

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with living sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy; yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose, when he stood in public there was a deep silence. Princess stood uncovered before him nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of right intention are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"—*Youth's Companion*

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.—*Anon*

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-checked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought as I passed by;
'These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.

"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other,
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

—*Selected.*

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen-knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance wheels for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend

in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any interval for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

"IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

"It is not worth while to open the piano for ten minutes' practice, and that is all the time I can spare this morning," I hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted six times makes an hour wasted; and ten minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change my coat to perform this little work," says the careless boy; that is why he never looks so neat as his brother, who does not think it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

"It is not worth while to carry the tools back to their place now; next time I go that way will do as well," but they are forgotten, mislaid, and much time and patience expended in looking for them when needed.

"It is not worth while to mend that little tear, or sew on that button, no one will notice;" but some one did notice, and you gained a reputation for carelessness.

Is there anything wise or good, however small, that is not worth while?—*Christian at Work.*

"MOTHER," asked a child, "since nothing is lost, where do our thoughts and desires go?" "Into the memory of God," gravely replied the mother, "and there they remain forever." "Forever?" "For ever?" said the child with emotion. . . . He hung his head, and drawing close to his mother, he murmured, "I am afraid." Who of us has not uttered the same cry?—*Golden Sands.*