

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

"WHAT a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sung a little child one day,
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe,
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear,
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And he blessed the weary woman
When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing,
Peace unto a troubled heart.

— Christian Observer.

STARTING RIGHT.

Now I do want that these lads should get started right. You understand I am not asking you to give up the fun and frivolity of life, but there are a great many earnest things in life as well, and you want to begin to be getting on the manly side of them. You cannot afford to live only on the surface of things. On the surface you will get what is sunny, and you want that; but you want not only what is sunny and funny. If your life is to grow strong and manly, you have got to have it fed also out of things that lie down a little deeper. A plant needs sunshine, but you know it won't live on sunshine. If you have seen an acorn sprout after it is planted, you have noticed that when the sprout has grown a little way it divides, and a part of it grows up into the air and sunshine, and becomes the tree, and the other half grows down into the ground and becomes root. Now it is that down there that I want for you, you may call it a root, or call it strength, or call it manliness, or call it Christian character, or any other name you like, it is what is

going to make a success of you if you succeed; it is what is going to build you up into handsome manhood little by little, as the root builds up the tree; it is what is going to keep you from being toppled over by temptation, just as the root keeps the tree from being blown down by the wind.—
C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

BILLY BRAY, the Cornish miner whose rugged piety and real consistent consecration to Christ's service have been made a blessing to so many hundreds of God's children, gives much instruction in his quaint way as to how to treat the temptations of Satan. He says of himself that one day when he was a little down-hearted he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say,

"Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble."

He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said,

"Oh no, Satan; you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home, but I am going to my home in a different direction."

Another time he tells us that his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall Satan was at his elbow and said,

"There, Bill! isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes."

He stopped his hoeing and replied,

"Ah! Satan at it again, talking against my Father, bless his name!—Why, when I served you, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" and he went on hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.

A TESTIMONY.

I LOVE Jesus to-day with all my heart. I gave my heart to Jesus when I was nine years old, and he did bless and keep me. About a year after Jesus forgave my sins, he showed me that my heart was not pure in his sight, and I just gave myself all to him, and asked him to take all the anger and pride and selfishness and everything that was wrong out of my heart, and to wash it clean and white in his own precious blood, and he did it.

Jesus has been with me ever since. He does help me to love and serve him every day. I want to be a bright light for Jesus in this dark world of sin. I want to lead others to him and then I know he will take me to live with him forever.—*Edith C. Bolton.*

FIRE CRACKERS.

NINE-TENTHS of them come from Canton, China, where they are made by convicts hired by Fat-sing and Chow Hing from the government at the rate of three cents per day. All the work is done inside of the prisons, which consist of a reservation 400 feet square, staked off and surrounded by high bamboo palings. The paper employed in the manufacture of fire crackers is made of bamboo film, and is without doubt the strongest paper made. Each cracker is filled, rolled and pasted by hand, and the nimble fingers of the convicts finish them with astonishing rapidity. The powder is different from any other made, and despite the fineness of it, it is nevertheless equally as powerful as our best blasting powder. When ready for the market they are sent to Hong Kong, whence they are distributed all over the world. In the year 1884 500 000 boxes of fire crackers were entered in this country. Each box contained forty packages, and each package from sixty-four to eighty crackers. From this, some idea of the number of fire crackers exploded on Independence day may be gained.

LUCK OR PLUCK.

A GREAT deal that is called luck in this world is only the result of patient industry. A rich merchant of Liverpool, Sir Joseph Walmesley, began life as a clerk on about a hundred dollars a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man determined to learn all there was to know about grain. The man who had charge of the warehouse, "Old Peter," as he was called, saw that the boy was anxious to learn; so twice a week, in the morning before breakfast, the two would go together to the stores and ships, examining the different kinds of grain. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and spreading them on a table, would ask the boy to tell the characteristics of each sample. The pupil was bewildered at first, but he persevered until he became an expert in the business. Very likely the people who knew nothing of those early morning lessons called the youth lucky, as he began to amass wealth; but it is a kind of luck within the reach of every young person who is willing to work for it.

IN heaven God's will is done instantly, submissively, rejoicingly, unquestionably. The angels are ministers of his that do his pleasure! What a good definition that would be of Christian workers!