



EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOYS.

A Little Talk with Jesus.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell him I am weary and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see;
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me
He gave his life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise, to me His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time;
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food.
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

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BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, B.D.

I HAVE to confess to an ambition. It was the darling wish of my heart to get astride a donkey. I am not a success on horseback. But the donkey, the meek-looking, good-natured little beast, surely one could display fine riding powers on him. Accordingly, as soon as I had secured my room in the Grand New Hotel, Cairo, charmingly situated opposite the Ebekeeyah, a magnificent garden, the Champs Elysées of the Capital, I was ready to ride to the Citadel to see the sunset. The donkey owners and boys were ready. "Donkey, sir?" "Me good donkey." "Me donkey George Washington." "Me donkey, Gladstone." And I am hustled, and shoved, and pulled and carried, until I find myself astride one of a size, that if I fall I will not have far to go, and that if I get tired riding, by stretching out my legs, I can do a little walking at the same time. We started for the Citadel, the donkey, myself, and the boy. Away went the donkey at full gallop, the boy behind using his prod, whacking the animal, and vociferating "A-h!" "A-h!" Now, in the old streets there are no sidewalks, and so people, camels, donkeys, carts, and carriages go drifting along in *pèle mele* confusion. Imagine the comical spec-

tacle, the donkey at full gallop, twisting and winning under every stroke of the boy, myself flopping first on one side then on the other, and holding on for dear life; the noise around increasing, "O—A," take care: "Yo Meenak," to the right, "She-nia-lak," to the left; running down goats, dogs, veiled women, and naked children, cracking against the wares of pedlars and the loads of camels, grazing carriages and carts, and having at every moment a hairbreadth escape. It was getting too exhilarating. "Hold on," I shouted to the puffing young Arab; but the more I shouted the faster the boy ran, and the harder he punched. At length we reached the foot of the steep ascent, when the lad came up to my side, dripping with perspiration, and said, "See dat, fast donkey. Me want you to say good boy, good donkey, and so give good back-sheesh." He did not know how the perspiration was rolling down my back, and how much I would have given him to have slackened up. But I had got there in safety; to this day I cannot tell how, and can testify, "Uneasy sits the man who rides an ass."

Firmness of Senator Wilson.

SENATOR HENRY WILSON was a self-controlled as well as self-made man. He left his New Hamp-

shire home early in life, and changed his name in order to get out from under the baleful shadow of intemperance. He began on the lowest round of the social ladder, and climbed up, rung by rung, until he became a political power in the nation.

The first step he took in the ascent placed him on the pledge never to drink intoxicating liquors. The second step he took made him an industrious labourer, the third a diligent reader.

He was sent to Washington to carry a petition against the admission of Texas into the Union. John Quincy Adams asked him to a dinner party, where he met with some of the great men of the nation. He was asked to drink wine. The temptation to lay aside his temperance principle for a moment, in order not to seem singular, was a strong one. But he resisted it and declined the glass of wine. Mr. Adams commended him for his adherence to his convictions.

After Mr. Wilson was elected to the United States Senate, he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set with not a wine-glass upon it.

"Where are the wine-glasses?" asked several, loud enough to remind their host that some of his guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising

and speaking with a great deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock whence I was hewn and the pit whence I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled from my early surroundings and changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and my adherence to it.

"Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the paths of another the snare from which I have escaped."

Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admired the man who has the courage of his convictions.

A Deadly Serpent.

SOME time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterwards it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

THE peal of a breakfast bell often fails to wake a man up. The peal of a banana will do it every time.

THE idea is gaining ground that the Emperor of Russia contemplates being crowned Emperor of Central Asia this year. One would think that he had enough emperor business on hand just now without adding to it. However, there is a likelihood that he will have to consult some of his neighbours before he plants his imperial heel upon any more territory.

It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bees' touching on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates on divine truth, that will prove the very choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.

ONE of the "notices" in the porch of the church at Hawarden, England, near Mr. Gladstone's castle, reads thus: "On your way to the Lord's house be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own, for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside; go in at once, time spent inside should be precious."