

mise you that we shall destroy our enemies." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge. Instead of this, however, they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried one of the mandarins, "is this the way in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even showed special favour to some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies. This I have done. For see, they are enemies no longer; I have made them my friends."

How well might Christian people learn to imitate so noble an example, and learn to "overcome evil with good."—From "*Best Things*," by Dr. Newton.

THE PRAYING SISTER.

TO prove to my young friends that the Lord heareth prayer, I will tell them of something that happened to a little girl in whose heart He had for some time shed abroad His peace. It would have made you happy to look into her face when she was kneeling in her little room in prayer to God, and pouring out her young soul in simple language to the Friend of children in heaven. She had a brother, but he was in every way the reverse of herself; and although seventeen years of age, he allowed his evil nature, which showed itself in bad language, selfishness, and various sinful practices, to have unchecked dominion over him. The little sister had much to endure from her brother, for not only did he tease her in play, as brothers so often do, but he mocked and ridiculed her whenever he could find an opportunity, on account of her religion. It may well be imagined what a sorrow this was to their parents, but though they admonished and reproved their son, there was no change in him for the better.

One morning, just after he was up, he went, in a very bad humour, past the door of his sister's room. Urged by the mischievous intention of startling the poor girl by uttering a loud cry when she did not know any one to be near her, he softly approached the bedside, when, just at the moment when he was about to call out, he was startled by hearing her utter his own name. Full of curiosity, he listened, but instead of hearing her say anything against him in her prayer, he found she was imploring God to forgive her brother his sins, his bad words, and his mockery of everything good, and not only to pardon, but to bestow upon him a new heart. After telling God how dearly she loved her brother, in spite of the dislike she was afraid he felt for her, she concluded her prayer by saying, "Dear Lord Jesus, convert him."

The youth heard these words. In a moment the wish to tease his sister and interrupt her in her prayers disappeared. A voice in his heart told him that she was much better than himself, and that during all his life he had been adding sin to sin. A power he was unable to resist caused him to approach the praying girl, and without her being aware, he knelt down beside her, and joined his own sighs for grace with the petitions his pious sister was putting up for him. While tears of sincere repentance ran down his cheeks. When she had ceased praying, and was rising from her knees, great was her astonishment to see her brother. He, on his part, fell upon her neck, and exclaimed, in a voice of deep feeling,

"Dear sister, may God have mercy, and hear your prayer, for I have been a great sinner."

From that hour forward a marked change took place in the character of that young man. One could see how painful the memory of his former life had become to him. Instead of constantly making fun of his sister, he liked her to guide and advise him, for through the light bestowed by God's Spirit, he had learned to know his sins, and had turned to Him who came into the world to save sinners.

JANET.

A gentleman at Bristol writes: "For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights, but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience, and therefore can confidently recommend it to all who suffer from toothache."—Sold by all chemists, 1s. 1½d.

OUR FIVE-POUND PRIZE.

This is a prize of £5, offered by Mr. F. E. Longley, of London, to the readers of this and several other periodicals for the best letters, written by our young readers, on six Biblical subjects, one of which will be given monthly. The name and address of the winner will be printed in the paper. The following instructions must be strictly adhered to, or the answers will not be reckoned. Our young readers are invited this month to write a short account of

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Cut out the moneogram in the right-hand bottom corner of the opposite page, and paste it on the top of your letter each month. This is to prove that you are a regular reader of the paper.
2. Write on one side of the paper only.
3. Put your name and address at the end of the paper.
4. Competitors must be under fifteen years of age.
5. Address the envelope to "Mr. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane London," and mark in the left-hand corner the word "Prize."
6. Answers must reach Mr. Longley not later than the 16th of the month.
7. The prize will be awarded to the reader who sends the best answers to the six questions, taking into consideration style, writing, and accuracy.
8. The gainer of the prize will be expected to prove that the letters have been written entirely unaided.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

* I shall be greatly obliged if authors and publishers, sending books for notice, will mark on them the published price. This will be of assistance to me in estimating the relative value of a book, and at the same time considerably help publisher and reader.

Wendrons Lane. Fifteen Addresses, by D. L. Moody. (London: Hawkins, 1s.) Another collection of Mr. Moody's sermons, printed from shorthand notes. Well printed, compact, and comprehensive (containing 288 pages), it deserves, and will doubtless have, a wide circulation.

Thoughts for Heart and Life. By Dr. Cuyler. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) A reprint in one volume of three smaller books. Dr. Cuyler needs no introduction, and I think no better thing can be said than that this book is worthy of him— terse, compact, logical, and thoroughly interesting. These thoughts should be read by every one.

An Old Story. By S. C. Hall. (London: Virtue, 3s.) Mr. Hall is so well known as a veteran in the temperance cause that it would be superfluous for me to say anything on that point. The book named above is but another testimony to his unceasing efforts in the work he has so fully at heart. From his position as *Editor of the Art Journal*, he has been enabled to call to his aid the pencils of some of the most celebrated artists of the present day. Such a grand collection of pictures has perhaps never before been seen; in fact, as Mr. Hall himself says, "Money would not have tempted them." Add to this a thrilling story in verse, in the author's inimitable style, and I think we have presented a *chef d'œuvre* of art and song that could not be surpassed. I trust that all who are interested (and who is not?) in the spread of temperance principles will encourage this noble enterprise, by buying for three shillings what is thoroughly worth a guinea, and, where practicable, purchasing a spare copy or two for their friends.

Rev. P. B. Power's Tracts. Mr. Power seems to have an inexhaustible talent for writing tracts, and, what is more, he never fails to interest and, as it were, "buttonhole" his reader. You know that somewhere or other a moral, so generally shunned, is sure to come, and yet, so taking is the thread of quiet (but none the less enjoyable) humour running through all his writings, that you cannot resist reading them to the end. Mr. Power's latest productions are no exception to the rule. *The Cross everywhere and nowhere*, *Footsiter has best on't*, and *Suppose it Happened Yesterday*, at one penny each, with an illustration, are exceedingly good and cheap. The New Year's tract, *The Teacher and the Taught* (Hamilton, 2d.) is, as the author hopes it will prove, "one of practical usefulness for daily life, and I can give it most hearty commendation."

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to everyone, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their pleasure and sweetness, as orchards, in October days, fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing it is so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy, to fill the atmosphere where they must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.