

and with a hastily muttered 'Good-bye,' leave their benefactress to her work.

'I shouldn't be surprised,' murmurs 'Arr,' as he carefully closes the door, 'if Granny don't go ter that there phee up above w'en she dies—to 'eaven, I mean.'—E. W. Walters, in 'Methodist Times.'

### Worship 'For Fashion Sake.'

An incident related by King Alfred the Great of Bishop Aldelme, who lived 200 years before his time, has come down to us through the manuscript of an old Benediction chronicle of the seventeenth century, who writes: 'In King Elfred's (Alfred) time manie of Saint Aldelme's ditties were yet sung in England. One thing related by King Elfred is most worthie of memorie. The people of those times being yet but rude rustiks, and verie negligent in the Divine service seemed to come to church but for fashion sake (as many now adaies doe), where they may not long stay, but as soone as the ministerie of masse was done they flocked homeward without anie more adoe. Our prudent Aldelme perceiving this small devotion in the people placed himself on a bridge over which they were to passe from church to their villages, where when the hastie multitude of people came (whose minds were already in their beef-pot at home) he began to put forth his voyee with all the musical art he could and charmed their eares with his songs. For which when he grew to be grateful and plausible to that rude people and perceived that his songs flowed into their eares and minds to the greate pleasure and contentment of both, he beganne by little and little to mingle his ditties with more serious and holy matters taken out of the holy scripture, and by that means brought them in time to a feeling of devotion and to spende the sundaies and holy daies with farre greater profit in their owne soules.'—'Christian World' (London).

### Take Heed.

It is a serious thing to become a Christian. But those who object to taking the step on that account forget that it is an infinitely more serious thing not to become one. The issues of life—not of this world only, but of the world eternal—depend upon the decision. He who hesitates risks an infinity of blessedness, for 'we know not what a day may bring forth.' A brief delay, an hour, a moment of indecision, may make decision forever impossible. 'Grasp the present moment, seize it with avidity,' was the advice of a wise man concerning a matter of immeasurably less importance. There is safety and an eternity of happiness in immediate acceptance of Jesus as Saviour and Lord; there is peril, and the possibility of unending separation from the presence of God in putting off the day of salvation.—The 'Examiner.'

### On Being Born Poor.

'Do you know what's bothering me no,' said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer. 'It's wondering what is going to become of my boys.'

'I have four sons, all young, and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself.'

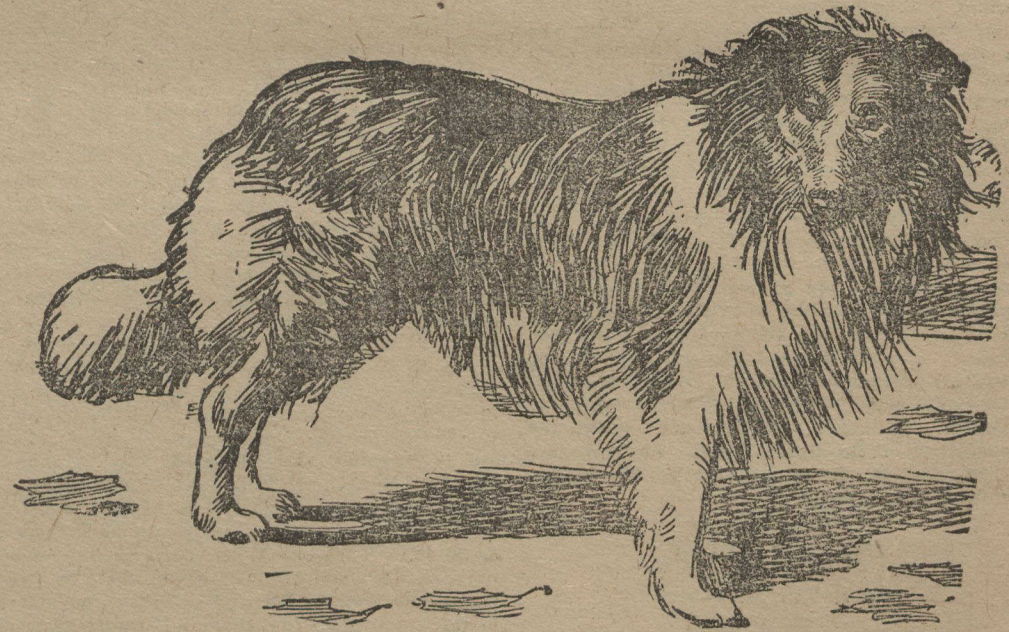
'I was born that way, and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of no account. I had to get out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will.'

