



NAZARETH.

ONE DROP.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

LONG, long ago, in the far East, a very great and wonderful man, named Mohammed, wished to make a new empire, and to set up a new religion. This man did and said and taught much that was wrong, but he was one of the wisest of men, and he knew how to make some laws that were wise and right. No man ever lived who was a stronger temperance man than this Mohammed. He knew that if his army and his followers were given to drink, they could not do the great work that he meant them to do in conquering the world. They did not conquer all the world, but there was a time when fully half of the world was in their power. I will tell you what Mohammed wrote about strong drink in his book of laws and teachings, called the Koran. He said none of his people must ever touch one drop of strong drink, but he went on also to say this:

"Suppose there was a well of water, and someone dropped into it one drop of wine. Then suppose because the drop of wine had spoiled the well, that it was all filled up with stones and earth, and grass grew over it. And suppose there came along a sheep, and ate the grass that grew on the filled-up well,—then suppose the sheep was killed by the butcher,—no good follower of mine could take one bite of that sheep, because the drop of wine would have poisoned it for them."

What do you think of that for a temperance law? I can make of that a new "House that Jack Built." Here is Mohammed's well: here is a drop of wine that went into Mohammed's well; here are earth and stones that filled up the hole, where the drop of wine spoiled Mohammed's well. Here is a sheep that ate the grass, that grew in the earth, that filled up the spoiled well—here is a butcher that killed the sheep, that ate the grass, that grew in the earth, that filled up the wine-spoiled well!

WHEN God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.

A DREAM.

BY SAM JONES.

I DON'T go much on dreams. I never did. But I heard a dream a young lady once had that impressed me wonderfully. She was a good girl and a member of the church. She dreamed that she died and went to heaven, and that she was carried beyond all the bounds of imagination, into the beauties and glories of the world up yonder. She dreamed that she was at home in the city of God, and that she was there to live evermore;

that she had passed to the judgment bar of God, and that she had become crystallized in holiness, to be forever a child of God, in the city of God, and she said: "O, what ecstasies swept over my soul as I dreamed of the bliss of heaven. All at once, as we were standing around God, the Father of us all, and they were singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessings.'" And she said, "Over the brilliant and blazing countenances as they shone forth I saw ten thousand diadems shining in the crowns of those around me, and I turned to a sister spirit and said, 'What do these diadems represent in these crowns?' 'O,' she said, 'these represent souls that we have been enabled to win to Christ.'" She said, "I pulled off my crown and looked at it, and it was as black as night, I began to be miserable in heaven, and in a few minutes I opened my eyes, and I said, 'Glory to God, if I have a few more years I will spend the residue of them doing service for Christ, and I will get my recognition in heaven in the sweet by-and-bye.'"

GIVING AND DOING.¹

BEING generous grows on one just as being mean does.

Not what we give, but what we retain, is the truest test of liberality.

Life is not pocket-money, to be spent as whim or taste directs, but capital intrusted to our care, that we may trade with it for God and ourselves in this mart of time.

Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, says, "If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say, doing good to others."

Rev. Phillips Brooks says: "If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city."

Among the Jews one-tenth of the income was paid to the Lord to begin with, and out of the remaining nine-tenths all gifts and offerings and alms were afterward made on special days.

There are some people who are hungry and starving for the Word of God. There are others who are hungry to give the Word of God to the hungry and starving. What kind of hunger have you?

A convert from heathenism in India said to the missionaries, "If I should go to heaven, and had never been instrumental in bringing anyone else to Christ, I would go into a corner and not be able to look at Jesus Christ or any of you."

TOO BIG FOR HIS BREECHES.

LAY away the little shirt-waist
That our darling boy once wore;
In the ragbag gently shove it,
He won't need it any more.

With a pair of red suspenders
We must soon our boy endow,
For the fact is most apparent—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

Lay aside the knickerbockers
With the fringe around the knees;
Take the marbles from the pocket,
All the strings and nails and keys.

Buy him socks instead of stockings,
Or the boy will raise a row;
For our darling has been growing—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHRYSALIS.

FANNY was taking a walk one June day when suddenly she stopped before a bush exclaiming, "What a beautiful butterfly I am going to catch it." This was easier said than done, and here Fanny learned a lesson that it would be well for all our readers, young and old, to remember, never to be hasty in expressing an opinion, for she did not catch the butterfly, although she tried for a long time to do so. Just as she thought she had it, it would elude her grasp until finally it was lost to her sight altogether.

She saw hanging upon the branch whence the butterfly had first attracted her attention, two chrysalides. She did not know what they were, but she said to herself, "As I cannot have the butterfly I will carry these curious things home and ask mamma what they are."

Her mother explained to her what we all know, how the chrysalis if put in the sunshine would soon burst its prison and come forth a brilliant butterfly. The beautiful time of the resurrection, another lesson which Fanny never forgot.

If she had succeeded in catching the insect in the first place she would have lost the pleasure of watching her two butterflies come forth from their chrysalides, for the frail things would perhaps have been crushed in her hands and have yielded up their lives, but in her desire to know more of God's works in nature, she received double-fold in the chrysalis and the lesson it taught her.

By studying the natural works of God we may be drawn nearer to God himself if we will let them draw us to him.