Duty's Path. ži žitt wnižitik witoot.

Our from the harbour of youth's bay,
There leads the path of pleasure;
With eager stops we walk that way
To brim joy's largest measure.
But when with morn's departing beam
(.oes youth's last precious minute,
We sigh, "I" Wat but & fovered dream—
There's nothing in it." There's nothing in it.'

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Then on our vision dawns afar
The goal of glory, gleaming
Like some great indicat soldr star,
and sets us longing, dreaming,
Forgetting all things left beltind,
We strain each nerve to will it,
But when 'the outs'—alas! we find
There's dothing in it.

We turn bur sad, reluctant gaze
Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, though dark and cold
It seems as we begin it,
As we press on—le I we behold
There's heaven in it!

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER V.

GILBERT'S BOYHOOD.

oileen's houhood.

This kuldently alid pathfully was Alico dusting, the you'll wife and mother, and in the pathfully was Alico dusting, the you'll wife and mother, and indicate the pathful the satisfied dust had been apposited till the satisfied dust had been almost that had befalled realized fully the alamety that had befalled he's. For a sime it seemed as it her health and spirits for ifferivably broken. Certain it is that had she not been sustamed by divine the stroke of desolations of the misled word, and thus tinve falles under the stroke of desolating sorrow. But in her times of soul-agony, when dark and litter questionings as to the love of God liggested themselves, and her sorrow meemed greater than she could bear, she betook herself to her knees and to her Dible. Many a time, too, have I been privileged to be a comforter to her in her affliction. How diligently my pages iffiction. How diligently my pages headed "Describing Heaven," and "Time, Death, and the Future State," were perused! As Alice read the touching and thrilling verse which befutilies and enriches those sections of Wesley's hymns, smiles would beam through her tears, and sometimes her sobs and sighs would be modulated into songs of joy and praise. For a she thought of the fath, and hope that had hor husband cilm alld triuliphant in made nor nussand caim and triumphant the death, and of the holy joy that filled his sul in the final hour, she felt constrained to give thanks to God, and to rejoice in the victory given to the believer through our Lord Jesus Christ. At such times she would softly sing some such strain as this—

"Let the world bewail their dead. Fondly of their loss complain; Brother, friend, by Jesus freed, Death to thee; to us, is gain:

"Thou art entered into joy! Let the unbelievers mourn; We in songs our lives employ, Till we all to God return."

Next to the comforts derived from heavenly and spiritual sources, Mrs. Guestling found place in the love of her child. Little Gil-

slace in the love of her child. Little Gil-brit wils 115 w all in all to her.

As soon as matters could be arranged, Alice left Brookles, and returned to her lather's roof. Thus the boy grow up utilder the tender care of his mother, and the in-dulgent affection of his grandparents. Perhaps, the sad circlimstances of his tather's death; and the early sofrow which had celipsed the bright day of Alice's life, wade Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot more indulgent to the child than they would otherwise to the child than they would otherwise Street Chil. A filther's wise and firm dis-lighte might possibly have saved Gilbert from some of those experiences by which be afterwards posting wisdom some-

that dearly.

Mrs. Guestling could hardly bear the by suff of her sight. I well remember one by, when her brother Clement came to dy, when her product connects with his

own children, how she felt almost unable to fulfil the promise she had made. When her own hands had made Gilbert ready to go with uncle and his little cousin. George Wilmot, to their home, only a mile

or two distant, she burst into tears, and felt as if she could not part with her boy.

But as time, that gracious healer, passed on, Alice regained her health and spirits on, Alice regained her health and spirits Gilbert grow a sturdy lad, fond of school, but fonder still of sports and fun. He inherited his father's handsome features and well knit frame, and was invariably taken to be a yestr or two older than he really was. Upon the story of his boyhood I must not dwell.

As I look back upon those happy years, how rapidly they seem to have sped! Many a bright memory flats before me: Sabbath mornings, when the little group gathered in the kitchen at The Hawthorns, Alice among them again, their chief in-structor and friend. At her side Gilbert, structor and riche. At he sale shifted the sunshine weaving braids of gold in his clustering curls, looking up into his mother's face, and learning "the old, old story" from her lips.

