

TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

We are toiling through the darkness, but
our eyes behold the light
That is mounting up the eastern sky, and
beating back the night;
Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when
our Lord will come in might,
For Truth is marching on.

He will come in glorious majesty to sweep
away all wrong,
He will heal the broken-hearted, and will
make His people strong;
He will teach our souls His righteousness,
our hearts a glad new song,
For Truth is marching on.

He is calling on His people to be faithful,
prompt, and brave,
To uplift again the fallen, and to help from
sin to save;
To devote themselves for others, as Himself
for them He gave,
For Truth is marching on.

Let us fight against the evil with our faces
toward the light,
God is looking through the darkness, and He
watches o'er the fight;
And His joy will be our recompense, His
triumph crown the right,
For Truth is marching on.

IN HIS SIGHT.

Mrs. M. E. BRADLEY.

LITTLE Mabel French was walking home from school, one day, with her books and slate hanging from her arm by a leather strap. She looked smiling and happy, as if her thoughts were pleasant, as indeed they were. She had been head girl in her class that week, had not missed a single lesson, or been tardy, or had a fault mark for misconduct. When her teacher hung the pretty silver medal, with "Excellence" on it, around her neck, she said, kindly:

"I am very glad to give you this medal; for you have deserved it. You have set a good example to all the class this week."

So Mabel was hurrying home, very proud and happy, to show her medal to her mother, and repeat the teacher's praises. And her mind being so occupied, she did not pay much attention to what was in her way in the street. The consequence was, that little Ned Fuller, who was chasing a barrel hoop up the street as Mabel walked down, ran into her unawares. And then "there was a circus," as Ned would have said; for Mabel tripped over the hoop and fell sprawling on the sidewalk; and Ned, in all his rage, tumbled above her, while her slate and books were scattered in wild confusion. Ned being a boy who was used to rough tumbles, picked himself up with a laugh.

"Beg your parding, missis," he said merrily, offering his hand to help her rise. "Was it me that spilt you, or you that spilt me? We come together so sudding, I'm blest if I know."

"It was you that did it, you nasty beggar!" screamed Mabel in a fury, striking his hand away from her. "You did it on purpose too; and I'll tell my father to have you locked up in jail. Let my things alone!"—as Ned, in spite of her hard words, got on his knees to gather up her books and slate. "Don't you dare to touch them with your black hands!"

Poor Ned looked up in wonder at the angry face and the bitter words; and the book that he had taken up dropped out of his hands. At which Mabel was more furious than before.

"You wicked, wicked boy!" she screamed, stamping her foot with rage.

"You've dropped it in the mud again. Take that now! and that! and that!"—and with every word came a blow from her double fists; while the red, scowling face looked so ugly that no one would have guessed it belonged to the smiling little girl who had just won the silver medal for "excellence."

"I didn't mean no harm, miss," said poor Ned, humbly, as he shrank away from the blows, and still more from the cruel words. "I'll wipe the mud off on my shirt, if you'll let me."

But Mabel only ordered him fiercely to get out of her sight; and the poor ragged boy, whose bare knees were more hurt by the fall than Mabel's, jumped off sorrowfully; while the little girl, full of anger and self-importance, hurried home to make her complaint of "that nasty, rude beggar boy." But which one, do you think, was rude and naughty in his sight who looks at the hearts of children, and not their clothes? I think our Heavenly Father would have given the medal for excellence to poor little Ned, who followed his Saviour's example, and "when he was reviled, reviled not again," rather than to little Miss Mabel, in all her finery. What do you think?

LITTLE MARY AND HER FATHER.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, a little girl led a rough, unlettered man—her father—to the Sunday-school. He was nearly forty years of age, ignorant, rough in appearance and rude in speech. He hated the church, he despised the Sunday-schools; but, when little Mary took him by the hand, he could not resist. Some one spoke kindly to him after the school was over. He was led first to believe in Christian friendship, then in Christ Himself. Once in Christ, old things passed away, all things were new. His personal habits were changed. He began to learn to read; he wanted to read the Bible; then he began to exhort; and so came to be a Sunday-school evangelist. That ignorant man became the greatest Sunday-school missionary the Christian Church has ever yet known.

