

religion which showed how genuine it was. He was so gentle—so patient—so pure—so good; yet his playful humour would assert itself, and, by a brave alchemy, out of his very sufferings he would extract merriment for the relief of others. Always cheerful and happy, his delight was in spiritual communion.

About three weeks ago, he said one day: "Mother, draw the curtains, and let us be alone." Then he added: "Mother, kneel down and pray with me." And he put his thin arms around his mother's neck while she prayed; and then they talked together as only mother and child can talk. He said afterwards: "I would not have missed that sweet talk I had with mother for anything."

Again and again he was on the shore of the spirit land, but, as by a miracle, came back to life. His young companions were with him much; and a night or two before his death, with the family, they sang some of his favourite hymns. "The Lily of the Valley," "It is Well with My Soul," "Rock of Ages." The last hymn they sung was "God be With You till We Meet Again." God is with him: he is with God. And the next meeting place will be in the skies.

All Monday last he was at the very gates, but they did not swing open. On Tuesday I spent the forenoon with him. He was passing through his last conflict with temptation. He whispered to me of his vision, in Lowell, and wondered why the Saviour had so long delayed his coming. I told him He would come—come quickly—and call him home; and as he assured me of his unbroken trust, every doubt seemed to vanish, and the smile as of an angel was on his countenance.

The doctor now gave him ether, and he said to me: "Don't let them give me anything more to try to keep me here: I am only suffering."

Wednesday evening, as he lay with his face turned away, his father entered and put his hand upon his head. He said: "That is father's hand." Then he turned his face over, and, smiling, said: "I knew it was you." All Wednesday night his sufferings were intense.

When father and mother met at his bedside on Thursday morning they said: "You had a restless night—you are such a sufferer." "Yes," he whispered. Then he asked, "What time is it?" "Ten minutes past eight." The breathing was getting short. He looked up and sweetly smiled, and closed his eyes as if going to sleep.

The vision dawned again. It was the opening of heaven. The Master had come, and was calling for him. The nurse saw the change, and as he lifted the needle to inject the morphine, the sufferer said: "Don't try to keep me any longer." "You are going," said his faithful attendant. "Let me go." These were his last words, and he was in the Saviour's arms, and in the land untouched by suffering and unwept with tears.

On Thursday, the 17th of April, Mr. Anderson, the faithful Christian nurse, wrote: "8.40 a.m.—The end has come. God has called my dear new-found friend to himself. We shall soon meet again. As his nurse, I am glad to say that I have, by God's help, been able to do my duty. Farewell, dear friend, till we meet above!"

We are here to learn the lesson which this Providence is teaching us. Dear young friends! will you learn it? How brief is life!

"A little sun—a little rain—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things pass away!"

I am charged, by these closed lips, to urge you to give your hearts to the Saviour, and live for heaven. Will you die as Fred Massey died? Believing in God—in the future—in judgment—and

the retributions of eternity? Will you put in peril the tremendous issues of life? You cannot afford to go out of life unpardoned and unforgiven. You cannot afford to go into the future world a culprit and an outcast. You have a right, through the mercy of Christ, to die with joy in your hearts—a crown on your heads; to go forth as a child of God—an heir of heaven, into the palace of the King!

A young man of great promise has been cut down. Who will take his place? Lord, send down upon us a double portion of thy spirit, and inspire us all to holier and better living.

God comfort the bereaved parents. My heart bleeds for them. Yesterday morning I stood beside the coffin of an aged mother—the mother of the Rev. Manly Benson—and all her children were gathered there. How different this grief! God comfort them! There is one hand that binds up the wounded heart so tenderly as not to hurt while it binds. God comfort the brothers, the sisters, and those he loved as sisters in the household.

Over the early dead is often erected a monument broken at the top—sad emblem of incompleteness! But our young friend has not left his work undone. He has not gone too soon. The Master has called him to nobler work elsewhere. Let us erect to his memory no broken column, but a finished column—graceful, complete, and lifted high! To have been the centre of so many influences—to have awakened throughout so large a circle sentiments of esteem and love—to have lived so pure and blameless a life, and borne through suffering such a testimony to the reality and power of religion, and then pass away, amid the general and unaffected sorrow of a great community, *is not to have lived in vain!*

"O that without a lingering groan
We may the welcome word receive;
Our body with our charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

The Light Metals.

