

were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity, and success.

On the following morning, the surgeon going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed, and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no longer than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered in his ear: "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, confident look lit up the boy's face, and with a feeble yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't He wud." And then he added, "You doctor, were gude to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae neathing to gie you." And then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor."

The surgeon, before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good-bye for the day, asked him where he came from and where had he learnt to know so much about Jesus and to love Him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Barrhead." "And were you in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in the Bourock school."

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home.—*Christian Leader*.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master." Dropping his paper, he said:

"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'" The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said: "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me, if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed; and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll

have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:

"Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?'"

"O, yes, that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Speaking of the social ostracism which Dissenters suffer, to a great extent in England, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker delightfully says: "The other month I saw an advertisement which pleased me very much, for I was then in search of a house. The house is only about five-and-forty minutes railway distance from Moorgate Street; it was described in very taking terms; it was about the size I wanted, and it seemed to have attractions of a distinct nature. As I read the advertisement, a desire to possess this residence seized me, but