

When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair,
For those whose lives are crowded now
With care!

I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well,
Shall know no more these weary, tolling days;

I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear

May be beyond the reach of your intent;
May never know what you so kindly meant
To fill her troubled life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait,

To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer,

To those around, whose lives are now so drear;

They may not meet you in the coming year,—

Now is the time.

WAS IT MURDER?

"I do wish," says Farmer Martin, as he enters his cozy kitchen, after finishing his chores, "that John had not persisted in going to town to-night. It is bitter cold. I noticed the thermometer as I came in just now and it registered thirty degrees below zero. He will be all right if he will only keep sober, for it is a clear and starlight night; no danger of getting lost if steady. But if he falls in with some of his old chums, he will be almost sure to go to the saloon."

"Poor John," answers Mrs. Martin, "it is alarming the hold liquor is gaining on him. I talked earnestly to him to-night when he was getting ready, beseeching him to beware, telling him it was not only evil he needed to shun, but the great danger of drinking too much in this northern country, when it is so extremely cold. He kindly thanked me for my advice and added that liquor was the great curse of his life."

John Crawford had been in the employ of Mr. Martin for over a year. He was an industrious, intelligent young man, and by his pleasant, gentlemanly manner had won his way into the hearts of his employers. Hence their interest and anxiety when they saw the danger he was in.

Alas! like too many young men with genial dispositions, he had quite early in life been led by those who are ever alert to catch the most attractive young men in our land.

Step by step he had been led and enticed, till at the early age of twenty-one years we find him a slave to the curse of drink.

The once manly form and open countenance is often bloated and bleared, after nights of drunken debauches, past recognition.

Kind friends warn, entreat, and pray, but all in vain.

At last, finding himself only a wreck of what he was two short years before, he becomes alarmed. Fully awake to his position, he sees the necessity of at once breaking the chain that is binding him so closely. Soon he determines to leave his old associates and remove to the prairie, thinking when he reaches a comparatively new country and makes new friends, that he can quench the appetite so early in life acquired.

He is followed to his new home by the earnest prayers and kind wishes of true friends; half in hope, half in fear do they see him go.

As soon as he reaches his destination, he finds employment with Mr. and Mrs. Martin, an estimable couple, whose influence for good is felt by many.

John soon opened his heart to them, and told them of his besetting sin, also his determination to start anew and make a man of himself. They at once assured him of their help and sympathy, and did not forget to point him to the Saviour, who alone can give strength to resist even so great a temptation as this.

As the weeks slip quietly by and John steadily resists temptation, Mr. and Mrs. Martin grow very hopeful of this promising young stranger they have taken into their home.

But alas for their hopes! In an hour of unwatchfulness John meets with bad company, who, having heard of his weakness, swoop down upon him like vultures eager for their prey. The old appetite and

craving for drink comes with renewed force. He yields, and soon falls a victim to those who have again sought his ruin.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin linger much longer than usual over their cheery fire on this evening in which our story begins. A strange uneasiness and foreboding of evil in regard to John seems to have taken possession of them. At last, giving up hope of him returning that night, they prepare for bed. Then together they knelt to offer their faithful evening prayer—such prayers as are only heard from the lips of true Christians. They did not forget to pray for him whom they had sheltered, had advised, and entreated to live a new life. They prayed for him as they would for their own son.

As it nears the hour of midnight on this same evening, the landlady of a hotel in a Western town is returning from an evening party accompanied by a few intimate friends.

She ushers them into her brilliantly lighted and handsomely furnished parlour. Laying aside her costly furs, she asks to be excused for a few moments. She steps to the bar-room door, taps lightly, and calls her husband out.

"Why, Ed," she begins, "I'm really astonished at you harbouring so many drunken ruffians who make such a noise. Why do you not turn them out? When we were coming up the street the racket sounded dreadful, and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were with me, too. Whatever will they think? The reputation of the house will soon be ruined at this rate."

Ed. Barton looked very much annoyed while he listened to his wife's accusations about a noisy house.

"Well," he says, "this won't do. I hate to turn them out this bitter cold night, but if people will get drunk they will have to take care of themselves."

It does not take long to quench the better feelings of a thoroughly selfish nature. And in a moment he returned to the bar, feeling quite indignant at the noisy crowd.

After he had used his most flattering words and pleasant smiles and tried in every way to procure the last dime these young men possess, regardless of the condition it leaves them in, he opens his door and orders them out—out in the frost and snow.

Amongst the number who are turned upon the street helplessly drunk this winter night is John Crawford. He is so drunk that he has even forgotten his mittens.

The morning dawns on this western prairie clear and bright. But, oh! so cold. The eastern sky begins to grow bright. The colours deepen and grow brighter. Beautiful colours that only the sky can produce. Presently the sun peeps above the horizon, and the whole eastern sky is one blaze of gorgeous beauty. Oh, the beauty of a sunrise on the prairie! Who can describe it?

The frost-laden trees that skirt the edge of the ravine glitter and sparkle like diamonds in the clear sunlight.

Is it possible, with all the profusion of beauty nature has everywhere so lavishly provided us with, that there is room for sin, misery, and death?

But what is this dark object lying upon the prairie? It is the frozen body of John Crawford. He was found in the early morning eight miles from the town where he was lured to his sad death.

We need not dwell upon the shock this sad news was to Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and how they reproached themselves for letting him leave on that bitter night, nor on the news sent across the wires to the far-off home, news that chilled the hearts and blighted the hopes of friends.

But we appeal to all who may read this true story, through the hearts that have been broken and homes made desolate, to work with renewed energy in aiding to remove the curse of alcohol from our land.

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmie was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bit of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "I'd give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it!"