We think of a metal as hard and heavy, and impossible to burn, and as apt to be shiny. There are queer exceptions to some or all of these qualities in substances reckoned among metals. Sodium, potassium, and lithium are metals as well as alkalis. The two first mentioned are lighter than water and soft as putty. Drop potassium in water and it swims and burns with a pretty violet flame. Put sodium on a piece of unsized paper, and place it on water, and it floats while burning with a deep yellow blaze. These strange metals help to make that invaluable compound, soap; and common salt is chloride of sodium. Sodium and potassium have to be kept in naphtha or petroleum to be preserved pure. In this state they are both powerful caustics, and eat holes into cloth or flesh. Lithium is the lightest of all metals, and enters into the mineral water called lithia water, which is now a popular remedy in this country for indigestion.

Aluminium is one of the light metals. It helps to form a part of a clay-bank, or of common alum, or the blue sapphire, or flashes in the red ruby. God makes a wonderfully different use of the same material, but the clay-bank may be of more real service than the ruby. Aluminium is a white metal with a bluish tint when pure, and resembles silver. It can be beaten into plates and stretched into wire, and does not tarnish. It is only one-fourth as heavy as silver, and has many valuable qualities. France manufactures this metal into various articles. Napoleon III. had the silver eagles taken down from his standards and replaced by those made of aluminium; and bells made of it give "out a very sweet, clear, ringing sound."

Combined with copper it looks like gold, and is very strong, and is used for pencil-cases, charms, and so forth. A brick has enough aluminium in it to incase one of its sides an inch deep, and give the appearance of silver to a house built of bricks thus incrustated. Aluminium is everywhere, but not easily gotten at. If it could be readily and cheaply separated from the ground under our feet, there would doubtless be a great demand for it. God has made this an age of discoveries and inventions, and perhaps some one will find how to get aluminium out without much expense, and the readers of this paper may see a house glisten with its silvery sheen.

The Value of Small Deeds.

BY REV. JOHN LAYCOCK.

It is not wise in us to scorn
The smallest word or deed,
That out of charity is born
And is of faith a seed.
It is not wise or right to slight
A gracious smile or look,
All quiet beams of love and light,
Are treasured in God's book.

Deem not that kind and generous acts
Are ever done in vain,
They constitute Heaven's book of facts,
Forever such remain.
The whisper'd word of hope or cheer
May a rich influence shed,
Remove distrust and morbid fear
And lift some drooping head.

The dews which sable night distils,
Are not of trifling worth;
Without them where our rippling rills,
And what of flowers on earth.
And what of fruit and golden grain,
If dews their work decline;
No buds or blossoms would obtain;
No spring, no autumn time.

There is no daisy deck the green,
That does not bless the dew;
There is no fountain, lake or stream,
That could without it do.
There is no sunbeam of the morn,
That doth not love to gleam
In trembling dewdrops, and thus form
A flaming crystalline.

And so no deed however tame
Can ever fruitless prove,
If stimulated by the flame
Of pure and Christ-like love.
Toil on in faith and never cease,
Thy deeds tho' small they be;
If sown in mercy shall increase
Thy soul's felicity.

Waterford, Ont.

Thunder Under Ground.

SOME strange reports were heard under ground during the late earthquakes in Spain. They were like the reports of heavy cannon. They have been heard at different places and at different times. The explanation is difficult. But all agree that internal forces were at war with each other, and accordingly the shocks were produced. And by these forces the earthquakes occurred. We see smouldering volcanoes and trembling communities among the populations of earth. Mobs, riots, and wars are earthquakes in society. And accompanying these are subterranean noises. And once in awhile the noise is loud and terrible. The trouble is hard to explain. Yet all know that forces beneath the surface of society are powerfully at work. Their mutterings are known, their rumblings almost shake the governments of the world. And their cannon-like reports are heard in the explosion of dynamite. Let none of our young readers add to the discontent of the world. Let none of them put electricity into the coming storm which will sweep over the earth.