

Junior C. E. Topic

GOD'S HOLY DAY.

- Monday, April 13.—Its Maker. Gen. ii., 3.
 Tuesday, April 14.—Its reason.—Mark ii., 27.
 Wednesday, April 15.—Its Lord. Luke vi., 5.
 Thursday, April 16.—Its commandment. Deut. v., 12.
 Friday, April 17.—How to keep it. Matt. xii., 12.
 Saturday, April 18.—How not to keep it. Neh. x., 31.
 Sunday, April 19.—Topic—How to spend the Lord's day. Ex. xx., 8-11; Luke iv., 15. 16.

The Morning Purples all the Sky.

[From the Roman Breviary, by Dr. A. R. Thompson, New York, 1867.]

The morning purples all the sky,
 The air with praises rings;
 Defeated Hell stands sullen by,
 The world exulting sings;
 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
 For Christ's great victory!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
 Fast fettered He has lain;
 But He has mastered Death, is risen,
 And Death wears now the chain.
 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
 For Christ's great victory!

That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
 And endless joy begin,
 Jesus, Deliver, set us free
 From the dread death of sin.
 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
 For Christ's great victory!

Ralph Wells's New Use of the Bible.

A meeting in the interest of Sunday-schools in the city of Washington was held not long ago, at which that veteran Sunday-school worker, Ralph Wells, was present. Though nearly eighty years old, he showed his old-time vigor by taking part in the discussion as to whether each person should bring his own Bible to the school. Mr. Wells stated that he had found a new use for the Bible. When he carried his Bible before him on the streets Sunday morning not a single newsboy asked him to buy a Sunday paper. The moment he put it behind him, where the newsboys could not see it, he was solicited by the first boy he met to buy a paper. Carry your Bibles to Sunday-school, and carry them where they can be seen.—'Morning Star.'

'Awake, thou wintry earth!
 Fling off thy sadness!
 Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
 Your ancient gladness:
 Christ is risen!

'All is fresh and new,
 Full of spring and light;
 Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
 Of sleep and night?
 Christ is risen!

This is the Easter-tide of the year; a time when nature makes preparation to burst into beauty. This, too, is a time to think of Christ and his resurrection—his triumph over the cross, and his victory over death. It is a time, also, when every Christian life should blossom into beautiful deeds of charity, of purity, and of peace.—'Forward.'



Sid's Choice

('Temperance Record.')

'Have a cigarette, Sid?'

'No, thanks, I don't smoke.'

A laugh went round the group of lads at this, and one of the number remarked facetiously:

'He's afraid it'll stunt his growth.'

At these words the merriment grew louder still, for Sid was very small for his age. He was extremely sensitive over the infirmity too, and the cruel remark sent the blood tingling to his cheeks, but before he could speak another lad interposed.

'That'll do, Walter,' said he, 'if we have any more of it you'll have me to settle with.'

The speaker was Sid's brother, and though but a year or two the elder, a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined, for Frank was tall, stout and strong, able, as he boasted, to 'lick any chap in the neighborhood.' Few of his companions cared to quarrel with him.

'I was only in fun,' returned Walter. 'Surely he can stand a joke. Seriously though, Sid, why don't you have a cigarette sometimes?'

'Because I think smoking a very silly, useless, nasty habit,' said Sid, bluntly. 'Besides, cash isn't so plentiful that I can afford to puff it away in smoke.'

'That's one for you, Frank!' said Walter, as Sid passed on.

'Oh, Sid and I often have a go in about smoking,' rejoined Walter. 'I shouldn't stand it from everybody, but one can't be hard on a poor little chap like Sid.'

Sid was not intended to hear the remark, but he did hear it, and winced under it.

'Never mind!' muttered he under his breath, 'I'll show them I'm good for something yet.'

And as they walked on he repeated to himself half unconsciously the words of Dr. Watts, which his teacher had once quoted to him:

'The mind's the standard of the man.'

