

In spite of his physical infirmities he was an animated companion, and a busy and energetic politician.

Was not the conqueror of Quebec all his life the victim of a fatal disease, and his constitution ruined at the very time when he scaled the Heights of Abraham, defeated Montcalm, and made the name of Wolfe memorable to all ages?

Let no one, therefore, who lacks bodily stamina be led to despair of usefulness. By concentrating his labors on some single worthy object, and putting into it every ounce of his force, by economizing the precious moments, the invalid may often achieve far greater results than many a robust man, who, confiding in his ability to work, and to work with energy at all times, lets hours and days and weeks run to waste.

Value of a Purpose.

BY REV. DR. GIFFORD.

IT takes a purpose to keep the head cool and the hand steady. Many a life is a continual zig-zag, because the man has not yet made up his mind just where he wants to go, nor what he wants to do.

Every time the mind changes his course changes, or it gives him bronchitis and lays him up. Oh, you vacillating brother, learn a lesson from your Lord, who, on "the same night" that his disciple sold him to his enemies because there was money in it, thought of you and me, and then and there twisted a cable by which we could be bound in lifelong allegiance to the right.

St. Thomas, Ont.

"I Declare, Ye Did!"

BY PHILIP E. HOWARD.

JUST behind the big barn on an old New England farm there are two butternut trees. In the shade of these trees an old man used to rest on warm summer afternoons. But the boy who spent his summers on the farm never wanted to rest. It seemed strange to him that his grandfather could sit so quietly in the big chair under the trees when there was so much to do. The boy had no use for big chairs. He was either riding his spirited little horse, or digging in the sand hill, or picking berries, or "raking after" with the big haymakers, or going fishing for hornpouts all day long.

The boy one day took two bean poles from the stack under the barnyard shed, and drove them into the ground near the butternut trees about eight feet apart. He tied a string between them so that it could be raised or lowered. He selected another pole from the stack, a strong and straight one, and he was ready then to show his grandfather how the boys at school did the pole vault.

When the old man had finished his noon nap and had taken his place in the big chair, the boy ran over to the two poles, slid the string up above his head, and ran back a few paces with the vaulting pole in hand.

"What are you going to do?" asked grandfather.

"Going to clear the string—vault over it," came the quick answer, as the boy gripped the pole and measured with a glance the distance to the string.

"You can't do that!" called grandfather, in troubled surprise. "You can't go so high as that! Why you—"

But the boy had started. He was running with a long, springy stride, crouching low, with every muscle tense.

The old man leaned forward. "I dunno, though," he muttered, "I dunno; maybe you—maybe—"

The boy had thrust the pole into the turf, and at the same instant rose easily to the height of the string and, letting go the pole, swung clear of the mark, landing squarely on his feet on the other side.

As he shot through the air, well above the string, he heard grandfather excitedly calling. "Well, I declare, ye did; I declare, ye did!"

Suppose the boy had forgotten that he was young and strong, and had listened to "you can't." Suppose you yourself never tackle the work that to someone else seems impossible for you to do!

Let us make up our minds to do hard things, even if some one else tries to make us think we cannot. The first thing

we know, someone whose heart is really full of love and hope for us, and who has said "You can't," will be just as ready and far more glad to sing out heartily, "Well, I declare, ye did!"—Forward.

A Solemn Tragedy.

MORE and more the secular press is becoming outspoken upon the effects of alcoholic stimulants and the ruin wrought by the liquor traffic. Here is Collier's, for instance, which says:

"It is when we look at drink in its general results that it becomes altogether a dark and solemn tragedy, and the frivolous view becomes impossible. It is when we realize what it means to thousands of laborers and their families, or what it means to the tone of a whole community—as in some parts of Kentucky—or when we realize its frequency as a cause of crime.

'The grape, that can, with logic absolute,
'The two and seventy jarring sects confuse,'

is easy to praise poetically, but all the glamour is knocked out of it if we are confronted with statistics in cold prose. John Fiske believed that man, when thoroughly evolved, would smoke and drink in moderation. Before that time, however, there will be plenty of time for alcohol to pile up more misery than it would be pleasant for any one of us to realize."

To this it may be added that, in the opinion of many who knew him, John Fiske, admirable gentleman and capable historian though he was, distinctly impaired his health and shortened his life by his habits of beer-drinking.

A Congregation of One.

WE know an elect lady—a daughter of one of our most venerable and saintly supernumeraries, whom God has still preserved to us, though living in his ninth decade—who sets an example well worthy of imitation by others. For many years she has been a hopeless invalid and a sufferer from almost constant and excruciating pain. This suffering, combined with a Christian faith of rare development, has so brought the soul to the surface that it seems almost to shine through the translucent flesh. She impresses one more as a spirit with a tenuous body than as a body, enshrining a spirit.

As a consequence of her affliction, this lady has been unable to attend the services of God's house. But every Sunday morning at the appointed hour of service, she conducts worship for herself, much as if she were both pastor and congregation in the Church. She selects hymns and sings them; repeats the Apostles' Creed; sings the Gloria; offers a prayer; reads the Psalm and the New Testament lesson; reads some helpful sermon, and concludes with a benediction. In this course she has found untold satisfaction and solace for years.

Then He Blushed.

DR. W. W. KEEN, of Philadelphia, has great reputation as a surgeon. In New York, one winter afternoon last year, he saw a man slip on an icy pavement and fall heavily. He hastened at once to the poor fellow's assistance, and found that he had broken his leg.

Dr. Keen used his umbrella as a splint, and, with his own and several borrowed handkerchiefs, bandaged the broken limb tightly. As he finished his task the ambulance arrived. "You've bandaged this rather well," the young blue-uniformed ambulance surgeon said to Dr. Keen.

"Thank you," said the other.

"Oh, not at all. I suppose," the youth resumed, "that you have been reading up some 'first aid to the injured' treatise, eh? They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but, really, the little you have learned about surgery you have put to good account. Give me your name and address and I'll forward your umbrella to you."

"I'll give you my card," said Dr. Keen. He did so, and the young surgeon flushed a little as he read on it the name of one of the greatest of modern surgeons.