

**Moral:** The big black devil of sin, the common enemy of all, is in sight. Let the leaders of our people cease to push and gore each other, and make common cause against the powers of darkness. Let it not be said that the bond of cohesion among the followers of Christ is weaker than that which holds a herd of Spanish cattle together.—*Christian Advocate*.

SOMEWHERE we have read of an Irishman who said: "We have no need of the sun; it is light enough in the daytime. The moon is all right; it shines at night." The moralist says: "We have no need of Christianity. Morality is all right; it shines in dark places," forgetting that as the moon borrows its light from the sun, so morality borrows its light from Christianity. Without the sun there would be no moon; so without Christianity there is no morality worthy of the name.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

"Who'll rent my house?" the bluebird cried, "It's snugly finished and warm inside. I'm going South for a few Winter weeks, But the sparrow's my agent, if anyone seeks."

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

### KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

A FARMER was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of horsemen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his boys to the field telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. Thus the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result, the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate.

After a while one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones. "My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not

accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honour, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut and not allow any one to pass, but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honour the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world."

And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do, I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his Master's command is: "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke, or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements. And when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool that hath "said in his heart there is no God."—*Selected*.

### A GOOD HEART

A WAIF of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner yesterday, with the air of a starveling, says the *Detroit Free Press*, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him ravenously. "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went off one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

### IF AND PERHAPS.

If everyone were wise and sweet,  
And everyone were jolly;  
If every heart with gladness beat,  
And none were melancholy;  
If none should grumble or complain,  
And nobody should labour  
In evil work, but each were fain  
To love and help his neighbour—  
O, what a happy world 'twould be  
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try  
That glorious time to hurry  
If you and I—just you and I—  
Should laugh instead of worry;  
If we would grow—just you and I—  
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—  
Pe-haps, in some near by-and-by  
That good time might get started,  
Then what a happy world 'twould be  
For you and me—for you and me!

—*Harper's Young People*.

### TALKS TO MY GIRLS—HOME LIFE.

You know, girls, that, after all, home is the place that commands, or ought to command, our first and best thought. We shall be outside in the world, in the school, and in social life, pretty much what we are in our homes. And as the girl grows up and adjusts herself to the home duties and the amenities of the family circle, she will get into a similar attitude in regard to outside responsibilities and social customs. Let me see a girl one half-day in the centre of her home, and I can tell you pretty nearly what sort of a woman she will make when she graduates from that home. Any of us, not especially gifted in character-reading, could do it. It does not take long to decide—does it?—as to mental and moral qualities when there is not attempt to veil them.

Home is popularly supposed to be a sort of dry-dock, as it were, where the family craft, from the big schooner that toils with the heavy waves in the midst of life's sea to the tiny boatlet sailed by a childish hand, can put in for repairs. When sickness comes, with its train of ills following, then mother's nursing and father's energy in accomplishing extra work to earn money to pay the doctor's bill are beautiful indeed, and are worthy of the highest appreciation. And home