

Be Ready.

Archbishop Trench says:—"The foolish virgins represent those who, though they seem not far off from the Kingdom of God, yet miss it; their fate, who come so near a crown and a kingdom, and yet miss them, notwithstanding, must always appear the most miserable of all."

Lest that may be our lot, the Lord says to us—for what He said to His hearers then. He says unto all, to His Church and to every member of it in every age:—"Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour;" and while we know not, the only sure way to be ready upon that day is that we may be ready upon every day; unreadiness upon that day being unreadiness for ever; and the doom of the foolish virgins proclaiming that the work which should have been the work of life, cannot be huddled up and accomplished in a moment.

A Brave Fellow.

A number of boys were skating and sliding in Yorkshire. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake, and one poor little fellow fell in. There was no house near where they could run for help; no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank with pale, sorrowful faces, afraid to try to reach their friend, lest the ice should give way and the water swallow them all up.

But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on the thin ice without its going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice, it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice.

It only took him a moment to remember all that; next he spoke to his friends something after this fashion:—

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line long enough to reach Reuben."

Thus, taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able, by his living rope, to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not a moment too soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would very soon have sunk.

Busy Chinese.

What a scene of bustle and confusion there is in the street of a Chinese town! Happily there are no carriages or omnibuses, or it is difficult to say what would happen. The shop fronts are all open, and gay with colored wares; the men, women, and children are quite at home in the centre of the street, which is only about six feet wide, and the great planks, gaily painted, which are the shop sign-boards, stand out with their quaint titles to attract passers-by. One tall sign post announces that the house is "prospered by Heaven;" another declares the owner to be "ten thousand times fortunate;" his neighbour claims "everlasting good luck." The names of the streets are rather remarkable. There is the street of "Everlasting Love," the street of "ten thousand fold Peace," of "Benevolence and love;" and the name of one street, not peculiar

for its fragrance, means "Refreshing Breezes."

And the people are so busy. Oh, it is not easy to make them stop to think of sin, and death, and the unseen world! Pray for those who work amongst them that their words may reach Chinese hearts.

A Gleaner's Child.

Chaleel Ibrahim is a little Arab boy with a very interesting history so far. Only last week an American gentleman came to our school to see if we could admit a poor little boy who had been given to him while he was up the country. The gentleman was passing through some fields of corn, where many women with their children were gleaned after the harvesters. Being much interested in the Palestine gleaners, the traveller spoke to them through his dragoman guide, who translated what he said. He found that the mother of Chaleel was very, very poor; she also had other children, and her husband was dead.

He offered to take poor Chaleel and adopt him as his own son. To his great surprise this was readily agreed to. The mother had not the least idea where the strange gentleman would take her boy to, or whether she would ever see him again.

On the way from Nazareth to Jerusalem the gentleman told the little Arab the story of Isaac, and at Nablus took him with him up Mount Gerizim to see what some think was the place of sacrifice. The gentleman was having a good look round this interesting spot, when the little fellow surprised his new protector by asking, in the most simple manner, "Are you going to sacrifice me here?"

At last they reached Jerusalem, and in a day or two Chaleel was brought here. It is not the rule to take in boys at this time of the year, but Chaleel Ibrahim is such a bright, nice little boy, and his case so urgent, that admittance could not be refused. The gentleman had the little fellow photographed.

May's Mistake.

Everybody loved Aunt Rose. She had won all hearts by her merry ways and charming stories. She was always ready to give Jack riddles, tell Harry Indian tales, listen to Sue's school trials, or help May with her lessons. One morning she heard Harry say, "I wonder what it is to be a real Christian?"

"Nonsense! Don't bother yourself about it!" cried Jack. "Time enough."

"Maybe not," said Harry.

"Why, you don't expect to die yet," exclaimed Jack.

"Don't know; Jim Saunders died young. I'd like to love Jesus now," said Harry.

"Bother! I do not want to hear about it," declared Jack. "I wouldn't be such a Christian as our May. To tell you the truth, Harry, I thought it would be a good thing once, but May has put me out of the notion."

"Oh, Jack, I am sure May tries to do right."

"It is the kind of right I don't like," persisted Jack. "She reads the Bible and prays, and goes around with tracts, and teaches Sunday schools, and 'talks good' to me; but when it comes to helping me with my lessons or games, she's as cross as a bear! You know it well enough, Harry."

Aunt Rose was grieved at this talk, and resolved to watch May's conduct with her brothers.

She found May in great trouble one day.

"Jack will not listen to a word of advice. I am afraid he never thinks about his soul," she said.

"Perhaps he don't tell all his thoughts," said Aunt Rose. "Suppose, May, you try a different way with him; let precept go for awhile, and try example. Show the pleasant side of your religion. For instance, when Jack brings you a book to cover, or a riddle to praise, give up your own pleasure to enter into his. You will thus show the spirit of the Saviour."

"I never thought of all this before," said May.

May thanked Aunt Rose and asked Jesus to make her wise to win her brother.

Before long, Jack was glad to say that May had "turned out another kind of a Christian, and that it was a fellow's own fault if she did not do him good."

His Fate.

Some people learn in early childhood what others are half a lifetime in discovering. Mr. T. A. Trollope tells a true story of a little boy, a relative of his own:—

The child, a fine little fellow of eight years, said something of which his mother disapproved, and she proceeded to reason with him.

"I do not like to hear you speak in that manner. You mean to be funny, but you are simply rude."

The little fellow burst into tears, and said, amid his sobs:—

"There, mother, you have the secret of my life. I am always meaning to be funny, and I turn out rude."

Poor boy! He was not alone in his affliction!

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

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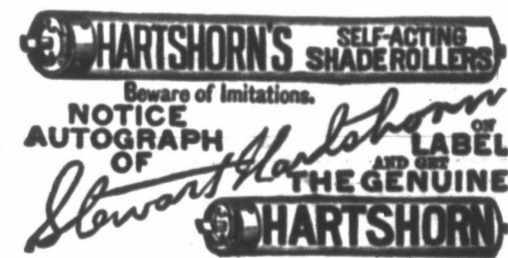
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DIVIDEND 63.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st day of June next, at the office of the Company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, June 2, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.



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