable Story.

Years and years ago, as a student preaching in a small village, I had made at the close of my sermon something like an earnest appeal, I suppose, to the small company present, saying, 'My friends, come to Jesus! I would that you would come to Jesus!' and afterward as I stood out there in the little country road, a lad came up to me and said:

"If you please, sir, will you tell me what it is to come to Jesus?"

And, though a preacher, the words a little astonished me, and I scarcely knew how to put the Gospel in a sentence to the lad; and, as I stood there was upon the pathway before us in the road a sparrow hopping from point to point, from road to hedge, and from hedge to road, and the thought came to me to say:

"My young friend, Jesus is nearer to you than I am; he knows more about you than I do. I wish you would go to him straight—just straight. He can hear everything you say, knows everything you are doing now. I do not want you to go like that sparrow; I want you to go to Jesus as straight as the crow flies."

How little did I think that I should ever hear the words again! Some few years passed, and I was in my first pastorate, and late one evening my servant came to me and said:

"If you please, sir, there are two foreigners, I think they are Frenchmen, who want to speak to you."

And going out, by means of my poor knowledge of French, and their poor knowledge of English, the following story came out:

They had been lying seriously ill, apparently unto death, in a yellow fever ward in the West Indies, and there in the next bed to one of them lay a young soldier; and this young fellow, finding that they were coming back to their own land through England, asked that they should find me out, if possible, with this simple message, 'Tell him that I have learned to go to Jesus as straight as the crow flies.'

My friend, Jesus knows all about you. He is only waiting for your own surrender. Will you not come to him—go to him straight—go to him straight as the crow flies? Come to Jesus, my friend, come to Jesus!—Principal Cave.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Lawyer's Remarkable Will.

The following document, a will framed with perfection of form and detail that no flaw could be found in its legal phraseology or matters, yet 'devising' only those beauties and blessings which the Great Father long ago devised to all human creatures, was recently rescued from a large collection of other legal, but less interesting, papers:

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as needs of their children shall require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of brooks and the golden sands 'neath the waters thereof, and the odor of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way, to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood, and all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods, with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance or care.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make everlasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.—The 'Farmer's Advocate.'