SLUMBER-TOWN.

MAMMA'S closed the windows,
  Pulled the shades 'way down
So the light won't bother,
  For I'm in Slumber-town
Rocking back and forward,
  In a white night-gown—
That's the way to travel
  Into Slumber-town.

Mamma's face grows fainter,
  Eyes so sweet and brown,
Folks get tired travelling
  Into Slumber-town.
Mamma ceases rocking,
  Puts the baby down;
For she's reached the station—
  She's in Slumber-town!

—*Youth's Companion.*

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

A GOOD MAN'S BOYHOOD.

ASA GRAY, the famous botanist, was beloved throughout his life for the sweetness of his Christian character. Many anecdotes are told of his boyhood. At one time he had a teacher by the name of Sally Stickney.

She ruled by gentleness. For the class she had an old-fashioned two-shilling piece, with a hole through to insert a yard of blue ribbon. She put this over the head of the one who stood first in the class. So it travelled home every night with some one of the scholars until the ribbon was worn and faded. But, more than that, the one who stood at the head on the last day of school was to be the owner of that two-shilling piece which the scholars had watched with jealous eyes so many weeks and studied Webster's spelling-book so hard in the hope of getting it.

One of Asa Gray's friends, now eighty years old, relates this part of the interesting story of the two-shilling piece: "Well, with hearts beating fast and eyes on the coveted prize, we were called on the last day of school to spell. I was at the head, Asa next. I missed, and he went above me; my all was gone, but I braved it without a tear; a few more words would end the strife. It came around to Asa, and he missed; how quick I went above him! But in an instant he dropped his head on the desk before him and cried as though his heart would break. School was dismissed, scholars were leaving; still he did not move until teacher came to him, whispered to him, soothed and petted him; then he jumped up and ran. I felt sorry for him and would have been willing to divide with him if he had not crowed over me so. I ran nearly all the way home—a good mile—with my treasure. My mother told me to go another three-quarters of a mile to Stephen Savage's store, and spend it for calico and piece it up, to keep forever. I could only get one yard for my two-shilling piece. I pieced the quilt. Now my grandchildren are studying Asa Gray's Botany. He called here two years ago and said in a smiling way: 'I have got all over feeling badly about that;' and I answered: 'And well you may, when you have received so many honours since then.'"

HURTING OUR FRIENDS.

A WRITER in the *Congregationalist* says that much happiness is lost by the rough ways people have of treating their friends. Such persons probably never read what Cowper wrote on this subject:

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
  His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one must need
Be very much his friend indeed,
  To pardon or to bear it."

An illustration may make the meaning plainer: Mr. A is some distance in the rear of Mr. B. A quickens his steps and overtakes B, remarking as he reaches his side, "I thought you would like good company whether I had any or not." Both laugh pleasantly and they move on together. No particular harm is done, perhaps, but is there not a more excellent way? Suppose A had said, "I like good company, so I thought I would overtake you."

This same writer says: "I stood before the door of an old friend, whom I had not seen for months, waiting for an answer to the bell that I had just rung. The door opened. My friend stood before me. Her countenance lighted up with a happy smile as she raised her hands and exclaimed, "I have heard that when you are thinking of angels, if you listen, you may hear the rustle of their wings." Can anyone doubt that this beautiful allusion made me very happy? Reader, say pretty things. A complimentary remark to a bystander, a word of gratitude for a favour, a word of praise or a pleasing comparison or allusion may open a fountain of joy, perhaps in a sad heart, that will flow in a sweet, pleasing stream through that heart ever afterward. Say pretty things.

HE WAS PLUCKY.

WE all like to hear stories of personal bravery, especially when shown by those whose profession is one of peace.

John Wesley, when he began to preach in Yorkshire, was startled by the wildness and rudeness of the common people. They were so rough, uncouth, headstrong, and independent that he, though brave and resolute, was dismayed. But he had not preached many sermons to them before he discovered that below this rugged surface glowed warm hearts and generous feelings, and that nowhere would a heartier response be made to his appeals.

Years after Wesley had won them to the reception of his religious views, Dean Hook, the vicar of Leeds and a typical high churchman, encountered these excitable Yorkshiremen at a great vestry meeting and by his shrewdness, good humour, and Christian feeling won their sympathy.

Immediately after his settlement over the parish church at Leeds, there was a vestry meeting at the church, in which a number of persons, to show their contempt of sacred things, piled their hats and coats upon the Communion table, and some even sat upon it.

The new vicar, a bold, energetic man, of stern resolution, instantly cleared the table and told the crowd that he should take the keys of the church, and that no meeting would be held there in future.

"Eh!" shouted a workman. "But how will you prevent it? We shall get in if we like."

"You will pass over my dead body, then," answered the vicar. The crowd growled out their admiration of the vicar's pluck.

Subsequently, at a meeting of three thousand in the Old Cloth Hall Yard, the vicar, while in the chair, listened to a furious harangue against himself as a high churchman and against church rates. When the speaker, a dissenting clergyman named Giles, had finished his philippic, the vicar got up and said that into the question of church rates he would not enter.

"Eh! Why won't 'ee?" shouted a thousand sturdy voices.

"Because, my friends, you wouldn't listen to me if I did." And the crowd laughed heartily.

"With regard to that part of my friend's speech," he continued, "which consisted of personal abuse, I would remind you that the most brilliant eloquence without charity may be as sounding brass. I am glad to have this early opportunity of acting publicly upon a church principle—a high church principle—a very high church principle indeed" And Dr. Hook paused until the throng was expectant and breathlessly silent. Then he added in a tone heard all over the yard: "I forgive him."

So saying, he stepped up to the astonished Giles and shook him heartily by the hand amidst roars of laughter.

The day was gained. The hostile meeting passed the church rates and with loud acclamations voted their thanks to the "high church" chairman.