

could she do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless from his bruise. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I can drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was needed to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives; and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard. You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

Books of the Bible.

OLD TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus,
Leviticus and Numbers see
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges away the land,
Ruth glean a sheaf with trembling hand,
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now
Eather the beautiful mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon;
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's;
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room,
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew begins the inspired story
Of the Saviour's life and glory;
Mark follows him with eager pen,
Adding his memories for men!
Luke, the beloved physician, now,
Would crown anew the sacred brow;
And John, who leaned on Jesus' breast,
Writes more of love than all the rest.
With Christ's history thus ended
His Apostle's Acts are blended;
And Paul, whom we account the chief,
Adds Romans to the sacred sheaf.
Corinthians First and Second then
Come with Galatians from his pen;
Ephesians and Philipians now,
His loving care for churches show;
Colossians, too, have many a rule
Sent them from Christ's own perfect school.
Thestralonians First and Second

With the others now are reckoned:
And to Timothy two letters find
Full of counsels loving, faithful, kind;
Then in one to Titus we are shown,
That none are saved by works alone.
He writes Philemon now, and sends
The slave, he to his care commends.
Then to the Hebrews, Paul doth bring
New proofs that Christ's their Priest and King.

James, of the Twelve, adds here his word,
Urging all to pray and trust in God.
Two letters Peter writes; to him give heed
For Jesus bade him his flock to feed.
Now John (whose words before we've heard)
In letters First, Second, and Third
Bids us while here we live, to love,
That we may grow like God above;
Then Jude, with all the rest unites,
Of judgment and of mercy writes.
Last, we to the Revelation come,
A view revealed of heaven, the home
Of all who love their Saviour Lord,
Omnipotent, Incarnate Word,
Whom ancient writers dimly saw
Through Jewish ritual law:
This light, God's love to all then lent
Who read the ancient Testament.
Thank God, we've both books old and new,
Read, study both, and love them too;
Learn, too, of Christ, and trusting his grace,
We soon shall see His glorious face.
And with apostle, prophet, priest,
Meet at His heavenly marriage feast!

The One Phase of Drunkenness.

From John B. Gough's new book, "Pit-form Echoes."

It is an awful degradation, and yet we laugh at drunkenness!—at certain phases of it. We cannot help it. I do not blame people for laughing. Man is the only animal that can laugh, and he ought to enjoy the privilege, and I mean to. But you know, and I know, that we often laugh at some of the phases of drunkenness.

To be sure we laugh. One poor fellow fell down a flight of thirty or forty stairs in Erie, Pennsylvania, and when a man came to help him up, he said: "Go away; I don't want any help; that's the way I allus come down stairs." The Bishop of Rhode Island told me that once he saw a man whom he had known years before, very drunk by the side of the road. He went to him and said: "Mypoor fellow, I am really sorry for you," and went away. By and by he heard the man call, "Bishop, Bishop!" So he went back. "Now," he said, "Bishop, if you are very sorry, and you say so, I will forgive you." We laugh at such drolleries and at such vagaries as we do at the man who came home at four o'clock in the morning and said it was but one. "But," said his wife, "the clock has just struck four." "I know better, for I heard it strike one—repeatedly!"

Lacknowledge that the man who is always contradicting you is a very disagreeable person, but to my thinking, a more disagreeable person still is he who is always agreeing with you. I would rather live in a house with a man or woman who contradicted every word I said than with a man or woman who agreed with me in everything. Such persons are never able to come to any decision. They remind me of another story Bishop Clark of Rhode Island told me of two men coming home about two o'clock in the morning in a maudlin state of intoxication. As they staggered along, one said: "Don't you think the sun is shining very brilliantly?" "Sun," said the other, "that ish n't the sun; that 'sh the moon." "No," said the first, "it's the sun," and so they discussed together until a little ill-temper began to manifest itself. Finally, they agreed to leave the matter to the first person they should meet. Soon after, a man came along, but unfortunately

he was in the same condition as themselves. "I say, old fellow, here's a dispute, and we want you to settle it, and be an umpire and referee. Now you just look where I'm pointing, and the question ish, ish that the sun, or ish it the moon?" After looking upward in a maudlin way for a few minutes, he said: "Ish it the sun, or ish it the moon? Well, gen'tlemen, you must 'scuse me, I'm a stranger in this part of the country."

