

how he had broken the laws of God, as well as man. "But you shall have a chance," he said. "Your master has kindly forgiven you, and if you ask God, He will forgive you also. And I will help you, if you behave well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will," said the boy, through his tears.

"How would you like to go to sea?" asked the Colonel.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir,"

"Very well. Now you must go to school for a year. I will pay for you, and you must attend to your lessons, and try to learn as much as you possibly can in the time. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will try to be a good boy in everything."

"You must come up and see me sometimes at the Fort House, and you must spend your evenings at the Boys' Home, and I shall see you there. By these means I shall know whether you are keeping your promise. If at the end of twelve months I find that you have really been a good boy, then I will get you a berth in a good ship, and you shall go to sea."

The boy thanked the Colonel, and so did his mother; and, in fact, they continue to do so, though, perhaps, he does not know it, to this day. My informant says: "The lad is now a man, and goes to sea; while his mother resides in Gravesend still. He has a good character, and both the mother and sailor bless the name of Gordon, who saved the lad from prison and the mother from disgrace."

HOW I WAS PUNISHED.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

When I was a little girl I had a very exalted idea of my own importance. I was an only child and had been much indulged by my parents. This accounted for my self-conceit, but of course did not excuse it.

We always lived in the country, and at the age of eight I had never seen the great city of New York. One day when mamma told me we were going there for a few days, I was exceedingly gratified. There were papa, mamma and myself to go, beside a maid whose principal duty was to watch over me, and for whom I entertained supreme contempt, merely because of her position.

We reached the city in the evening and stopped at a large hotel. The first thing we did then was to have our supper, after which mamma concluded that I had better go right to bed, as I was very tired and sleepy. Mary, the maid, went upstairs with me as usual, and my parents remained in the parlor to talk with some acquaintance whom they had happened to meet there.

One thing that arrested my attention in the hotel was the gas. I had never before seen houses lit up in this way, for at home we always used candles and oil lamps. Therefore I was very much interested in the gas fixtures in our bedroom, and wanted to try my skill at turning it off and on. Mary bade me leave it alone, saying that I would suffocate myself. This I considered nonsense, for I thought that I knew more than a maid; besides, how could anything like that occur? Mary had never seen gas until this time, and how should she know?

"Now leave that alone," she said on going from the room, "and don't, for any reason, blow it out."

No sooner was she down stairs than I jumped out of bed and began to play with the gas by turning it up and down. Finally I blew it out just to prove to Mary that it would do no harm. But when I found that I was really in the dark I felt a little frightened and wished that I had not touched the gas. In a little while a strange feeling began to creep over me, and I called out feebly for Mary. Again I tried to call but my voice was still weaker. I believed now that I was dying, and repented, oh, so sorely, of my foolish pride. I tried to pray but was growing weaker every moment and was unable to utter a word. At last I sank into a state of unconsciousness, after having a horrible feeling of trying to grasp relief which seemed always just beyond my reach.

When I again opened my eyes, my dear parents were by my bedside weeping. Mary, too, was there, and I could see that she also was wiping tears from her face. Then I felt ashamed to think how unkind had been my thoughts of her. As I afterwards learned, she was the one who saved my life. Fear-

ing that I might meddle with the gas, she had gone up-stairs a little while after she left me, to see if I was all right. As soon as she reached the door, she knew what had happened. Rushing into the room she threw open the windows, which had been closed tightly on account of the cold weather. Then she called assistance. But for her timely arrival I would have died.

I was ill for a week or two after this, but had I recovered immediately, the lesson I learned would have been sufficient to show me that I had not very much wisdom in my own little brain, and that I ought always to respect my elders, be they rich or poor. As it was, God gave me a long time to lie in bed and think over my faults, and when I arose it was with a firm determination strengthened by prayer, that I would henceforth be one of the meek and lowly in heart.

—Advocate and Guardian.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house, we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a centre table, and how to tell servants what is wanted to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a house in order, and to make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing well, does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants makes up for the want of knowledge in a mistress.

A family employed a girl to do general housework. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap!

A gentleman sent home a roasting piece of beef and a quantity of cut porter-house steaks. When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks!

Yet many a boarding-school miss at the time of her marriage might make either of these mistakes.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your daughters do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.—Household.

MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

A very affecting incident was related to me not long since by an eminent Christian lady. She has seven children, and for many years has been accustomed to pray for them individually and particularly. But while she remembers them frequently and definitely before God, she has for each child every week a day in which she pleads for him or her more fully. Her children are now all grown, and they are all professing Christians. Some of them are living far away from the old home. But they are all happy in the knowledge that the dear mother is praying for them, and each one remembers the day especially set apart for him.