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-bye. "I don't feel as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

I became aware that a huge serpent was coiled around one of the bamboo rafters, with some four feet of his body hanging down directly over my head, with his eyes flashing and his tongue darting out, just above where my book had been and had concealed him. He had evidently been asleep in the roof; the putting in of the cot had awakened him. While I was reading he let down one-third of his body or more, and was looking to see what this leprous-looking white man was about, for he probably had never seen a white man before.

His darting tongue was almost within arm's-length of my face when I caught sight of him. Off that cot I came with one bound to my feet without raising my head, for that serpent was too near it.

Running to the door, I seized an iron spit some five or six feet long, with a sharp point, used for roasting purposes in the jungle, and which was in the cart. Coming back, and using that as a spear, I was successful at the first thrust in piercing the body of the serpent where it was coiled around the rafter.

But when I found myself in another difficulty. I caught hold of the spear to keep it from falling out and releasing the serpent, but the serpent would draw back, and with a tremendous hiss strike at my hand that held the spear, and come suspiciously near hitting it with his tremendous extended fangs.

However, in answer to my listy calls, my servant soon appeared with a bamboo club. Holding the spit with my left hand, and taking the club in my right, I administered to the serpent a headache, from which he died. As I took him down and held him up by the middle, on the spit, to the level of my shoulder, both head and tail touched the floor, showing that he was about ten feet long.

Just as I was holding him in this position, one of the village watchmen pased the door of the hut going into the village, and saw what I had done. It occurred to me at once that now I should find myself in a "bad box," for the people revere serpents as demigods. They dare not kill them or harm them, and will always beg for the life of a serpent if they see any one else killing one. They think that if you harm one of these deadly serpents it or its kin will wage war on you and your kin and descendants, until your kin are exterminated. I, a missionary, had come there to preach! how would they hear me when I had killed one of their gods? I saw the chief men of the place coming out toward the hut. To my astonishment, they had native brass trays in their hands, with sweetmeats, coconuts, limes, and burning incense-sticks on them; and as they came to the door of the hut they prostrated themselves before me, and then presented these offerings; for they said I had rid them of their most dangerous enemy, that that serpent had been the bane of that village for several years. It had bitten and killed some of their kine, and I think, also a child. They had made every effort to drive it away from the village by burning straw closer and closer to make it go farther and farther away, but it would always return. They had tried to coax it away by putting

little cups, each holding half a teaspoonful of milk, every two yards or so out into the jungle; but as soon as it had drunk all the milk it wanted it would turn round and crawl back into the village and into some house, and then the people of that house would have to vacate until it chose to leave. It had become the terror of the village. But now I, a stranger and foreigner, had killed it without their knowledge or consent. That was their safety; for if they had seen me doing it they would have begged for its life, lest they be taken as accomplices. Now it was dead, and they were guiltless, and it could harm them and theirs no more. Would I please accept these sweets? They had sent to the flock in the fields to have a fat sheep brought me as an offering, and would I please accept the sheep? Now whatever I had to say they would listen to me gladly, for was not I their deliverer? The sheep was brought; myself, associates, and attendants made a sumptuous dinner from it.

An April Fool.

I heard a story yesterday
About an April fool:
Miss Goodenough was telling it
To all the girls at school,
We cried and laughed, and cried again,
With faces in our books,
And then we laughed when it was done
To see each other's looks.

It happened just a year ago—
"On April Fools' Day?" Yes—
A joke that gave to sorrowing hearts
Unlooked-for blessedness.
Old Papa Mason and his wife,
"Town's poor" since early fall,
Had lost their children, lost their farm,
Lost hope, lost health, lost all.

A half a dozen thoughtless boys
Planned fun for All Fools' Day;
The poorhouse folks should have a feast
Of pebbles, sand, and clay,
All neatly tied in packages.
A sweet girl sat apart,
And while they talked a generous thought
Came pleading to her heart.

She let it in; it grew and grew;
"Poor Mason and his wife!"
The neighbours heard. "True, honest folk,
And what a dreary life!
A little money here and there
From you, and you, and you,
Would buy their cottage back again
And get them up anew."

The scheme once started, all were found
To have a willing mind;
And when one sheep overleaps a wall
The rest are close behind.
The cottage bought, the furnishing
Was added mite by mite;
The home was ready when rude March
Went blustering out of sight.

And little Clara Warrington—
(She was the darling "fool")
And ever after was the pet
And angel of the school)—
Begged the town's poor to go to walk,
Pretending it was play;
And then was shown the blessed joke
Prepared for All Fools' Day.

—Advance.

"SHALL" AND "WILL."

There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the proper use of "shall" and "will." James Russell Lowell once replied in the following fashion to a young woman who wrote, "I would be very much obliged for your autograph:"

"Pray, do not say, hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged, and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige.

"Yours truly,
"James Russell Lowell."

An additional hint is that of the old verse which runs:

In the first person simply "shall" foretells;
In "will" a threat or else a promise dwells;
"Shall" in the second or third doth threaten;
"Will" simply then foretells a future feat.

Patent Applied For.—"Mercy, Bridget, what's the matter with these cakes?" "I dun know, mum." "They taste of soap." "Yes, mum. I couldn't find the soapstone griddle, an' I soaped the iron one."

First Farmer "Has the lawsuit between you and Heyward been settled?" Second Farmer: "Yes; and so are the lawyers." "How do you mean?" "They're settled on our farms."

* From "In the Tiger Jungle," Stories of Missionary work among the Telugus of India. By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, thirty-seven years a missionary of the Reformed Church of America, in India. Illustrated. Pp. 218. Clothing binding. Price, \$1. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.