

None but Murray knew how hard the struggle was—it was hard to give it up voluntarily.

An hour later there was a knock at Joe's door.

"See here, old fellow—why didn't I tell you when you came to my room that I had finished using my 'Problem Book'? You can have it as well as not. I shall congratulate you after all, Joe."

It almost paid him then when he saw Joe's face light up.

"God bless you, Murray. You don't know what a trial it was. But I'll not touch the book if you are not through with it yourself. If it were not so much to me, I would not even try to go ahead of you. You have been so kind to me—"

"Nonsense, Joe; I've done nothing, and I don't want the book. Now go in and win."

And Joe did win. How his whole face beamed with joy when he heard the decision.

"I owe it all to you, Murray," he said afterward. "I can never bless you enough for your help."

"How do you owe it to him? Strikes me you've wasted flesh enough for it, for your own self," said Ed.

"Oh, but I lost my 'Problem Book' Monday, and Murray lent me his."

"Oh!" said Ed. That night he went to Murray's room.

"I know it all, Murray; if you haven't won the prize, you've won me to your Master. Is that any compensation?"

"It is worth ten thousand prizes, Ed."

Murray did not go to Europe, but I do not think he felt it very seriously, nor any of the cutting remarks about being beaten by a "poor boy."

The joy he found in his victory over self crowded out the thoughts of loss.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HOW MRS. MARTIN'S HOUSE BECAME A HOME.

After the sun began to send his bright rays into Paradise Place early one fine spring morning, all the Martins, big and little, rose from their beds and hurried downstairs. And no wonder, for it was Mrs. Martin's cleaning day, and as the whole house had to be turned topsy-turvy that day, you may imagine that it was necessary to begin early. As for breakfast, there was scarcely any thought of it; no cloth was laid, and if John Martin had not put on the kettle and made some tea, I doubt if he would have got any before starting for his day's work. The younger children were each sent off with a large slice of bread-and-butter, and an injunction to take themselves out of the way; while Ben and Sarah, who were to stay at home to help their mother, began to make dry faces at each other, and to whisper something about "nigger-dri-ning."

Mrs. Martin had always had a reputation for cleanliness. There was not a house in the street which was scrubbed more frequently, and boasted brighter windows or a whiter doorstep than hers. Her children were always decent, and were taught to be clean and orderly, to wipe their shoes before they went indoors, and to tread gently on the well-scrubbed floor.

All this was as it should be, and yet, strange to say, James Martin and his children were not one whit more fond of their home than the Greens were of theirs, which was often dirty and untidy. Indeed, it was no strange sight to see James turning into the "Blue Anchor" when his work was done, and the children playing in the street behind their home after they left school. Some people said that Mrs. Martin was too particular, and drove her husband to the public-house, not by dirt and neglect as so many wives do, but by perpetual fault-finding about trifles. There was something wanting in that little home which always looked so neat and clean; that something was—love.

The mother was often so occupied with the business of making the children tidy and washing their faces, that she forgot the good-morning kiss; and when the husband returned from work in the evening, he was sometimes met by a frown and a sharp word about his dirty boots.

On this particular morning, Mrs. Martin was determined that no corner should be left for a speck of dust to remain in. She took down the bedsteads, turned the furniture into the passage, and piled the chairs one upon another, until there was hardly room

to pass. Ben was set to scrub the floors and paint-work, and Sarah to clean the grates and windows, while their mother hunted for cobwebs, and turned out every dark corner.

Twelve o'clock came, and found them still busy at their tasks; but although the floors were now spotlessly white, and the windows began to shine in the sunlight, there was no sign of order being restored that day.

"Can't we put up the bedsteads?" asked Ben, who was longing for a change of work. "Certainly not," was the reply. "Just clean that door, and mind you rub off all the finger-marks. Your father must put up the bedsteads when he comes home."

"But he'll be tired, mother, after his work, specially as he's not come home to dinner."

"Hold your tongue, and attend to your work," said her mother, as she went downstairs to cut some bread for the children who had just come home from school, noisy and hungry. They were soon set off again, with a liberal allowance of bread and cheese; and scarcely had the sound of their footsteps died away, when a tramping noise was heard in the street, and several men, bearing something between them, came slowly along and stopped at the Martins' door.

