

## DR. CLOVERBOBS AND HIS PUPILS.

Dr. Cloverbobs was a fine old gentleman who kept an academy for boys in the west of England and his scholars loved him very much. But his housekeeper took a very deep interest in the doctor's welfare and never allowed the boys any little luxuries such as they thought they should have. For example, there was in the cellar a huge store of apples which had been gathered from the fine orchard belonging to the school grounds.

Now Dr. Cloverbobs had promised the boys that if they did not destroy the apple trees by throwing sticks into them to knock down the apples, or pick them before they were ripe, they should be rewarded by a full share when they were ripe and stored away. To this the boys consented and they kept their word, and was a sore disappointment when Mrs. Savage, the matron, kept the key of the door securely in her pocket and never even mentioned the word apples to the boys.

One day in playing hide and seek one of the boys discovered a hatchway at his feet and opening it discovered below him Mrs. Savage's store room and in the corner, neatly arranged, the barrels containing the coveted apples. A consultation was called, pulleys securely screwed into the rafters above the hatchway, ropes passed over it and fastened to a basket and a small boy let down into the room below. From that time the boys ceased to complain of the scarcity of fruit, and the contents of the barrels decreased in a manner unaccountable to Mrs. Savage.

Of course she complained to Dr. Cloverbobs who suggested mice and cats and other animals which are said to devour all kinds of good things, but she was not satisfied and asked the old gentleman just to look at the room and the destruction that had been done. The Doctor went and looked, and asked for the key.

That evening after school hours he slyly hid himself in the store room and not long after was rewarded by seeing the hatchway open above him and a boy slowly descend in a basket. As soon as the boy had alighted the doctor caught him by the shoulder, and cautioned him not to make any noise, and after a few moments' delay got into the basket and asked the little fellow to give the signal to haul up.

As he reached the top he heard one of the boys remarking that there was a good lot this time, that it was the heaviest basketful they ever had, but when he saw the Doctor's hat appearing above the floor he would have let go had not the Doctor's voice been heard commanding them keep on.

On his arrival safe and sound in the attic he heard their complaints and acknowledged the justness of them, but expressed his surprise at the manner they had gone to work to remedy it. If they had mentioned the matter to him, he said, there would have been no cause of complaint and they had done wrong to steal. They acknowledged the truth of what their teacher said, and after that time there was no cause of complaint on either side.

## ASKING AND ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

A writer in a Sabbath-school magazine gives the following illustration of a style of questioning not altogether uncommon:

"In those days came John the Baptist preaching." &c. What times were they of which the text speaks? Those days! Ah, yes, those days, those days, those days! Well, what person is spoken of in those days? John. Ah, yes, John—John—very true; remember that it was JOHN. Well, what John was this? John the Baptist. "Yes,

right—John the Baptist—JOHN THE BAPTIST—you see that it was JOHN THE BAPTIST. Well, next, what did John the Baptist do? He came. True, true, he came, you see. He wasn't there, and he came there; and did he do anything else? Yes, he came preaching. That's right—preaching, preaching, preaching.

It is evident that a class so conducted would soon leave the task of both asking and answering questions to the teacher alone.

## ROBERT'S CERTIFICATE.

"Have you a recommendation?"

"Yes, sir."

Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week; and, now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down in his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket and another and another without success. "Ah, there it is, I suppose: you have dropped it on the floor," said the gentleman who was

thirty years chewing and smoking, and from the time the habit firmly got hold of me, until I finally quit its use, there was not a day that I was not sorry that I ever took it up, but I thought I could not give it up, or, at all events, I never half tried to do so, until the 30th of last September, when I made up my mind that, by the grace of God assisting me I would at once cease using it, and the victory was won, then and there. Any one wishing to give it up must make up his mind to do so at once; and the few discomforts occasioned by its disuse are vastly outweighed by the benefits to the whole system that soon follow. I suppose that for a month after I ceased using tobacco, there was not a night that I did not suddenly spring up from my sleep four or five times before twelve or one o'clock with heart palpitating, and in a state of nervous terror; but I considered that all the more reason for giving it up, and that trouble soon ceased. I am in a large tobacco house, but I have now no craving for it, and my bodily condition is now, and has been since the first month of its discontinuance, so much better than formerly that nothing could induce me to use it again.—E. E. C. in N. Y. Witness.



standing by, waiting, as a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

"No, sir: that's only my pledge," Robert answered, stooping to pick up the paper.

