

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long;
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join in. Do not let the speaker
Bow before his God alone;
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them, and by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies;
Why should any one be glad
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy a place;
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favourite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fears disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now—since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice a sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

—Selected.

THREE BOYS.

"Wint is having a rough time of it, trying to climb
up Zion's hill. He'd better backslide and be done with
it. He'll find it more comfortable!"

"You see he's trying an impossibility. How is it
the Bible has it? To 'serve two masters.' Yes, and
it says, likewise, it can't be done. All the same, poor
old Wint is trying hard to—"

"Serve one and get the credit of serving the other,"
said Joe, finishing Bert's speech. "Pshaw! I'm
sorry."

The two lads lay in the shadow of a haystack, this
fair vacation day, cooling off after their chase of a
fleet hare.

Wint had been with them in the start, but as they
turned a fence corner, all in a bunch, Joe's and Wint's
heads had come into violent collision, and Wint, be-
coming very angry, said some coarse, bad words, and
refused to run with his companions any farther. Dot-

the dog, had caught the hare, the boys had skinned
and dressed it, and carried it to the house, and hav-
ing refreshed themselves with a drink of buttermilk,
had gone out into the backyard to loll a bit for a
bit before the noonday meal. Wint was nowhere
to be seen. They whistled, but no answering
whistle came.

"He's mad yet, let him go," said Bert, as he throw
himself lightly on the loose hay at the foot of the frag-
rant stack. "He's got a mean temper."

"Seems to me he uses a lot of bad words for a
professor," Joe answered.

And then Bert had made the declaration referred
to in our first sentence.

"I believe you," said Bert, in reply to Joe's 'I'm
sorry.' "So am I sorry. I used to think Wint was
in earnest, and meant to practice what he professed,
but I've about changed my opinion. I don't pretend
to be a Christian and let my light shine, and all that,
but I'd be ashamed to do some things that Wint does
—get mad as fury at nothing, and then be too mulish
to own that I was in the wrong when I was convinced
of my mistake. And—well—it's mean to be cutting
up a fellow behind his back. Don't let's say any
more."

"No," said Joe, slowly, "we won't. Only I'm
sorry Wint has petered out so. He had an opportu-
nity—and he's missed it. You see when Wint stood up
there and gave his experience, and talked so nice in
that prayer-meeting, you remember, he talked just
the way I felt, precisely, only I couldn't have got it
off in that slick fashion. And I said to myself, 'Now,
old Joe, if Wint stands up to all that and makes a
good fight, and comes out ahead, why, you'll start in,
that's all.'"

"Why didn't you go in then, if you felt that way?"
asked Bert, turning his astonished eyes on his com-
panion. "You act enough more like a Christian than
Wint does."

Joe shook his head,
"I was afraid I wouldn't hold out. Wint is smart-
er than either you or me. I thought it was well
enough to let him try first. If he held out—then—"

"Yes," said Bert, "he'd have been a help to us, I
know. I thought of it, too, at the time. But it
looked to me as if there ought to be some change in a
fellow when he professed to be converted and born
again, and starting in a new life."

"He isn't making much progress in the Christian
life, certain," trying to laugh. "He'd better do as I
said, backslide and done with it. Then he won't be
a hypocrite, and that's what he is now, or I'm—but
there, we said we wouldn't backbite, and here I
am at it again. Come on, let's run down to the pond
and take a paddle. Dinner won't be ready for a half-
hour."

Dinner time came, and Joe and Bert, fresh from
their bath in the mill-pond came too. They had quite
forgotten the slight collision of the hare-hunt, and
wondered that Wint was not on hand, especially as
he knew there was to be a peach pudding for dessert.
Joe called, Bert whistled, and Phillis blew the tin
horn, but no Wint responded to either familiar sum-
mons.

"He must have gone up to the apple picking at
Sykes's," said Joe's uncle. "The Sykes boys were
over here about eleven o'clock, and I saw Wint com-
ing across the barn-yard just as they came in the big
gate."

After dinner Joe and Bert went into town to do
some errands for Joe's uncle, on whose farm the three
lads were visiting. They did not return till late.

