

A Lesson Worth Enshrining.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore—
Than this short lesson teaches:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppression,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste
No potion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light
All bodiless phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast-ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

A Brave Boy.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I LIKE to read of heroes. I like to see men who have done heroic deeds. I feel strengthened by thinking of what they have done. It acts as a tonic to one's moral nature.

Not long since I saw a hero. I was a witness of his brave deed, and I felt a warm glow at my heart a hundred times since at the thought of it. But the deed of bravery was one the papers said nothing about. They would not have considered it worth mentioning, I suppose; but I do, and I am going to write it down to help others who may be tempted as this boy was. For my hero was only a boy; but there is the making of a strong man in him.

It happened in this way: I was walking down the street and stopped in front of a saloon to talk with a friend. As we stood there two boys came along.

"Come in and have something to drink," said one of them.

"Thank you," was the reply, "but I never drink."

"Oh! temperance, are you?" said the other, that had a suspicion of a sneer in it.

"Yes," answered the boy bravely.

"I don't believe in drinking liquor."

"Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to," said his companion. "Take some lemonade."

"Not in a saloon," was the other's reply.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It won't make you drunk because they sell whiskey over the same bar, will it?"

"I don't suppose it would," was the reply. "But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronizing them."

"What a moral young fellow you are!" said his friend, with contempt in his words. "Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?"

"No, I don't expect to," was the reply. "But I intend to make a man of myself; and I never know a fellow to amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons."

"I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I?" demanded his friend angrily. "One would think from what you say that I asked you to get drunk."

"You didn't ask me to get drunk," was the reply, "but you have asked me to take the first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?"

Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and the one who had invited his friend to drink, turned to them and said:

"You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture. Go on, Bob; maybe you can convert these chaps." Then they laughed. But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face and said:

"I suppose you think I am 'soft' because I won't drink. I know you think it foolish because I refused to go into the saloon and have a glass of lemonade" (to his friend); "but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink, you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I could say against it, but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have it if I drank, for I don't believe it is right to drink whiskey. You think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking, but I think I should prove myself a coward in doing it."

Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.

"Thank you," said he, looking pleased at what I said. "I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking."

He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him.

REV. D. O. McDOWELL, of the Methodist Church of Canada, in renewing his subscription to *The Observer*, Bible Christian paper, writes: "I highly esteem your valuable paper for its faithful and able advocacy of Divine truth and religion. I am much pleased that the union measure, so nearly and happily consummated, will draw the various branches of the Methodist family more closely together. I admire, thankfully, the spirituality of your ministers and people. When I visited your Conference I saw your proceedings stamped by the same divine seal and conducted with a view to God's glory and the salvation of souls, as among ourselves. I hope that a still further baptism of the Divine Spirit will be granted to the United Church."

INSTITUTIONS.—You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them, as citizens and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of to-day.—H. W. Beecher.

A Spring Race.

It began and ended with just one boy, Christopher Black was he, Alert and handsome and straight and tall; Just the boy for a race, or a game of ball, And merry as merry could be.

Christopher Black had a cousin Chris, Christopher White was he, Lazy and freckled, round-shouldered—and short; Just the boy in "prisoner's-base" to get caught, And as happy as happy could be.

Half a mile to the south from the court-house steps, Chose the Blacks for their cottage site; Half a mile to the north was another wee house, Just a mile between, less the width of a mouse, And there lived Christopher White.

One morning in spring, young Christopher Black Set off at a break-neck speed; In two minutes he passed the squire's front gate—"What now?" said the squire;—"I say—just wait!" But Christopher did not heed.

"Been stealin' something," said old squire Ben, With a wag of his grizzly head; "Do tell!" said the man with the butcher's steaks; "Thief! Thief!" cried the boy with the baker's cakes; And away up the road they sped.

Four minutes brought Chris to the court-house green, "What's to pay?" asked lawyers three; "Who's sick?" said the doctor; "Who's killed?" said the judge; "What's a-fire!" said the candle-stick maker, Fudge; And off rushed the six to see.

Still on, like an arrow, shot Christopher Black, Nor glanced at his following throng;— Little boys, big boys, women and men, And back of them all puffed old Squire Ben, For the road was hilly and long.

At last the boy stopped; "What's up?" echoed he; "Why, it's April First," with a grin, "And I thought I would give Cousin Chris a call, And 'twas quicker to run than to walk—that's all!" And softly the door shut him in. S. C.

The London Ruffian.

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense; or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavouring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the

enquiry; and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, oh, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which was stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and enquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manners as she replied, "What do I want to know of it?" Man, I am dying! I am going to stand as a sinner before God. I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly at the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could but hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest.

On the day of her funeral, he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up her grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should like so much as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."—Selected.

A CHANGE IN AFFAIRS.—A poor boy was once put as an apprentice to a mechanic, and as he was the youngest he was obliged to go for beer for the older apprentices, though he never drank it. In vain they teased and taunted him to induce him to drink; he never touched it. Now there is a great change. Every one of those older apprentices became a drunkard while this temperance boy has become a master, and has more than a hundred men in his employ. So much for total abstinence.