

minutes. When he returned, the bird was gone. He asked, "Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said the gentleman, "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it: where is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage-door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, "Here I am!" Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience, not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny.—*Canadian Independent.*

Amusements.

Should I go to the theatre—dance—play cards? These and similar questions sometimes require to be answered. Read the following from Dr. Guthrie:

"In regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures, and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule, but we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them, whatever dissipates your mind or cools the fervour of your devotions, whatever indisposes you to read your Bibles or to engage in prayer, wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour or a holy God, of the hour of death, or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment, the pleasures which you cannot thank God for, on which you cannot ask His blessing, whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow; these are not for you. These eschew; in these be not conformed to the world, but transformed by the renewing of your minds—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure

which will not bear the morning's reflection. Keep yourself unspotted from the world; not from its spots only, but even from its suspicions."

A Word to Young Men.

Live for something. Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote; not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. *Will you thus live and die?* O man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Boys, Read and Heed This.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Chris. Helper.*