We cannot help laughing, but we know all the while that we are looking at only one phase of a terrible evil. You have heard of the man who went into his house in the dark, and, being very thirsty, groped about for the water pitcher and found it. He lifted it to his mouth and began to drink very rapidly. One of his children had dropped a soft spool of silk into the pitcher, and in his hurry he swallowed it. He felt something disagreeable and strange, and he became frightened, and dropped the pitcher. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" He caught hold of the end of the silk, and in great affright began to draw the thread from his mouth. "Wife, wife," he shouted, "hurry up, hurry up, I'm all unravelling!"

I remember when I was in Glasgow, hearing a man in the City Hall tell a story which made me laugh till my sides ached. I was not laughing at drunkenness, but at the ridiculous features of it. I cannot tell you the story as he did, but I will give you an idea of it. He said:—

"There was a man, a laird, who went with his man, Sandy, to pay rent to the squire; and the two, or it may have been all three, became intoxicated. In the gray of the morning, the laird and Sandy were riding home on horse-back, both very drunk. They had neglected the animals all night, so, when they came to a stream of water, the laird's horse very suddenly put down his head to drink, and the laird, being in a very 'limpy' state, as we call it, slipped over the pommel of the saddle and the head of the horse, into the water. 'Sandy, Sandy! something has fallen off.'

"No laird, there's naething fell off."
"Sandy, I heard a splash."
"Sandy dismounted and said: 'It's yourself that's in the water.'
"It canna be me, Sandy, for I'm here."

We laugh at such stories because they are ludicrous; but, I repeat, they illustrate only one phase of an awful fact.

Emancipation of the Workingman.

WHAT Goldwin Smith says of English workingmen is equally applicable to the same class in the United States: "A slight change in the habits of our workingmen would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes than has been added by all the strikes or by conflicts of any kind." Whisky, tobacco and loafing are, without doubt, the weights that drag down the labouring class, in spite of efforts to elevate it, both from within and without. These have blocked the way of every advance movement and they threaten defeat to any experiment that shall require sobriety, energy and industry on the part of the workingmen.—Emma W. Rogers, in *The Current*

SELF LAUDATION abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Charles Burton.

The Power of Prayer.

(A REPRODUCTION.)

In Austerlitz the villagers were dancing through the night. The fête was gay and jubilant, 'twould last till morning light. Their careless minds, with pleasure filled, knew not the awful fate That from the hostile Zuyder Zee would reach them soon or late. Upon the dyke's high banks the captain of the town

With his two hundred body guards was pacing up and down. As he surveyed the swollen sea, he noted each great wave That lapped the bank with all the force a mighty ocean gave.

The Hollanders have learned the need of watching when the tide Rolls up to lash with maddened zeal their dykes though high and wide, For men made the embankments to gain the sea's own land, But God made wind and ocean with his creative hand.

Oh! what a scream of fright arose when first there came a crack; In vain the canvas filled the seam; the sea would not go back.

And when the canvas was quite gone and still the water pressed, The captain, looking calm and strong, his arms crossed on his breast,

Said: "Take your jackets off, my men" At once the jackets came

They pressed them in the gaping cracks, which widened just the same.

All human means were past avail. What could the captain do?

What use is it to have a God unless He brings you through

The places that by strength or will of man can ne'er come straight?

Quickly the captain spoke these words before it was too late:

"Down on your knees, my vallant men, and pray to God above;

May He protect our native town by His unerring love.

No power can save it from this flood of devastating harm

But God, who rules both sea and land with His all-able arm."

Two hundred men sank to their knees; two hundred voices poured

A prayer of supplication to the One they most adored;

That He would still the furious waves, and turn the awful tide

That might so soon lay waste their homes, their country fair and wide.

While yet they spake the wind was calmed, the rolling waves soon fell;

The tide was turned, and left the dykes they loved and watched so well.

The dykes were saved. The little town of Austerlitz again

Was free from her great danger. The captain and his men,

Who worked and prayed in their distress, thanked God for His kind care

That saved their loved ones, homes, and land. Does not God answer prayer?

—Elizabeth Wilson.

WHEN God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, He will bring them again to peace and prosperity.

AN undivided heart which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above anxiety for earthly wants.—Geikie.

FOR the pitiful sum of a dime he [the owner of a groggery] furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis*.—Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal.