

him and he looked upon the garden that he thought truly God had planted.

The child to whom such gift has never come is defrauded and wronged. Not all will reap such harvests from new sights and sounds, but health and a new perception wait for every new-comer, and the child who has grown up shadowed by city walls, with no knowledge of anything beyond, has lost the best of its little life.

BILLY'S PAT OF BUTTER.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

You never can know how delighted Billy was to get out to Uncle Joe's farm for a visit, because you have no idea how nice it was out there. There were no children at Cherry Grove ("That's the reason they want to borrow me," thought Billy); but there were chickens and ducks and kittens and a puppy, and two colts, and pigs and pigeons, and everything that was little except little people.

Aunt Judy thought it was very dangerous for Billy to ride behind Uncle Joe on the big bay horse; and it is true his little fat legs stuck right straight out, so that his feet couldn't touch anywhere, but Uncle Joe said it was a long way safer than cherry-pie for supper, and as Uncle Joe and Aunt Judy never came to any agreement about this matter, lucky little Billy got the rides and the cherry-pie, too—and wasn't hurt by either.

One reason why Billy was so happy at Cherry Grove was that he was allowed to help. It is a pity that grown folks don't always know how much little ones like to help; at Billy's home there were lots of big brothers and sisters, and they always said, "Oh, you go and ride a stick horse, Billy." But at Uncle Joe's he helped to drive the sheep, and carried little buckets of slop to the pigs, and held Uncle Joe's horse by a long rope, when he wanted him to eat the front-yard grass; and always, every morning and every evening, he carried up the printed pat of butter, from Aunt Judy's dairy at the foot of the hill. That was one of his very nicest jobs; for the dairy was the sweetest smelling place in the world, and Billy was never tired of seeing the water fall into the trough at one side, and gurgle out through the opening at the other.

As Billy started up the hill one fresh, early morning, with the butter on a saucer and a little wet napkin over it, Uncle Joe's man let the sheep out of the fold, and Billy stopped to watch them run and push past each other, to see which could get to the meadow first, when, the first thing he knew, the old ram with the broken horns ran right at him and sprawled him over, butter and all. He fell on the grass and didn't mind, and the saucer and napkin he held tight in his hand; but, ah, the nice pat of butter, with the cow printed on top! it rolled and rolled, and flopped down in the dust. Billy stood and looked at it a minute and then he suddenly thought of something. The dust was only on the under side. He sat down on the grass, took out his barlowe knife, with a broad dull blade, and smoothed it all over, turning the dirt inside! Then up he jumped, and was soon at Aunt Judy's breakfast table, impatient to begin at the muffins.

"Hallo!" said Uncle Joe "what's the matter with the butter?"

"Well," said Aunt Judy, her face getting red, "what's the matter with it?"

"You might as well lower your flag, old woman," said he; "there's dirt in it."

Aunt Judy ran at the print as if he had said there was a young alligator in it; there was the dirt, sure enough, and she couldn't have looked more horrified if the alligator had been a full-grown one.

Meantime, Billy was clearing his throat of muffins, and of something else that seemed to stick there, and getting ready to own up.

"It's me, Aunt Judy," he said in a rather squeaky voice; and then he told all about it.

Uncle Joe laughed until the cups and saucers rattled; but Aunt Judy shook her head, and looked sorry about something else than the butter.

"Never mind," said Uncle Joe; "Billy's got to have a sermon about this, and I'm going to preach it; help yourself to another muffin, Billy, and listen: My sermon is to have two heads, and my text is the pat of butter; and, firstly, dearly beloved brethren when you are in the business of bringing up butter don't stop to look after any other

fellow's business; and, secondly, when you get any dirt on your butter, or your hands, or your heart, or your conscience, don't you ever think about covering it up; the only thing to do, my friends, and especially Billy, my lad, is to get rid of it."