Summer evenings, when, the kitchen door and wildows set wide open, the little com-

pany of worshippers gathered to listen to the preached word. The fragrance of the hay-field stealing in upon the evening air; and sometimes a helated and laden bee, losing his way, floating in among the congregation, while the birds, and the mellow nighting ale among them, piped from the neighbouring copie. The smaller liand of Gilbert, side by side with his mother's, pressing my pages, and his voice joining with here in the hymn of praise.

"He makes the grass the hills adorn, And clothes the smiling fields with corn; The beasts with food his hands supply, And the young ravers when they cry."

When Gilbert was about twelve years of age, it was decined necessary that he should enjoy further opportunities of learning, and his mether and grandparents decided that he should be sent to school. So to St. Hilda's Gilbert departed, and there remained for nearly three years. It was the list time he had been separated for more than a few weeks or days froth his mother, and we may judge how painful was the parting between mother and child. And if Gilbert, after the established elistoin of schoolboys, kept a strict "tally" of the dafs as they intervened between liftiself kild the holidays, I am not sure that the mother did not keep as track an account, and feel as much eagerness of

The boy grew in wisdom and in statute. He was a favourite with all, young and old. His masters spoke well of his general conduct, though they expressed regret that he did not show more diligence and application, and those enthusiasm in study. He both the character of a good boy, frank and honest, brave and impetious. Ho was exceedingly affectionate and tender to his mother, yet it was a matter of some disappointment to her that Gilbert did not be will be a produced to the character of some disappointment to her that Gilbert did not be will be a produced to the character of some disappointment to her that Gilbert did not be will be a produced to the character of some disappointment to her that Gilbert did not be sufficient of the character of the charac exhibit any indications of religious thoughtfulness, of godly decision of character. Alice knew that in the battle of life his Ance knew that in the battle of the his refy brightness and viracity of disposition, his generous and inipulsive temper, would constitute a sodice of danger if he lacked the safeguard which religion alone could

(To be continued.) 104 7 21

DIGGING FOR TREASURE.

We sometimes hear young folks com-plain that they "don't see any usd" in algebra, or Latin, or philosophy. Per-liaps this little story will suggest to them the use to be found in the hard work put bit those studies.

father once told his son that if he would go and dig in his garden, he would find a given treasure there. The log set about the tisk and dog justiently over the whole garden; but though he dog deep, to treasure did he find. He complished bit-terly that he had been decreed, but when the timb of kultimer fruits edine, lo: the Estefülly dilg galden fields. More bountifully than it ever had done beiors. "This, their," said the father, "Is the tresaute for which I set you to die." wilich I set you to dig."
Non; does not the little parable fit right

on, with our minds for garden-hads, and algebra and Latin for the tools?

WANTED- A BOY.

WANTED -a boy. A brave, couragoous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a he, one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than to say no, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and work unward, one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superfors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who does not believe the marvellous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vite stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't won't theat in a far game, one who won't be a sneak, and do a mean act when un-seen; one who won't spend every penny he arms or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself, and keep himself in deent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenceless; ono , slamina dant orutics t'non odw ono one who won't totture dumb animals, one who won't steat; one who won't swear, one who won't swear, one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; and who won't retile and jeer at drunken persons out the streets; one who won't do a flifty the tox another boy who is too cowardly to do fight because it is right. Wanted—k boy; a whole-souled, estruct, honourable, square boy. Where this he be found? Does he live in your family? Do you know him?—American Teacher.

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, may, more, I would give almost everything I possess in life. Go where you will in the learner and your Y el. or overything I possess in life. Go where you will in the lowest quarters of New Y it or Chicago, gowhere you will in any city in that great country, and you will never witness scenes in any saloon that at all equal what you see in this country, because the American women are sober women. You may go can women are sober women. You may gright through the saloors of America, an woman would dare open that door no woman wound date open that door save one who had cast away every rag of respectability. It would be impossible, in an afternoon's walk, for a young man and an afternoon's walk, for a young man and withan to turn in together and lake a drink. There is a popular sentiment in America on the diestion of women drinking, and I would that only one third of such sentiment as that existed here. During the six months I spent there, only at one table d'hote did I bydr see a woman touch wing or beer: I have never seen a woman in any private house put one single drop of wine into her glass and drink it—It would be well for us if the work we had done here could claim such results as that.

