

barking sharply as if calling 'Whoa! Whoa!'

But Master Wag couldn't stop him—the horse was too frightened—and they all tore headlong down the street, horse, dog, and carriage, Dr. John bareheaded running and panting behind, women and children screaming as they sought to get out of the way, men staring as if they had lost their senses, until a man with more presence of mind than the others sprang out into the middle of the street farther along, and grabbed the bridle, giving the horse's head such a firm shaking that he was brought to a standstill.

And then Master Wag jumped down and ran back to meet the doctor, barking and whining and even growling, in the most earnest way, as if assuring his master that he had done his very best. 'And you could see for yourself,' he said, 'that I didn't leave him until he was caught!'

Dr. John understood.

He stopped and patted the dog's head before he went over to the carriage.

'Yes, Wag,' he said, 'you did your whole duty. You always do.'—Mary Dameron, in 'Little Folks.'

A Chinese Boy's Queue.

When the Chinese boy is old enough he grows a queue. This event in the Chinese boy's life does what the first pair of trousers does for the American boy—changes him from a baby to a boy.

The queue has many uses. In some of the games played by the Chinese boys the queue is used in a variety of ways. The laborer spreads a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it, and makes himself a hat. Cart drivers whip their mules and beggars scare away dogs with their queues. When a Chinese father takes his little son out for a walk he takes hold, not of the boy's hand, but his queue. Sometimes the child follows the father, and, lest he should get lost, the father gives him his queue to hold, and when his little boys want to play horse their queues are always ready to be used for reins.—Selected.

That Little Card.

An East London Experience.

It was a bright, sunny day, in early summer when I was visiting in one of our large London hospitals.

Unlike the weather, I was feeling dull and low-spirited; the sunshine, instead of having its usual cheering effect and making me think of better days to come, seemed rather to make matters worse; because, instead of turning the meanest things into gold, as the poets say it does, it made me see what the darker days had hidden, all the filth, squalor, and dirty little corners and courts of the East End of London.

It shone upon the idle women in the doorways, and made me wonder when last they washed either their persons or their clothes! It shone upon the shabby-genteel woman who was taking her bundle of work home, and made her poor black dress look like something which a poet would again call gold, but which is known in the work-a-day world as rust. It shone upon the trams and made me want to walk rather than ride in them; and so it kept on shining, all the way to the hospital, making me more and more sour every step of the way.

Arriving at the hospital, I took my place by the bedside of the patient I had gone specially to see; and, after talking to her for a short time, my eyes wandered over the ward to the other patients who were sitting and lying about. The traces of sin that were to be seen in the streets outside were here too, stamped upon the faces of these women and girls, marring their beauty, and robbing them of the sweetness and gentleness which God gives to all true women!

As I looked at them, I forgot for a moment that I was their 'sister,' and a cold hard feeling crept into my heart. I wanted to turn from them, to go away, right away from all the sin that I supposed was foreign to my nature, and forget it all in my own home by the sea.

But just at that moment the door of the ward opened and another visitor appeared, an elderly lady this time, whose face

looked sweet through suffering; she was carrying a large basket which was filled with little bunches of fresh country flowers, and attached to each bunch was a little text. I watched her as she went from bed to bed distributing her gifts, and wished for a moment that I, too, was an elderly lady, and most of my battles fought and done with. Presently she came to my patient, and, after giving her some flowers, she looked at me and said, 'Would you like a bunch?' I took them, and, after she had gone, I looked at the little text that was attached, and these were the words I read, 'Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified.'

It seems a long story to write about a little text, like that, but that text was God's voice to me that afternoon! I thought of the past, and of what the future might have been had it not been for the grace of God. At one time my heart was as dark and stained with sin as the hearts of some of these; but the Saviour found and washed me. And at the remembrance of all that I had been saved from, and even more, the realization of all that I had got, my eyes filled with tears and my heart grew soft and warm. God had spoken to me, and I stood rebuked! And now when the work seems hard because of the hideousness of sin, the words of my little text come to me, 'Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified.'—Flying Leaves.

Doubtful Things.

(The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Golden Rule.')

