

**That Island—Long Ago.**

Out on the steamer "Memory,"  
And sailing down the river Time;  
Come visit that enchanted clime,  
Whose shores we used to know;  
Where we as children once did roam  
On the hills beside our father's home,  
In happy long ago.

Light and glad were our young hearts then,  
Smooth and calm that wonderful stream,  
We walked its shores in happy dream  
Of joyous days to come;  
And oft while playing in the sand  
We tried to scan the distant land,  
Whose shores we longed to roam.

Now far and wide the dear ones rove,  
Who used to love that island home;  
They left it all time's sea to roam—  
To scatter and divide.  
Some we loved have gone forever,  
Some upon that rolling river  
Still wrestle with the tide.

What thronging memories fill our hearts,  
While standing on that native shore;  
That child we loved in days of yore,  
And lost amid our tears,  
We see her footprints in the sand,  
Though they trod the heavenly land  
These many weary years.

That mother, whose unselfish love  
Our every wish in childhood blest,  
Has long since found the perfect rest,  
Across the other side;  
While we upon time's changeful sea,  
Where storms blow up so suddenly,  
Still toss upon the tide.

For on this treacherous river Time,  
No pilot ever yet hath found  
The rocks that, hidden all around,  
Would strike our bark so frail;  
But at the helm an unseen hand  
Steers where we cannot understand,  
Nor do we wish to sail.

But God is standing at the helm,  
And trusting in his mighty hand,  
Through storms he guides us to the land  
That lies beyond the sky.  
No matter what the wind may be,  
That land ahead, "Eternity,"  
Will greet us by and bye.

E. K.

**IT PAYS—A MISSION-SCHOOL STORY.**

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"WHAT'LL yer gimme ef I go there?"  
"Give you? I'll teach you how to  
be happy and good."

"Oh, I'm happy enough, an' I don't  
want ter be good. It don't pay, bein'  
good don't. There's Gabe Whistler,  
he tried bein' good, an' he stuck to it  
ever so long, but peanuts was too much  
for him, an' he giv' in; and there's  
Tim Simpson, he got a place with a  
pious chap—giv' him a old suit o'  
clothes and promised him half-a-dollar  
a-week. Tim was awful good, went to  
the boss' Sunday-school, said he liked  
it. One day the boss said: 'Tim, why  
did you tell that customer that the  
sugar was second quality?'

"Cos it was, sir."

"But you might ha' said it wasn't."

"My Sunday-school teacher said I  
musn't tell lies, sir," said Tim as pat as  
anything.

"I won't have impertinent boys in  
my service," says the pious boss, and  
turped Tim off right away, and never  
paid him no wages neither, though he'd  
been with him six weeks. So Tim

found goodness didn't pay, and he's  
giv' it up."

"The Bible says, 'Godliness is great  
gain.'"

"I never seed no Bible, but that—  
what do you call it?—some kind of  
goodness—ain't gain for us boys. It  
won't let a feller hook anything, an' it  
won't let him tell a fib, an' how else is  
he goin' to get his dinner half the  
time?"

The speakers were a district visitor  
for Jericho Mission School, and a street  
gamin of undecided age, who apparently  
feeling that he had wasted too much  
of his valuable time and attention  
already upon his interlocutor, vanished  
with little show of courtesy round the  
corner.

Three weeks had passed. Sunday  
came, bitterly cold. A driving storm  
of snow and sleet kept most people  
who were blest with such luxuries close  
by their firesides. "A thin school to-  
day," soliloquised the visitor, "at least  
at far as the teachers are concerned,"  
and he opened the door and went into  
the plain but attractive Mission build-  
ing. Within all was warm, bright,  
cheerful, and, to his glad surprise,  
every teacher was in his or her place,  
surrounded by little groups which, if  
they lacked the innocent beauty of  
ideal childhood, possessed bright, in-  
teresting faces, betokening a curiosity  
which might tax a good teacher to  
satisfy. Near the door stood a group  
of new scholars which it was his duty  
to classify, and approaching them he  
was somewhat surprised to recognise  
his street companion of three weeks  
before. "So you thought better of it,  
and came," said he pleasantly.

The boy looked confused for a  
moment, and then looking up he said,  
boldly: "I didn't come for what you  
said, but it's confounded cold in the  
street to-day. I got locked out o' the  
lodgin' house last night, and I dunno  
where to go."

"You are welcome for any reason,"  
was the answer: "let me put you into  
a class."

"I won't go unless it's with that  
pretty teacher over there," and without  
a word he was led across the room and  
given into the charge of a fair, young  
girl, who might have graced a ball-  
room, but who preferred to give to her  
Redeemer's service "the kindness of  
her youth."

Johnnie Balfour—for so he had  
given his name—was so much absorbed  
in looking at the young lady's droop-  
ing eyelashes and golden curls, and in  
studying the delicate hues of her dress  
and the thinness of her wonderful kid  
gloves, that he kept quite still for fully  
five minutes, not even listening to the  
lesson, which had already commenced,  
till he heard a boy who was reading  
stop and say,

"What's fasting, Miss Amy?"

"Going without food," said she.

"And didn't he (Jesus) have no  
dinner, nor no supper, nor no break-  
fast, for forty days? I don't see how  
he stood it! I couldn't."

