

THE GRAND OLD BOOK.

How many are reading the grand old book  
 All over the world to-day?  
 The minister in the holy place;  
 The traveller by the way;  
 The negro down in the cotton-field;  
 The queen upon bended knee;  
 The rich and poor all over the land;  
 The sailor upon the sea.

In the splendour of tropic islands;  
 On the cold, white Arctic strand;  
 In the beautiful English valleys;  
 All over our own fair land;  
 Where Asia's sun and moon and stars  
 On wonderful cities look;  
 In lonely African hamlets;  
 Millions are reading the book.

The child with its finger keeps the line,  
 Half spelling the glorious page;  
 It's a lamp to the feet of manhood,  
 And the hope of musing age;  
 The young go to it for songs of joy;  
 The sick for its Promise look;  
 The anxious, the happy, the sorrowful,  
 All go to the dear old book.

The wonderful book of the untold years!  
 In days when the world was young,  
 Its noble psalms and its holy words  
 From prophet and poet sprung,  
 We can gaze with them from the hills of God,  
 On the land that is far away,  
 And feel the thrill of immortal eyes  
 And the dawn of a grander day.

And so I am happy to think to-day  
 Of the many reading the book—  
 Happy to think of the blessed eyes  
 That into its pages look.  
 No matter how rich, how poor, how glad,  
 Or sorrowful men may be,  
 They are reading the book in every land  
 And on every tossing sea.

SMOKING THE BEST CIGARS.

Grant and Ross Graham are twins. Grant is a stirring boy, and often earns an extra dime to help swell the family purse, which is sometimes very slim.

Ross loves his books, and would like to get a good education; but he knows that he and his brother must soon quit school, and begin to work.

These boys go to a wide-awake Sabbath-school, whose officers and teachers are anxious to do all the good they possibly can for the children under their care.

One Sabbath, on their return from school, Ross hastened to his mother with the good news that he had pledged himself not to taste anything that would intoxicate, or to use tobacco in any form.

"May you be enabled to keep your pledge!" said his mother fervently; and then turned to Grant, expecting to hear the same news from him, but as he did not speak, she asked:

"And how is it with you, my boy?"  
 "I didn't sign the pledge," answered Grant. "You see, mother, I am going to leave whiskey and such trash alone; but I have made up my mind that when I am twenty-one I am going to smoke the best cigars."

"You had better count the cost," said his mother. "The best cigars will take much of your earnings, and will bring to you many evils which you cannot foresee."

"I don't see how they will hurt me. Father smokes, and so does the Rev. Mr. Blank, and ever so many more ministers that I can name."

"How old are you, Grant?" asked his mother, without appearing to notice his remark.

"Eleven years old."  
 "Only eleven! And why must you and your brother, while so young, quit going to school?"

"Because father can't afford to send us any longer; and, besides, we must help earn our own livings."

"True. Suppose your father had put away twenty cents a day for twenty years, how much money would he now have?"

Grant made the calculation, and replied:

"He would have \$1,460."  
 "And not only that amount," replied his mother, "but also the interest on much of it he might now have, had he not begun to smoke good cigars when he was twenty-one—just twenty years ago."

Grant made no reply, but all the week he kept thinking something like this:

"We are very poor. Father works hard, but he is sickly. He still smokes two cigars, sometimes more, a day. He has already smoked away more than \$1,460—whow! What a young fortune! If we only had that much money now, Ross could go to school long enough to graduate, and mother and the children might have many comforts."

The next Sabbath, when, at the close of the school, the superintendent laid the temperance pledge upon the table, the first one that walked up and put his name to it was Grant Graham.

He had changed his mind. "For," said he, "I will never puff away \$1,460 in smoke!"

DON'T TELL MOTHER.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy mother, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—Proverbs i. 8.

"We had a sermon to-day on the relation of boys to their mothers," said Andrew.

"I should think we might any of us preach that sermon," Jimmy replied.

"I don't think that we could any of us preach it as well as our minister preached it. He certainly knows how to advise boys better than any minister that I have ever heard talk to them."

"What did he say that you did not know before?"

