

place where the child was crying in its need.

He plunged in and saved his brother; but, alas for the robe! it was worse now than it had ever been before.

But while he was grieving over it, his old friend suddenly appeared and asked what was the matter, and why he was so cast down?

The boy pointed despairingly to his bespattered dress. But the old man only looked at him with the strange smile once more, and drawing out the magic spectacles said, "Look at yourself again and see what you really are."

Philantos did so, and lo! the great yellow stripe of selfishness was paler, and actually the robe looked cleaner than it had ever done before.

And the old man said, "Never be afraid to follow where the footmarks lead; nothing you meet with on that way ever leaves a stain."

So the lad was mightily encouraged, and never hesitated from that hour to go wherever the crimson footmarks lead.

Now, as time went on, the boy changed into an aged man, and his dress grew travel-stained and old. And one day, when he was very tired, he sat down and said to himself, "Alas! the king's palace is still very far away, and my dress, instead of growing white, is wearing into rags; what shall I do?"

But again his old friend drew near and asked the reason of his grief, and Philantos said, "Oh! sir, look, it is so old, so unclean, so unfit."

The spectacles were used once more and with delightful astonishment the pilgrim saw that the stains were almost gone, and scarcely a trace of those ugly words—pride, sloth, self—were left behind.

"But it is ragged," he said.

"Never mind that," replied his friend. "Our King does not mind rags, so long as they are the rags of a white robe."

And so it proved to be, for when, at last, the pilgrim reached the royal palace and knelt before the king, the old travel-worn gar-

ment changed into a pure white robe of matchless beauty, and the king said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou shalt be called no more Philantos, self-lover, but Philochristus, Christ-lover, because for love of Me thou hast trodden the pathway with the crimson stain. Thou shalt walk with Me in white, for thou art worthy, and so I bid thee welcome home."—*Children's Friend*.

THE LONELY STRANGER.

[These beautiful lines were given to the Rev. Dyson Hague in Halifax, by an earnest Christian officer in the British army—Captain Gaise, of the King's Regiment.]

(Jer. xiv. 8—Ruth i. 16-18.)

A homeless stranger amongst us came
To this land of death and mourning,
He walked in a pathway of sorrow and shame,
Through insult and hate and scorning.

A man of sorrows, of toils and tears,
An outcast man and a lonely;
Yet He looked on me, and through endless years
Him must I love—Him only.

Then from this sad and sorrowful land,
This land of sin, He departed;
But the look of His eyes and the touch of His hand
Had left me broken-hearted.

And I gazed on Him as He turned His face
From the land that was mine no longer—
The land I had loved in the ancient days
E'er I felt the love that was stronger.

I would abide where He abode,
And follow His steps for ever;
His people my people, His God my God,
In the land beyond the river.

And where He died would I also die;
Far dearer a grave beside Him
Than a kingly place among living men,
The place that they denied Him.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

If you really desire to be happy and make others around you happy, think of others more than of self. Canon Kingsley well describes the selfish person who, to our mind, must be of all others most miserable. He says: "Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for

yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven, either."—*Exchange*.

A HYMN COMPOSED IN A STAGE COACH.

The well known hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old," was composed in a stage coach, somewhere between Bath and Bristol, in the year 1841. Its writer, Miss *Jemima Thompson*—daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Poundsford Park, near Taunton, a great friend of children in his day—had been accustomed, like many other young people, to write little poems and essays before she was thirteen years old. After this she became a Sunday-school teacher in the village near her father's park. One day at Bath, she happened to hear the music of a song—a Greek air, by which name the tune is still known—which took hold of her fancy; she could not help humming it over and over to herself, and while riding home in the coach—for the railway was not yet made—she thought, "I must teach this air to the children at Poundsford." But to what words? So, as she sat in the coach, the hymn seemed to grow in her mind—to fit itself to the music; and when she reached home she was ready to write it down; only two verses at first, afterwards the third; and now the sweet hymn given to those village children by their loving teacher is sung all over the English-speaking world. —*The Messenger*.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people. But why it should be counted more Christian like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.