

brethren, ye did it unto me." It is necessary to enter on this work with thoughtful and prayerful consideration. There is

NOTHING ROMANTIC ABOUT IT.

It must not be taken up for a while to be laid aside in a short time, because we have grown tired of it. We must not work only when we feel like it, because at all times we may not possess the same amount of enthusiasm. We must settle it whether this be our work, and then go forward, no matter what discouragements cross our path, acting on principle rather than impulse. Before beginning it is well to understand that there is a good deal more prose than poetry in it. Still the work is interesting in the extreme, and if we ask we shall have help that we "grow not weary in well-doing."

This subject then was discussed in five minute speeches. It was informally decided that the subject was of paramount importance, and that means must be taken to capture the neglected children for the Church.

A Hospital Story.

White faces, pained and thin,
Gathered new pain—as at some sight of slaughter—

And waiting nurses, with their cups of water,
Shrank, when they saw the bargeman's little daughter,
From Hester Street, brought in.

Caught by the cruel fire,
In act of filial duty, she had tasted
Death even then. The form that flame had
wasted,
In vain, to save, the swiftest helpers hasted,
With love that would not tire.

And all that skill could do
Was done. Her fevered nerves, with anguish
leaping,
The surgeon soothed at last; and, left in
keeping
Of tender eyes that night, the child lay
sleeping
Until the clock struck two.

The streets' loud roar had died.
No angry about was heard, nor drunken
ditty;
From Harlem to the bay, peace held the city
And the great hospital, where holy Pity
With Grief's fœt, side by side.

The watchful nurse leaned low,
And saw in the scared face the life-light
waver.
Poor Annie woke. A cooling draught she
gave her,
And called the doctor; but he could not
save her,
And soon he turned to go.

Calm, as from torture free,
She lay; then strangely, through her lips,
sore wounded,
Broke warbled words, and the tones swelled,
and rounded
To a clear hymn, that like an angel's
sounded—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

One stanza, strong and sweet,
Of that melodious prayer, to heaven went
winging
From the child's soul; and all who heard
that singing
Gazed through quick tears, or bowed, like
suppliants clinging
Around the Mercy Seat.

Then to a slender hum
Sank the soft song, too feeble to recover;
But the sick heard, and felt it o'er them
hover
Like a saint's blessing—till the scene was
over,
And the young voice was dumb.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"
God heard. He loosed from earth, in his
good pleasure,
That little life, and took it for his treasure;
And all his love—a love no mind can
measure—
Answered poor Annie's plea.
—Theron Brown.

Missionary Life in North-west Canada.

We cannot forbear without even asking permission of the author to print the following extracts from our private correspondence. It is written by Rev. Egerton R. Young, Methodist missionary in Canada. The rest will be explained by our quotation:

"It was our privilege to labour for nine years several hundred miles north of the city of Winnipeg. Our nearest post-office was 400 miles away, and so was our family physician. My circuit was 550 miles long and 350 miles over it. I travelled in summer in a birch canoe and in winter with dog-trains. On an average I used to sleep out in snow thirty nights each winter, with the mercury from thirty to fifty degrees below zero.

"My work was among the Indian tribes of that 'wild north-land,' and I am thankful that during the late unhappy disturbance in that great North country all of our Christian Indians were loyal and quiet. While the pagan and Roman Catholic Indians have cost our Government vast sums of money, and required constant supervision by our mounted police, our Christian Indians have never at any of their reservations required the official visit of a single policeman or constable.

"I had under my care several thousand Indians, many hundreds of whom were happy, converted people, living consistent lives and making rapid progress in civilized life.

"Enclosed I send you a leaf from my Cree Indian hymn-book, printed in what we call the syllabic character. This wonderful invention is the sole work of one of our Methodist missionaries. Each character stands for a syllable. We have the whole Bible printed in these characters. Difficult as they look, yet an intelligent Indian can be taught to read God's Word in his own language in a few weeks. It is a wonderful invention, and as the result of it thousands are reading in their own tongue the precious volume."
—Northern Christian Advocate.

MAKE God thy last thought at night
when thou sleepest, and thy first when
thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be
sanctified in the night, and thy un-
derstanding be rectified in the day;
so shall thy rest be peaceful, and thy
labours prosperous.

The Praying Mantis.