Now, whether it was the pat of butter that made Billy remember the sermon, or the sermon that kept him from forgetting the pat of butter, I can't say; but I have known him for fifty years, and he hasn't done a sly thing in all that time.—S. S. Times.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

Among Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years the one entitled *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the Psalmodies of Protestant Germany. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest Psalm tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments also are, or should be, present in many an English heart. * * * Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in nowise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognize the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on;—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen!" It is evident enough that to this man all Pope's Conclaves, and Imperial Dicts, and hosts, and nations, were but weak; weak as the forest, with all its strong trees, may be to the smallest spark of electric fire.—Thomas Carlyle.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mall of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebnoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all
The City of God remaineth.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that, if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and another never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sacque were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on this sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and had given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—Baptist.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died; and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to her bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying a deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone. I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirit. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "O," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places where you ever hear his name reviled, or his counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Cheering Words.

ALLITERATION.*

Although this game requires close attention it is much less difficult than it appears, for very young players succeed well in it after a little practice. The players are arranged in a circle, and to each a letter of the alphabet is assigned in order, for which he must produce a sentence every word of which begins with his letter.

*From New Games for Parlor and Lawn. By George B. Bartlett, New York: Harper & Brothers.

At the expiration of ten minutes each one must read or say his line, in the order in which the players are seated. As it is harder to compose these sentences mentally than to write them, the manner of playing must be decided beforehand. The former way is better, even if the lines are shorter or less finished, as memory as well as invention is thus strengthened. A few examples are given below, which children can easily follow to the end of the alphabet.

"An aristocratic artist angrily argued against an ancient art article, anticipating all antagonistic announcements, and answering all aesthetic attacks."

"Busy bees brightly buzz by brilliant bowers borrowing beneficent burdens by burrowing brown bodies below beautiful bean blossoms."

"Careless censure continually condemning can cause careful candor considerable consternation."

"Dainty deeds daily done dearly delight dutiful daughters."

"Each eager enthusiast exults every Easter, eagerly examining each Easter-egg."

HE NEVER, however, would expect or desire us to break any of his commandments, or even to do what had the appearance of evil, because we might, in our ignorance and presumption, consider it necessary to do so in order that his work might be done. Christians who do such things have a very erroneous idea of duty, and a perverted conception of the God whom they serve. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "it is necessary for me," said he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live." Christians should never forget that it is necessary for them always to do right, and never to do wrong, whatever they may imagine must be the consequence.—The Christian.

Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. When did oil once pay a poor widow's debts?
2. When were pitchers used in battle?
3. What queen saved her people's lives from a wicked device?
4. Who used the shoe in making a bargain?
5. Who told a parable about the trees desiring a king?
6. Why was unleavened bread used in the Passover?
7. When and why did Moses wear a veil?
8. What mother's child was saved by finding water in the wilderness of Beer-sheba?
9. When did a certain plant grow up in a night and perish in a night?
10. When was water changed to blood?
11. Whose bedstead was fifteen feet long?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. With what instrument did Asaph make a sound?
2. What birds did the Lord command to feed Elijah?
3. Ahaziah's grandfather.
4. What did John the Baptist tell the soldiers to be content with?
5. The principal man that went into the ark.

The initials give that which was laid up for Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO 21.

1. Josh. 2 Chron xxii 11, 12.
2. Ecclesiastes ix. 16.
3. Thomas. John ii 24, 27.
4. Samuel; to Eli 1 Sam. iii. 11.
5. A ruler. Luke xviii 22.
6. Othniel was nephew and son-in-law to Caleb Judges i. 13. iii. 10.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY.—Psa. cxv. 1.
1. U-z Job. i. 1.
 2. N-icodemus John ii. 1-12.
 3. T-aphath 1 Kings v. 11.
 4. O-bed Ruth iv 17.
 5. T-ricke Math. xxvi. 75.
 6. H-ivites Josh. x. 7.
 7. Y-ellow Lev xii. 30.
 8. N-abshon Num. x. 14.
 9. A-bigail 1 Sam xxv. 1-42.
 10. M-ical 1 Sam xviii 23.
 11. E-phod 1 Sam xxx 7.
 12. G-beah 1 Sam. x. 26.
 13. I-mage Dan ii.
 14. V-ashti Esth. i 15-22.
 15. E-pphantha Mark vii. 31.
 16. G-nessis
 17. L-ilies Matt. vi. 28.
 18. O-live-leaf Gen. viii. 1.
 19. R-smoth-Gilead 2 King ix. 4-6.
 20. Y-esterday Hol. xiii. 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Walter H. Wigg, Bertie A. Parrott, and Albert Jesse French.