The reading continued.

"Why didn't he tell the stones to be  
bread, if he could do it?" said another  
boy.

"Because it would have been  
wrong; and not to save his life, nor  
for all the world, would Jesus have done  
one thing or said one word that was  
not right."

"He was a great fool then," said  
Johnnie. "I'd like to see myself going  
forty days, or four days, or one day  
either without bread, when it was lying  
beside me. That man, teacher, must  
have been a regular spooney."

"Hush, hush," said the young  
teacher, it's the Lord Jesus Christ we  
are talking about. You musn't say  
such things about him."

"Who was he?" said Johnnie.  
"What did he go without his dinner  
for? Tell us about him."

But the superintendent's bell rung,  
and Miss Amy had only just time to  
whisper "Come again," when she was  
forced to stop.

Johnnie did not come again for a  
long, long time. The Sundays were  
pleasant, and his old pursuits alluring;  
but he never forgot the man who went  
without his dinner forty days rather  
than do wrong, and somehow the  
thought made his hand tremble so  
that he was not half so adroit in  
"hooking" apples and cakes as had  
been his wont.

At last there came a rainy, windy  
March day, when Johnnie appeared  
again before the teacher, who had  
almost forgotten him.

"I've come to hear the rest of that  
story," said he abruptly, "about the  
man who went without his dinner cos  
he wouldn't be bad."

Very lovingly the story was told: the  
wonderful old story of self-sacrifice  
and death. It was told again and  
again, for Johnnie came every Sunday  
now, and the gentle young voice made  
very plain the way by which the most  
ignorant and sinful may come to Jesus.  
One day he startled his teacher by  
saying,

"Miss Amy, would you be a Chris-  
tian if there wasn't that place—where  
—where—they sell overcoats cheap?"

"Yes," said she, answering his  
thought, and taking no notice of the  
grotesqueness of the words expressing  
it. "Yes, it pays to be a Christian  
even in this life, because the Lord  
Jesus is so good, and makes his chil-  
dren so happy."

"Well, I'd like ter be one. Do you  
think he'll listen to a feller what don't  
know nothin' 'cept to lie, and steal,  
and sich, if he's sorry? cos I'm that  
feller."

It was a boys' prayer-meeting. The  
Holy Spirit had been poured upon  
Jericho Mission, and many stood up  
to testify for Christ.

"Boys," said Johnnie Balfour, "it  
pays to be a Christian. I didn't use  
to be able to pass a store where there  
was candies or nuts or apples 'thout  
slippin' some o' them inter my pockets;  
but now I can pass by and not even think

of 'em. Jesus ain't goin' ter let me  
steal and disgrace him. You may get  
a beatin' sometimes ef yer won't tell a  
lie, but it pays not to feel inside an'  
outside, too. The Lord forgave all my  
sins, an' they was a good many, an' I  
wasn't goin' to give him the trouble of  
forgivin' any more I could help, so  
I just asked him not to let me lie  
an' steal an' swear, an' he don't. I  
had a hard time at first. Sometimes  
I didn't have nowhere ter sleep, an'  
sometimes I didn't have no dinner, nor  
supper, but I remembered Jesus, an'  
thought ef he can stand it for forty  
days I could for one, an' he never let  
me starve. Now I've got a place with  
a man what wanted a honest boy.  
Miss Amy got it fur me. I guess the  
Lord telled her to, an' he trusts me an'  
I trust Jesus, an' I'm happy now, an'  
I'm goin' to be happy in heaven. Boys,  
it pays; let's sing 'Hallelujah, Thine  
the Glory.'"

Does it not pay to spend time and  
strength in searching out the Lord's  
hidden jewels among the slums and  
offals of our cities, to place them in the  
great lapidary that one day they may  
sparkle and glow in his crown? Will  
it not pay for all toil and anxiety when  
we stand among the white angels whose  
wings we have helped to unfold?

**A LITTLE BOYS' SERMON.**

Two little boys were playing to-  
gether.

"Eddy," says Harry, "I'll be a  
minister, and preach you a sermon."

"All right," said Eddy; "I'll be the  
people."

Harry began: "My text is a short  
and easy one—'Be kind.' There are  
some texts in the Bible on purpose for  
children, and this is one of them.  
There are a great many heads to my  
sermon.

"*First.* Be kind to papa, and don't  
make a noise when he has a headache.  
I don't believe, Eddy, you know what  
a headache is; but I do. I had one  
once, and did not want to hear any one  
speak a word, and if I heard a noise  
the pain was dreadful!

"*Second.* Be kind to mamma, and  
don't let her tell you to do a thing  
more than once. Think how tired she  
must get saying, 'It is time for you to  
go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Third.* Be kind to baby, and  
lend her your red soldier when she  
wants it."

"*Fourth.* Be kind to Jane, and  
don't kick and scream when she washes  
you."

Here Eddy looked a little ashamed,  
and said, "But she pulls my hair with  
the comb."

"People musn't talk in meeting,"  
said Harry.

"*Fifth.* Be kind to kitty. Do  
what will make her purr, not what  
will make her cry."

"O Harry," cried Eddy with tears  
in his eyes, "don't preach any more;  
'cause I will always be kind now."  
*Selected.*