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run? They hear only what they are told, and their one point is to bet on *something*, and when they lose they often have nothing to pay. I have, in my own experience, seen young men lured on little by little, step by step, till losses have tempted them to take money from their employers, and arrest and disgrace and imprisonment have followed.

Gambling is a craze of the nineteenth century. Young men, forswear it at once. It is unreasonable and silly. It can in no case bring any good to any one. If you lose there is peril of character, and if you gain you have dishonestly taken that for which you have given nothing.

Young men, be soldiers under the great Captain of our salvation. Be brave to do and to dare for Him. Put on "the whole armour of God" in your conflict with infidelity, intemperance, gambling, impurity, and every vice. Go forth with Him who is going forth "conquering and to conquer" till the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

April.

Welcome, month of Beauty,
With thy sun and rain,
With thy tears and laughter,
Welcome once again!
With passionate tears and laughter
Childhood still endears—
Thine are the smiles of childhood,
And thine are childhood's tears.

O'sing your blithest music,
Every warbling bird,
Till each leaf that openeth
With your breath is stirr'd:
Pour ye from your bosom
Carols loud and long,
Till nor bud nor blossom
Burst but to your song!

Soar, O larks, your highest
Through your sunny skies,
Singing still a viewless
Fount of melodies,
Till no blade that springeth
To deck the opening year
Rise but to your singing
Full and loud and clear.

Ye woods, that all the winter
Have howl'd to every blast,
Your wailing hours are over,
Your naked days are past.
Break forth in bud and blossom!
And burgeon every grove!
Spring comes! and ye but echo
The happy Songs of Love.

O April, thou recallest,
With thy changing moods
Of cloud and frolic sunshine,
Our life's vicissitudes;
Yet welcome, month of Beauty,
With thy sun and rain,
With thy tears and laughter,
Welcome once again!

—Ambulator.

Lonely Workers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labour. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labour and successes; yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder worker is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him; but he is doing his best to bring souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well. Another has a little class in the Sunday-school; there is nothing striking either in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker: she is a flower that blooms almost unseen; but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week; but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone—the Father is with them.

Prayer.

"Prayer," says Tertullian, "nourishes the poor, controls the rich, raises the fallen, props the falling, and preserves the standing. Prayer is the bulwark of faith, our arms and weapons against the adversary, who waylays us on every side. Therefore let us never go about unarmed."

"How many," writes Origen, "have been exposed to temptations more burning than flame, and yet came out of them unhurt, without even the smell of the hostile flame having passed upon them—and what shall I further say? How often hath it happened that those who were exposed to wild beasts, to evil spirits and to cruel men, have muzzled them by prayers, so that they have not been able to touch with their teeth us who were the members of Christ. We know, also, that many who have been deserters from the statues of God, and were just swallowed up by death, have been saved from destruction by repentance, and God has again wiped away the tears from their eyes. The whole life of a saint should be one great continuous prayer."

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Into the Dark Tunnel.

A few days ago I had occasion to travel on one of the great American railroads, and was reminded of an incident that occurred some years before, when for the first time I made the same journey. While seated in the waiting-room, waiting for the starting of the train, I observed a party consisting of a gentleman and lady, two little girls and a nurse. They were evidently a family, well dressed and of such appearance and manners as denoted cultured, well-to-do people. I wondered who they were, but never found out.

When we had taken our places in the car, the nurse and the children were seated directly behind the parents. Very soon after starting, the mother turned round, took hold of the younger child and gently lifted her on her lap, with her face to her own, raised the little girl's arms and brought them round her neck, and placed her own around the child's body, holding her close to her embrace. Not knowing what was before us, I was kept in wonder as to what these movements all meant; but as soon as darkness covered us, then light flashed out of darkness, and I understood. The dear mother feared that the child would be frightened, and so she took her in her arms; nor did the child by a sound or a movement show that she felt alarm. That warm, protecting embrace killed all fear of evil; how could any harm reach her?

