

wouldn't sit at the Samaritan's table. He wouldn't allow the Samaritan to drink at his well. He wouldn't trade with him, wouldn't buy from him or sell to him. A Jew has a pretty poor opinion of a man when he won't sell him anything when he thinks he can make anything out of him. He wouldn't even allow that the Samaritan had a soul. He was the only man who couldn't become a proselyte to the Jewish faith. That was the man that came along.

HE HEARD THAT CRY.

He saw the man was not a brother Samaritan, but that he was a brother Jew. Jesus in this parable was telling the Jew who their neighbours were. They never forgot that. The idea of a Samaritan being their neighbour, but this poor Jew found out the Samaritan was the only neighbour he had. The Samaritan didn't sit on his beast and say, "Come here and I'll help you." You have to go to the people. You have to go to the poor attic, to the cellar. Lay your life right along close to theirs. Elisha sent his staff and his servants to bring the dead lad to life. But you will find you can't raise people with a ten-foot pole. Elisha couldn't raise that boy until he went himself.

The Samaritan got down from his beast and came to the man. He poured oil into his wounds. Oil's a good thing to carry with you. A good many people carry vinegar, and they use it on all occasions. They scold you and lecture you every time they get a chance. He goes to a drunkard and scolds him. That ain't what the man wants. No one condemns him half as much as he condemns himself. He wants sympathy—he wants oil poured into his wounds, not vinegar.

A good many men want something else besides torments. If he is sick get him a doctor. Suppose it costs you a little something, pay it. Spend a little money on a man if you want to reach him. Get your shoulder under the burden and help him to bear it. You will soon win him. After the Samaritan had poured in oil, and probably torn off the sleeve of his garment to bind up the wounds, he put the man on his own beast and took him away. You couldn't make that Jew believe after that but that the Samaritan was his friend. He was converted. He believed in the Samaritan. But even when he had bound up the man's wounds and taken him away he hadn't done enough for him. He took him to an inn. There are a good many people that ain't willing to help a man unless they know what inn he is to be taken to. Suppose while the Samaritan was trying to hoist the man up somebody else passed and the Samaritan said, "Come and give me a hand to get this man to an inn." "What inn are you going to take him to?"

TO THE METHODIST INN.

"Well, I won't help you." Perhaps to the Baptist inn, "Well, I won't help you." Will it help my little party or sect? Will he join us? Let us rise above these miserable sectarian walls. Get men out of the ditch. Make haste these men are perishing. I thank God these walls are crumbling. This Convention has been a good sign. Twenty years ago you couldn't have had a Convention like this. Each would have come on this platform and would have announced "I come here, but I want it understood that I am a

Baptist, but I condescend to meet this Methodist," and they would be so condescending they would kill the whole thing. The Samaritan takes the man to an inn and stayed the night with him. He probably had business in the city, but he stayed with him. That was the time he needed somebody to watch over him. How often have you seen a man reeling along the streets drunk, perhaps for the first time? If you had gone and spoken to him you might have saved him. But it's so easy to hand him over to the policeman. But get your arm in his. Care for him. That's more Christ-like. May God write the Samaritan's memorable action on our hearts, and may we go and do likewise. You may say, "I can't make myself sympathize with a man. What am I to do?" I'll tell you a good way. Put yourself in the man's place. You see a man reeling through the streets. He has had temptation from his childhood up. Perhaps if you had been placed under the same temptations you would have been worse than he.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

THE night was dark, and as the wind whistled through the trees it all seemed dreary to Ludwig, a wood-chopper's boy, for, not being able to find his path, because even the stars were all hidden behind the heavy clouds—he was lost. How desolate he felt; he could only grope his way, now getting his feet entangled in the underbrush, now stumbling over a hidden stone, tired and hungry and sad. No wonder he was sad when he remembered how his mother was impatiently waiting for his return, and no wonder that he was hungry when he thought of the good bread and cream-cheese that were to have made his supper.

I wonder what you would have done out in that black forest, all alone. Perhaps you know that his mother had taught him to carry all of his cares and troubles to God. He had not forgotten that, and, kneeling down upon the dried leaves, he told God all about it—how he had become lost, and how tired and hungry he was. Besides, he acknowledged his helplessness to get out of this great trouble, and asked his Heavenly Father to lead him home.

He arose from his knees, greatly comforted, for he knew that he was safe. God loves to help us when we throw ourselves upon his mercy, and trust ourselves to him; that is what the Bible means when it teaches us to "ask in faith, believing."

