

gentleman, I count. I've been looking at your Father's estates, old friend, coming up the hill. He is rich, is your Father—why He puts golden buds on the very furze bushes, and powders gems on the butterflies, and strews all the shady places with diamonds! And to think thou art His son and heir, old friend! 'Eh, he will be a rich man some day, will old Jowl,' said I to myself as I came along."

"Ay, as kind as He's rich, Mast' Horn, bless Him! I often think that I'm like the prodigal son—poor enough, an' a bit hungry and cold sometimes, but it's like the prodigal when the father had met him, and fall'd on his neck and kissed him, and said, 'He was dead and is alive agen.' Why, that kep' him happy till he got to the father's house. And then! then!"—and the blue eyes sparkled into tears—"then there was the best robe, and the fatted calf, and the beln' merry. I'm goin' home and He's with me, Mast' Horn. I sometimes feel the blessed arms roun' my neck, an' He gives me the kiss o' peace, an' presses me to His heart an' calls me His son, till tears o' joy run down my cheeks, and I get a wonderin' what heaven itself can be more 'an such blessedness as that. I often think that we're gettin' near the door, very near."

Mister Horn was quiet for a minute or two, as if to let the old man feel the blessedness of his own words. Then he broke out more cheerfully,

"You've been growin' a long time, old friend."

The blue eyes looked round with an amused wonder.

"Growin', Mast' Horn, what ever do you mean?"

"Why, rheumatics is what they call it by; but that's only what they say; it's growin' pains, it's growin' pains. I know when I was a lad I used to have a lot o' aches and pains sometimes, and the old woman would say, 'Ah Jim, it's on'y growin' pains.' Ay, and all our pains and aches is nothing but growin' pains, if we use 'em right. These pains o' yours, friend, they're only growin' pains—the wings pushing up a bit, lengthening and strengthening, till some day they'll be full grown, and then—you'll clap the glad wings and tower away."

"Ah, it'll soon be, Mast' Horn, very, soon," and the look was one of triumphant joy. "I think they're comin', and a bringin' the best robes. An' I count I shall hardly know mysen! To 'a done with the old smock, and to put on the white robes, an' be a gentleman all o' a sudden." And the old man laughed at the happy notion. "To think o' their comin' down here to this little place o' mine an' knockin' at the door, an' comin' in to fetch me up to the glorious palace where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst o' the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains o' waters. To think o' my poor crippled feet walkin' the golden street like the rest o' the priests and kings, and this old hand done with roomatics and a sweepin' the golden 'arp! I read about it and picture it over to mysen till I'm a most up there, a-flyin' about among the glorious great angels who do excel in strength. Eh, what errands I'll go for my Master then! Ay, Mast' Horn, it'll be a mystery an' a mercy, but bless the Lord it'll be, for all that."

Presently followed a few words of simple, earnest prayer, and Mister Horn rose to leave.

"I've brought a dinner for you, old friend," he said taking the money out of his pocket; "here's three shillings and sixpence from Jim Niggardly."

"The Lord bless him, the Lord bless him and yeow for bringin' on it, Mast' Horn. The Lord bless you both! 'Twere on'y this mornin' as I wa' talkin' to the Lord, for I ma'n't kneel to pray, so I sit and talk to him—"

"Face to face as a man talketh to his friend," whispered Mister Horn to himself.

"And I say, 'Lord, I got a bit o' care, and I want to cast it 'pon Thee, knowin' that Thou dost care for me. The quarter day is comin' and there's the rent, Lord. O Lord! whatsoever I suffer I know Thou permits it, and Thou are wise and very good, but, Lord, I wouldn't have nobody 'cept mysel' to be the wuss for me, Lord.' I wa' sure the Lord heard me, and now 'ere's the answer. Bless the Lord! Tell Jim I ma'n't do much for 'm, but I'll do what I can. I'll pray the Lord bless 'm, and yeow too, Mast' Horn. For I like to think that for all I can do so little, my Father—'isn't goin' to let anybody be in His debt. He wouldn't have a cup o' cold water given but what He'll keep count of it and pay it back some day. Tell Jim that I'll tell my Father all about it, and ask Him to bless Jim an' all belongin' to Him. Bless His name, He will too, I know He will." And as the bent fingers held the money, the lips moved in gratitude and prayer.

"Good-day, old friend, good-day!" cried Mister Horn abruptly, and hurried away, brushing his hand across his eyes as he went, and the short legs hastened off over the field and along the highway at their swiftest pace.

Ah, good reader, is not this riches a deceitful jade? Why, here was Jamps Niggardly, Esquire, amid his plenty, grumbling and growling at a hundred annoyances. Yet he had spent a great deal of money on his house and furniture, in order to secure his happiness. The garden absorbed money in wages and work that was meant to be repaid in pleasure. The savoury odour of dinner came breathing delicious promises into the dining room. Pictures were on the walls; books on the shelves; handsome ornaments on the mantelpiece. Jim Niggardly himself lay back in his chair, his right hand playing with the heavy gold chain, the left hand jingling gold and silver in his pocket, the consoling golden sherry standing within reach. Yet he was thinking himself a man ill used and wronged, notwithstanding that his three shillings and sixpence had done so much to confer so light a heart, and a soul so winged with joy, as that which Mister Horn had left in old Jowl's tumble-down cottage.

(To be continued.)

ON the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan*.

THE best men know that they are very far from what they ought to be, and the very worst think that, if they were a little better, they should be as good as they need be.

### TAKE MY ALL.

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days:  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

### PRESENCE OF MIND.

This is a true story, about a real boy. The boy's name is Dick. This is not a very uncommon name, and his last name is not an uncommon one either. I am not going to tell you what it is though, for perhaps he would not like it.

