

The King's Daughters.

"Whose child are you?" a stranger asked
Of a little girl by the way.
"My papa and mamma are dead," she said,
"And have been many a day;
But if you'll hear the song I sing,
You'll see that I'm the child of a King!"

"'Tis strange, my little one," he said,
"How can your story be?
But sing your song and I will hear
Your line of royalty."

And then she sang, with trembling voice,
And accents sweetly mild,
Of him who says to the orphaned one:
"I'll be your Father, child;
Henceforth let those who trust in me
The children of the Highest be!"

And in her song were sweetly blent
Both confidence and love,
Which made you think less of her
And more of the King above;
And the stranger said: "'Tis as you sing:
You are the daughter of a King."

Then child and stranger went their ways,
And months run into years;
The lass grew into womanhood
Of common toil and cares.

No lordly mansion calls her "queen";
No knights in homage bowed;
No tongue of flame proclaimed her deeds;
Before the wondering crowd.

But as she went her quiet round
Of duties, one by one,
Each day some weary heart thanked God
For what her hands had done;
She helped the poor, the blind, the lame,
And gave the cup of water "in his name."

The children loved her as a friend,
And sometimes crowned her "queen";
The sick and poor rejoiced where'er
Her gentle face was seen;
And some spoke out, with honest tongue:
"She is a daughter of a King."

One day 'twas whispered she was dead;
And then from far and near
Came tokens from the hearts she'd helped,
To deck her humble bier.
No royal catafalque e'er bore
Of gifts of love a richer store.

The flowers are blooming on her grave,
And have been many a year.
And some of those who planted them
Are with her "over there";
They see that, as she used to sing,
She is "the daughter of the King."

DIVIDING OUR TIME.

MANY a young convert is troubled over this question: "How much time must I give to religion, and how much may I use for the world?" He would, with his present feelings, give all his waking hours to God, but he has duties and necessities that compel him to spend many hours every day in work or business, and he seems to himself thus robbing God.

Now the question he asks, nobody can answer except by saying, "Give God all your time." And it seems to him, when his friends tell him that, that they are mocking him; and when the Scriptures tell him the same, that is a riddle he cannot solve.

Let us have a Socratic conversation upon this matter.

"Does God appoint us any work—actual bodily labour—to do?"

"Yes."

"Then, is there any sin in doing what God appoints?"

"No."

"Then we have reached the conclusion that all

labour is not sin. Is God always present with his children?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you are a child of God, will God be always present with you?"

"Yes."

"In your hours of labour, as well as in your hours of worship?"

"It must be."

"And is he not always pleased when we do what he commands us?"

"Yes."

"Then, when we are enjoined always to have the Lord with us, and when God promises to be always with us, must it not follow that we do not need to divide our time between God and the world, but have God with us all the time? If we can make him, as it were, the senior partner in our business, or the overseer of our labour, shall we not feel that we must do honest business, and do reliable work? Then we need not, and must not, toil so as to unfit ourselves for converse with him who goes with us to our daily duties, and is greatly interested in our worldly affairs."

Thus, if we set rightly about it, we do not need to divide our time: we can give it all to God.—*Sol.*

"KEEP OFF THE DOWN GRADE."

PROPRIETY and impropriety stand diametrically opposed the one to the other, to one of the twain all thought and its outcome action tends. We may, therefore, judge of the propriety or impropriety of the indulgence in tobacco, alcoholic drinks, dancing, card playing, theatre going, etc.

The use of tobacco, especially in the young, exercises a disturbing, weakening influence. To whatever heights of excellence any one may attain, it will never be as high as it would have been without its use. The tendency of the continued use of tobacco is to enslave and weaken the will; self-control is frequently lost thereby, so that it becomes impossible to resist the temptation to indulgence if it is within reach, the craving therefore being painful to endure.

The smoker carries with him a consciousness that the habit renders him offensive, as revealed by the efforts made to sweeten his breath, to get out into the pure air, to freshen his clothes, and purge away his offensiveness. Railway companies build smoking cars to abate the nuisance and street railway relegate the smokers to the back seats, or prohibit smoking because of its offensiveness, and even taverns provide smoking rooms to give the house an air of decency. Self-respect is lessened; no one but a smoker will entertain the same esteem for a man after he has discovered him to be the victim of the smoking or chewing habit. What respect is it possible to have for any one, man, woman, boy or girl whose clothes, as they approach or pass you, exhale the stale, offensive fumes of tobacco; what right has any one who has rendered himself as offensive to enter any place of public accommodation? If any one was to sprinkle himself with benzine or carbolic acid and then enter a street or railway car or public hall the cry would go forth, "Put him out! Put him out! The tobacco user should receive a like ovation, because he has wilfully rendered himself offensive and revealed no respect or consideration for the feelings of others. With much greater force do the preceding words apply to the use of alcoholic liquors. Wrecks! Wrecks! On! On! reeling along with accelerating speed, down, down, the down grade to the final plunge. Began in moderation, with the positive determination never to exceed that limit, and now hell opens wide its ponderous jaws to receive the victims. Yet men, women, boys and girls

thoughtlessly step on to the toboggan, alcohol, at the start; but wait a little, the smash will come and who will be the victims?

The tendency of dancing is never towards increased morality, but, on the contrary, towards decreased morality. The whole history of the dance between the sexes reveals that tendency downwards, not upwards. In like manner the tendency of card playing is not towards honesty and upright character; no one would ever recommend card playing to develop honesty and upright character. "It won't work that way." Theatre going is most usually among the first steps of a downward course; no one ever ascends in the scale of morality by witnessing a play, a scene or recitation of even a latent immoral character. When the minds or passions absorb they impart to the surroundings. "Plays" are usually more or less impregnated with vice, and gather together the worst of the earth. True, others may go there, and it tends to increase the evil, by giving it an air of respectability, enticing, inviting by their presence those who would shrink from the unmodest area of the place.

The common expression is "tobacco," "drinking cards," "dancing," and "theatres," wreck a man mighty quick.

What would you think of a man or woman who, if asked by any one, "What must I do to attain the highest degree of morality?" (and no one should stop short of that) who would answer, "Smoke, chew, drink a few glasses of wine, beer, brandy, a little whiskey, turn about, take a hand at cards, attend 'theatres,' 'balls,' 'dancing parties,' etc., that will lead you out into and maintain you in the highest state of morality. Would any right-minded person tell any one who desired to retrace his steps from a downward path, to pursue the course indicated? If not, why not? Would it not be like pouring oil on the fire of their inflamed appetites and passions? Would it not plunge them deeper and deeper into the mire and misery of mental and physical corruption?

There is startling impropriety in all these things because the tendency of them is downward and never upward.—*The Northerner.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

LYING is supposed to be counted a virtue rather than a vice by Orientals; and exaggeration of language is a characteristic of all their conversation. But the ancient records of the East would show that this was not always so. An Egyptian tablet, that dates back to some four thousand years ago, even prior to the days of Abraham, gives departed worthy's record of his claims to acquaintance with the powers of the heavenly world. Among those things that he affirms to his credit is this:

"I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth."

"I have perceived the advantage to conform to this practice upon the earth from the first action of my life) even to the tomb.

"My sure defence shall be to speak it (the truth) in the day when

"I reach the divine judges, the skilful interpreters, discoverers of all actions, the chastisers of sins."

And again he declares for himself:

"My mouth has always been opened to speak true things, not to foment quarrels. I have repeated what I have heard just as it was told to me."

That is a good record for an ancient Oriental. It would be a good record for a nineteenth-century Christian.