

of the sermon. The minister said Miss Watson would sing a solo by request, and so she sang softly and maist tenderly:

Some one will enter the pearly gate,  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

and Thomas Macdonald fairly broke down, and before we left old Thomas Macdonald died and new Thomas was born; as he said, "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'"

"Well, Peter, that is good news, and a novel way of speaking of conversion. How truly, Peter," said Pastor James, "the old promise has been verified, 'And a little child shall lead them.'"

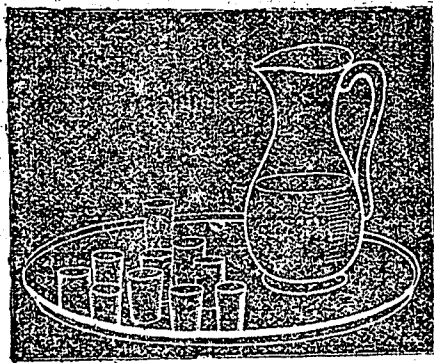
"Just what Thomas Macdonald said at the end of the inquiry meeting," replied Peter Macarthur. "In giving his testimony he said that if ever there was a man led to the Father by the grace of God through his wee lassie that man was Thomas Macdonald, of Newbury."

"How true," repeated Mr. James, "led by a child."

### Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(By Mrs W. F. Crafts, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner'.)

This is intended to be an historical picture, boys and girls. I mean by this that it is a picture of something that actually happened. There is connected with it a story that should help every one of us to be braver and truer friends of temperance all our lives. The great Abraham Lincoln is the hero of the story. He had been nominated for President of the United States, and he was told that a company of gentlemen would come to his house to con-



gratulate him. It was suggested that he would be expected to give them some kind of liquor to drink. "I haven't any in the house," he answered. And then they offered to send him some. "No," said Mr. Lincoln, "I cannot allow you to do what I will not do myself." It is said that several gentlemen sent baskets of wine to Mr. Lincoln's home, but he returned them all with thanks for their intended kindness.

At last the day came for the gentlemen to call. When his parlors were full, he called for a servant to come, and Mr. Lincoln told her in a low tone of voice what he wanted her to do. Presently she came back bringing a waiter on which was a large pitcher filled with water and many glasses. When it was placed on the table Mr. Lincoln said: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring." And then he touched it to his lips and others did the same.

The story does not tell us what the gentlemen said about it; but they must have hon-

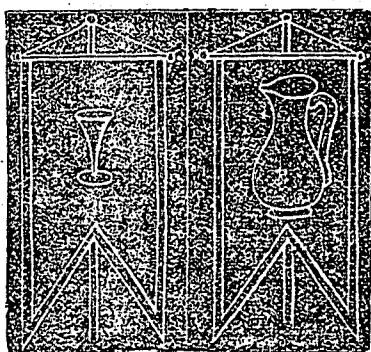
ored Abraham Lincoln a great deal more for being true to his principles than if he had given them wine.



Wine or Water, which do you choose?

You will surely have to choose boys and girls some day which you will offer to your friends, so which will you take.

You had better be getting ready now to make your answer. When Abraham Lincoln was a boy before he had ever tasted a drop of liquor, he made up his mind that he never would do it. I hope that some of you, if not all of you, have already made up your minds that way. If you have not, you do not need to wait another day, but you can do it now.



Under which banner will you enlist?

If you enlist under the wine banner, you will belong to the army that loses at least 60,000 men every year.

If you enlist under the other banner, you will belong to the great cold water army that never has a list of casualties to report. What do you say then? Which is the beverage to be used in drinking to the health of any one?

WINE? WATER!

### The Snake Among the Books

"I want that copy of Darce's 'Memoirs,'" muttered Captain Meredith, as he rose from his lounging chair on the veranda and sauntered in. "Whew! how hot it is!"

The punkahs, or fans, were plying busily, but still the hot Indian atmosphere remained oppressive beyond words. Captain Meredith entered his library and glanced across one book shelf after another.

"Ah, here it is!" he said to himself, as he reached up and attempted to remove a volume. But it was too tightly wedged between two big books to be easily dislodged. Captain Meredith gave a harder jerk, and, that failing, grasped one of the big books and pulled it out first, to make room for removing the one he wanted.

As he moved this larger volume he felt a sudden, though slight pain in his finger, like the sharp prick of a pin.

"Some careless person has stuck a pin in this cover," he muttered, turning the book round and examining it. Just between the cloth cover and the back he detected a slight movement, and dashing the book to the ground, a small but dangerous snake became dislodged from its hiding place, and reared its deadly head. With one stamp of his military boot Captain Meredith crushed the life out of the venomous reptile, and returned to the veranda to tell the incident to his 'chum' and brother officer, Major Greely, of the 7th—, just as 'tiffin' was announced.

But even while sitting at the luncheon Captain Meredith felt a stinging sensation in his right arm, and perceived his finger beginning to swell.

"What can be the matter with my hand?" he said. Then he remembered his experience with the books. "I'd forgotten that prick!" he exclaimed turning rather pale. "Can it be possible that the reptile bit me?"

It was too terribly true. By the evening his arm had swollen greatly, and, later on, his whole body; and in spite of every medical skill and care, in a couple of days he was dead.

How terrible the story sounds! And how little he had suspected the danger that lurked among his favorite books! How he would have fled from the fatal spot had he only known that a snake, dangerous unto death, lay hidden there!

There are many 'snakes among the books' now. In books for boys, in books for girls, in books for the people. Look at them! they are coiled under gilt covers; they nestle among well-printed pages and pretty, attractive pictures. See! one is there—its name is 'An Infidel Scoff'; here is another—'An Impure Suggestion'; a third—'A Half-Veiled Blasphemy.' Boys, be careful! Don't let your soul be stung. Such a little thing—a word, an innuendo, a half-sentence—yet it is full of deadly venom, and the poison is quickly planted! Then comes the story of a ruined soul—the loss of faith, the loss of respect, the loss of self. How did it all come about? Ah! because 'there was a snake among the books.'—English Papers.

### A Little Word.

('New Orleans Picayune'.)

Ah me, these terrible tongues of ours,  
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?  
Do we ever trouble our heads at all  
Where the fest may strike or the hint may fall?

Do we ever think of the sorrow and pain  
Some poor tortured heart has to live b'er again,

When some light-spoken word—though forgotten to-morrow—  
Brings back to a life some past shame or sorrow?

What names have been blasted and broken,  
What pestilent sinks been stirred,  
By a word in lightness spoken,  
By only a little word.

A sneer, a shrug, or a whisper low,  
They're the poisoned shafts of an ambushed bow.

Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,  
They pierce the mail of the great and brave.  
Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride  
To turn the pitiless point aside.  
The lips may curl with a careless smile,  
But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while.

Ah me, what hearts have been broken,  
What pestilent sinks been stirred,  
By a word in malice spoken,  
By only a little word.

A kindly word and a tender tone,  
Only to God are their virtues known;  
They can bring the proud with abject head,  
They can turn a foe to a friend instead.  
The heart close-barred with passion and pride

Will fling at their knock its portals wide;  
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears

Will melt in a fountain of child-like tears.  
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,  
What rivers of love been stirred—

By a word in kindness spoken,  
By only a little word.