'But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be ruination of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant, able men.'

'I'm sending them to public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one valuable lesson that there

History tells us about Olaf, King of Norway, a warlike prince, famous in his day, shortly before the time of the Norman Conquest. And as it was not very difficult in fine weather to get across the sea to Britain it was a temptation to land there to fight and rob the natives.

Then on one excursion of the kind he thought he would go still farther afield, and



see what was to be got in Ireland. It was the 'Emerald Isle' even then—and, of course, the shamrock—and there were herds of cattle just what the Norwegian warriors wanted for food.

One large herd had at this time been brought in before the king, but amongst it were certain cows of a poor peasant, who humbly implored that they might be given back to him, as they were his only means of living.

'But how can you tell which are yours?' quoth Olaf.

'Please, sire,' replied the countryman, 'nothing is easier—my dog will know them.'

'Well, then, let him try,' was the answer, and both king and courtiers smiled, incredulous, since to their eyes each one looked like the other.

'Now, Viq,' said the peasant, and with a whisper in his ear of his own native tongue he sent him forth to the herd.

are other people in the world besides themselves and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up.

'Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a public school; if you want friends you've got to be friendly. A good all-round start in life it is for boys to go to a public school, and I hope my boys will profit by it.'

'But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they'll go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they should turn out to be hard-headed young men, they will come to train with other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow-students and begin to live by themselves; and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellowmen.'

'My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fail or bust up or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature.'

'And, you see, there's the trouble. They've got somebody to lean on, and a man that

With a rush and a bark and a way of his own he singled out this one and that one till the right number were separated and stood apart, the owner's property intact.

'Well done, noble creature!' cried King Olaf, delighted with his sagacity. 'I must have that dog; I will buy him.'

'Nay, sire,' said the Irishman, 'I could not sell him, for he is more than money's worth

to me; but if your Majesty will accept him, take him as a present, and away in your own country they will see how clever and how faithful an Irish dog can be.'

The king took off the gold ornament about his neck and bade him keep it as a remembrance, and Viq became his property. Back to the Norway shore he bore him and prized him much. In many a battle he was by his side—yes, as faithful to a royal master as he had been to a humble one; and, as tradition tells us, he was slain at last in a fight, Olaf's spear having killed an idolater, but not before the idolater had wounded Viq, and so passed away the Irishman's dog.

We hear of our nineteenth century dogs being made useful in many ways, but it is well to cast our minds back to the long ago and see how these noble creatures have a long pedigree of faithfulness, of sagacity, of all that God made them to be, and perhaps it will increase our regard and our kind treatment of them to-day.—'Child's Companion.'

doesn't have to isn't apt to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work.

'The man that doesn't work dwindles and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think they're handicapped as it is; honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men.'—New York 'Sun.'

### General Booth as a Boy.

'I was a very ordinary schoolboy,' says General Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army; 'never woke up to any ambition to learn until I was well on for twelve years of age. Then I started out, and made some progress; but my schoolboy days were soon brought to an end by my father's failing fortunes, and I had to go to business. My business life was very hard indeed. I worked twelve or thirteen hours every day, with short intermissions for meals. I read the Bible and the writings of the most earnest Christian men and women I could get hold of, as I walked the streets to and from business, and to and from the restaurant where I got