"What sent Wint off in such a hurry?" asked
Uncle Joe, as they sat down to the supper that was
waiting them. "No bad news, eh?"

"Wint? Is he gone?" the lads asked in one
voice of surprise.

"Packed his traps and left on the three o'clock
train. Looked mighty down in the mouth, but said
you boys would understand."

The boys did not understand, however, until they
went to their room at night.

"I do wonder what happened to Wint?" was Joe's
first word on entering their snugery.

"Perhaps this will tell," said Bert, as his eyes fell
on a note, addressed, in Wint's bold hand to "Bert
and Joe."

"Read it, Joe."

And Joe read:

"Dear Fellows: Forgive me. I'm going home;
I'm not fit to run with you. I've done you all the

harm I am willing to do. I ask your forgiveness, and
beg you not to think that there is nothing worth
having in religion because I have disgraced my pro-
fession. I was on the other side of the haystack,
where—you won't believe me, but it's true—I was
kneeling and praying for help to conquer my hateful
temper and to control my wicked tongue, when you
two came there. I heard all you said. If you are
right Bert, and I am only a hypocrite, then, may God
be merciful to me, a sinner. There is no other prayer
that I can pray. But if, as I humbly trust, in spite
of all my wicked disloyalty, I am a disciple of Christ,
then, too, I must pray, God be merciful to me, and
forgive me that I have so dishonoured my Saviour.
O fellows, can't you help me? I know that I ought
to have been a help to you, and I've only been a
hindrance. But I did want to live so as to win you
both to Christ. I have missed my opportunity, as
you say, Joe, and what can I do now but pray that
you may not miss yours, and that my extremity may
prove to be God's opportunity? Oh, pray for me, I
am very wretched; what you said this morning, Joe,
in answer to my cruel coarseness, opened my eyes. I
saw myself as you see me, and hate myself. Of
course, after the way I have lived, and the dead fail-
ure I have made in the Christian life, nothing that I
can say will be likely to influence you, yet I will say
that if I never tried before to 'climb up Zion's hill,'
I mean, by God's help to try now. O fellows, I love
you both, and I ask your pardon for all the harm I
have done you. If you love me, forgive me, and pray
for your penitent
WINT."

Joe's voice had trembled as he read. As he con-
cluded he raised his eyes to Bert's, and saw them
filled with tears.

"I declare, Joe, I wouldn't have hurt the old fel-
low's feelings so for anything," said Bert, gulping
down a sob.

"I don't know," said Joe, "maybe it was best.
Wint does not lie; it cost him dear to ask our pardon
so humble. I believe in him, after all. And I am
not so sure he has altogether missed his opportunity.
I think we might do worse than to pray for him, and
for ourselves too."

"So do I," said Bert, turning away.

After a few moments he came over to the table be-
side which Joe yet stood, re-reading Wint's confession
and appeal.

"I say, Joe," he began, in a low voice, "shall we
write to Wint and promise him that we will?"

"Pray for him and for ourselves? Yes. Only it
will be more comfort to him to hear that we had pray-
ed. I was horrid mean this morning, answering him
so."

"And I was mean, saying he'd better backslide, and
all that," added Bert. "I ought to ask his pardon."

"Bert," said Joe, seriously, "let's join in, and
help one another. You know the Bible says, 'a
threefold cord is not quickly broken.'"

"Well," said Bert, "I will."

The boys fell on their knees, and Joe prayed aloud.

Bert joined in the Amen with earnest voice. They
rose from their knees and clasped hands in token of a
new and sacred fellowship.

A few days later, Wint read a letter signed by Joe
and Bert, telling of their new resolve, their prayer
for him, and their fellowship with him. And when
he had read it he laid his head upon his arm and cried
for joy. For he received it as a word of forgiveness
and assurance from the Saviour whom he had so
wronged, and to whom he had so earnestly cried, that
for His own mercy's sake he would not suffer his dis-
loyalty to destroy the souls or hinder the conversion
of the friends he loved.

From that hour Wint was a loyal soldier of the
cross. And daily he thanks God that his extremity
was so signally made God's opportunity for the salva-
tion of the souls of Bert and Joe.

And the threefold cord still holds.—*Christian at
Home.*

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

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