Ludwig not only asked God, but he believed that help would come. When he stood up to look about him, the trees were just as high, the night as dark, and the winds as rough, but he turned to look first one way, then another, expecting relief. You will not doubt that his heart throbbed with joy when at last he saw the twinkle of a light, a light shining out into the darkness. He knew what it was; it meant for him rest, love, and home. Keeping his eye fixed upon the light, he soon got back again to the path from which he had strayed, and ere long he stood before the candle which his anxious mother had placed in the window to guide him to safety.

Do you carry your troubles to God, and do you ask his help believing that

he can and will grant it? Above all, do you let your light, the light of your example, shine out in the midst of the sin and darkness of the world, that a lost brother or friend may be guided by it in his wanderings, and brought at last safe to the heavenly home?—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

THE farmer's wife sits beside her loom, In the fading eventide; The shadows deepen around the room, But her heart is aglow with pride, For her husband to-day has taken the prize From the lord of the manor's hands, For the tenant whose land the fairest lies, And whose home the brightest stands.

And she knows that the farmer's toil alone Could never the prize have won, Though the seed was sown, and the crops were grown, Had she had not her own share done. The little ones all are sleeping now, And never a care has she, As she watches her husband's tranquil brow, With the smile he loves to see.

The tireless hands are at rest at last, The loom for a time is still, As her mind reverts to a stormy past, That was calmed by a firm, staunch will— Her husband's will, and her love sublime, His dauntless heart and her own, Have enabled them many a hill to climb, That neither had scaled alone.

And he knows it well, for he says at length "Ah! Mary, the cares of life Are easily borne if we have the strength That comes from a faithful wife." And she blushes and smiles, as in days gone by, And she gives him the hand he won When she was a simple maiden shy, And he was a peasant's son.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

BOYS often think that to be a hero they must be like Alexander the Great, and conquer the world, or like Washington who fought the battles of his country. Every boy who stands at his post of duty in trial or danger is a hero. Here is one: Deep down in a mine in Wardley Colliery, Newcastle, England, there is a brave boy, who deserves to be called a hero. In a situation of sudden peril he used precautions which prevented a dreadful explosion, simply by behaving with courage and presence of mind.

He noticed that his lamp flared up, a sure sign of the presence of dangerous gas. Had he hastily rushed away, his light might have burst through the wire gauze which surrounds a miner's lamp, and setting fire to the gas, caused a heart-rending accident. The lad did nothing so silly. When questioned by the superintendent as to how he had found out that there was gas in the neighbourhood where he was at work, he replied, "Because my lamp flared."

"And what did you then do?" asked the gentleman.

"I took out my picker and pulled down the wick, but the lamp still flared."

"Well, my boy, how did you manage then?"

"Why, I put the lamp inside my jacket, and covered it up tight, and the lamp went out."

Of course the lamp would not burn without air. To think of the right thing to do, and then promptly do it, boys—that is what makes the difference between a common man and a hero. This little fellow, whose name is not mentioned—Mick, or Ted, or

Jack—has in him the making of a grand man, cool, resolute, and clever. Fortunately there was an overseer near him, who, when he heard from the lad about his lamp, went bravely through the gas, in total darkness, and set open a door, the closing of which had forced the gas into the mainways of the mine. All honour to them both!—*Harper's Young People.*

BE HONEST, BOYS.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

SET down and think about it, boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now. Never allow yourselves take or retain a single penny that is not rightfully your own. Take nothing without permission, or without giving something in return. Pick no berries that are not on your own side of the fence. Go into no orchards where you do not belong. Plunder no melon patches, nor gardens, nor cheat your little playmates in any trade.

God loves honest boys, and he loves honest men. He says that the man, or boy, who "is faithful in a little will also be faithful in much," and we know that none but the faithful ones will find a place in the kingdom. You stifle the voice of conscience when you allow yourselves to take what does not belong to you. You sear, or burn it as with a hot iron, so that it cannot feel; and if you keep on doing wrong, keep on being dishonest, you will, after awhile, not care at all and will become, it may be, robbers and murderers, and lose all the bright things God has promised to the good. Be honest, boys!

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

THE superintendent of a street railway leading out of New York into the country tells how a father and mother erected a memorial to their dead boy.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand, and after some hesitation, said: "I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put it away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.—*Kx.*

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your *ma* did!" was the prompt reply.