

PRAYER AND DANCING.

A "dancing" professor of religion felt it his duty to try to win one of his many associates to Christ.

"O,—," said he, "I long see you a Christian; do come to Jesus, won't you?"

"For what?" was the blunt rejoinder.

"Why, for salvation, Don't you want to be saved?"

"Yes, I do; but what particular sins do you want me to be saved from?"

"Why, we are all sinners, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I do not cheat, lie, swear, nor use tobacco. What lack I yet?"

"Do you pray?"

"No; do you?"

"Yes," said the "Name-To-Live," "I pray for you."

"For me! when, I'd like to know? Monday night you were at the dance; Tuesday night I met you at the ball, and we didn't get home, you know, until four o'clock in the morning; Wednesday night I saw you at the sociable, and like the rest of us you 'carried on like sixty'; Thursday night I don't know where you were, but if cards could testify they would tell what you and I were up to until two o'clock Friday night, and now it is Saturday, and for the life of me I can't tell what time you've had for prayer this week, or when you could have felt like it. O, I forgot. Your church holds a prayer meeting every Thursday evening, does it not?"

"Yes."

"And was that where you were last Thursday night?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Did you pray for me there?"

"I tried to," was the faint response.

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelings; but for conscience' sake don't do that again. If you pray for anybody pray for yourself. You claimed, when you were converted, to have had more happiness in one hour than you had in your whole life before, and if that had been true I should have been a Christian long before now; but as far as I can see, you seek your happiness just where I do—in the world; and if it is right for you it can't be wrong for me."

So saying, he departed, leaving his friend to ponder upon his ways, and wonder how effectual and fervent the prayers of one could be who was trying faithfully to serve God and mamma, or how much such prayers would avail in the salvation of lost souls.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right, He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he may fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgement to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under His directions. When He is Master all goes right."—*Dr. Bacon.*

A BOY I CAN TRUST.

I once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform the master said, "That is the boy I can trust; he never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat at recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already gotten what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best firm in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people? Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable, a boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere and prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little will be faithful in much.—*Bank of Hope Review.*