

invite her to take tea with us to-morrow night, and show every kindness in your power if she accepts your invitation."

"Thank you, auntie dear, and I hope she will come. Why did I say such naughty things about her?"

"That you might learn a lifelong lesson I hope, Nellie, and never be betrayed into judgment so hastily again."—*Advocate and Guardian*.

GETTING READY FOR CHURCH.

Some persons never get ready for any good thing, until it is a little too late, and then the opportunity is lost. Sometimes the influence of that loss is felt in eternity. Much carelessness concerning the neglect of Church duties comes of bad management. In a well ordered home what can be and should be attended to on Saturday night will not be left until Sabbath morning. Secular work and secular indulgence are wholly unnecessary on the Lord's day. A really spiritual and joyous Christian will not tolerate either at such a time. Many persons neglect God's house and set a bad example in the home and out of it by attending to Saturday's work on Sabbath morning, or by late hours on the night previous for indulgence's sake or by other mismanagement which not only makes them too late for church, but entirely unfits them for Christian worship. It is lamentable! In the home, the morning of the Lord's day will not always be kept free from such hurtful intrusion without effect. But if the wife has the sympathy and help of the husband, and the husband the sympathy and help of the wife, and if both love the Lord and reverence His house, the effort will be made, and thereby brightness and blessing will be given to the whole day. When weary mothers can so arrange without neglect of home duties to get to God's house, it is a shame for those of fewer cares to neglect the sanctuary, because of carelessness, indulgence or mismanagement. What is the sacrifice sometimes required in arranging for Sabbath worship, compared with one hour in the house of God on the Lord's Day? The busy wife, the toiling husband who is faithful to the house of God, is helped through all the week, but who neglects this holy shrine from careless indifference, evil indulgence or mismanagement puts a strange hindrance in the way of home life, and is treasuring up a memory that will inflict unutterable pain upon the soul in eternity. Your Church privileges are going, and soon the blessed hour of worship will summon you to the sanctuary no more. It will be too late then to get ready, of no avail to mourn the careless indulgence, lack of inclination and mismanagement you willingly allowed to prevent you from getting ready here. —*M. Rhodes, D.D., in St. Mark's Messenger*.

IT IS CURIOUS WHO GIVE.

"It's curious who give. There's 'Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile; but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate. He went on: "There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined the Church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where he works, you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker, he's put down \$1, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunnin, \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand; but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for him! He said the other night at prayer meeting that he'd been reading his Bible more than usual lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company."—*Advance*.

Our Young Folks.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

GOD AND THE SINNERS.

Behold I set before you the way of life, Jer. xxi. 8.
Repentance, Acts ii. 38, Isa. lv. 6.
Faith, Acts xvi. 31, Acts. xiii. 38, 39.
These together are conversion, Matt. xviii. 3.
And these bring { Forgiveness, 1 John ii. 12
Peace, Rom. v. i.
Rest, Matt. xi. 28.
Adoption, 1 John iii. 2.
Everlasting Life, John iii. 36.

Then there is
Confession of Christ publicly, Matt. x. 32, 33.
Life of faith in Christ, Gal. ii. 20.
Victory over the world, 1 John v. 4.

VACATION.

Vacation! I fancy if you were a child,
And rules and examples had driven you wild,
You'd just be as joyful as I am to-day
At the thoughts of vacation and freedom and play.

Not a lesson to look at for ever so long;
Not a dull, puzzling sum, with the answer all wrong;
No dreadful dictation to write on your slate;
No teacher to frown if a second you're late.

But fun in the morning and frolic at night,
And the hours, between, full of mirth and delight;
Such races and chases, such laughter and glee,
You'd know if you only were little like me.

There's only one trouble. You look very kind;
Perhaps you'll tell mother (you're sure you won't mind)
If she wouldn't insist so on bed time at eight,
She'd make it more jolly for Freddie and Kate.

Vacation! We're off with the birds and the bees;
We'll picnic in woods and have swings on the trees;
We'll fish in the brook and we'll ride on the hay,
All weeks upon weeks we'll do nothing but play.

Perhaps you are right; it don't seem to me;
But we may, by and by, having had so much glee,
Be pleased to return to the teacher's kind rule,
And willingly answer the summons to school.

—*Harper's Young People*.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

The passers by on a country road used to pause sometimes and wonder why an old white horse in the pasture travelled round and round in a circle. Hour after hour he kept up this tramp, though entirely free to go and come as he pleased. This shows the power of habit. For twenty years he had been daily harnessed to the end of a long sweep, and travelled in just such a circle, until too stiff and blind for further service; then a kind master gave him his time and a good pasture. Twenty years of steady industry had made work a necessity. When life was all holiday, there was no holiday; so he kept on, from choice, at his old round.

Habits, good or bad, cling to us. I remember what a blustering winter morning it was when Allen resolutely buttoned his overcoat up to his chin, and drew on his fleecy gloves.

"You are going to church such a morning as this, Allen?" said a brother medical student.

"To be sure I am," said the other decidedly. "I was brought up to attend church, and I should as soon think of going without my breakfast as of staying at home." It is one of the best habits a youth can form, and a great safeguard amidst the temptations of a city, to attend the house of God.

The habit of patient industry is a good one to form very early, for all of one's success in life must hinge upon it. "The idle soul shall suffer hunger."

There are bad habits, too, which seem to blend into one another as naturally as the waters of the brook mingle with those of the river. Idlers love the saloons and the shady porches of old tavern-stands, and the company they meet there. They fall an easy prey to the rum-seller; and when the habit of tasting his samples is once formed, it is not often broken. All manhood goes down with it, as into an awful whirlpool.

How happy a boy should be who finds a good habit of any kind growing stronger every day! It is easy for one to tell for himself just how he stands, if he will only look sharply at his goings and comings, and see with what feelings he goes about his daily

duties. "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." One cannot have his hands clean from sin unless the thoughts flow in the right channels. They do make channels for themselves, in which they habitually flow just as surely as the water-courses.

THREE QUEER BIRDS.

The trumpeter bird is the rag picker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a most useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the chickens, ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrellers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and feeble, and wailing the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow-gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of reptiles and the protector of the flocks!"

In Southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptiles—the snake eater or secretary bird, a magnificent creature who attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of his wings and a sword of his beak. The name of secretary bird is derived from the plumes projecting backward from its head, which look like quill pens carried behind one's ear.

In South America, in the very neighbourhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the Kamichi or Kamiki, who wears a sharp horn projecting from his forehead, and a murderous spur upon each of his wings. With these three weapons, the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him, and are easily put to death.

The secretary bird, the Kamichi and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others—the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war-making, he fills the air with trumpet calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

Presently the bird arrives, flapping his wings and wielding them like a sword. Having killed the serpent the trumpeter sounds his blast of victory, as he had sounded his charge.

I WAS GOING TO.

Children are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass, and to set traps for the rats, but he did not do it in time and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.