How could the thought of God hiding some beloved soul, in time of trouble, in His pavilion, in the secret of His presence, be kept from one's reflections? Has not one of our old English devotional writers, Baxter or Doddridge, said that "when God foresees great trials for the believer, He takes care to prepare that one by gracious manifestations?"

Unperceived Help.

A night of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey, a short time since. Just before dark a bark was discovered drifting helplessly, and soon struck her bows, so that she was made fast on a bar and in momentary danger of going down. A line was shot over the rigging of the wreck by the life-saving crew, but the sailors did not understand that it was a line so connecting them with the shore that they might seize it and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this.

So all night the bark lay with the big waves dashing over it, while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help. In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered, and how all night the line lay right in their reach by which they might have been saved.

It is an illustration of the case of many of us on life's stormy sea. Tossed and wave-beaten, we cry for mercy. God's answer is immediate. His mercy and grace are ever just within reach. But how

often, failing to appreciate that "the Word is nigh us," we spend hours of anxiety and pain when we might have at once reached up and caught hold of the Divine and loving hand!

The Toad's Bed.

Many years ago a man built a country house which he fitted up according to his own taste. Among other things he brought from Italy a piece of pure white marble, out of which a mantel-piece was constructed for his own special room. The mantel-piece was quite white and free from flaw, save in one part. Shortly after it was put up the owner of the house noticed a small damp looking stain, no bigger than the nail of his little finger, in the centre of the mantel-piece. This was such a slight blemish that it did not trouble him, till, as months went on, it gradually increased in size. For twenty years the good man sat in his arm chair every day opposite the curious stain, which had at last increased to the size of the palm of his hand. He could then no longer rest without examining into the mystery, so he sent for some masons and told them to break open the marble. This was done, and to the amazement of all out hopped a large toad.

Re-roofing an Old House.

Two little wrens last summer, after much deliberation and spying about, selected an old swallow's nest that was built on a projecting stone corbel over our garden door as the site for their nest. The lower part, long disused by the swallows, made an excellent ready-made foundation, and all they had to do was to dome it over. They made a lovely nest of it; the contrast of the clay in the lower part, and the green moss and bark in the upper, was very pretty. It was so like an architect desiring to add to or restore an ancient building. After the whole thing was completed there was a spell of a fortnight, when no wren was to be seen. Had they deserted? Six yellow bills sticking out soon settled the point; and, after a time, six young wrens went out into the world. This newly-married couple evidently thought the old swallow's house would suit them, but it would want a little doing up, as people say.

One Eye Open.

A German fable says that "the lion, like the hare, always sleeps with one eye open." The story goes on to tell that one day the fierce, wicked tiger came by, and mocked at the lion as he thus lay on guard when asleep, because he was so foolish that he did not dare to sleep comfortably, but must needs be always watching, like the silly hare. "Like the hare!" quoth the lion, wide awake in an instant, and, springing from his place, one blow of his paw laid the mocking tiger dead at his feet.

There seems a deeper meaning in the little story than perhaps the German writer thought of. Is there not a cruel, wicked tempter always ready to whisper to us Christians, "Why do you not rest? Must you be always praying, always watching? Well enough for the weak, perhaps, but you are strong. Show it by ceasing from this needless caution. Lent is over, let its strictness be a thing of the past. Enjoy yourselves, and rest."

Nay, rather let us prove our strength by our power to be always on our guard. Lent may be over, but its lessons need not be. Then at the voice of the tempter we shall be ready to spring up, as did the lion, and, in the power of the Holy Cross, lay the enemy powerless at our feet.

A Mother's Advice to Her Son.

Guard within yourself that treasure—kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself. Keep the hope of another life. It is there that mothers meet their sons again. Love all God's creatures. Forgive those who are ill-conditioned, resist those who are unjust, and devote yourself to those who are great through their virtue.