Father Paxton loved children almost as he loved his Saviour. He founded about fifteen hundred Sunday-schools—more than any one man ever established before. What a great, ceaseless orator he was! Brimful of good humour, hearty, earnest, tireless in his zeal, he carried sunshine wherever he went. Through his own personal effort nearly seventy thousand children were gathered into Sunday-schools. So it appears that when little Mary, now a woman grown, was leading her father up to the Sunday-school that Sabbath morning, she was leading a train of multiplied thousands up the shining way that leads to God.

A hundred churches grew out of these schools; churches of various denominations, for Father Paxton joined hands with all who love our Lord, and his heart knew nothing of sectarian jealousies. His theology was learned direct from the Bible, from a careful study of God's Word, from communion with the Most High, and from looking into the face of his Master in the silent watches. Need we add that such a man was orthodox? All such men preach a common, simple faith. How wonderfully he grew in sweetness and in Christian grace! How heartily he united all

Christians with him! He lifted every one to a higher plane. He was genial and cheerful and full of that good humour that makes the heart merry and is followed by no sadness or regret.

USING AN OPPORTUNITY.

"MARSDEN, how is it that of late you bring such exact translations? You have woke up wonderfully in your Latin! Is it all square?"

"All square, sir—it is all my own doing."

"I am glad of it, my boy! You are progressing."

This was the master at a large school, looking over the Latin translation of John Marsden, erstwhile not a promising scholar.

When Marsden got out of school, he told one of his boon companions: "I got over the doctor fine to-day. All my Latin was good, because I've a key to the translations, which I took out of our second master's private room when I was sent there for his knife, the other day. I call it using an opportunity." "So do I," said his friend; "one of the devil's very best, too."

It is a court of justice, and men are talking with bated breath of the colossal forgeries committed by one John Marsden, a bank manager. He is being tried, and all wait in breathless fear for the verdict. The jury come into court, give the result of many days' patient trial—the prisoner is found "guilty," and sentence is passed upon him—a life-long servitude in prison!

"Ah!" sighs some one outside the court, as the verdict becomes known, "it began by copying some off a school-fellow's slate, and stealing a Latin Key to do his translations. He called it 'using an opportunity,' and see how it has ended—in forgery and disgrace!"

Boys, young men, beware of the first downward step! Sin is easy at first, but at last "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." You are, largely, what you make yourself. While sin is under your feet, you are its master; but when you have allowed it "just this once" to assert itself, it has begun to master you, and will not stay until it has accomplished your utter ruin and death. Let the resolve of each one of us be, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

SILENCED.

HE is a wise man who knows when to refrain from answering a fool, and when to answer him according to his folly. There was a discreet old deacon who possessed this gift. In the same village with the deacon there lived a blacksmith who delighted in retailing slanderous reports about professed Christians. It was his habit, when a religious man came into his smithy, to call out to his workman: "I say, Tom, have you heard that story about Brother B.? They do say the old fellow has had a pretty bad fall from grace."

Then the blacksmith would tell some wicked scandal about a Church-member, usually ending with the exclamation, "That's one of these fine Christians we hear so much about!"

One day the old deacon called at the shop. The blacksmith, as usual, began to retail the misdeeds of some

member of the Church, chuckling as he talked.

"Mr. A.," interrupted the deacon, after listening for a few minutes, "did you ever read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus?"

"Yes, sir, many a time, but what of it?"

"Well, you remember what it says about the dogs, don't you.—how they came and licked Lazarus's sores? Now, do you know that you remind me of those dogs!—you're so fond of licking the sores of Christians."

The blacksmith was so annoyed by the jokes of the loungers in his shop about "dogs who lick sores," that he seldom after that indulged in slanderous reports about religious people.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron, but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken, then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I know you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and then the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked a soft small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently around the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love. —Exchange.

GIVE YOURSELF.

SAID a mother to me one day, "When my children were young, I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, and to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to rest, plenty of time now to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time now to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself."

A little boy watched a bee crawling on his hand till it stopped and stung him, when he said, "I didn't mind it walking about, but when it sat down it hurt awful, so it did!"