

SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see
Of His love who first loved me.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square perfect truth in business dealings; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at a Sunday school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to a large city as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"Mamma," said little Annie, "won't you please give me two apples to-day for my lunch? I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give one to Jane?"

"Because, mamma dear, she stole one out of my basket yesterday; and I want her not to be tempted to do this again. For our teacher says that if we are sincere in praying—'Lead us not into temptation,'—we should not only keep out of the way of evil

ourselves, but should try to keep others from being tempted; and so, I think, if I gave Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and at recess Jane came to Annie, looking very sorrowful, and said: "Annie, won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it's mine, now, as you gave it to me; and I want to pay you back for the one I stole the other day." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her; her thoughts were thoughts of peace and love. And we see how she was helping the blessed Saviour to spread "peace on earth" by the peaceful, loving thoughts that she cherished in her heart. The first way in which we may promote "peace on earth," is by having peaceful thoughts.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I can't afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer, answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I can not afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and, day after day, puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humour over the election news, he said:

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A Potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in and what it produces for four years."

"Oh, yes," replied the unsuspecting grandfather, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the the potato and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the

potato had increased to seventy bushels; and, when sold, the amount realized was, with a glad heart, put in the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

"Why, I did not feel that donation in the least. And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?

WHY HE BROUGHT THEM BACK.

A small boy with an intelligent face went into a fruit-dealer's store and, depositing a box of grapes on the counter, stood looking down.

"I don't want the grapes my little fellow," said the dealer. "I've got as many now as I can sell. Take them away."

"They are yours," the boy said, looking up.

"Mine?"

"Yes, sir. Yesterday morning I came along here and took this box of grapes from the stand at the door. I knowed it was stealin' an' my mother always told me not to take anything that did not belong to me, but I couldn't help it. Just before I left home my little sister that was sick said, 'Oh, if I had some grapes like them I saw down town, I could eat 'em.' We didn't have no money, an' nobody knowed us 'cause we had just moved in to the house. Mother washed clothes, but when sister got sick, she had to quit. When I took the clothes home the lady told me to come next day for the money, but when I went there the house was shut up and the people was gone, so we didn't have any money to get grapes with. Mother said, 'never mind, we would get some money after a while.' I saw her go into the other room, an' when I watched her, she had her face buried in a pillow, and was prayin'. I come away down town an' stood aroun' a long time waitin' to git a chance, an' after a while, when you wasn't lookin', I took a box an' ran away with it."

"But why did you bring it back?" the dealer asked.

"Because," replied the boy, choking down a sob, "when I got home the little girl was dead."

THE LION AND THE ANIMALS.

Martin Luther was fond of young folks. He knew how to assume and instruct both old and young. Here is one of his fables which young people can easily understand. It contains a lesson that even some old people could learn with advantage:

The lion commanded many animals to pay their respects to him in his den, wherein there was a horrible smell, arising from the half consumed flesh and bones. When he asked the wolf how he was pleased with the royal residence, he answered "It is a very good situation, but the stench of the place is suffocating." The lion was indignant, and, springing upon the wolf, tore him to pieces.

Turning to the donkey he asked how he was pleased. Being alarmed by the fate of the wolf, the ass thought it best to play hypocrite, and replied, "Oh your majesty, the place is beautiful, and the odour is delightful!" The lion knew he lied, so he slew him instantly.

He then asked the fox how he was pleased, and how the odour seemed to him. So Reynard answered craftily, "Oh your majesty, I have such a bad cold; I cannot smell at all!" As though he would say, "It is not expedient always to reveal whatever we feel; and we should learn from the misfortunes of others a prudent reserve, and how to hold our tongue."

STARTING DEBILITY.

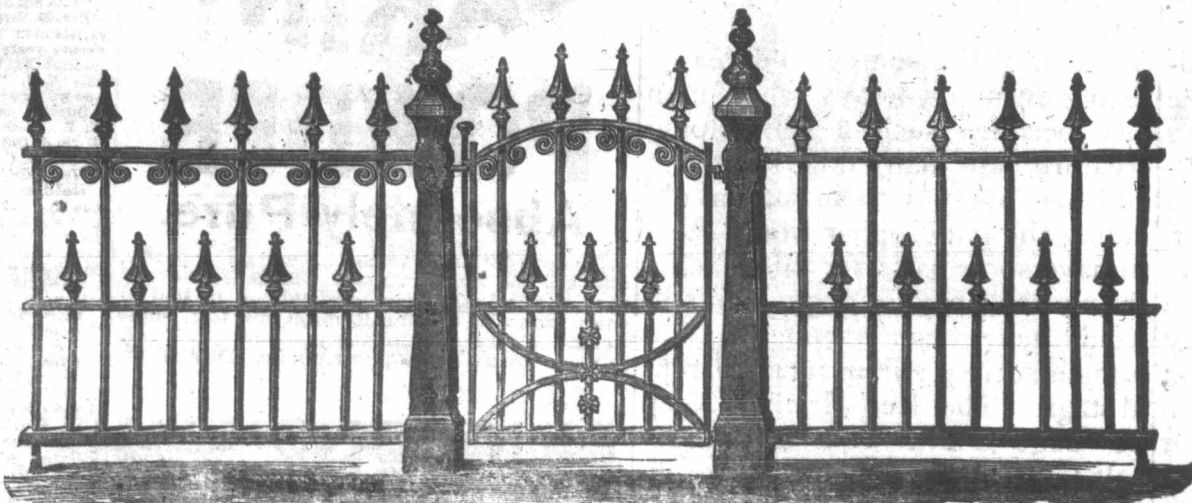
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