In 1873-4 the Spirit of God descended upon the people of America in a Pent-cost of blessing. That great crusade swept through the little of which we to-day are rapearing the results in England. But American the results in England. But American women knew this enthusiasm could not last. They knew it was only the power of God baptizing them for service; and as they met in a prayerful spirit which had builded their through, they formed that most splendid of all women's organizations with three hundred thousand members, in off ardour. They have adopted the "doöverything" policy, which is the only method that any reform can entertain. They have felt that the liquor traffic was best to be the fellowed if built up by custom; so they followed it into the home. They knew it was hedged in by the Government; so they followed on in by the Government; so they followed on into the legislature. They knew it was set up by false signs, and so they followed it into the schools. The women builded better than they knew in the glorlous triumph of having in forty four of the States—each of them, as blooks that out and tree. naving in total four or country - a law inking scientific temperance instruction in tespect to alcoholics and increases mandatory in all scileols supported in whole or in

tory in all schools supported in whole or in part by public funds.

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 monament had been erected to that great father of probiblion, those clean and bright streets, the absence of liquor shops, and all that spoke for the glorious reforms he had carried through,

wall that bear monument that could be with the best monument that could be ofected to any man. They had prepared a special treat for mo in Portland; the whom the authorities knew that I was covering they axed up all the liquor they could solve during three months in order that I might see it poured out; and it is noter that I might see it poured out; and it is noter scone I never witnessed. I went to the great city hall, and there in the collar were stored up this confiscate I mass of goods. There were the larrels labeled a sugar," there were the milk and cream cans, and overy rescable device for min. cans, and overy possible device for may gling this thing into the State. But it amounted to little more than the goals of one of our public houses. We hear of possibilitation being a failure; but I cames in the start how the care can see that the start. derstand how any one can go the ach Portland and realise that there is so q - it fown with for ten sailors crowding duty to lla shores, and with all the cylls that so ha its shore, and with all the cribs that so ha population must bring, and seeing these quiet, bright, clean streets, the wholesome, happy looks of the mhabitants, and the welfare of what was at one thing the process State in America, and not realize that protection the Clean and the state of the state State in America, and not results that pri-fillution is God's greatest gilt to man. I was glad to take up those whiskey jugs and 858 thent go into the gutter. We have all seen so multy men and women go there that I was gian to see a little of the l'eratifier" go there too.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WILL BE Wanted:

Ir we fould only got the our 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, when you will be wanted. The opportunity is ready to develop when, if you are ready, you can enter into a great life work, a time which, taken at its flood, will lead on

to fortune and to fame

This is a broad and populous country. and opportunities for enment achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurand 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. You may be wanted ever so much, but if you are not ready when wanted you will be passed by. The apportunity, just the one you would most like, will not wait for one not ready. Somebody elso will take the place. You will certainly be wanted, and pbice. you should be ready to respond at the right moment. The important places require men of character, fixed principle, education, power. No man gots mental power and discipline without hard storn work—and years of it. And no week, undisciplined and unprincipled person is ht for command, or can ever expect to hold a commanding position. There is no lack of important positions for those a nectant to fill them. But it should be remembered that important positions can always find those able to fill them, and the world will

ot wait for you if you are not ready. Minny 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 usoful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but when opportunity's hour struck he was not ready, and he now feels that his life has been a failure, because he neglected to prepare himself for the time when he would be wanted. The late Professor II. B. Smith used to say to his students: "Young gentlemen, have a hother have a holder." i.e. have some his students: "Young gentlemen, have a hobby, have a hobby," i.e., have some line of study of which you will be master, where you will stand facile princeps, and when opportunity calls you will be the one wanted. Always study with this thought in mind, that before long the opportunity will be study with the study of the opportunity. will occur when you will be wanted

PRIENDSHIP.

A sian blind from his blith, being asked what he thought the sun to be like, replied, "Like friendship." He had never soon anything, and therefore he could not soo the sun or any external shiper, but he had felt the warmth of anothers friend-hip gathering around his heart, and it was the best thing of which he had any experience; ad when asked whereinthe he could like the sun, reinembering how, like Milton, he had ant rejoicing in its warm beams, he compared it to friendship.