"What is the matter?" cried the wife, in alarm, as she recognized in the pallid face of the man they were carrying the features of her husband.

"He's had a fainting fit, and fell down by the 'Blue Anchor' in George street," said one of the men; "and as his own house was so handy we brought him here, instead of taking him to the hospital. Shall we carry him upstairs?"

"No," she cried in dismay, remembering that the bedrooms were in confusion, and the bedsteads taken down. "You must bring him in here," she said, unlocking and opening the door of the front parlor, the only room in the house which was not dismantled.

Now that parlor was the pride and delight of Mrs. Martin's heart. Nettled curtains hung at the windows, a gay druggist covered the floor, bright vases were upon the mantel-shelf, a round table with a green cloth, ornamented with smartly bound books and a basket of wax fruit under a glass shade, stood in the centre of the room. Four come-botted chairs, and a roomy old-fashioned sofa, adorned with three antimacassars, completed the furniture.

Upon the couch the men placed their unconscious burden, and waited to see if they could be of any further use; but as soon as her husband opened his eyes and groaned feebly once or twice, Mrs. Martin assured them and the neighbors, who had crowded in from curiosity, that he would do very well now, and that if she wanted the doctor she would send Ben for him by-and-by. She wished them all "Good-morning," and having closed the door after them, she hastily folded the antimacassars, which the men had thrown down in their hurry, and went upstairs to her work, grumbling secretly, because she had been obliged to make use of her best room for her husband.

She did not think there was much the matter with him, and really fancied that he had taken too much to drink, and that this had been the cause of his fall. So, sending Sarah to sit with her father, Mrs. Martin and Ben set to work in order to get the bedroom ready.

It was not until an hour or two later that she returned to her husband, who moaned occasionally as if in pain, and seemed so ill that she became seriously alarmed, and sent at once for the doctor. When he arrived, he asked a few rapid questions and looked very grave.

"Why was I not sent for before?" he enquired.

"I heard he had had a fall, but I thought he would be better soon. Do you think we could get him upstairs, sir?"

"Certainly not for some days. He has injured his thigh in falling, and that is a very serious matter. But you can put up a bedstead here, and make the room fit for your husband to remain in, if you open the window and take all that trumpery out of the grate," he said, as he proceeded to set the limb.

Mrs. Martin was so completely taken by surprise that she could only be silent, and quietly obey the doctor's orders.

With all her apparent coldness she loved her husband, and when the doctor in bed-telling told her to take very great care to avoid

inflammation, and hinted that her delay in sending for him might cause severe, if not life-long suffering, the unaccustomed tears filled her eyes and began to roll down her cheeks while she moved about the room, putting away the ornaments, and trying to make it as comfortable as possible for the sick man.

Bitterly she regretted the way in which she had that afternoon neglected him for the sake of her house. And after all, what was that? Was it not also his house? And what would it all be if he were taken away or crippled for life?

When the children came home they were told in hushed tones to go to bed; and yet, in spite of her trouble, their mother spoke to them more gently than usual, and actually kissed them all, a thing she had never done since they were babies, and then she sat by her husband's side to keep watch for the night. He was dozing quietly, but although she had been working so hard she could not sleep. Her eyes were opened, she had found out her mistake, and saw that the round of household duties she had so carefully performed had been done, not for the comfort of her husband and children, but for her own satisfaction and pleasure. Her house had been to her a sort of idol; it had filled her mind, and kept her Sunday after Sunday from the house of God until she had entirely given up the thought of going.

She remembered how as a girl in the Sunday-school she had read the parable of the sower, and learnt that "the deceitfulness of riches" chokes the Word in some hearts; but she had forgotten that "the cares of this world" are just as surely "thorns" and hinderances to the growth of the Divine Word in our hearts, and far more common. How earnestly she prayed for forgiveness and for her husband's recovery, and how firmly she resolved by God's help that she would begin to serve Him and train her children for Him.

