

**His First Shot.**

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, tells a touching incident from his own life which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side.

Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood was huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him at that moment), the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, Father!" he cried, "what have I done!" and he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted and he said:

"Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father! never again will I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."—Our Dumb Animals.

**With all His Strength.**

When little Frank declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," he was asked to explain what he meant, "Well, I'll tell you," said he. "You see we live up on the fourth flat, and the coals are kept down in the cellar. Mother is dreadfully busy always, and she isn't very strong; so I see that the coal-bucket is never empty. I carry the coals up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big bucket. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—Sel.

I asked the roses as they grew  
Richer and lovelier in their hue,  
What made their tints so rich and bright,  
They answered, "Looking towards the light."

"Ah, secret dear," said heart of mine,  
"God means my life to be like thine,  
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,  
By simply looking toward the light."

**The Ministers' Page.**

Many good and helpful things there sometimes are in Exchanges that do not circulate widely in Canada. A few of them are here reproduced.

Spurgeon once said, "If you stand half a mile off from a man and throw the gospel at him, you will miss him."

Candidates for the Methodist Protestant Ministry must hereafter forswear the use of tobacco in any form. The same rule exists in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is observed in a more or less indifferent way.—The Presbyterian.

An English Presbyterian minister, Rev. Dr. Muir, after a thirty-three years' pastorate in one charge and a forty-three years' experience as a minister of the Gospel, says that "his estimate of the work is higher than ever, and the Bible appears to him to be growing bigger every year." In this he voices the sentiment of thousands of ministers, who have tested both the Christian ministry and the Bible by life-long experiment. The more faith one puts in Gospel preaching and in the Word of God, and the more he subjects them to practical uses, the more they loom up in every respect as the mightiest, grandest and most glorious of enlightening, directive and saving forces.—Exchange.

The member of a leading Presbyterian Church in America, who recently said "she was weary of the flowers of rhetoric and sapless philosophy, which was all she got from her minister," might well have spoken for many in our own country. There are multitudes hungering for the Gospel in its simplicity who are not fed by "the pastors" of the Lord's flock. How much of the preaching of the present day lacks both grit and grip! All too seldom also is the cross presented as the climax of the Father's love, the sinner's only hope and life; and the cleansing of the human soul pointed out to be in "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son." With all the pathos of a quick, sympathetic heart, and the eloquence of an all-mastering earnestness, must God's saving truth be proclaimed.—British paper.

A substitute for "esthetic," as a definition of a certain kind of preaching, is given in an exchange, as follows:—

"Anesthetic preaching is one of the latest expressions to describe the kind of sermonizing which consists of pleasing platitudes, which lacks snap, unction and force, and which sends hearers away with a comfortable and self-satisfied air. It may please worldly Christians and the unregenerate, but it is utterly out of place in the Chris-