

the girl, with a shudder, "the sun does not shine in here—it is cool."

They went on their way in silence. The sunshine did not seem as bright as before, and there was no music in the sound of the waves. "Why did we kill that creature?" said the girl, impulsively, "it was not harming us." "I don't know," said the young man, shortly. "Does it steal from the farmers?" "No, it lives on bark and shrubs." "We did not want its skin—only Indians eat its flesh," she continued. "Perhaps it was going home to its young ones. I feel as if I had committed a murder," and, stopping short, she burst into tears. "Ah! now I like you better," said her companion, in a relieved tone of voice. "When women are merciful, men will not be merciless."—*Marshall Saunders.*

#### RESULT OF A WORD.

Another incident illustrating the tremendous results that may follow a few words uttered in a moment of time is thus related.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmy," he said, kindly. "Now, remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the President of the United States; but I do mean that you can be something better yet—a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two met again. Then Jimmy had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years just passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the ragged train boy of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmy asserted energetically, "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company and growing sort o' wild and reckless, but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer, so I just stopped short and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And all that was the result of a few sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

#### IT BROKE HER HEART.

The following pitiful story of the ruin wrought by the rum demon is reported by the daily press:

A wretched mother dropped dead about four weeks ago at the feet of the son who had been a burden and a sorrow to her. This son, who was thirty years old, instead of helping his mother, spent his wages for whisky. At last the mother concluded that committing him as an habitual drunkard might lead to his reformation. She was called to the witness stand to swear to the complaint, but the strain was too great for her, and she fell dead with the words on her lips, "It's breaking my heart."

## Our Young Folks.

### WHEN ALL GOES WRONG.

When all goes wrong about the school  
When Logic seems but folly;  
When knotty problems vex the brain  
And make us melancholy;  
When German verbs and substantives  
Seem sadly disconnected,  
And passing strange the way in which  
Quadratics are effected;  
When Rome with Carthage war declares  
And gives us care and sorrow—  
When shall we frown and fret and fume?  
To-morrow, Boys, to-morrow!  
When all goes well about the school;  
When study is a pleasure;  
When Science proves a source of joy,  
And tadpoles our chief treasure;  
When fractions are a rare delight,  
And Latin recreation;  
When Father Time brings round the date  
Of the summer-tide vacation;  
When life is young and skies are bright,  
And all the world is gay—  
When shall we smile, sing, and rejoice?  
To-day, dear, Boys, to-day!  
—E. E. Armstrong.

### LIE—NEVER.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector, among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my fare to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome, as well as expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escapade, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard-arm. A frightful threat indeed!

Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick, tick, of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, tears in his eyes; but afraid!—no, not a bit!

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head; but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck, with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die: but lie—never! All eyes were turned toward him, and sobe broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die; but lie—never! God bless him! Yes, God stands by those who stand by Him. And the rest of the voyage, you may well think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And every body who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the conduct of this dear child.—*Sel.*

### NAN'S OBJECT-LESSON.

Nan was very critical on a certain summer morning.

"I don't like cream toast. I want some peaches," she moaned.

"But yesterday morning you wished for toast," said the mother. "Jane made this on purpose for you."

"It's burned," said the child.

"O, no; only browned the least bit too much."

Nan managed to eat a few mouthfuls, but there was a scowl on her smooth forehead, and her face, that could be very sweet, was decidedly sour.

"She isn't feeling well," thought mamma. "The morning is hot, and she is tired out with school."

This was partly true. But Nan was a robust little body, and easily regained her physical losses. The fact was that she had been petted a great deal, and had come to think her wishes ought to be the law of the household.

After breakfast the seamstress, who was making a frock for Nan, required sewing silk and buttons.

The child was asked to go to the shop for them. "But, mamma, my toe hurts," was the instant excuse. So Miss Gardner was set at something else till Bob should come up from the office and could be sent on the errand.

At dinner time nothing was quite satisfactory. The roast beef was too rare; the pudding sauce too tart. Papa exchanged glances with mamma.

"This must be stopped," he said, but Nan did not understand what they meant. That evening the little girl went up to papa full of enthusiasm about a little drawing she had made. The father scowled in a most unamiable way, and found all the fault possible with it. Nan tried hard to keep back the tears, but finally gave up and went away sobbing.

"How could you?" said mamma.

In a day or two there was to be a ride into the country, a lunch with a friend, and a return by moonlight. Nan supposed that she would go as a matter of course. But she soon found that she was to be left at home.

"It is too much trouble to take you," said papa.

"And your too," added mamma.

"And the warm weather which you are afraid of," continued papa.

"My toe is better," pleaded Nan.

"But the lunch won't suit your fastidious taste," said papa. "The Browns live very plainly."

Nan ran sobbing to grandma's room. The dear old lady drew the child within her loving arms.

"Do you not see," said the gentle voice, "that your father and mother are

trying to show yourself as in a mirror? Papa found fault with your drawing that that you might see how very unpleasant it is to be criticised. You took great pains with your little sketch, but mamma takes pains every day in ordering the dinner, and Jane takes pains in cooking it. You wish to have the pleasure of the drive, and the visit; but you do not care to be helpful when help is needed and so give pleasure to others."

The lesson was a very plain one, that even a child could understand. It was hard to see the carriage drive off without her on that bright afternoon; there were tears and sobbing, but the experience was not in vain.

When the father and mother came home that night they found a subdued, appreciative little girl who was very glad to be talked to and kissed, very pleased with the flowers and bonbons that had been sent to her by the little Browns, and very resolute in her determination to be sunny and satisfied with what came to her instead of sour and complaining.—*Examiner.*

### THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

"Did you know we were builders?" said Jemmy Atkins to John Brown, as he watched them put brick upon brick on the wall of a building.

"No, we're not; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which it to last for ever and ever."

"Nothing in the world lasts forever," said John.

"But mother told me," said Jemmy, "our souls would live forever, and we were building houses to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we built our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing, and if we build well we will be glad forever. Is it not nice to think that we are builders?"

Children, Jemmy told the truth. Every day we are building, brick by brick, a house for the soul to live in, and as you see that the bricks in a building lap over each other, so do all our actions, thoughts, and feelings; so that all of them make a whole.

The first thing in a building is a good foundation. The good foundation is to hear Christ's words, and to do them. That means to be a Christian. There can be no true, noble life, unless it rests on trust in and obedience to Christ. He will teach you how to build. Second, we must use the materials—honesty, truth, courage, industry, perseverance, obedience to parents, gentleness, and kindness. The material that is to be rejected is pride, envy, intolerance, and all the bad things. With the right materials you can build a grand house for the soul to live in.

### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Professor Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think He could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and He will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms, and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all His holy angels, sounding on their golden harps, and singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that He would say to them "Hush! stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl, away down on the earth, who wants to whisper something in my ear."