

remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who worked next to him at the store, therefore, took him by the hand and with emotion said: "Thank you, Harry, my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from to-night on I shall try to keep my promise to her never to touch it." It surprised Harry greatly. But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink, when he saw me in one the last time, and told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit; I wanted to keep my promise, but always was afraid to refuse when in the company of others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink; my father died a drunkard, and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening to a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone. I mean to do so after to-day, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends immediately.

"But tell us, Harry," said the young man who had spoken after Tom, "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple truthful manner, concluding with the words: "Boys, my mother's prayer saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure to say that we were saved by her prayer."—*New York Observer*.

STAR MARKS.

Mr. Roberts had a habit of taking a calendar the first day of each month and posting little stars on dates that he desired to remember. His little daughter, Alice, had often watched him, and he had told her why he did it. One evening he found her laying on the grass looking intently at the stars; he sat down beside her.

"Papa," she said, "did God put the stars in the sky to make Him remember things?"

"I do not know, my child," said Mr. Roberts. "It may be that He did."

"Mebbe He put them there to make us remember things He wants us to do."

"I think, Alice dear, that that is nearer right. God made the stars and all the beautiful things for us, and they ought to remind us that He has been very, very good to us."

"I am going to love God more, said Alice, "because I can not help, when I look up at the stars, remembering that He gave me such a nice home, and such a good papa and mamma, and such beautiful things to look at."

"I will try to love God more, and to think of Him," said Mr. Roberts, "every time I see the stars. I will thank Him for such a sweet daughter and the many other things that He has given me."

Our hearts should be full of gratitude to God for the many things He has given us. Greatest of all these gifts He gave His only begotten Son, that we might know Him and love Him. Let us praise Him and do His will in every way.—*Lookout*.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL STARTED A REVIVAL.

An exchange tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting, and heard the story of the Cross, and gave herself to Jesus.

When she returned home, she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him:

"Can't we have a prayer meeting?"

"We?" said he; "I don't know of another Christian in the district."

"Well," said she, "you are a Christian, and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer meeting?"

"Well," said he, "we can say 'we,' then."

They did have a prayer meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers, and now between twenty and thirty have found the Saviour.

In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate Him who sought the mountain top as His refreshment after toil but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Lord, teach us to pray.—*Commonwealth*.