

Let but the fainting heart put forth the feeblest cry for aid.  
Temptation's power is baffled—the soul's fierce tumult laid.  
—The Quiver.

## A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

### Wanted---an Honest, Industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journey-man; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients will want him for a physician; religious congregations, for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsmen, will want him as a citizen; acquaintances, as a neighbor; neighbors, as a friend; families, as a visitor; the world, as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau, and finally for a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for that situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may be well dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a good situation—are you sure that your friends, teachers, acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? Oh, how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words, "I cannot employ you!" Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor; then will your calling and election for places of profit and trust be made sure.

### A Hard Bed.

Early one sharp frosty morning the other day, a man going early to his work saw something lying beside a pile of boards which made him suddenly stop. He thought he saw two heads. Sure enough, they were two little heads on some leaves and straw. He kicked away the leaves with his foot, and found two small children, with their arms around each other, asleep; an old shawl covered them. The little boy opened his eyes.

"How came you here, children?" asked the man.

"We had nowhere else to sleep," said the boy. The little girl waked up and began to cry. "Hush, sissy," he said; "don't cry."

"How came you here, children?" asked the man again. "Where's your mother?"

"Mother's dead," answered the boy.

"Haven't you a father?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, where is he?" asked the man.

"He turned us out doors last night. He drank, and came home and swore us out of the house, and sissy and I came here," said the little boy.

"Poor dear children," cried the man, tears running down his brown cheeks.

"I see; rum did it. Nothing but rum can turn a father's heart to stone and make him drive his motherless children from his door.

"Yes, and I dare say rum broke your poor mother's heart."

The man took the little girl in his arms, for she was stiff with cold, and carried them both to his own warm kitchen, where his wife gave them plenty of good breakfast.

He then went to hunt their miserable father.

He was on the floor of his own house raving with that sickness which is the drunkard's own sickness, *delirium tremens*. Once he was an industrious, healthy man. Now what a sight was he! The neighbors called him a beast. That is not fair, for the poor beasts are kind to their little ones. He was far, far, far, below the beast. He had made himself a degraded monster.

That is what rum, whisky, and strong drink do for a man, boys.—*Child's Paper*.

### The Architect's Plan.

"Take my plan for your guide, work according to it, and you cannot go wrong, you are sure to be right," said an architect to the builder who was engaged in the erection of a mansion.

The great Architect of the universe has given to me a *chart or guide*. If I give heed to it, I cannot go wrong. Whether I regard it or not, I am daily building,—for eternity. I am called to the privilege of being one of the "living stones" in Christ's temple. Let me take the Bible for my guide; live according to it, work according to it, and then, in the words of the architect, I am "sure to be right."

### A Short Autumn Tour.

A brief account of my tour with Mr. Grant through parts of P. E. Island and New Brunswick, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Record*; and, as it was undertaken in obedience to a Synodical appointment, the friends of the Church may conceive them-