

dead. The old folks in the retired farmhouse loved and valued Polly more highly as it became probable that their son would never come back. One day, Polly, looking out on the lane that led to the dwelling, seemed filled with a sudden delight. She at last flapped her wings and cried,

“Stanton! Stanton!”

The old people started up, went to the window, and saw their son approaching the house.

This parrot lived to be very old, and came to be considered almost as one of the family at last. In her last years she grew comparatively silent, but used to say mournfully, “Polly wants to go home, Polly wants to go home.”—*Congregationalist*.

when I began to explain to him something about the doctrines of grace, and trust in God, the man looked hard at me and yet I believe he had heard an evangelical minister too; but he had not the idea that we are saved by the doings of another and not by our own doings—that we are justified by the righteousness of another, and not by our own righteousness.

“Yes,” say you, “but he was only a poor boatman.” “Ay, but the same thing is in all classes of society; this canker of self-righteousness is everywhere; and the ministers of Christ will find it necessary to come back to the old times, and beat the drum once more and say, “Salvation is not of ourselves, it is the work of God.”—*Spurgeon*.

THE STORY OF A BOATMAN.

I HAD begun to hope till lately that there had been so much faithful preaching on justification by faith, that the Protestantism of England was pretty sound: but I find there is just as much need for us to go over this first elementary doctrine as for Luther.

Not long ago I was out in a boat at sea, wanting to be a little quiet. I said “Come now, Mr. Boatman, do you expect to go to heaven?” He looked astonished at the question and said, “Yes sir, I do.” “Will you tell me why you expect to go there?” He said very honestly, “Well, you see sir, I am a pretty decent sort of a man. I have brought up a large family: I never was dependent upon the parish; I am not a man as is given to swearing; I don’t drink, leastways I have taken too much sometimes, still I am not a drunken man. I pays everybody 20s. in the £, and I am a good neighbour.” I said, “Is that all?” He said, “No, I go to church, leastways not in the summer time, for then we have visitors down, who want to go on the water. I am always kind to my neighbours—if any of them wants me to run for a doctor, why, I would get up in the middle of the night to serve them.” I said, “Is that all?” He said, “Well, and enough too, I should think.” I said, “No, no; you are altogether on the wrong tack. This is not the way of salvation at all:” and

OPEN HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his class, “Boys, you can all be useful if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones.”

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they could be of any use. So he said:

“You think it is not so, but suppose you just try it for one week.”

“How shall we try it?” asked one of them.

“Just keep your eyes open; and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way all this week,” and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other,” said the teacher.

“Agreed,” said the boys, and so they parted.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars.

“Ah, boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me.”

“We have, sir, we have,” they said all together. Then each one told his story.

“I,” said one, “thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much, was so greatly