

Day Dreams.

From the slightest grammar unopened lay  
The little maid dreamed of a fairy  
Image thread that led far and away  
The deep, tangled maze of the forest  
through:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to  
gain,  
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,  
And that I, a queen, on a throne might  
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are  
dead,  
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and  
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe in the morn,  
And longed for a horse and burnished  
shield,  
To ride away from the pumpkins and corn,  
To the tourney's list on the tented field:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;  
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray,  
I would fling a glove at the proudest  
knight.

"But honour is lost, and glory is fled,  
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and  
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew  
That knowledge was ready to crown her  
queen,

And the clue that led this labyrinth through  
Lay hidden the leaves of her book  
between.

And the little lad never even guessed  
That the dragon Sloth conquered him  
that day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest,  
And his unused hoe in the young corn lay.

But honour and fame passed the dreamers  
by,

And crowned brave Toil, who found no time  
to sigh.

—Sunday School Times.

LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

"How is it I don't hear you speak  
bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a  
boy on board a man-of-war, as they  
were sitting together up on the rigging.  
"Oh, because I don't forget my  
captain's orders," answered the boy  
brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old  
sailor; "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep  
them safe *here*," putting his hand on  
his breast. "Here they be," said Jem,  
slowly but distinctly; "I say unto you,  
swear not at all; neither by heaven,  
for it is God's throne; nor by the  
earth, for it is his footstool; neither by  
Jerusalem, for it is the city of the  
great King. Neither shalt thou swear  
by the head, because thou canst not  
make one hair white or black. But  
let your communications be, Yea, yea;  
Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than  
these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log-  
book, I see," said the sailor, "which I  
don't know much about these days."

"Then, I'm afraid, you've lost your  
reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are  
drifting on to the breakers."

"What, then?" asked the old man.  
"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem;  
"wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked.

He knew what it was to be in a ship  
breaking up and going to pieces on a  
wintry coast. He knew what it was  
to be lashed to a spar, half naked,  
hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-  
tossed. He had heard the shrieks of  
the perishing. Yes, he well knew  
what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked forever," said the old  
sailor slowly; "that's a long time,  
boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem; "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and  
the old man turned away his head.  
"That wrecking forever is a bad busi-  
ness," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?"  
said the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach  
at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says.  
He says the admiralty of heaven has  
got out a lifeboat for poor souls. That  
Lifeboat is Jesus Christ. It was launch-  
ed on Calvary and has been round  
picking up poor souls lost in the stormy  
waters of sin ever since; and he used  
to tell us, 'Stretch out your arms to  
get in; and pray, Lord save me, or I  
perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy  
humbly. "I was going down, and  
cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on  
me and took me in, and I've shipped  
with him ever since. He is a good  
captain, the captain of our salvation,  
sir. Won't you ship, too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that  
craft," said the old man feelingly.

"Besides saving you, he'll fit you for  
his service," said Jem. "There's no  
difficulty on that account. He's good  
—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times,"  
said the old man, with a tear on his  
weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we  
old sinners are too water-logged and  
sin-soaked to be worth saving; but  
you young ones jump into the lifeboat  
before it's too late, and ship for the  
port of heaven. It's a blessed chance."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Few utterances are more impressive  
than those which come from lands  
recently evangelized concerning the  
slowness of the Christian Church in  
proclaiming the Word of Life. Mr.  
Lewis, a missionary of the London  
Society at Bellary, was not long ago  
asked by a Brahmin: "Do the Chris-  
tian people of England really believe  
that it would be a good thing for the  
peoples of India to become Christians?"

"Why, yes; to be sure they do,"  
was the reply.

"What I mean is," continued the  
Brahmin, "do they, in their hearts,  
believe that the Hindus would be bet-  
ter and happier if they were converted  
to Christianity?"

"Certainly they do," said Mr. Lewis.

"Why, then, do they act in such a  
strange way? Why do they send so  
few to preach their religion? When  
there are vacancies in the civil service

there are numerous applicants at once,  
when there is a military expedition, a  
hundred officers volunteer for it, in  
commercial enterprises, also, you are  
full of activity, and always have a  
strong staff. But it is different with  
your religion. I see one missionary  
with his wife here, and a hundred and  
fifty miles away is another, and a hun-  
dred miles in another direction is a third.  
How can the Christians of England  
expect to convert the people of India  
from their heathen faith with so little  
effort on their part?"

