

The Heart of Stone.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

I WALKED along the world's highway,
A vain, ambitious youth;
Too proud was I to ever pray,
Yet felt the power of truth.

I came, at last, to a great lake,
And plunged therein to bathe;
Thinking my burning thirst to slake,
And fevered limbs to lave.

At first I felt a sudden chill—
But soon it passed away;
And to depart I felt no will,
Content the day to stay.

I lingered long, then went my way,
Yet felt more sad and lone,
For on my breast a burden lay—
My heart had turned to stone.

Jehovah's frown awoke no fear;
And love, by Jesus shown
To me and them I hold most dear,
Touched not my heart of stone.

Long thus I walked the burning earth,
Forsaken and alone;
With outward semblance oft of mirth—
But with a heart of stone.

One day I chanced to meet a man,
Mail-clad and stern was he;
I turned about, and from him ran,
Yet knew not where to flee.

And soon I felt his iron hand
Upon my shoulder placed;
But I resolved to firmly stand,
With will-power strongly braced.

I turned me round, when, lo! I saw,
In mirror held by him,
A picture, without break or flaw,
Nor was it faint or dim—

Of my ownself. I started back
Aghast! God heard my groan,
For there I saw, in colour black,
My own hard heart of stone!

And as in western cattle ranch
The herdsman knows his own,
Ere at it he his dart would launch,
Or strong lasso had thrown.

Upon the ox is burned the name
Of him who owns the herd;
So, on my heart, I saw with shame,
A name which conscience stirred.

God owned it ere 'twas turned to stone,
And stamped his name thereon;
I turned, and fled away alone—
But, ere I far had gone,

I met a stranger in the way,
So lovely and so fair;
His smile and gesture seemed to say—
"My love with you I share."

I looked: and lo! from hands and side,
A crimson tide flowed down,
To staunch his wounds I vainly tried—
But stained my hands and gown.

"Wilt thou be mine?" I heard him say;
And gladly I replied—
"I will be thine, now and alway,
For thou for me hast died."

Then he stretched out his wounded hand;
One crimson drop alone
Fell on my heart, at his command,
As flesh became the stone.

With life divine it now e'er throbs;
I hear man's every groan;
My tears now mingle with his sobs:
I'VE LOST MY HEART OF STONE.

Tapperville, Ont.

BELIEVERS should be but as variegated lamps hung
out to lighten the feet of passengers from the king-
dom of darkness.

Faithfulness.

RALPH WARNER and Joe Curtis were next door neighbours. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the houses were an eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was a large and rich one, but Ralph was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris, the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow. It was a small one; so small, that sometimes this boy was all the help she had.

One night Ralph asked Mr. Harris if he might go to the river with Joe.

"Have you done all the chores?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, sir."

Now Mr. Harris knew that if Ralph said so, it was so, and he granted his request at once.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning.

"Joe," he said, "will you ask Mrs. Douglas if you can go to the river with me?"

Joe gave a ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph.

Knowing something of Joe's habits, Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, "Are you sure the chores are all done?"

"Yes, I believe so," was Joe's careless answer.

"The barn doors are open. Don't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference; and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house."

"I should shut them, if I were in your place," said Ralph. And then, the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked, "Have you brought in the eggs to-day?"

"No; I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay eggs every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it."

"Let's see if we can find any, before we go to the river," said Ralph. "I like to hunt for eggs."

They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this, continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs, of which Joe had no knowledge.

"Only think! We have found sixteen!" said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. "Worth looking for, I am sure."

Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his way—Joe neglecting his duties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and yet, during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of two years, Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man when at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farm-house. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris.

"Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy," said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it were a matter of course.

"I wonder if you know how few boys there are so faithful as he is!" was the reply.

"I want a good, honest, faithful boy," said a friend to this gentleman, about two weeks after his return home. "Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?"

The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered: "I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy." And then he told all about Ralph.

"Do you think that I could get him?"

"Very likely you may, if you try."

He did try; and the result was that Ralph found an excellent situation, which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

It has often been said that the rogue or wrongdoer is sure to be found out at last; but it is just as true that the faithful, industrious boy is sure to be found out in the long run. He may think that no one observes him; but the people around him have eyes, and by and by there will be a place where such a boy is wanted, and some one who has been silently watching him will bring the place and boy together.

How to Rise in the World.

BY REV. T. W. JEFFERY.

It is the easiest thing to rise in this world. Did you ever slip down quick? How quickly you pick yourself up and look around to see if any one saw you. If it had been right to fall you would stay there; but no, you rise. First find your place, know what you are fit for as quick as possible and then go ahead. There are many who do not accomplish much because they do not know what they are fit for. But remember, we are not all the same in intellect. There is not a human being but can accomplish something that no other one can do. You are each a part or fraction of this great universe. Is not the little rivet as necessary as the great fly wheel? Thus, everything in its place, all goes on. There is nothing in nature God has not overcome: and he says "you shall do greater things than these."

Then again, we are not all of the same practical enquiry. The rev. gentleman illustrated this point very graphically, showing how from small beginnings great men had risen; with a copper a boy could with practical energy in the right direction, become a millionaire. Did you ever see a man who would speak without meditation; who leaps without looking? We must cultivate the power of discernment which will help you to see the truth, no matter how concealed. Another step that will help you up is, keep your eyes open. We do not cultivate the power of observation enough. Then again, have a mind of your own; when you say yes or no, mean it. Another step upward was, "paddle your own canoe." Again, "tell the truth and shame the devil;" showing the number of fibs used in mercantile life, not only by those behind the counter, but in front of it, and in political circles, and the fibbing that is done in social circles. And now I want to tell the young people, marry early and do not flirt, for you may flirt yourself out in what is called single blessedness. God never made man to be single. Many a noble man and woman never get married in this world. Perhaps they have loved in early youth and that loved one is laid away, but their love is still strong for them; they cannot give it to another. Others do not marry, that they may help father and mother in later life, when they need their help and love. I do not speak of these, but those whom God has intended should marry. Seek to find some one that is in harmony with you. Do not wait until you are 45 or 50 years old to make a choice. Finally, be thoroughly religious: "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself."

TEACH the little children the principles you wish to influence them as men and women.