

The Sweet Old Story.

Tell me about the Master!

I am very weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in the shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.
My poor heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judah's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs he freely forgave;
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

ON THE ICE.

THERE is no more healthful or exhilarating out-of-door exercise than skating. It makes the blood tingle to the utmost extremities, and imparts the glow of health to the cheek. Ladies have learned to skate quite gracefully, although they may require a little help in learning, such as the lad in the picture is proud to render to the young lady, who seems to be his sister from the resemblance between them. It is a good thing for boys to help their sisters. It makes them manly, and courteous, and strengthens one of the most beautiful ties that can unite any human beings.

THE CHILDREN SAVE THE TOWN.

THE terrible business of war, with its cruelty and suffering, the clash of weapons and dreadful shedding of blood, is something with which little folk might well fancy they could have nothing to do. But there was one war in the olden time in which the children not only played an important part, but, through them, a great city was saved from destruction, and a long and cruel war brought to an end.

Some of you who have travelled, may be familiar with the great city of Hamburg, in Germany, and know its streets and palaces, its beautiful gardens, and the active and industrious people who dwell there. It is a very old city, and in the days long gone by it was attacked many times by its enemies, and long and bitter were the struggles of the inhabitants with the armies that sought to destroy their beautiful town. In the year 1432, it was surrounded by a great Hussite army, and the commander, Procopius the Great, had been so successful in defeating the German troops in battle, that he felt quite sure the city could only offer a feeble resistance, and that very soon he could march through its streets at the head of his victorious soldiers. For years the war had lasted, and one town after another had been taken; so Procopius formed an encampment about its walls, and sat quietly down to await the moment of surrender.

Within the city there was terrible consternation. The inhabitants saw the army drawn up in front of its gates, and knew that for a short time only could

they hope to resist the besiegers. "There is none to succour us. We and our wives and our children must perish with hunger and thirst within the walls of the city, or the men must go forth to be slain by the sword."

Suddenly some one cried: "The children! The children! Behold, they can save us."

"But what can the children do?" cried another. "They are young and tender. They cannot fight; neither can they create food, that we may not starve."

But this was not the intention of the speaker. "Let the gates be opened," he cried, "and let the children go forth. Let the elder ones take the little ones by the hand, and the tender youths the babes and the infants, and let them pass out before our conquerors. Soldiers are but men, and their hearts are often gentle. Let the children go, and their hearts will be melted; they will do them no harm, neither will they destroy us."

And so it was arranged. You can imagine how desperate their strait must have been; how they must have suffered before the fathers and mothers would try such a desperate scheme, and allow the little ones to leave their sheltering arms and pass out into the presence of the rough men whose business was to destroy and kill!

Fancy the surprise of the conquering army, as they saw the gates of the city swing open, and through those frowning portals come—not bands of soldiers carrying weapons and urging their steeds forward—but a long line of little children! On they came, in an endless procession, every one clad in white, the elder ones leading the way, and the tiny toddlers clinging to their hands, wondering what the strange scene meant, and why they were thus sent forth alone, leaving home and friends and parents behind.

But the people of Hamburg had judged rightly. The soldiers were but men, and many of them, perhaps, had left behind at home just such little ones as these. When they heard the pattering of the tiny feet, and saw the white-robed throng surrounding their tents, their hearts were indeed melted, and all disposition to fight and ravage and destroy passed away. They who had come to rob, to ruin, and to kill, only desired to take those white-robed little ones to their hearts, and to shower love and kindness upon them. What could they do for them? They looked around, and saw that the trees of the orchards round about were loaded with cherries. With one accord they threw down their weapons, and gathering great, beautiful branches, filled with the rosy, round fruit, loaded the children with them, and sent them back to their parents with a message of peace and good-will. The victory was won, so far as the safety of the city was concerned—a great, a bloodless victory, won by the children. Back they marched, and from the throats of the waiting multitude rang glad shouts of thanksgiving.

For many years, as the day came round on which this great event took place, it was celebrated, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Through the streets of Hamburg long processions passed, made up of children, each one bearing in the right hand a branch filled with cherries.

There have been wars and bloodshed in every age, wild struggles between nations, and great victories, but rarely do we read in history a more beautiful and thrilling story than that of the army of little ones who saved Hamburg.—*Harpur's Young People.*

We must always speak of the things of God reverently and seriously, and as becomes the oracles of God.

IT HURTS EVERYWHERE.

MATTIE DYER BRITTE.

"I wish the whole liquor business was done away with!" said a young man sitting in a friend's office, one day.

"Don't drink, do you, Will?" asked the friend.

"No, sir, never. I have never taken a glass of whiskey in my whole life," was the prompt answer.

"Then I don't see that it has hurt you much. It's a bad business, to be sure. But let it alone, and it won't hurt you."

"I don't agree with you," said Will, quietly.

"Don't?" inquired the friend, lightly.

"No, sir. It has hurt me already. I wouldn't be in your office to day if it hadn't."

"Explain yourself, Will,"

"I am out of a place. I worked in Allison's factory, you know."

"True. And it was burned down last night."

"Yes, sir. Our engineer had been on a spree lately. He did not know what he was about half the time. Last night, while he was drunk, he laid his pipe down on a pile of very dry lumber, went off and forgot it. A spark from it started the fire. This morning there is no factory, and about thirty hands—myself among the number—are thrown out of employment for the winter. Didn't it hurt me?"

"Well, yes, Will, I admit that it did."

"Mr. Allison is almost ruined, the men out of work with families to support, trade hurt by the loss of their custom in the village, and I don't know that the trouble even ends there; all because one man took a drink of whiskey!"

"I see! I see!" said the old gentleman. "It hurts everywhere, as far as it reaches, farther than any one would dream. Down with it all, I say!"

And "down with it all!" we heartily repeat. "Down with the liquor traffic everywhere and every way! It blights and destroys more homes than any other agency. It ruins many a man for time and eternity. Down with it all!"

THE FOUR TRUTHS.

THERE was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree.

Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hands upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."