Dick's father died when his son was just able to toddle. After a while Dick grew to be a pretty big boy. Then he began to be anxious to get something to do to help his mother. It was a good while before he found anything; but he came home one day, at last, and said:

"Mother, I've got a place."

"What sort of a place?" asked his mother.

"In the factory," said Dick cheerfully.

But the mother shook her head.

"I don't half like it my boy," she said. "They are dangerous places, these factories. Some day you'll be going too near the big wheels, or the bands, or something, and then—"

She stopped and shuddered; but Dick only laughed.

"Well, what then, mother?" he said. "What do you think is going to happen to a fellow with a cool head and a steady hand? Almost all the accidents that you hear of happen because the people are careless, or because they get frightened, and don't know what they are about. I'm not going to be careless and I'm not going to get frightened. And, mother, even if anything very bad did happen to me, I should be doing my duty, shouldn't I? You wouldn't have a great fellow like me steyring around here idle for fear of getting into danger, would you?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," said his mother, remembering what a bad thing idleness is for anybody, and how surely it leads boys, as well as men, into mischief.

So the next day Dick was at his post in the factory. I cannot tell what sort of a factory it was, nor exactly what he had to do there. Nobody ever told me that part of it. All I know is that he spent the days among the great, whirling machinery, and that he did his work steadily and well, in spite of noise, and confusion, and dust, and fatigue, and danger.

By the time he had been there for a month or two, he had forgotten all about the danger, and even his mother began to think that he was as safe there as in his own house.

That is always the way when you are used to things, you know. People who live under the shadow of a volcano forget that the burning lava ever streams down its sides and desolates the country around. Some day it does so, though, and sometimes accidents happen even to the most confident boy.

Was Dick careless that day? I don't know, and neither did he. He thought that he was doing his work as steadily and as carefully as usual; but suddenly he felt something—just a little twitch at his sleeve; nothing at all to mind if you are playing with your school-mates, but then Dick was not playing with his school-mates. There was no one near enough to give him that twitch, and he knew in an instant what it meant—that the fingers that gripped him were iron fingers, and that the pulse that beat in them was the cruel, merciless pulse of steam.

Most boys would at least have looked around in sudden surprise—would have yielded for a moment to the twitch and then—the horror, and agony, and death. What did Dick do? Quick as a flash the thought came:

"I am caught in the machinery. I can't help that, but I won't be drawn in. I won't! I won't! I won't!"

It was hardly a thought, you know, only a swift, wordless instinct. Then he set his teeth, and clenched his fists, and braced every nerve and muscle to stand like a rock, while the machinery did its work.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his shirt, pulled off him like the husk of an ear of corn.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his merino shirt, and Dick stood rigid and motionless still, with not an atom of clothing from his waist up.

The men around him had not been as quiet as he, you may be sure. There had been shrieks and cries enough when they saw what had happened, but the machinery could not be stopped all in a minute let the engineer try as he would.

It seemed a century to the men though it was only three or four minutes before the great wheels snarled and stood still. Some of the men had covered their eyes, fearing to see—what? Splashes of blood on the floor and walls, and a horrible, mangled mass, tangled and broken in an iron grip.

What did those who dared to look see? Only a curly haired, bright-eyed boy, who looked around at them as quietly and boldly as if nothing at all had happened.

"Why Smith," said Dick, looking at the man nearest him, "how pale you are! And Jones is trembling like a leaf, and Brown can hardly stand! Why I'm the best off of you all—if I haven't got many clothes left," he added, as he looked down at himself. "If somebody will lend me a coat, I think I'd better go home and get another shirt."

"So you see, mother," said Dick, "what I told you is true. If a fellow's head is cool, and his nerves steady, there isn't much fear for him. And the good Lord keeps watch in the factories as well as outside."

Now, what I want you to notice about this story is this: It was not Dick's good luck that saved him, but simply his courage and presence of mind. If he had yielded for one instant to the grip of the machinery—if he had hesitated for a moment what to do—that moment would have been his last.

Don't you think that there is a lesson in all this, if you take it the right way?—*Central Christian Advocate.*

### NO COMPROMISE.

As I grow older as a parent my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow our children. I am horror struck to count up the profligate children of pious parents, and even of ministers. The door at which these influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society; by dress, books, amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind of determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone Lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

### SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favours of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by gifts begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have out-stretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

Nothing so hinders a soul coming to Christ as a vain love of the world; and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have true love for God.—*Bunyan.*

THE opinion of the world is with me a light matter, madam (Mary Queen of Scots), when called upon to speak the words which God puts into my mouth. He bids me tell you that the belief of Your Majesty becomes a matter of public interest, inasmuch that it ought to be right; or if wrong, that it should not be paraded to the injury and scandal of the realm.—*John Knox.*

THE scholar must be a solitary, labourious, modest and charitable soul. He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. Go, scholar, cherish your soul; expel companions; set your habits to a life of solitude; then will the faculties rise fair and full within, like forest trees and field flowers; you will have results, which, when you meet your fellowmen, you can communicate and they will gladly receive. It is the noble, manlike, just thought which is the superiority demanded of you; and not crowds, but solitude, confers this elevation.—*R. W. Emerson.*

GOD wants not money alone. The silver and the gold are His; but He wants your heart, your feelings, your time, your anxiety. He curseth these mere money charities, making them engender poverty in far greater abundance than they annihilate it, and scourging them with the means of those who grudgingly bestow. The mere mammon worketh mammon's work; divine charity worketh God's work. A Christian man may as well give over his faith into the hands of a public body, and believe what they appoint to be believed, as cast his charity over to a public body—yea, or to a private individual—and think that he thereby satisfieth God. Our right hand is not to know what our left hand doeth. It is with the heart and soul and mind and strength that He is to be worshipped and served.—*Edmund Irving.*