

What is His Name?

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

He sat within a crowded place,
And none guessed how his heart was stirred;
He lifted up a placid face,
And, wishful to learn, he heard
In patience every speaker's word.

And was it strife, or was it peace?
The man had faith in God and prayer;
His longing was, "Let discord cease,
Nor hate nor wrong be anywhere,"
And then he left with God the care.

For peace and love and righteousness
His voice was certain, if not loud;
His hand was raised all men to bless;
And, thankful for each lifted cloud,
He passed and vanished in the crowd.

His step was firm along the street,
Few recognized him as he went
Swiftly, as he sought retreat,
To where his daily life is spent;
And he lives on in glad content.

Who is he? You shall search in vain
Placards and newspapers to see
His name, a common one, and plain;
No man of public speech is he;
Few know all he can do and be.

And yet by this he may be known,
Serene and brave, gentle and strong
Is he, not for himself alone
He lives, but loves and suffers long,
And fights relentlessly with wrong.

All weak things give him perfect trust;
He understands their pleading eyes;
They know him tender, true and just,
With ears to hear the sad world's cries,
And a kind heart by love made wise.

All base things sink from him with fear;
Meanness and greed and calumny
Creep out of sight when he is near;
He stands confessed the enemy
Of selfishness and tyranny.

Lowly and meek, and pure in heart,
A peacemaker, and merciful,
He does in faithfulness his part,
To make the whole world beautiful,
And is to Jesus dutiful.

What is his name? It matters not;
Doings, not words, are his indeed.
He dignifies the common lot,
And meets the present deepest need,
Because he lives in faith and creed.

You know him now? No stranger he,
Although he be not known to fame,
A thousand voices happily
Him for their own dear kindred claim,
And give him some familiar name.

Teachers' Department.

Sunday Rest and Sunday Labour.

A good example was set by a miller. A Swiss newspaper contained, in September, 1863, the following advertisement:—

"Altorf, canton Uri. A miller wanted. In this mill, of the most modern German construction, no work is done on Sunday, or during the night."

A friend of Sunday observance wrote the mill-master, inquiring what had led him to adopt this arrangement, and received the following answer:—

"Although I am a young man, I have learned from the experience of the twelve years since I began to work, that the desecration of the Lord's day, besides being sinful, brings no worldly gain, but rather the opposite.

"For several years I was servant in a mill in which, under the excuse of the amount of business, work was carried on almost every Sunday. I

longed even then to have the Sunday to myself, though only for the sake of ease. When I became a mill-master, I resolved to try whether diligent working during the six days could not produce as much as labour continued through all the seven—especially as I had noticed that on Sundays the work went on very lamely. I was successful. With the six days' work I could show a greater result than my predecessor had been able to produce with the whole seven. This terminated Sunday work in our mill.

"Two years ago I became a mill-owner. In the beginning the mill was very small, but I did not allow it to go on the Sabbath. Night-work, however, I had not abandoned; but it became utterly unsatisfactory—for I had remarked that more was lost than gained by it, through waste and negligence. I abolished it.

"I now gain so much by restricting the work within the hours of the day, when I can have personal oversight of my men, that, by God's blessing, I realise very ample profit.

"I hold it as certain, that a man who rests one day in seven has both more willingness and more power for work, than another who labours through the seven, without intermission, like a machine.

"I entreat you to endeavour to persuade the workmen in your neighbourhood to make trial of this; for I believe that, like myself, they will soon find that more is lost than gained by Sunday labour."—*S. S. Magazine.*

Boys.

THE worst thing a parent can do to a boy is to pamper him. A boy can be fed to death and nursed to death. He can be killed by motherly kindness and fatherly guardianship. Boys are only young animals with minds—or with what will one day be minds.

The most essential part of a boy is his stomach. The next important members of his organism are his legs. Good, strong, sturdy legs, and a stomach able to digest anything in the way of food, and any amount of it, make an equation for boyhood.

Do not, then, keep your boy in the house, father, but give him a bat, a ball, a sled, a pair of skates, a rifle—anything he needs for out-door amusement, and send him out-doors. Go with him yourself, if possible. Skate with him, shoot with him, race with him; be a boy with him, that he may be a man with you, by-and-by.

How often have we seen birds scold and push their fledglings out of the nest, compelling them thus to rely on themselves. How they will flutter around with them, and make an occasional shoot into the upper air, to encourage the little things to try their wings, by showing them how easily it can be done. Can you not be as wise as the birds? Shall the dumb creatures beat you at the game of parentage?

Keep your boy out of doors, father. Let him mingle with other boys. It will do him good to be buffeted and abused a little by his playmates. It will teach him to stand up for his rights, and give him confidence in himself. It will make him cautious, and wary, and self-reliant. A dull boy is a fraud on nature.

A boy is like a whip lash—he is not worth a penny if he hasn't got the snap in him somewhere. What is it that has made you succeed in life? And how was it developed in you? You were not pampered much when a boy, eh? Well be as wise to your son as your father was to his. Give him a chance to be vigorous and plucky. Start him right. "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong."—*S. S. Magazine.*

What Shall Harm the Christian?

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

A LADY was the other day showing me some trees in her garden richly laden with fruit, which is very uncommon this season, when we came across a favourite plum tree "with nothing but leaves." She remarked, "I shall use plenty of hot water around this tree so that it may bear next year." "Hot water!" I replied. "Will not hot water kill the tree?" "No," was her answer. "A spiteful woman was determined to have revenge on a neighbour not long ago, when she thought of destroying a valuable plum tree by pouring scalding water on the roots in the spring season. To her great disappointment, instead of killing the tree the hot water killed the weeds around it, softened the soil and greatly enriched it, and that year's crop of plums on this tree was simply wonderful."

This reminded me of the anecdote of the very eloquent and somewhat eccentric William Dawson, who many years ago, announcing a hymn in a Wesleyan Chapel in England on a Sabbath morning, read the stanza:

"Engraved in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines."

Mr. Dawson motioned the choir to wait and added: "I knew a very naughty little boy who was very angry at a doctor, and so, determined, as he thought, to ruin his business, got a flannel rag and took some sand and tried to rub the doctor's name off his brass door-plate. The young urchin rubbed and rubbed and rubbed until he was all aswheat with the exertion, but the rubbing instead of defacing the name polished the plate until it fairly glittered and the black letters of the doctor's name and business were more distinct than for many years. Now," continued Mr. Dawson, "if you are faithful to God, all the opposition of the devil and his servants cannot harm you. The more you are persecuted the brighter will the image of Christ shine in your hearts, and the more faithful in holiness will be your lives." And then characteristically added in a defiant tone, "*Rub, Satan, Rub!*" after which the choir proceeded with the hymn.

A Word to the Boys.

IF we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them. No; of course you do not.

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed; it never will fail; and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you do not drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely will look upon you as a milksop if you do not indulge with them. Then, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me?" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.