

following the Sunday in question, Mr. Brockway received a letter from one of the prisoners, who is at present in the third grade, the lowest in the prison. It was in substance as follows: "Mr. Brockway, I have resolved to be a better man. I heard that little boy sing, Sunday, about that wandering boy, and it made me think of my own mother, who, perhaps has thought the same thing about me during many a restless night. When I thought of her I resolved to do better, and from this time forth I will do all I can to raise my grade. By the help of God I will be a respectable man again, so that I can return to my mother and home, and look into her eyes without the hot blush of shame mantling my cheek. It was the little boy's song that did it and I bless him for it." Superintendent Brockway sent the letter to Master Lacey, accompanying it with a few words of thanks and compliment from his own pen.

THE ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

THE energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth:

"About thirty years ago, said Judge P—, I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in, and inquired for a geography. "Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply. "How much do they cost?" "One dollar, my lad." "I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back. "I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him. "And what now?" I asked. "Try another place, sir." "Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?" "Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise. Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused. "Will you try again?" I asked. "Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had. "You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor. "Yes, very much." "Why do you want it so very much?" "To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go." "Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new

geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents." "Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?" "Yes, just like the new one." "It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you all safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men." He did land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said, "Judge P—, do you recognize me?" I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel. Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?" "Very well, sir, William Haverly." "I am he," he said. "God bless you!" And God bless the noble captain Haverly. —*Evangelist.*

LORD MACAULAY AS A HIGHWAYMAN.

LORD MACAULAY when a young man was visiting Rome, and one night went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. While alone under the dark arches where it is as black as night, all of a sudden a man in a large cloak brushed past him rather rudely, as Macaulay thought, and passed on.

Macaulay's first impulse was to clap his hand to his watch pocket, and sure enough, his watch was not there. He looked after the man who he doubted not had stolen his watch as he brushed past him, and peering into the darkness could just distinguish the outline of a figure moving away.

He rushed after him, overtook him and scizing him by the collar demanded his watch. Macaulay could speak but very little Italian and understood none when spoken, so he was obliged to limit his attack on the thief to a violent shaking of him by the collar and an angry repetition of the demand, "Orologi! Orologio!" (Watch! watch!) The man just attacked poured forth a torrent of rapidly spoken words, of which Macaulay understood not a syllable; but once again administered a severe shaking, stamping his foot angrily on the

ground and again vociferating, "Orologio! Orologio!" whereupon the detected thief drew forth the watch and handed it to the captor.

Macaulay satisfied with his prowess in having thus recaptured his property and not caring for the trouble of pursuing the matter any further, turned on his heel as he pocketed the watch and saw nothing more of the man. But when he turned to his apartment at night, his landlady met him at the door holding out something in her hand saying: "Oh, sir, you left your watch on the table, so I thought it better to take care of it; here it is." "Good gracious! what is it then, what is the meaning of it?" stammered Macaulay, drawing from his pocket the watch he had so gallantly recovered in the Coliseum. It was a watch he had never seen before.

He, Macaulay, had been the thief. The poor man he had so violently attacked and apostrophized in the darkness and solitude of the Coliseum arches had been terrified into surrendering his own watch to the ruffian who, as he conceived, had pursued him to rob him. The next morning Macaulay, not a little crestfallen, hastened to the office of the questor with the watch and told his story. "Ah! I see," said the questor; "you had better leave the watch. I will make your excuses to the owner of it; he has already been here to denounce you."

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

H, he was a Fowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the boot-black smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That boot-black smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

THREE CLASSES.

THERE are three classes of people with reference to habits of reading and study: First, those who have been trained in good schools and colleges, and who think they have neither strength nor time for further study. Second, those who have had but limited opportunity through schools, and who think themselves equal to nothing but the drudgery and frivolity of physical toil and pleasure; who shrink from literary society because they are afraid of "showing their ignorance," or are indifferent to knowledge. Third, those who, whether "educated" or not, have a thirst for knowledge, are eager to know more if they already know much; and to know something if they are unfortunately without knowledge; seeking gladly all opportunities of growth. This third is the true class into which both the others ought to fall. Then those who have been trained will help those who have not, and those who have not will do their best toward making up for what they have lost, and both will rejoice together in the happy and fruitful effort to increase in wisdom and power.—*B. T. Vincent.*

THE CHILD-FACE

AT morn or eve where'er I go
In crowded street or breezy hill,
In summer rains or winter snow,
A wistful child-face haunts me still,

When all my life is out of tune,
And sorrow spreads her cheerless night,
It breaks forth like a gracious moon,
And gilds my gloomy clouds with light.

On the dull labours of the day
A glory-beam it seems to pour;
Forbids all wild thought when I pray
And makes them purer than before.

I know not when I saw the face;
I wist not how or whence it came;
'Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
It haunts and follows me the same.

Was it a vision gave it birth,
Or some chance memory that I keep?
Is it a habitant of earth,
Or but a dream-child born of sleep?

I cannot paint its form in words;
Its wondrous grace I cannot sing,
No more than can the April birds
Lay bare the mystery of spring.

I feel that face will never go
As long as I draw living breath;
'Twill be my guiding star below
And then 'twill beacon me in death.

Perchance when I have crossed the stream
And stand upon the holy hill
I'll find 'twas truer than a dream,
That dear child-face which haunts me still.

HOW TO TREAT A BOY.

GET hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them, and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two will bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamer is guided hither and yonder upon the sea, in spite of wind and current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gently and firmly on that helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at the heart, get hold of that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even to his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him at some little service of trust for you; love him; love him practically. Any way and every way rule him through his heart.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference wears his temperance blue ribbon on all public occasions. His example has much force. It brings the movement under the attention of our people wherever he preaches or speaks, awakens interest and inquiry concerning the aims and progress of the Blue Ribbon Army, removes existing prejudice, and encourages many a timid abstainer to show the token. It is significant that there is such a wide-spread revival of Gospel Temperance during the year of the Jubilee of the movement, and that Charles Garrett, one of its early fruits, is President of the Wesleyan Conference.