

thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.'

### The Stranger's Mission.

'What! has he gone?' exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, entering the breakfast-room from the kitchen, bringing in a small, deep pan of hot water, and finding only Aunt Sylvia, where but three minutes before she had left a trio.

'He has just stepped out on the porch with Mr. Tucker,' replied Aunt Sylvia, proceeding to wash the solid silver she had gathered from the dismantled table. 'Of course he will not go without at least bidding us good-morning.'

'He has, however,' said Mrs. Tucker. 'See what long strides he is taking down the hill. He cut short his adieus to you, also, did he not, Mr. Tucker?' she said, as her husband entered the room, a broad smile overspreading his rugged face.

'Well, I must say he beats all,' said Mr. Tucker, speaking slowly, and from the open window watching out of sight the retreating figure of his guest.

'An entire stranger, bearing the same name as my first wife, but no relation to her whatever, as I can make out, fastens himself upon us for six meals, and two nights' lodging, breaks up a day and a half for me, drives my horse ten miles or more, routs us up at four o'clock of a summer morning to get him a hot breakfast, so that he may take an early train, and goes off without so much as saying "Thank you," or, "Give me a call should you ever come my way."'

'I hope he will enjoy the lunch I put up for him,' said Aunt Sylvia, joining in the laugh; and Mrs. Tucker added: 'I wonder how long it will take to get the smell of tobacco-smoke out of the sitting-room. The idea of his filling his pipe, lighting it, and puffing away after I had hinted to him that tobacco was offensive to me.'

'He was dressed like a gentleman,' said Mr. Tucker, 'but for all that, I should class him as a full-grown pig.'

'He seemed to be possessed of average intelligence,' said Aunt Sylvia, as she began to wash the coffee-cups, 'and I suppose he has treated us quite as well as he treats his mother. He has lived on this beautiful earth nearly fifty years, been fed and clothed, and sheltered, and, according to his own story, has never recognized the Lord's kindness in any way. If the Lord does not resent his want of appreciation, I suppose we ought not to do so.'

Mr. Tucker said nothing as he went out about his daily work as a farmer.

This Aunt Sylvia of his wife's was a very devout woman, with the right word for the unconverted always at her tongue's end. 'But she never meddles with me,' the sturdy farmer was wont to say.

The perfect freshness and beauty of the June morning appealed to his heart in an unwonted manner. He was a true lover of nature; and all the rural charms of verdure, and foliage, and witching scenery about this, his ancestral home, were a part of his life; yet it seemed to him that he had never breathed in the marvellous fullness of perfection of the June bounteousness as on this morning, when the ascending sun cast over the dew-laden meadow its own peculiar rose-tint.

'I am fifty-five,' said the farmer to himself; 'for half a century I have stood on this hill-top at all seasons, and at all times, and enjoyed my surroundings. I've had good health, an abundance of this world's goods, and but few sorrows. The Lord has been very good to me; but I have never ful-

ly appreciated it, and have never expressed myself to the All-Giver as being thankful. Oh, what a wretch I have been!'

For a week Mr. Tucker turned this matter over and over in his mind. One thought made way for another. He no sooner tried to find an excuse for one shortcoming, than a worse one came to take its place.

'I don't know what ails Mr. Tucker,' said his wife; 'he neither eats nor sleeps; he takes no interest in anything you say or I say or do; he doesn't even read the daily paper.'

'I have noticed it,' said Aunt Sylvia, 'His work doesn't seem to be getting on, either; he just wanders round the farm, without staying long enough in one place to accomplish anything, and he stands for half an hour at a time looking off into the distance in one direction or another, as if he were taking in all the features of a view quite new to him. It is not like Mr. Tucker at all.'

'I can't understand it,' said Mrs. Tucker. 'He may be bilious. I will go right away and make him a spring syrup.'

The next morning a small glass of the decoction, was handed him by his anxious wife, as he stood in the dining-room doorway, looking pale and worn, gazing far off upon the distant hills.

He shook his head, and said, with apparent effort: 'No wonder you are anxious about me, I am anxious about myself, but the remedy is not thoroughwort. Aunt Sylvia, how does a person atone for fifty years of wilful neglect of God's goodness?'

'So that is it!' exclaimed the good woman, 'The Lord be praised! The stranger had a mission here after all! It was to show Abraham Tucker to Abraham Tucker. Let us take your query to the Lord.'

The change was not an instantaneous one; but it came after real repentance and much prayer, and it brought marvellous joy and peace.

Mr. Tucker tries to make his present daily life atone for the years of neglect; but he charges all his young friends to start early in the right way, that they may enjoy the fulness of life that comes only to those who love and serve the Lord.—Mrs. Anna A. Preston, in American Paper.

### What I Have Seen.

I have seen a man managing a prosperous business house from which a well trodden path led to a saloon. A little while and I have seen another managing in his s'eal.

I have seen a plant, full of beautiful blooms, wither and die in four days, by being in the poisonous atmosphere of a sick-room. I have also seen a youthful life blighted by being just once under the influence of evil companions.

I have seen a young man leave his father's house to see the world, only to return to find it inhabited by strangers.

I have seen a man make good resolutions in his own strength and fail to put them into practice.

I have seen a man make good resolutions in the strength of God and practice them in the same.

I have seen sinners taken from the clutch of the evil one by the power which is the power of Jesus Christ.

I have seen 'what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God,' and have marvelled at its magnitude. Reader, have you? If not, read the exhortation found in John 3, 1, and behold it now.—Harry Armstrong in S. S. 'Messenger.'

### A Class of Boys.

A teacher of boys has no right to expect success if she will not visit her class often in their homes. The influences which surround her scholars six days out of seven must be known, and home co-operation secured. Of course, it will be hard work, and not always agreeable; but it is a case of life or death,—eternal life or endless death.

Learn all about the boy's pursuits, his tastes, and, above all, his political opinions. I have known cases where every means to win a boy failed till, in sheer desperation on the teacher's part, politics were broached, and from that minute success was sure. Boys love to impart information. Let them tell you about their trade and daily life. Respect their opinions and confidence, and manifest a personal interest in each.

In preparing a lesson for boys, it is useless to imagine that an hour's hurried reading of the 'lesson-help' will fit one for the task. From Sunday afternoon till the next week the class must be in the teacher's thought. The weekly-reading, newspapers, and works of history, or fiction even, can furnish illustrations, and good ones too. The incidents of daily life, God's teaching, can serve their purpose in the work. When thought is consecrated to Sunday-school work, it is marvellous how your eyes are opened; and, riding or walking through the city streets, God shows you what you are to tell that class.—Helen Jay.

### On the Resurrection.

The hymn here printed was written by Edward Perronet, of Shrekam, Kent. It first appeared, without signature, in the 'Gospel Magazine' of 1780. It is contained in a volume of his original pieces, entitled, 'Occasional Verses,' published in 1875. Our readers will doubtless be pleased to possess this copy of the original, as most compilers of hymn books have thought themselves able to 'improve' it:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And, as they tune it, fall  
Before His face who tunes their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fix'd this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,  
That bound creation's call,  
Now shout in universal song,  
The crowned Lord of all!

Edward Perronet was married, but had no children; he died in 1792, at Canterbury.

His dying words were—  
'Glory to God in the height of His divinity; glory to God in the depth of His humanity; glory to God in His all-sufficiency; and unto His hands I commend my spirit.'—Episcopal Recorder.