

attitudes, they pretend moral indifference when their best self protests against it all.

Your friend deserves, because he is your friend, the best you have to give. Only thus can you be to him a help and inspiration.—'Epworth Herald.'

Second Sight.

(The Rev. James Learmont, in the 'Examiner' English.)

'And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'—II. Kings vi., 17.

There is a little weed that grows in English fields, having a pretty flower; we call it commonly 'eye-bright.' At one time it was believed by most people that if you rubbed the juice of this plant upon the eyes, you became able to see fairies and the wonders of the other world. Milton made use of this idea in describing the purging of Adam's eyes from sin, that he might behold the 'nobler sights' of future days.

What is just imagination and fable about the euphrasy or 'eye-bright,' is true of the Word of God. It opens to us all we need to know about this world and the world unseen. From the first page to the last we read of the angels, their immense number, and their wonderful works. They are revealed to us as the helpers of God. This ought to give us confidence, and the young folks ought specially to be delighted to know about the angels. There is a special word for you. You have your own angels who watch over you and try to help and guide you day by day. Christ said: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' I sometimes wonder whether the little children are not these angels themselves, for 'heaven lies about us in our infancy.' What a sweet thought that is for you, boys and girls, and what a fine thing if you would always remain as the angels beholding God's face! You could do that if you made up your minds to love God and never give way to sin.

You remember that we are taught to pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' So that you see it is possible to live the angel life, or Christ would not have taught us to say that prayer.

I often think of many of the men and women I know as dead angels. They once looked into the face of God, so pure were they, as little children, but they forgot to do God's will, went their own way, and so they lost the vision. If you

'... want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon your forehead,
A harp within your hand,'

you must keep close to God all your days. It is sin that shuts out God's face and God's smile. But when we keep close to God we always have his smile.

And the beauty of living like that is here: Others see God's smile reflected in you. And when they see it, it is so good, so sweet, and so beautiful, that they cannot help liking it. Let me show you what I mean by living the angel life.

In an elegant first-class carriage on an American train sat a weary, tired, poorly-dressed woman with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of thankfulness crept over her face as she sat down in one of the luxur-

ious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was rudely told to 'start her boots'—this being the American way of telling her to get out of that. An amused smile was visible on many faces in the car as the frightened group hurried away to one of the third-class carriages. Upon one young boy's face, however, there was a look that shamed the others. 'Auntie,' said the boy to the lady beside him, 'I am going to carry my basket of fruit and the box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next carriage. You don't mind, do you?'

'Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor.'

'No, I'll not need them,' he answered in low but decided tones. 'I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry Auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, Auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to poor people like these when I met them.'

The aunt, who was a worldly woman, wiped the tears from her face when the boy was gone, and said, 'He's just like his dear mother.'

A few minutes after, the aunt, passing through the cars, saw the mother and her children looking so happy. Such a dainty feast, such delicate sandwiches, they had, perhaps, never seen before. The fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth full, said, 'Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?'

'No,' answered the mother, with a grateful heart, 'but he is doing an angel's work, bless his heart!'

I often wonder, when I read stories like that, how much the angels had to do with the inspiration that led to the beautiful deed, and I sometimes think they have much to do with it, more than we think.

Would you not like to live the angel life, boys and girls?—the life of kindness and of goodwill. Begin to live it now. Take Jesus for your Saviour, God for your Father, and the Holy Spirit for your Guide. These good angels you are always sure of. Turn up the Concordance and read all the passages where the angels are mentioned. Get to know all about the good angels and their work, and you will find that the one thing the good angels do always is—God's will. May you learn to do that also.

'Every little kindness,
Every deed of love,
Every little action
Prompted from above;
E'en a cup of water,
In God's great name given,
Are like angel footprints
Leading up to Heaven.'
'Every little sacrifice
Made for other's weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal;
E'en a word of kindness
To misfortune given,
Are like angel footprints
Leading up to Heaven.'

The Capture of a Monkey.

Ringtail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, says a writer on the traffic in wild beasts, are caught in an interesting way. A coconut is split in two, and a banana with a piece of wood running through is placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut just large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and

smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the 'coconut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured pawing wildly at the tree trunk.—'Frank Leslie's.'

A Dog With a Wooden Leg.

I once knew a little woolly poodle in the Philippines which was a regimental mascot. During a fight near Cavite its left hind leg was shot off, and the little fellow was carried as tenderly to the rear as if he had been a human comrade. The surgeon dressed the stump. The dog was nursed by the surgeon's wife, and eventually recovered.

Being unfit for further campaigning it then became her pet. She had made for it an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump, with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it as readily as if it were an actual leg, even scratching fleas with it. One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in his hair and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity, when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally, he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off, then took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress to have it put on again.—'Canadian Churchman.'

No Longer Living.

Dr. W. E. Barton, while on a trip to the Orient, told this amusing story of the search for the house of Columbus in Madeira by a party of American tourists:

Americans arriving in Madeira are interested in finding the house where Christopher Columbus lived. The house is no longer standing, but the site is marked. It is seldom inquired for, however, and thereby hangs a tale.

A party of ladies undertook to find the home of Columbus, and their guide assured them that he could take them to the place. He soon showed such ignorance, however, that they discarded him and took another guide, who vowed by all the saints held in reverence in Madeira that he knew the way. Up one narrow street and down another he led them, gathering other natives as he went, shouting for information here and there in Portuguese, and handing it down to his followers in broken English. He stopped at several corners and changed his plan as others gave him information, and each native told him the way; so the crowd grew. At last he stopped with an impressive gesture and, commanding all to wait, disappeared into an ancient-looking house. He was gone a long time, and they wondered what had happened, and began to think of finding their way back without him. But at last he appeared, disappointed and visibly sad. He had sorrowful news to break, and he prepared to do it gently. They had hard work to get him to impart his information. But at last, gathering himself together and striking a tragic attitude, he exclaimed:

'Christopher Colombo no live here. He dead.'—'Classmate.'

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