

rescued us, but at the price of his own life. To-day there are many who are bound in sin, for they do not know that Christ has already freed them, that if they repent and believe on him, God will save them for his sake from eternal death, and in this life from sin and self. God calls us to tell them of him, and it will cost our time and money and toil; but let us not draw back. Christ did not, and if we ask him, he will be in us the power that will not let us. Bless his dear Name!

After Jako's mistress was gone, he became so naughty that I did not keep him. He would pull out the setting hen's tail feathers. I could not bear to see him chained up, and so gave him away, and he was sent to England where they keep monkeys in a pen, and do not let them run loose.

Jako was nothing but a monkey. He did not care for anybody or anything but himself. One could not blame him, he was nothing but a monkey.

But God has made a way for us to be saved from selfishness. After we have known God in the forgiveness of our sins, let us ask him to send the Holy Spirit in our own hearts to live, and an indwelling Christ will be the motive for all our actions.

### A Lesson That I Have Learned From My Lily Bed.

These Easter lily bulbs were the gift of a dear friend. I planted them in two rows—seventeen in all—to form a background for the other varieties. Two years after I saw one in the row nearest the fence falling short. I gave it a little extra care, dug about it and enriched it a little more. Still it pined. At last its leaves grew sallow, and then they fell off altogether. It was indeed time to investigate the cause, so I dug carefully down, searching for grubs, for mole tracks, for all-thought-of enemies. None of these were there. At last I found the bulb sound, but shrunken, held fast captive in the meshes of another life.

A wild clematis had sprung up at an adjacent post, and I had allowed it to remain, that it might trail its dark green leaves and wealth of bloom along the somewhat unsightly fence. But, though not shading the lily, or apparently crowding it above, the roots below had crept along instinctively to the richer soil

around it, and at last encircled the bulb. There were the multitudinous golden fibres, each only a slender thread, but counting, as they must have done, by thousands, and all of them closing round and round the struggling bulb until at last it was choked.

I never shall forget my thought as I held that little rescued bulb in my hands. It seemed almost to grow into a human heart that had come to me for help, and asked me why it could not have the life of joy and blessed service that so many others have. And I made the sad answer my Savior did, 'The lust of other things has entered in and choked the word.' Yet still the poor withered heart pleaded: 'But I know of no wrong thing in my life; I have no unchristian pursuit of pleasure.' These, but other things, Jesus said, not necessarily evil things. Among these other things may be good things even, unduly cherished. My clematis was not a weed—not even when it did this deadly work of sapping all sustenance from my lily. It was only a good thing out of place; it was only a good thing grown wanton, and by its rampant growth stopping all growth in a far better thing.

I could not hesitate a moment to tear it from its place. Choose and choose the best, give room, give space. These are the lessons I am ever learning from my garden.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

### A Band of Mercy Dog.

I want to tell you about a rough-coated, soft-hearted Band of Mercy member that I know. I say he is a Band of Mercy member; for his behavior shows him to be one, though I doubt if he ever signed the pledge which members of that society sign, promising to be kind to all harmless animals. Actions, however, speak louder than words; and Major certainly shows a warm interest in the welfare of his four-footed companions.

The gray cat had five kittens. Nobody supposed that rough old Major, the black dog, took any interest in the fact; but we don't know everything there is to know. Thinking five too large a family, the cook drowned all but one kitten; and Mrs. Cat decided that she would have all or none, and so she deserted the little, helpless ball of fur that was left. All the afternoon a man heard it crying, but he thought that Puss would return. The next morn-

ing, when Delia, the cook, was busy getting breakfast, in came Major from the stable, carrying carefully between his teeth the little gray kitten, which he placed gently on the floor at Delia's feet; and then he stood wagging his tail and looking up with pleading, friendly brown eyes, which said as plainly as words, 'Do, please, take care of this poor waif, and feed her!' The appeal was not to be resisted, for could a human being consent to be less charitable than a dog?

Another time a calf was separated from its mother, and cried plaintively in the night. The cook heard it for some time with impatience, for she was tired, and wanted to go to sleep; but, finally, all was quiet. When John went into the stable in the morning, there were Major and the calf cuddled close together in the stall, as comfortable as possible, the calf looking quite consoled for the loss of its mother.

Don't you agree with me that Major is a Band of Mercy dog? At all events, he wears a beautiful white star on his breast; and that, as you know, is the Band of Mercy badge.—'Our Animal Friends.'

### Johnnie's Advice.

(Hattie Louise Jerome in 'Mayflower'.)

Drip, drop! drip, drop!  
Steadily falls the rain.

'You dear little clouds!  
Say, what is the matter?  
Your tear-drops are falling  
Spatter, spatter!

'Has some one taken  
Your toys away,  
'And sent you off  
By yourself to stay,  
Just 'cause you wouldn't  
Say "Scuse me, Ned,"  
For hittin' your brover  
Right on his head?

'You see, Ned was bad  
An' snatched my ball—  
But I didn't hit him  
Hard, at all—  
So what did I want  
To say "Scuse me" for!  
Say, little clouds,  
'What are you cryin' for?

'You'd better go now  
An' make it all right,  
It's per'ly shameful  
For brovers to fight.  
Go kiss him an' say  
You are sorry, too,  
Dear little clouds;  
That's what I'm going to do!