In far Brazil there is a very curious insect which has received from the Brazilians the strange name of the "Devil's riding-horse." It is more commonly known, however, as the "Praying Mantis," from its peculiar habits, and the position in which it is usually found. It has long forearms, which are folded back upon themselves, while the ends are lifted up like hands in supplication. So it will remain in a motionless attitude for hours.

In shape it resembles one of the forest leaves so closely that it is hard to distinguish them. From its appearance and perfect stillness no one would suppose it was not only instinct with life, but the most bloodthirsty of all creatures.

Presently a mosquito or common fly alights on a twig near. Then the mantis may be seen to turn its head, with an almost imperceptible motion it begins to creep toward its prey. When within striking distance it suddenly throws out its long forearms, and in a moment seizes its victim, which is speedily torn to pieces and devoured.

Does this not remind us of the subtle enemy of our souls—Satan? He "transformeth" (or changeth) "himself into an angel of light" until he gets us into his power. Let us not be "ignorant of his devices." He would persuade us we need not care for our souls, that at least we may put off the thought of eternity. Do not listen to him, and rest in a false peace. You are not safe till you come to the Saviour.

The Rattlesnake Lesson.

"Tits way, boys! there she is!
Don't you see her, Charlie?"

"No, I can't say that I do, but—
Oh, what is that? Look quick!"

Two boys and one dog came to a halt upon a grassy knoll overlooking a little tangle of bushes and undergrowth on the outskirts of a low-lying swamp merging into a muddy pond farther on. On the grass beneath a clump of tall weeds was curled a large rattlesnake just ready for a spring, its prey a small bird which had been charmed by the glittering eyes of the reptile, and although "squawking for life," as Charlie said, had no power to break the fatal spell.

"Poor little creature! Do you think we can save it, Will? I wonder if my hand is steady enough to fire?"

"Hush! the snake will have us instead of the bird if you are not careful. Here! help me with this gun; my hand is steady, I know."

"Now, the second I fire we must drop so his snakeship won't catch a sight of us."

"All right! fire away!"

A puff of smoke, a sharp report, down went the boys, not quite sure of having despatched the reptile. They had forgotten Chloe in their excitement, but the faithful dog had no idea of shirking her duty. Without wait-

ing for the signal to be given, away she flew to "pick up the game." The game, however, refused to be picked up; it was not dead, but wounded, and presented a fearful spectacle as it writhed in agony. Will called the dog back just as the fangs of the enraged snake were darting toward her. Finding its prey gone, it plunged the fangs into the coils of its own body several times in quick succession, then, with a convulsive wriggle, died. Just as the rattlesnake fell lifeless on the grass, now all matted and stained with blood, a shout was heard close by:

"Clar to goodness, if dis yere darkie wasn't skairt! Dat war a rattler, sure! Reck'n he's dead now, or foolin'—eh!"

"Oh, he is dead enough; he isn't a 'possum, you know," said Charlie, laughing.

"Let us go and count his rattles."

"All right! Shall we take him home?"

"I'se gwine to tote de ole chap for you if dar isn't no life in him."

The boys assured him of the creature's death, and Nelson slung the long, limp body on a pole and carried it in triumph to the house. The rattles, thirteen in number, were preserved as trophies of the "hunt." The little ones were much interested in the description given by Will and Charlie of the manner in which the rattlesnake was charming the bird, asking repeatedly why the bird could not fly away.

"It reminds me," said Mr. Folsom, "of a different kind of serpent and the way in which it fascinates its victims—the serpent coiled at the bottom of the wine-cup. Once allow yourselves to come within range of the baneful influence exerted by this terrible serpent, and not only is your body in danger, but your immortal souls also. You all remember our young friend James Peck who used to visit us two years since?"

"Indeed we do, father. He used to tell us what a gay time he was having in the city, and pity us for living in the country."

"I heard this morning that he had been killed in a drunken brawl in a saloon in that same city. Often I urged him to attend to his soul's salvation; I even went to his boarding-house the last time I was in town to talk with him, but could not find him. Oh, my dear boys, beware lest you too put off too long the taking of Christ as your Saviour."—Ruth Argyle.

Nothing can persuade me that the pleasure caused by taking drink is an equivalent to the human race for the disease, the squalor, the misery, the madness, the premature deaths with which drink, by indisputable evidence, floods every region of the world, decimates savage tribes, and degrades civilized countries to a greater extent than any other substance in the civilized world.—F. W. Farrar.