"It was not so much that he said things that I did not know before as that he said the things that I did know in a way to set me thinking more deeply and earnestly than I have ever thought before about this matter."

"Why, Andrew, I didn't know that you were a very bad boy about minding your mother. What have you got to repent of in this direction?"

"The sermon was not so much about boys' lack of obedience to their mothers as about their lack of confidence in those mothers. Our minister said that the habit of concealing, which some boys early adopt, has more to do with their ruin than any or perhaps all other causes."

"Why, Andrew! A sin isn't made whiter or blacker by telling of it."

"No. That is true. It doesn't make sins blacker or whiter after they are committed, but it might keep boys from committing them if they knew that they could not be concealed from the mother. This was what our minister said: 'When I hear the young exclaiming, "Don't let mother see this! hide it away; don't tell mother where I am going," I tremble for their safety. The action which will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love, will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin

life by going where a mother does not approve will easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's commandments. "Don't tell mother!" has been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule at home springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. "Don't tell mother!" is a sure step downward, the first seat in these easy cars of habit which glide so swiftly and so silently, with their freight of souls, toward the precipice of ruin. The best and the safest way is always to tell mother. Who is so forgiving as she? who so faithful? who so patient? Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of wearing anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unflinching. It is a spring that never becomes dry. Confide, dear young people, in your mother; do nothing which she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly good and great men that, when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honour to their mothers. A good mother is a gift to thank God forever. Happy are they who early learn to appreciate her worth. Boys and girls, never go where "Don't tell mother!" is necessary to cover your footsteps."

ONE BLACK DROP.

One black drop, only one, but what a tinge it has given that water? Spreading to every other drop in its neighborhood, it has clouded the whole mass.

That is the way with a thought that is not pure. It affects the desires, and there follows the wish to do the impure thing. It reaches the will, and there follows the deed. Then how the recollection of it clouds the hour when one prays, the hour when the Bible is read and God's house is visited, the hour of solitary study, or of intercourse with friends.

Look out for this evil. How? A man says of the water obscured by the black drop, "I will expel this dusky cloud." Stop. Let him go farther back, and not admit that drop in the first place. That impure desire, don't gratify it. That impure book, put a hundred feet as quickly as possible between you and it. Who will promise in this one thing to look not, touch not? That promise will make a memory of sunshine for you.

FACE TO FACE WITH A LION.

NEDRICK MULLER, when hunting in South Africa, happened on one occasion to come very suddenly upon a lion. The beast did not attack him, but stood perfectly still. Muller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the animal's forehead; but just as he drew the trigger the horse gave a terrified start, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward; but finding that the man stood still—for he had no time either to remount or take to his heels—the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. They stood looking at each other thus for some minutes; the man never moved, and at last the lion slowly turned and walked away.

Muller hastily began to reload his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words have spoken more plainly? Muller held his hand, and remained motionless. The lion again moved off, warily, as before. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threatening growl. Thus was repeated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket and disappeared.

The presence of mind of the hunter, no doubt, saved him from being killed by the lion. It was certainly a very narrow escape for him.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

Dear little children, reading The Scripture a sacred page, Think, once the blest Jesus Was just a child, your age; And in the home with Mary, His mother sweet and fair, He did her bidding gladly, And lighten'd all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered, But at her softest word He heeded, and he hastened— No errand was deferred. And in the little household The sunbeams used to shine So merrily and blithely Around the child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble Your patient mother's heart, Forgetful that, in home-life, The children's happy part Is but like little soldiers Their duty quick to do; To mind commands when given, What easy work for you.

Within good Luke's evangel This gleams, a precious gem, That Christ when with his parents Was "subject unto them." Consider, little children; Be like him day by day. So gentle, meek and loving, And ready to obey.

—M. E. Sanjster.

THE GULF STREAM.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf stream. There is in the world no other so majestic flow of water. Its current is swifter than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than one thousand nine hundred times greater. Its waters so far as the Carolina coast are indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the common sea-water can be traced with the eye. Often one-half the vessel may be seen floating in the Gulf-stream water while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of that of the Gulf stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to these, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious wood of the Amazon and Orinoco.—Hall's Journal.