Frank was apprenticed to a grocer, but Sid was only an errand boy at present. He meant, however, to be something more by-and-bye, and whilst his brother spent his leisure hours in the streets, or at some place of entertainment, Sid devoted his spare time to study. Frank's money went in drink, cigarettes, and amusements, but Sid expended his upon books, and it soon became evident that his choice was the best investment. He was unable to avail himself of any evening classes, on account of the hours at the shop, and private tuition was out of the question, but there are few obstacles and difficulties that cannot be overcome by energy and perseverance, as Sid soon showed. One night he returned home in a state of great excitement.

'Mother!' he cried, 'how should you like me to be a chemist?'

His mother shook her head. 'It's quite out of the question, my boy,' said she; 'I hope you haven't been setting your mind on that.'

'I just have then,' he returned, laughing; 'and I am going to be one, too, all being well. Mr. Erwyn says he'll take me as an apprentice if you and dad are willing.'

Mr. Erwyn was his employer.

'But he'll want a big premium, Sid, more than we can pay.'

'No, he won't, he'll take me without a premium at all.'

'Ah! Then you would have to give your time, and we couldn't afford for you to do that. Besides, Sid, I'm afraid you wouldn't be a good enough scholar; when we thought of apprenticing Frank I wanted to put him to a chemist, but your father said he would

have to know Latin, and I don't know what else.'

Sid laughed again, a glad triumphant laugh.

'Well, mother, I've been pegging away at Latin for these eighteen months, so I ought to know a little about it. Anyhow, Mr. Erwyn is willing to try me; he put me through quite an examination to-day, and he thinks I shall do all right. And you're wrong in supposing he'll want me to give my time. He's going to pay me wages just the same, not very much to start with, of course. Aren't you glad, mother? You'll see me a full-fledged chemist one of these days, and then we'll have a nice house in the suburbs, for, of course, I shall be too grand to live at my place of business. But Mr. Erwyn is going to call presently to talk it over with you and dad.'

Mr. Erwyn did call, and rejoiced the parents' hearts by his praises of their son, for Sid had won his respect even before he discovered his studious habits.

'He is so willing and obliging,' he said to the father and mother, 'and I can always trust his word. Then, too, he is a strict teetotaler, and I have never caught him with any of those trashy papers that boys are so fond of reading nowadays. I am very pleased to give such a lad a start, and I believe Sid will do us credit one of these days.'

There seems every prospect that Mr. Erwyn's prediction will be fulfilled, for the trustworthy lad has grown up into a reliable young man. His parents take great comfort and pride in him, rejoicing that they have one son upon whom they can depend. Unfortunately, Frank is anything but a comfort. The habits he contracted in his youth have grown too strong to be shaken off, and excessive drinking and smoking are working sad havoc with the splendid physique of which Frank used to be so proud.

Sid's vision of a suburban residence is not yet realized, nor perhaps ever will be, for he no longer cares for selfish grandeur, he has learned a higher lesson, and finds his pleasure in ministering to the needs of others. Sid has grown considerably of late years, though he will never be either very big or strong, but whenever he comes across an undersized or weakly boy, such as he once was, he never fails to remind him that 'the mind's the standard of the man.'

A Drunkard's Impression

(The 'League Journal'.)

Out of the grog-shop I've stepped in the street.

Road, what's the matter! you're loose on your feet;

Staggering, swaggering, reeling about.

Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.

What is it ails you? you're weak in the knees:

Some on your heads—in the gutter some sunk—

Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk!

Where on earth am I? Just look at the moon,

Shining up there like a paper balloon!

Here's a phenomenon! Look at the stars—Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus, and Mars—

Dancing quadrilles; capered, shuffled, and hopped.

Heavenly bodies, this ought to be stopped! Down come the houses, each drunk as a king—

Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing. Inside my home it was safe and all right; I'll sign the pledge when I get there to-night.

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