Is there any good answer to be  
made to these questions? —*Missionary  
Herald.*

HOW TO DO IT, AND HOW NOT  
TO DO IT.

IN A MODEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A FIXED hour and moment for the  
opening of the school will contribute  
largely to its success. A prompt super-  
intendent will make prompt teachers  
and scholars. Time lost in a Sunday-  
school is as valuable as time lost in a  
counting-room or workshop. Take a  
school of three hundred members, with  
five minutes unnecessary delay by a  
careless superintendent, and 1,500  
minutes are wasted. Twenty-five  
hours, or six months of lesson hours,  
by the tardiness of one man. General  
Mitchell, the Christian soldier and de-  
vout astronomer, once reproved an  
army officer who came to apologize for  
a little delay— "only a few moments."

"I have been in the habit," said the  
General, "of calculating the value of  
the thousandth part of a second." Let  
every leader of a Sunday-school try to  
win Henry Martyn's honourable title,  
"The man that never wasted an hour."

Why is it that some men pray in  
the Sunday-school for "all the world  
and the rest of mankind?" If any-  
where on earth there should be defi-  
nite prayer, it should be when one  
stands before a company of children.  
The lesson of that hour should be the  
subject, and the only plea to be pre-  
sented to him who hears and answers;  
and the prayer should begin, and end,  
with the one subject.

"Lord, save me or I perish!" was  
Peter's direct request, and Mr. Moody  
says, "If Peter had put as long a pre-  
amble to that petition as some men do  
nowadays, Peter would have been forty  
feet under water before he got to his  
cry for help." Pray for the Sunday-  
school: its needs and those only, should  
be the rule at the opening of every ser-  
vice. Dr. Payson, when a student,  
began to beg God's blessing on his  
daily studies, and gave, as the result,  
"I have done more in one week than  
in the whole year before." So a bless-  
ing on the coming Scripture lesson for  
both teacher and scholar should be  
pleaded for, and the Holy Spirit will be  
the chariot by which the desired gift  
shall come. All of our schools and  
churches introduce into their service  
the "Lord's Prayer." It is surprising  
to some of us laymen, why many min-

isters fail so signally in their efforts  
properly to lead a congregation in  
this petition. They will seem to start  
right, the congregation join in, but by  
the time the "daily bread" is reached,  
the leader is going at express speed,  
and those who attempt to follow must  
pass over half the sentences in order  
to reach the Amen with the leader.  
If such persons would occasionally  
exercise their gift with their Sunday  
schools, they would learn how not to  
do it. —*S. S. Record.*

Do It Now.

If you're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really,  
Never let it be by halves;  
Do it fully, truly.

When father calls, though pleasant be  
The play you are pursuing,  
Do not say, "I'll come when I  
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,  
And you should then begin it,  
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,  
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,  
And stop to plan and measure;  
'Tis working with the heart and soul  
That makes our duty pleasure.

PIERRE CARY

DREAMING AND DOING.

"It's all very pleasant and easy to  
dream about doing, but it's a great  
deal more sensible to do, in my  
opinion." Grandma Burr pushed back  
her spectacles and smiled pleasantly  
at the girls who were sitting by the  
window laying great plans for future  
work. They had just completed a  
beautiful plan for a girls' society  
which should help everybody and  
cover itself with glory, and when  
Grandma made this remark it made  
them just feel a little uncomfortable.

"Grandma is so discouraging," sighed  
Kitty, a little later.

But Grandma was right. She knew  
that Kitty was a dreamer, always  
looking into the future, and living in a  
world of shadows. She wanted her to  
learn that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and this seemed to be just what Kitty  
did not care to learn.

Ah! boys and girls, don't be  
dreamers; be doers. Take hold of the  
work just before you with a will, and  
do it just as well as you can. You  
may be sure that if it is given you to  
do, then strength will also be given  
you to do it.

"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day  
long,  
And so make life, death, and that vast  
forever  
One grand, sweet song."

An editor explains that when he  
advises his readers to lay in their coat,  
he does not mean that they are to sleep  
in it.