

William Brown, Boy Martyr.

The sky is dark, although it is midday;
But in the open space of Bentwood town
Red, leaping flames about the faggots play,
Waiting for William Brown;
Only a boy, a "heretic" though a boy,
Brought to his home while all the heavens
are dim,
Brought here to die with courage—*ray*, with
joy;
Good people, pray for him.
Cold is the sky, and all those faces cold,
And all is cold save where the faggots be,
And the boy says—he is but twelve years
old—
"Good people, pray for me."
There stands a man with children of his own;
There stands a mother, her babe is at her
breast;
Brothers and sisters stand about the town—
These all hear his request.
The father turns his scornful head away,
The mother tighter holds her infant fair,
Brothers and sisters laugh as if in play,
But no one prays a prayer.
Yet one rude voice responds, while darken
down
The murky heavens as if it were not day,
"I'll pray no more for thee, boy William
Brown,
Than for a dog I'd pray."
Then the boy William Brown lifts up his eyes,
From pitiless men, from fires of agony,
And says, before dark faces and dark skies,
"Son of God, shine on me!"
At once the sun shines through the thick,
black clouds,
Full on the face of William Brown whose
sight
Is tam to look away; not from the crowds,
But from the dazzling light.
The sky is rent, the brightness of God's
Throne
Pierces the darkness with a sudden joy;
Ye need not pray—the need of prayer is gone
For him, the martyr boy.
—*The Quiver*.

Jack's Victory.

BY KATE T. GATES.

JACK BENTON was up-stairs, in his own room, standing by the window, with his mouth shut very firmly, and a half angry, half regretful look in his eyes. If he had been a girl, he would have thrown himself upon the bed and cried; as he was a boy, he only stood by the window, and choked back the sobs with all his might.

It had been such a long, miserable day; everything had gone wrong, from beginning to end. He had overslept, to start with, and, consequently, was late to breakfast and late at school also, though he had hurried as fast as he could.

In his haste he left his Algebra papers at home, and failed in his lesson in consequence. When he came home at noon he found that baby Nell had gotten his bound *St. Nicholas*, and had torn two or three leaves almost entirely out.

But the worst of all had been this afternoon. He had gone back to school, feeling all out of sorts with himself and everybody else. It did not seem to him that he could speak pleasantly to anybody, do his best.

And even here—he could not quite tell how—Joe White had begun to joke him about some unimportant little matter that he would not have cared

a bit about if he had felt all right, but which just exasperated him now. He had answered in a short, sharp way at first; and Joe, seeing that he was really vexed, had persisted in his teasing, and the other boys had half joined, just for fun. One word had led to another, until Jack had thoroughly lost his temper, and said some pretty sharp things.

"Humph!" said Joe, with a little sneer, getting rather vexed himself; "I don't see how you are any better than the rest of us. You needn't ever come round me again and try to get me to go to prayer-meeting."

Jack's face grew very white, but he turned on his heel without a word more, and went home, right up-stairs to his own room. He could not bear to speak to any one—not even his mother.

He had dishonoured his Master—he had brought reproach upon his cause. The boys would never believe in him again, and he had wanted so much to help them find the Friend above all others, who had become so dear to him of late.

In spite of his best endeavours, two great tears rolled down Jack's cheeks. He had meant to do so much—he had prayed for them all so earnestly, and he had hoped that he could influence them all for good; and, instead, he had proved a stumbling-block.

"It would be a great deal better if I had not joined the church," he said to himself. And two more tears would not be kept back.

"I might as well give up first as last; but I was in earnest. I know I was, and I don't see how I could do so."

Just then the tea-bell rang, and Jack went down; but there was a lump in his throat, and he could not swallow.

After tea, when he and his mother were alone in the sitting-room, it all came out.

"There isn't any use in my trying any more, you see, mother," he said, in conclusion. "I have made a miserable failure of it, and I had better give up now, before I do any more harm."

"Jack," said his mother, with a little smile, "I broke one of my best china cups to day. I had better never use them again, had I?"

"Why, of course you will; only, I suppose, you will be more careful how you handle them," answered Jack, rather perplexed at this apparently irrelevant remark.

