

FOR BANDS OF MERCY.*Air, "Hold the Fort."*

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Those who cannot speak
 Shall be under our protection,
 We will aid the weak.
 We, United Bands of Mercy,
 For Humanity,
 We protect and save dumb creatures
 From all cruelty.

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Help for those who hear
 Burdens that are heaped upon them
 Ever be our care.
 Fearless for the Cause of Mercy
 We will ever stand,
 To relieve, protect, and save them,
 A *United Band!*

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Ring it far and wide,
 Till with all God's living creatures
 Mercy shall abide.
 Keep our faith, remember ever
 We are pledged to be
 Foremost in the ranks for Mercy
 And Humanity !

—Selected.

MISSING ONE'S CHANCE.

"Forty years ago," said an old man, while walking along the street, "I was offered that lot over there in exchange for a cow. I declined to trade. Now it is worth half a million dollars. I missed my chance."

"When eighteen years of age," said a middle-aged man, "my father urged me to enter college. I told him I preferred to wait a year. Before twelve months rolled around, a combination of circumstances made my going to college impossible, and I was forced to begin life with the most meagre mental training. I missed my chance."

"It was about a year ago," said a young man, "that signs of pulmonary consumption appeared, and my physician strongly advised me to go south for a while. I felt that I could not spare the time just then, and promised myself to go at some future date. The disease then was apparently trifling, but of late it has made such rapid progress that I fear it will do me no good to go anywhere, now. I missed my chance."

To lose a fortune, an education, or bodily

health is certainly cause for keen regret, but to lose one's soul is a misfortune as great and enduring as eternity. Time is fleeting, and the opportunity to gain salvation may pass at any moment.

"YOU'VE TREED US, PREACHER."

"See here, John," said one young man to another who was standing in a group where there had been preaching one Sunday, "S'here, John, why didn't ye bring up my rifle when ye come to preaching?"

"Well, Sam," said John, "I 'lowed 't wa'n't right to bring it up on Sunday. I mought see a warmint on the road and get a-shootin', or you mought get a-shootin' and forgit it was Sunday."

"Huh! there's no use bein' so awfully particular as all that. I think it's all right to do little turns of a Sunday; even a little shootin' won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave it to the preacher. He was called, and the case stated.

"Look yer, boys," said he, "s'posin' a man comes along here with seven handsome gray horses, and ridin' one and the others a foller-in'. You all like the pretty beasts, and you look 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among these mountains, though there will be differences in hosses, boys. When you come to know 'em, no two is alike. Well, that man says, 'Here, boys, I'll jest give ye six of these beasts for your own, and he gets on the other and rides off. I s'pose, now, you'd mount yer hosses and ride after him, and make him give ye the other hoss, or at least make him let ye keep it till yer craps was ail in.'"

"No; we ain't so ornery mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't ye let the Lord's day alone?"

A blank look at the preacher and at each other; then Sam broke out:

"You've treed us, preacher. John, I'm right glad you didn't bring up that gun."

—*American Missionary.*