In the life of every Christian there are many questions which rise perpetually for answer. We puzzle about them in our hours of reverie. We listen with keen intentness to an address or sermon that seems likely to cast light on them, though as often as not we turn away disappointed. We sometimes, in bursts of confidence, intrust them to our friends, asking for help. And yet, after all, we have to waive the verdict; and the solution is given, not definitely or conclusively, but by circumstances, or by an entire change in the conditions of our life. May it not be that these debatable matters are allowed to arise to test us? They are the gymnastics of the soul. They do for us what the exercise-ground does for the soldier, and the yards of the training-ship for the young sailor.

It is almost impossible, therefore, to lay down any authoritative rules of conduct. After all, each must decide what is right and wrong for himself. All we can do is to enunciate certain great principles, which always need to be borne in mind.

1. Study the effect of any questionable fellowship or pastime upon the devout life. How many pitfalls there lie on heavily carpeted floors! What disloyalty to the King may be perpetrated in our light and unguarded hours! And how often, when the brilliantly lighted rooms are deserted for the lonely chamber, there is the sense of having lost tone!

Of course, the best and surest deliverance from this evil is to be found in the heightened or deepened soul-life, which can pass through scenes like these so completely at rest in Christ, so steadfastly rooted and grounded in his love, as not to drift before any current, or to be swayed by any breeze. But where this is impossible, where prayer and faith and the girding of the soul are ineffective to keep us to our moorings in Christ, it were better to avoid scenes which always deteriorate and blight and dim.

2. Beware of being brought under the power of any doubtful thing. As soon as that which may be innocent in itself, and lawful for another, becomes imperious in its demand for satisfaction, as soon as it asserts its powers or thunders at the gate of the soul, like the mob before the palace of Versailles demanding bread, then the apostle declares he would have none of it.

We none of us know the strength of the current till we turn to face it, or the force of habit till we essay to lay it aside. Paul, however, refused to allow the current to become swift and strong, or single actions to become habits, unless he were perfectly sure that they came from God and bore him Godward.

Well would it be for each to ponder deeply the habits and practices of life. They

may be as innocent as lawn tennis, as healthy as cycling, but just as soon as anything which appears absolutely harmless, and indeed is harmless to others, begins to assume preponderating power, there is nothing for it but to put it aside.

3. Study next the effect on others. Each act of ours influences others for good or ill, as each atom on the seashore affects all other atoms. You, boasting in your freedom and strength, may be able to expose yourself without hurt, where others would simply perish. Is it right to entice men to walk on glaciers to which they are not accustomed, when their shoes are not studded with nails, and no pole is in their hand, and a fall almost certain? Is it right to tempt the weak and inexperienced far out of their depth because you can withstand the motion of the current and the beat of the surf?

4. Do nothing on which you cannot ask the blessing of Christ. In the old days it was thought that if the sigh of the cross were made over any vessel that contained poison, it would instantly be shivered in pieces; so whenever some doubtful topic confronts us, let each say: 'Can I do this for Jesus? Can I do it as one who is abiding in fellowship with him? Can I ask his blessing? Can I do it for his glory? If you can; if, as you look up into his face, he answers you with a smile; if you have the consciousness of being in the current of his life, then hesitate no more, but go forward where the way lies open.

Be a Good Boy; Good-bye.

John L. Shroy, in 'Saturday Evening Post.'

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, of the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me.

'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

'Be a good boy; good-bye.' It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful
dreams
And they scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting, or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

The Intelligence of a Gull.

It is well known that sea gulls never seem to rest! that day after day they will follow a ship, flying easily and without apparent fatigue. You should see them when one of the big vessels leaves the Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco.

A hundred or more brown bodies, with long, sweeping wings, fly off in the wake of the transport. The steward's premises are very soon invaded by passengers gathering up waste bread and food for the birds.

Upon my recent trip one of the gulls dropped fluttering upon the deck, apparently ill. A soldier picked it up, took it to his quarters and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away.

But the bird had not forgotten him. Every day it would alight on the deck and wait for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the boat to Honolulu and finally to Manila, and where it remained during the two weeks that the transport lay in Manila, I do not know; but when the vessel turned seaward again, bound for Nagasaki, there was the gull resting on the stern, and there it remained with the ship until it passed the Farallone Islands.

I have often wondered how men ever