

rid of them was the question which I revolved in my mind again and again. I saw no possible way, unless it should please God to remove me to another college. He did so in a manner utterly contrary to all human probability. I was elected fellow of a college where I knew not one person. I foresaw that abundance of people would come to see me, either out of friendship, civility, or curiosity, and that I should have offers of acquaintance now and old; but I had now fixed my plan.

Entering now, as it were, into a new world, I resolved to have no acquaintance by chance, but by choice, and to choose such only as I had reason to believe would help me on my way to heaven. In consequence of this, I narrowly observed the temper and behaviour of all that visited me. I saw no reason to think that the greater part of these truly loved or feared God. Such acquaintance, therefore, I did not choose: I could not expect they could do me any good. Therefore, when any of these came, I behaved as courteously as I could; but to the question, "When will you come to see me?" I returned no answer. When they had come a few times and found I still declined returning the visit, I saw them no more. "And I bless God," he adds, "this has been my invariable rule for about threescore years. I knew many reflections would follow; but that did not move me, as I know full well it was my calling to go through evil report and good report."

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

WESLEY became, like his father, a clergyman of the Church of England; and one very touching story is told of him, which is illustrated in the engraving on the page. Returning on a visit to his native place, after his father's death, he was very desirous to preach to his old neighbours. But the man who had succeeded his father was one of a very different character; he was a miserable man of dissolute habits, who bitterly assailed Mr. Wesley, and refused to let him preach in the parish church. Wesley resolved, therefore, to preach in the church-yard, and, taking his stand on the broad, low slab which covered his father's grave, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him. A deep religious interest was awakened, and for a week from this strange pulpit he preached every day. His voice at times was drowned by the cries of the penitents, and the quiet old churchyard became the scene where many sinners found peace with God.

We shall have further stories to tell of this remarkable man, who was the author, under God, of one of the greatest religious movements the world has ever seen.

WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their

choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.



THE BELL-RINGER.

WHEN I preached from Sunday to Sunday in a little school-house in Rhode Island, little Mary was one of my most encouraging hearers. Her mother was a Christian, but her father—though often expressing the hope that he might become a Christian some day—never to my knowledge settled this most important of all matters. The village in which this family lived was small, and had no church. The use of the school-house had been granted to a young man who conducted Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. At his request I taught a class in the afternoon, preaching in the evening, for several months together. Mary's father was the voluntary sexton—lighted our lamps, and rung the bell. He was usually prompt in the fulfilment of his self-imposed duties; but one Sunday he was absent. He had made no provision for ringing the bell; and unless it was rung the people would suppose there was to be no church service. My friend and I, however, started for the school-house at the usual time, and while on our way were not a little amused to hear the bell ringing in a very irregular manner. On reaching the school-house we discovered little Mary, then only eight years old, ringing with all her might. She could not bear the thought that there should be no service, and in her father's absence was doing this service for him. The singular ringing of the bell excited considerable curiosity throughout the village; and some people unaccustomed to attend came out that night to ascertain the cause.

The preacher made the most of this little incident at the service. He confessed that his preaching was like little Mary's bell-ringing—very imperfect; but he hoped it might prove equally effectual in calling the people to Christ. The few faint-hearted Christians in the place were reminded, too, that although not skilled in Christian work, nor educated for it, they could effect something for Christ. Nor was the lesson lost. Mary's mother and others were often led, when discouraged by the weakness of their efforts, to remember how effective the little girl's service had proved, and to hope that God would own their humble labor for the glory of his name. And he did.

Many a little girl by some simple service like this has been made an instrument of great good to others, when she thought of only doing her duty. God often blesses the feeblest efforts of the weakest to the bringing about of great results.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THOUGHTFUL JOE.

A WOMAN is busy washing her door-step. She makes it very clean, and then carefully scours and scrubs it with white sand. There is not much wind to dry it again; but the woman goes on, hoping that it will

look clean and white, and that nobody will make it dirty before it is dry.