In the dawn of the morning her husband roused, and could hardly understand where he was until she gently reminded him that he had slipped coming out of the "Blue Anchor," and had been brought home.

"No," he cried, suddenly, "not coming out. I remember now that I felt a bit faint as I was passing by. I signed the pledge a month ago, wife, and I've never been into the 'Blue Anchor' since. I didn't tell you before, I thought I'd wait and see if you noticed the difference," he added, quietly.

Her eyes filled with tears. Why had she been so blind? This simple fact showed her how little interest she had taken in her husband's doings of late. She told him at once how suspicious and neglectful she had been, and asked him to forgive her.

James Martin did recover after some months of careful nursing, and although the family were terribly pinched for a while, and some of the household treasures had to be sold, the home looked as neat as ever, and was a far happier one. A new spirit had entered the dwelling—the spirit of love, the true brotherly love which proceeds from the love of Christ.—*Friendly Greetings.*

TELLING JESUS.

Nelly, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was out one day with her mother. As they were getting near home the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time and all at once she stood still and as if with a determined effort spoke thus:—"Mamma"—th-a-a pause—"I prayed last night, mamma." "Did you, dear; don't you always pray?" "Oh, yes, but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before."

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following: "I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done, and they seemed such a lot that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and there seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought, What if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill? I was sure I could not have gone to heaven."

"Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and that He had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how

bad I was, and that I could not remember all the sins of even one week, so I just asked Him to think of them all for me, every one, and then I waited to give him time to think, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them, and I am sure He did, mamma, because He said he would, and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

That this true incident may encourage other little weary ones to take their burden of sin to Jesus as Nelly did, is the earnest prayer of NELLY'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATE YOUR SERMONS.

What a gain there would be in the hearer's understanding of the thing said, if pastor and Sunday-school teacher were careful to choose the simplest words possible in their statements of truth. And that gain would be accompanied by a gain of time as well. An anecdote taken from a recent editorial of the *New York Christian Advocate* has pertinence in this line:

Said one minister to another, "If you were to translate your sermons into English, they would do some good." "They are in English," said the other; "what do you mean?" "I will show you," said he. "Read me the first paragraph." It was done and the Anglo-Saxon vernacular was reduced to Anglo-Saxon, with only one or two derivatives, or words of more than two syllables. When the whole was thus translated, it was found that the sermon, which before required forty-five minutes, could now be delivered with ease in thirty, and be understood. Not an idea was omitted, and all was better than before, so expressed as to convince and persuade.—*S. S. Times.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

I am a word of letters five; Upon me many people thrive. Of many shades, brown, white and gray, Sometimes I'm yellow, people say, I'm sometimes sour, and sometimes sweet; By poor 'M' oft esteemed a treat. I'm sometimes heavy, sometimes light, Sometimes I'm dark as Egypt's night.

AMPUTATIONS.

Behold and curtail:

1. That which destroys life, and leave that by which life is sustained;
2. An organ of the body, and leave another;
3. An avenue in a city; and leave a tree;
4. A social entertainment, and leave the vocation of an artist;
5. A number, and leave a woman's name;
6. A small light, and leave an animal;
7. Obsequious, and leave an article of jewellery;
8. A gloomy frown, and leave an animal;
9. A writer, and leave a child's bed;
10. A wicker-covered hamper, and leave an animal;
11. A loose cover for the neck, and leave a vehicle;
12. Confined, and leave an era.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is a letter; add it to my second and it is your mother; then add my third and it is your father; now add my fourth and it is a noun, possessive case; add my fifth—which completes the word—and you have a dwelling-house.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

BREAKERS AHEAD.—Turn the picture until the left side is at the bottom.

PHONETIC CHARADE.—Sofa (Sew-fa.)

DIAGONAL.—

H o s p i t a b l e
t y r a n n i c a l
o p p o r t u n i t y
o p p o s i t i o n
c o g i t a t i o n
d e l i g h t f u l
n o s t r a l g e n e
c o m p a r i s o n
s y s t e m a t i c
s t a b i l i t y

RIDDLE.—Felix.

TWO ENIGMAS.—Dryden. Burns.

CHARADE.—Damage.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Heliotrope.