

Duty's Path.

Wt hlk wllkltk wllkltk

Out from the harbour of youth's bay, There leads the path of pleasure;

Then on our vision dawns afar The goal of glory, gleaming

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze Upon the path of duty;

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER V.

GILBERT'S BOYHOOD.

Thus suddenly and painfully was Alice Guestling, the young wife and mother, made a widow.

"Let the world bewail their dead, Fondly of their loss complain;

"Thou art entered into joy! Let the unbelievers mourn;

Next to the comforts derived from heavenly and spiritual sources, Mrs. Guestling found

As soon as matters could be arranged, Alice left Brooklyn, and returned to her father's roof.

Mrs. Guestling could hardly bear the boy out of her sight. I well remember one day, when her brother Clement came to

own children, how she felt almost unable to fulfil the promise she had made.

But as time, that gracious healer, passed on, Alice regained her health and spirits

As I look back upon those happy years, how rapidly they seem to have sped!

Many a bright memory flits before me: Sabbath mornings, when the little group gathered in the kitchen at The Hawthorns,

Summer evenings, when, the kitchen door and windows set wide open, the little company of worshippers gathered to listen to

"He makes the grass the hills adorn, And clothes the smiling fields with corn;

When Gilbert was about twelve years of age, it was deemed necessary that he should enjoy further opportunities of learning,

The boy grew in wisdom and in stature. He was a favourite with all, young and old.

(To be continued.)

DIGGING FOR TREASURE.

We sometimes hear young folks complain that they "don't see any use" in algebra, or Latin, or philosophy.

A father once told his son that if he would go and dig in his garden, he would find a great treasure there.

Now, does not the little parable sit right on, with our minds for garden-beds, and algebra and Latin for the tools?

WANTED-A BOY.

WANTED—a boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie,

LADY SOMERSET ON TEMPERANCE REFORM IN AMERICA.

THERE is one feature in America that I tell you, friends, if I could see in England to-day I would willingly sacrifice my right hand,

In 1873-4 the Spirit of God descended upon the people of America in a Pentecost of blessing. That great crusade swept through the land of which we to-day are repeating

I went to Portland to be the guest of Neal Dow. As we drove through the streets I could not help feeling that although no monument had been erected to that great father of prohibition,

were the best monument that could be erected to any man. They had prepared a special treat for me in Portland; for when the authorities knew that I was coming

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WILL BE WANTED.

If we could only get the ear of that boy in school, or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to you that the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant,

This is a broad and populous country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in educational work, in business, in professional life, or in politics, and the service of the country possible in war.

Many an old man to day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designated for him, and in which he might have been perfectly happy and useful,

FRIENDSHIP.

A MAN blind from his birth, being asked what he thought the sun to be like, replied, "Like friendship." He had never seen anything, and therefore he could not see the sun or any external object,