

**Brave Fellows.**

At a monastery in Southern France, Americans and other visitors are proudly told the story of the exploit of a monk who was once one of the inmates of the convent. The monks belong to a mendicant order, and send out one of their members periodically on begging excursions. The hero of the story—it happened many years ago—had been out on one of those expeditions, and was coming back to the monastery, his purse well filled, when he was attacked in a corner of the wood by a highwayman, who pointed a pistol at his head.

The monk "came down" instantly crying for help and tossing his purse to the thief, who put it in his coat.

"Ah," gasped the monk, "take it! take it! But what a wiggling the prior will give me if he thinks I made no resistance! If you are a highwayman of the fine old school, you will do me a favor."

Certainly," said the thief. He was anxious to deserve the compliment "Anything you wish. What is it?"

"I want to prove to the prior that I defended myself heroically against your attack. Won't you please shoot a few holes through that coat?"

He pulled of his cloak and threw it down. The thief courteously pointed his pistol at it and pulled the trigger. There was no report.

"What's the matter?" asked the monk,

"I must own to you, said the highwayman, 'that I possess no such commodity as gunpowder."

"Well you're a queer highwayman. Then please slash the cloak a little with your dirk."

"I am also destitute of a knife," said the thief. "I have no weapon of any kind. I attack none but cowards and fools."

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the monk. Then I guess I'm as good as you. Come on."

He fell upon the thief, and smote him hip and thigh. When he had made quite sure that he had beaten the wretch into unconsciousness, he repossessed himself of the purse and went on his way to the monastery.

**How to Disregard Danger.**

Being intent on a greater thing is the best protection against being worried over a lesser thing. Indeed, that is the way that the truly brave are enabled to dare and to triumph over many dangers. We are never troubled about things that we do not think of. We cannot think of a little thing when our minds are more than full of a great thing. A brave young woman who gallantly risked her life in stopping a runaway horse on the street, and thus saved the lives of two endangered children, in Gloucester, New Jersey, modestly and unconsciously gave the secret of her bravery, and of all bravery, when she said, in telling of her feelings as she saw that runaway dashing down the street, with the children alone in the wagon: "I am afraid of horses, especially when they are going fast, but . . . I thought nothing of the horse, but was looking only for the children. . . . I never thought of getting out of the way, for I felt I must save the children." That is the way to risk one's life fearlessly, or to use one's life bravely. Be intent on something better than life, then you will not be thinking of whether you are to save your life or lose it. While it is yours, you are using it to the best advantage. S. S. Times.

A man with a family to support can never understand why all the old bachelors are not millionaires,

**The Crying Need of the Home.**

What is the crying need of the home? Not money. Not intellect. Not refinement. Not wisdom. It is love, and warm demonstration of love.

Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father mother is the saddest thing in all the universe. Most people love their children. Few fathers and mothers would own to a lack of affection for their offspring.

But in many homes—shall I say in the majority?—there is a lack of the real living love and tenderness that fill the heart full to running over with love-words, kisses, fond caresses. The good-night kiss, the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek, how these things expand the soul of the child and make it receptive to good influences.

To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of heaven and hell for the human race. The relation is a divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility. Wisdom, nobility, strength goodness and patience are needed by the parent, and above all, love.—Mrs. G. M. Ogilvie, in Woman's Home Companion.

**Wolves of the Sea.**

HERBERT BASHFORD, IN FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

From dusk until dawn they are hurrying on,  
Unfettered and fearless they flee;  
From morn until eve they plunder and  
thieve—  
The hungry, white wolves of the Sea!

With never a rest, they race to the west,  
To the Orient's rim do they run;  
By the berg and the floe of the northland they  
go  
And away to the isles of the sun.

They wait at the moon from the desolate  
dune  
Till the air has grown dank with their breath;  
They snarl at the stars from the treacherous  
bars  
Of the coasts that are haunted by Death.

They grapple and bite in a keen, mad delight  
As they feed on the bosom of Grief;  
And one steals away to a cave with his prey  
And one to the rocks of the reef.

With the froth on their lips they follow the  
ships,  
Each striving to lead in the chase;  
Since loosed by the hand of the King their  
band  
They have known but the rush of the race.

They are shaggy and old, yet as mighty and  
bold  
As when God's freshest gale set them free;  
Not a sail is unfurled in a port of the world  
But is prey for the wolves of the Sea!

**A Boy In Blossom.**

"Oh, grandpa," said Charlie, "see how white the apple tree are with blossoms!"

"Yes," said grandpa, "if the tree keeps its promises, there will be plenty of apples. But if it is like some boys I know, there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping its promise?" asked Charlie.

"Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the tree's promises, just as the promises little boys make are only blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy."

"I see," said Charlie; "then you think when I promise to be a better boy I am only in blossom! But I'll show you that the frost can't nip my blossoms."

**Sparks From Other Anvils.**

**Presbyterian Standard** :—Christian Science is said to be growing as popular among fashionable people in England as Theosophy was a while ago. One pleasant thought with this is that fashions change. Last season it was telepathy and next it will not be Christian Science.

**Religious Intelligencer** :—One of the things which other Christian bodies may learn from the Presbyterians and Methodists of Canada is the wisdom of union. Since the several Presbyterian bodies became one, and the several Methodist bodies became one, they have prospered as never before. God has put the seal of His approval on their consolidation of Christian forces.

**Lutheran Observer** :—That is a most apt illustration of sin that represents it as being, before the moment of commission, like the image used in the Inquisition, which seemed beautiful and desirable, but which, when touched, drew the victim into its crushing embrace, piercing eye and heart and limb. Sin may present its allurements, but when it is finished it bringeth forth death.

**Universalist Leader** :—People go to church to have their faith strengthened, not weakened. They want help to solve some of their life-problems, instead of having new problems thrust upon them. They turn to the minister as the man who knows something; and they want to know what he knows, not what he doesn't know. And the minister who is sure of something, even though that something be small, if he is sure of it, in his own experience and in his own judgment, it is going to do people good to hear him speak.

**Christian Observer** :—The untaught heathen reverence the moon, sun, stars, beasts, reptiles, and insects as sacred. They pay homage to these as to the divine. How we pity their superstitious ignorance, and yet we find a like gross fanatical ignorance among some of the professed followers of Christ. Some of these pay homage to relics, so-called sacred places, or the elevated wafer. So we can see that men, in their natural state, and in proportion to their lack of correct knowledge, reverence the creature instead of the Creator.

**Sunday School Times** :—Knowledge is not always power. Many a college sophomore is master of more facts than Moody ever gained, but how great was the power of the great evangelist through his God-given wisdom! And it depends on the sort of knowledge we gain whether the power it offers be good or evil,—as we may see, for instance, by contrasting Thomas Paine with John Wesley. As Cabellero says, "Intelligence is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal." But wisdom is a different matter. Wisdom is always power, and it is an unfailing power for good.

**Methodist Record** :—"As long as a boy sits at my table he must sit in my pew," was the saying of a Christian father who required his sons to attend church regularly. Now that father is dead, and his sons still sit in, and they are pillars in the church. Some parents foolishly think that if they compel a boy to attend church, it will give him such a distaste for religion that when he becomes of age he will never go to church at all. As well think that if a boy is compelled to attend day school, he will grow up with such a distaste for education that he will insist on being an ignoramus when he becomes of age. As well think that if a boy is made to work, he will grow up with such a distaste for work that he will never do any work at all after he becomes of age.