

It was hardly a thought, you know, only a swift, wordless instinct. Then he set his teeth, and clenched his fist, and braced every nerve and muscle to stand like a rock, while the machinery did its work.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his shirt, pulled off him like the husk of an ear of corn.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his merino shirt, and Dick stood rigid and motionless still, with not an atom of clothing from his waist up.

The men around him had not been as quiet as he, you may be sure. There had been shrieks and cries enough when they saw what had happened, but the machinery could not be stopped all in a minute let the engineer try as he would.

It seemed a century to the men though it was only three or four minutes before the great wheels shivered and stood still. Some of the men had covered their eyes, fearing to see—what? Splashes of blood on the floor and walls, and a horrible, mangled mass, tangled and broken in an iron grip.

What did those who dared to look see? Only a curly haired, bright-eyed boy, who looked around at them as quietly and boldly as if nothing at all had happened.

"Why Smith," said Dick, looking at the man nearest him, "how pale you are! And Jones is trembling like a leaf, and Brown can hardly stand! Why I'm the best off of you all—if I haven't got many clothes left," he added, as he looked down at himself. "If somebody will lend me a coat, I think I'd better go home and get another shirt."

"So you see, mother," said Dick, "what I told you is true. If a fellow's head is cool, and his nerves steady, there isn't much fear for him. And the good Lord keeps watch in the factories as well as outside."

Now, what I want you to notice about this story is this: It was not Dick's good luck that saved him, but simply his courage and presence of mind. If he had yielded for one instant to the grip of the machinery—if he had hesitated for a moment what to do—that moment would have been his last.

Don't you think that there is a lesson in all this, if you take it the right way?—*Central Christian Advocate.*

NO COMPROMISE.

As I grow older as a parent my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow our children. I am horror struck to count up the profligate children of pious parents, and even of ministers. The door at which these influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society; by dress, books, amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind of determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone Lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favours of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have out-stretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

The opinion of the world is with me a light matter, madam (Mary Queen of Scots), when called upon to speak the words which God puts into my mouth. He bids me tell you that the belief of Your Majesty becomes a matter of public interest, inasmuch that it ought to be right; or if wrong, that it should not be paraded to the injury and scandal of the realm.—*John Knox.*

The scholar must be a solitary, labourious, modest and charitable soul. He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. Go, scholar, cherish your soul; expel companions: set your habits to a life of solitude; then will the faculties rise fair and full within, like forest trees and field flowers; you will have results, which, when you meet your fellow-men, you can communicate and they will gladly receive. It is the noble, manlike, just thought which is the superiority demanded of you; and not crowds, but solitude, confers this elevation.

TAKE MY ALL.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—*Francis R. Havergal.*

Around the Table.

STRAIGHTFORWARD FRANK.

"COME, Frank, we are going to King's Woods this afternoon to fill our bags with nuts. It is a fine day, we'll have a grand time, and we want you along."

The boy he addressed looked as if he would like to accept the invitation, but he did not hesitate a moment in his answer.

"No, thank you, boys," he said, "I cannot to-day; I promised mother that I would come straight home, and give her a hand with her canned fruit after school."

"I wouldn't be tied to my mother as you are," said Harvey Jones. "You can never go anywhere or do anything that she doesn't come in the way."

"Call it being tied, if you choose," said Frank, "but I shouldn't enjoy myself a bit over there in the cool woods, with mother, working away by herself over the hot stove. I hope you'll all have a splendid time, though," and off he went.

"There's good stuff in that lad," said a gentleman who was passing and heard the little talk. "Who is he, and where does he live?" he inquired, detaining one of the boys a moment.

"His name is Frank Archer; they call him Straightforward Frank at the Academy, because he's never ashamed of anything. His father is dead, and Frank lives with his mother."

"I'm glad to hear so good an account of a widow's only son," was all the gentleman said.

Meanwhile the work of canning quinces went merrily on at the little brown cottage. Mrs. Archer had a quiet, happy face, and she appreciated the unselfishness of her boy, and shewed him that she did so by being a very

pleasant companion. He helped her with her work, doing all her chores, splitting wood, bringing water, and often cooking meals and washing dishes. Some people think this is no boy's work. But I do not admire any boy who is willing to sit still and let his mother do such things alone. A manly boy tries to save steps for mother and sisters, and to lighten all their burdens. Mrs. Archer did a great deal to help Frank, too. She studied with him, puzzling over problems, and digging out Greek roots, and sympathizing with him in all his hopes.

"It seems farther off than ever, mother, dear," he said that afternoon.

"It" meant going to college and then studying to be a doctor.

"Oh, I have not given up hoping," said Mrs. Archer. "God will make the way plain, I think."

The quinces were at last sealed up, and the jelly was quivering in the bowls, when there was a knock at the door. A gentleman stood there who introduced himself as Judge Nichols, of B—.

"I have bought the old Kent Place, madam," he said, "but as I live in Europe half the year I need a responsible person to stay there and take care of it for me. Your pastor, Dr. Steel, recommended me to call on you. He thought you might be willing to accept the position."

After a little conversation the judge named a salary which almost took away Mrs. Archer's breath. It seemed munificent. But he explained that the house was to be kept in perfect order, always in readiness for guests, and that the grounds also were to be cared for. She would have a faithful coloured man to help her, but Frank would find many things to do. The matter was satisfactorily arranged, and papers were signed a day or two after, engaging Mrs. Archer as housekeeper and supervisor during Judge Nichols' absence.

Frank was willing to work hard and deny himself luxuries, and make any sacrifice to gain an education. God had opened the way, for his mother now saw how she could assist him and gratify his desire. A few years later Dr. Archer was one of the rising physicians in that part of the State. But if he had not been Straightforward Frank, willing and glad to obey his mother, he might never have succeeded in gaining the place he desired.

THERE are many who talk from ignorance rather than from knowledge.

"ORDER my steps in Thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me."—*Ps. cxix. 133.*

FILL the heart with the treasures of the Word; and the attractions and pleasures of sin will have small chance to enter.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

DIED.

At Unionville, suddenly, on Monday, the 26th of July Dr. Eckardt, aged 47 years.