"Well, dear, hadn't you better keep on too, only striving to be more careful in the future. Did you pray this morning, Jack?"

"N—no—not really. I was so late."

"Oh, Jack! No wonder you were defeated. Tell your Heavenly Father all about it, and ask his forgiveness, and start again; and never again start out on a day without seeking help."

"But, mother, the boys—and I

wanted to help them so. There is no hope of that now."

"Tell them about it, too—that you know you were wrong, but that you are sorry, and are going to try again. Isn't that the only thing you can do?"

"Oh, mother, I can't do that!" exclaimed Jack, in dismay.

There was a long, long pause. Then Jack spoke again.

"I can't, mother. Must I?"

"I think you ought, Jack. Don't you? If you are really sorry, ought you not to be willing to do all in your power to undo the wrong that you have done?"

Jack kissed his mother, and went up-stairs again to fight his battle. It did seem such a hard thing to do. How could he? And yet, though he tried hard to feel otherwise, he was quite sure his mother was right, and it was his duty. It was a long, hard battle. It seemed to Jack that he would rather do anything else; but before he went to sleep he had decided to do it.

The boys were all in the playground when he went in the next morning, and it seemed to him that they must hear his heart beat as he went up to them. For a moment it seemed impossible to speak; but there was a quick, whispered prayer for help, and then he went up to Joe.

"I want to beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did yesterday, Joe. I was as cross as could be," he said bravely and clearly. And—Joe—I know I dishonoured my Master, and I'm so sorry. But please don't think there isn't anything to it, and don't look at me, boys. I'm only trying to be like him, and I'll fail lots of times, I know; so don't watch me, will you?"

There was a minute's pause, which seemed so long to Jack, and then Joe put out his hand.

"You're all right, Jack," he said; and, to Jack's surprise, his voice trembled. "You're all right. I—guess it would be better if we were all trying to. Anyhow, I believe in you, though I don't know as I should if you hadn't said this. You see, we were watching you; and when you got mad the same as ever, we thought that there was nothing but talk in it all. But I know you well enough to know it was a tough job for you to say what you did just now, and I believe in you now thoroughly."

"I am so glad I did it mother," said Jack, that noon. "But it was tough, I tell you. It seemed to me I couldn't get the words out to start with; but the boys were so good—and, oh! perhaps I can help them even now."

* JOHN BUNYAN was once asked a question about heaven, which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures, and he thereupon advised the enquirer to live a holy life, and go and see.

The Turning Point in a Great Man's Life.

THE incident which influenced Lord Shaftesbury's whole career, and led him towards a life of philanthropy, was indeed a strange one. It occurred when he had been at Harrow about two years, and was yet a boy between fourteen and fifteen. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street, and then he beheld a coffin, carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sickening spectacle, he gazed spell-bound, and then exclaimed, "Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, when walking down the same hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, his companion asked him if he could remember any particular incident which induced him to dedicate his life to the cause of the poor and wretched.

"It is most extraordinary that you should ask me that here," he said, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own," and he then told Dr. Butler the incident just recorded. Mr. Hodder suggests that a suitable monument should be erected there, such as a stone seat, like that which marks the spot above the Vale of Keston, where Wilberforce conversed with Pitt, and determined to bring forward the question of the abolition of slavery.—*The Quiver*.

Hard to Go Alone.

SOME years ago I stood beside what was thought to be the dying bed of a young woman suffering from heart disease. She had been a regular attendant upon my ministry, but had concerned herself little about the interests of her soul. When taken sick she was anxious to see me and seemed much concerned to find Christ. I talked with her and directed her to him, but she could not fix her thoughts upon him for any length of time because of the pain and weakness, which gave her no rest. At length she seemed beyond hope of recovery and yet no peace came to her troubled soul. One afternoon as I stood with her friends around the bed she appeared to be passing away, and putting my ear down to catch what seemed some last message I heard her say, "It is hard to have to go alone." Ah, yes, my friend, unless Christ be with us in that supreme hour we must go alone. Friends must then stand back; parents must stand back; and unless Christ be with us we shall descend into the Valley of Death alone.—*Glad Tidings*.