Two little boys come along the street. They are going to school. One is rosy and strong, but the other is thin and pale. The last is thoughtful Joe; and the two pass the clean door-step. The rosy boy does not walk quietly along the road, but jumps from side to side, and is going to take a leap into the very middle of the wet step which the woman had been cleaning, when Joe pulls him back and says, pleadingly, "Please, Jack, don't jump there." "Why not?" says Jack. "I want to see if I can just reach the middle of that step at one jump from this stone." "But don't you see the step is clean? The woman has washed it nicely, and it would be such a pity to make it dirty again before it is dry; for then she would have to clean it twice instead of once."

"Who cares for that?" says Jack, making ready for a spring.

"Do wait a minute, Jack. Think, now, if your mother had made her step nice and clean, and I came and spoiled it on purpose, should not you feel very cross with me?" asked Joe. "Well, yes, I just should," said Jack.

"Then, if you jump on this clean step it will not be doing as you would be done by," answers thoughtful Joe.

"I won't do it," says Jack; and he links his arm in Joe's, and they go quietly to school.

As they come back at dinner time and see the step clean, white, and dry, Joe asks, "Are you glad you did not spoil the poor woman's work?"

Jack does not speak; but he laughs and nods, and claps his hand on Joe's shoulder, as if he would say, "He is right for trying to save other people trouble." And when they pass another clean step, Joe sees that Jack goes a little on one side sooner than tread upon it; and he is very glad his little word of advice has not been in vain. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"—*Child's Companion.*

A SONG OF SUMMER.

THE brightness and the glory
Of the happy summer time,
Snatches of the light and beauty
Of a better, holier clime;
Clime of everlasting beauty,
Aye ineffably sublime!

O the sweetness of the summer,
With the scent of new-mown hay,
And the honeyed breath of flowers
Scattered along our life's pathway;
Flowers which tell in words unspoken,
"Sip life's sweetness while you may."

O the grandeur of the summer,
Bright with many a fairy scene,
Fairy dell, and fairy bower,
Trees and fields of living green:
Blessed rays of golden sunlight
Wreath around the season's queen.

O the music of the summer,
Borne upon the balmy air,
Busy hum of insects mingling
With the birds' songs ev'rywhere;
And the breezes, joining, whisper,
"Earth is beautiful—earth is fair!"

O the lesson of the summer,
That our God would have us know,
Of a land where dawns no autumn,
Never falls the winter's snow;
But where all is endless summer,
And where flowers eternal grow!

C. P. MITCHELL.

DO IT NOW.

BY PHOENIX CAREY.

IF you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should now begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. NUMERICAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1.—Axle, ale. 2. Clove, cov. 3. Linden, linen. 4. Five, fie. 5. Plait, plat. 6. Living, ling.

II. HALF SQUARE.

PLAIN
LAST
ASK
IT
N

III. ENIGMA.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

IV. CHARADE—Sin.

NEW PUZZLES.

A NOUQUET.

1. A savage yet noble race, and an esculent root.

2. A favorite flower, and the Christian name of one of the most beautiful but unfortunate queens.

3. The opposite of day, and a pleasant retreat from the heat of the sun.

4. An invaluable earthly possession, which when once lost can never be regained. (Phonetic.)

5. A noble animal, and a nut which ripens in these latitudes.

6. An evergreen, and a favorite wine in Germany.

7. The most glorious of the heavenly orbs, and a beautiful production of the garden.

8. An adjective exciting the most pleasurable sensations in the breast of a miser, and an instrument the terror of all children.

II. CHARADE.

My first is with us day by day,
Though ever going fast,
When once it leaves us, then be sure
It is forever past.

My second patiently and well,
Guards with a careful eye
Those who are left within his care,
Lest from him they should fly.

My whole is highly prized by all;
Its value is untold,
Yet 'tis so cheap that to the poor,
As well as rich, 'tis sold.

III. REVERSALS.

1. Reverse a weight and have a negative.

2. Reverse a measure and have a vegetable product.

3. Reverse an animal and have an idol.

4. Reverse a knock and have equal.

5. Reverse an obstruction and have insane.