"Your pledge?"

"Yes, sir. My temperance pledge."

"May I see it?"

Robert handed it to him, and continued his search for the missing paper, growing more nervous as the search proceeded. "Never mind, my boy. I don't need any further reference," said the gentleman, after reading the pledge. "I am willing to trust a boy who puts his name to a promise like this. That boy is his own reference."—Royal Road.

## THE TOBACCO HABIT.

MR. EDITOR,—I noticed in a recent edition of your paper a letter requesting information as to the experience of some one who had given up the use of tobacco. In reply to that letter, I would say that my experience is, that there is no other way to conquer the habit, or subdue the craving for it, but to entirely discontinue the use of it in any form. I used tobacco for upward of

## "DIRECTLY I GAVE UP THE BURDEN WENT."

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.

I had walked a distance to a neat cottage, where resided a retired farmer, his wife and grown-up son. The evening had darkened suddenly, and, preferring company, I had persuaded Richard Galton to accompany me to the chapel. Our conversation at first was of a general kind, but soon it took a serious turn, and for nearly a mile we were engaged in an earnest talk on the matters of the soul and eternity.

For some months previous, I had frequently spoken with him on the same subjects, and had known the anxiety he felt on his unsaved condition; but so-night he appeared more anxious than ever, yet something seemed to hinder his decision. "I know I am guilty and lost, and I am as miserable as a man can be at times," he said; "but 'tis so hard to give up—'tis so hard to believe."

"What do you mean?" said I; "so hard to give up what? so hard to believe whom?" "Oh, 'tis so hard to give up one's self and to believe," he replied.

"Hard to give up one's self and to believe? To whom is it hard to give up? Whom is it hard to believe?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I scarcely know what to say, for after all I don't know why it should be hard to believe God, but yet I feel it so."

The clouds had broken up and the stars were shining brightly between them as we walked on. "Richard," I said, "look up; who made those stars?"

"God, of course," said he.

"And do you mean to say," I asked, "as those stars are looking down upon you, telling of the mighty power and glory of their Maker, that you cannot or will not trust his promise? Are you not afraid of making Him a liar? Think of it, and answer the question to your own satisfaction and to God's."

We had reached the chapel by this time, and I left him. The service was not long; some stayed for conversation and prayer, Richard among them. I spent some time in private with him, and he was happily led into peace and rest; his joy was very deep and full. On my way homeward I overtook him, and his first words were, "Oh, sir, I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't known it; but directly I gave up the burden went! 'Twas like this. You showed me in Rom. vii. 19, that I was 'guilty before God,' and that I was 'without hope'; but that Jesus Christ, God's Son, had taken the place of the guilty. I think you read Isaiah liii., and then also in Acts xiii. 38, God said He was preaching forgiveness of sins by Jesus Christ to every one who believed. Now I knew all this before; but somehow I never seemed to give up to it till to-night. And when I said to God on my knees, 'O Lord, I will believe Thy message to me, I must believe it, for Thou canst not lie,' directly I gave up the burden went."

I have seen Richard many times since then, and he always has the same story to tell me. "The burden is gone, for I just gave up to God and trusted Him!" Give up the sins to Him; give up the will to his word, and trust the promise here given from the Book of God, and with you, as with Richard Galton, the burden will go. Trust Him now, simply, heartily, fully, and you will be able to sing—

"I left it all with Jesus long ago;

All my sin I brought Him

and my woe;

When by faith I saw Him on the tree,

Heard 'is still, small whisper, 'Tis for thee,

From my heart the burden rolled away.

Happy day!"

Blackdown Hills.

—Herald of Mercy.

It is NOTORIOUS that, while working men can be easily induced to defend their Sabbath rights, only a certain class, of slight consideration and influence, can be prevailed upon to join this crusade against the Lord's day. Indeed, there never was a time when the friends of the working classes could show a truer sympathy and perform a more useful service, than it is in their power now to render by taking united action against the Sabbath oppression that already exists.—Ex.

LET NOT MERCY and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.—Prov. iii. 3.

HE THAT IS SLOW to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.—Prov. xiv. 29.

THE POWER of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.—Pascal.