

ought to eschew tobacco in every form and have a horror for intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with the bold statement that for the things of God he has the deepest reverence.—'Royal Road.'

A Brave Cow.

'Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand combat with a grizzly bear,' said Michael Ayres, a Colorado stockman; 'but several years ago one of my cows killed one of those animals and came out of the struggles without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her firstborn, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattleshed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

'One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door I found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and it seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage.—Selected.

Saying and Knowing.

There is a great deal of difference between the two! Some boys and girls (especially boys) are 'too knowing by half,' and act as if we were to take off our hats to them as the cleverest people we have met. But, alas! 'all is not gold that glitters,' and when we examine them a little more closely we find that they are very ordinary persons after all.

But this is a very old habit, and by no means an 'up-to-date' invention. It existed, at any rate, as long ago as the first century, A.D., and probably dates much further back than that. We have a striking example of it in Rev. iii., 17—'Thou sayest I am rich . . . and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' What a remarkable position to be in! The people who were thus addressed were self-satisfied and self-deceived.

(1) Self-Satisfied.—They thought they had 'need of nothing.' I have met boys at school like this, who seemed to think there was no subject in earth or sky upon which they were not competent to offer an opinion; and if anyone ventured to differ from them, what scornful look he received—enough to shrivel him

up! Of course, self-satisfied people are tremendous talkers; they can talk 'sixteen to the dozen.' But it is like the frothy bubble of a brook whose noise only shows how shallow it is; while the deeper the stream, the more silently it flows, for 'still waters run deep.'

The wisest man that ever lived wrote this good advice—'Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few . . . a fool's voice is known by the multitude of his words' (Eccles. v., 2, 3). 'A wise man's heart is at his right hand; a fool's heart at his left' (x., 2). 'The words of a wise man are grace (margin); but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself' (12). To which our Lord added this solemn warning:—'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For thou shalt be condemned' (Matt. xii., 36, 37). Therefore 'let thy words be few!'

(2) But the Bible makes it very clear that self-satisfied people are self-deceived. 'Thou sayest . . . and knowest not.' They may deceive themselves, but they do not deceive other people. Still less can they deceive God who knoweth all. The most pitiable thing about these people in the church at Laodicea was that the facts were so widely different from their fancies. However bitter the truth may be, it is best to know it. What is more dangerous than for a man to think he is on a right road, when he is walking in the dark along one that leads to a precipice? Yet that is the sort of danger that threatens the boaster, for 'pride goeth before a fall.'

Such a person is a peril to himself and a nuisance to everybody else. No man is so wise as when he realizes how ignorant he is; and King Saul never scaled so high the mount of wisdom, or was so near to the Kingdom of God, as on the day that he said: 'Behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly' (1. Sam. xxvi., 21).

(3) All this folly arises from self, and if we want to be cured of it we must look away from self to God. What the Lord said to Laodicea was: 'I counsel thee to buy of me.' Counsel—that means advice. Now young people sometimes are wilful, and advice is the very thing they will not take kindly, although it is what they need most of all. The very reason why I strive to give you advice is because I was a boy myself the other day, and can see now a good many things that I did not see a few years ago—chiefly because I did not want to see them. But my advice might not always be right; that is why I encourage you to 'search the Scriptures,' that you may know what the counsel of God is.

Shall my appeal—and His—be in vain? 'The Christian.'

The Mission to the Streets.

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return. Before a few weeks passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said to her slowly. 'You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?'

'Oh, yes,' the girl answered quickly, 'and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing'—

'Margaret,' the old minister said, 'come here.'

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

'All up and down the streets,' the old minister said, 'in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them; they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them; many of them never opened a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

'Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. "I wanted to tell her," she said, "how much good her happy face did me; at I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me."

'Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy,—and they are more than any of us realize,—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?'

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was not a coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets.'—'Youth's Companion.'

The Best Books.

There are so many good, old books that have stood the test of ages that we do not need to spend much time in youth in sampling the doubtful books.

'But the old books, the old books, the mother loves them best;

They leave no bitter taste behind to haunt the youthful breast;

They bid us hope, they bid us fill our hearts with visions fair;

They do not paralyze the will with problems of despair.

And as they lift from sloth and sense to follow loftier pains,

And stir the blood of indolence to bubble in the veins:

Inheritors of mighty things, who own a lineage high,

We feel within us budding wings that long to reach the sky:

To rise above the commonplace, and through the cloud to soar,

And join the loftier company of grander souls of yore.

Then as she reads each magic scene, the fire-light burning low,

How flush the cheeks! how quick, how keen, the heart-beats come and go!

The mother's voice is soft and sweet, the mother's look is kind,

But she has tones that cause to beat all passions of the mind;

And Alice weeps, and Jack inspired rides forth a hero bold;

So master passions, early fired, burn on when life is cold.'—'The Spectator.'