One of the sons is an engineer, and, of course, is often exposed to physical danger. At one time, when at the head of a long and heavy train, he saw another train approaching on the same track. He knew a collision was inevitable. What should he do? To leave his post and jump from the train would be perilous to himself and might prove disastrous to the lives and property of others. He concluded he ought to remain and do his best to overcome the evil threatened just then he thought, "This is my day. My mother is praying for me!" This inspired him with new courage and strength. He gave the signal for "down brakes," put forth all the energy and skill at his command to stop the train, and awaited the issue. The crash came, and although some damage was

done, and all experienced a great shock, no lives were lost, and our engineer was not even bruised. Did it only happen so? Was this a bit of "good luck"? Rather let us believe it was a special providence, and that God watched over that young man and preserved him in answer to the prayers of his mother.

Would it not be well if we had more of this definiteness and individuality in prayer? There certainly can be no impropriety in it. Reason and Scripture are both in its favor. Hannah prayed for a child. She had her answer in the infant Samuel. The early disciples prayed that Peter might be released from prison. They knew that God had heard and answered their prayer when the apostle stood knocking at the gate, and in their surprise and joy they opened it and let him come in. The Bible is full of illustrations.

How could it be otherwise? If we desire a favor from a friend we don't say, "Will you help us?" and stop there. We tell him what we want. We are definite in our application. So should we be when we approach God in prayer. We do well to present our children and friends to him by name, just as the people presented the maimed and the halt and the blind to Jesus individually. And then we should not only cry mightily to him in their behalf, but we should express particularly what we desire for them.

Would it not be well for us, like the dear old mother, to have our special days in which we prayed fully and definitely for our children and friends? And when we thus plead for them shall we not present our desires in detail before God and respectfully argue the case?—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE CHOPPED BIBLE.

"Take it and read!" said the voice to Augustine, as he lay in the garden with a roll of the gospels by his side. He obeyed, and the dissipated sceptic became a Christian preacher.

"The best way to acquire faith in the Bible is to read it. The book is its own evidence.

A few years ago a Bible distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures—so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity.

The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out her week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation, he offered her a neatly-bound Bible.

With a smile which said "Thank you!" she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it.

A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of Divine direction, and of the adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then, her husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder.

Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor, "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying,—

"We have always had everything in common, and we'll have this, too."

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he cut it in two parts with one blow of the ax. Giving one part to his wife, and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away.

Several days after this division of the Bible, he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began eating his dinner. The dismembered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his coat-pocket, and his eye fell on the last page. He began reading, and soon was deeply interested in the story of the Prodigal Son. But his part ended with the son's exclamation,—

"I will arise and go to my father."

At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness, "Let me have your part of that Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having

a hard time decided to go back. There my part of the book ends, and I want to know if he ever got back, and how the old man received him."

"The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy and quietly handed the husband her part, without a word.

He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on, far into the night. But not a word did he say to his wife.

During the leisure moments of the next day, his wife saw him reading the now-joined parts, and at night he said, abruptly,—

"Wife! I think that's the best book I ever read."

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words, which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said,—

"Wife! I'm going to try and live by that book; I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man."

And he did. A strong prejudice against religious truth, growing out of a partial conviction of its necessity, is often followed by a changed life, and such was this man's experience.—Youth's Companion.

A few days ago a man in New York was fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Almost simultaneously a tavern keeper in Chicago was fined \$5 for selling whiskey to children. From these two facts it would appear that the preservation of the morals of the giraffe stands higher than the protection of children.—Bloomsbury Journal.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE SCENE.

Lo, a multitude rejoices,  
And the sound of happy voices  
Rings through all the startled air,  
While in solemn, slow progression  
Winds along a grand procession,  
Cymbals clash and trumpets blare.  
Who is this with flowing drapery  
Like the far clouds, white and vapory?  
Who is this that leads the band?  
In his earnest gaze upturning  
Light of sacred joy is burning,  
As he dances, harp in hand.  
Thus with sounds of sacred pleasure,  
Bringing home a priceless treasure,  
Comes the goodly company,  
One in heart, Jehovah praising,  
Loud thanksgivings to him raising,  
For his mercies large and free.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. O prophet, vexed about so small a thing!
2. This prophet did of Edom's future sing.
3. Fifth book in Scripture—last of Pentateuch.
4. Unrighteous man, O hear the strange rebuke!
5. Who, in the place of this, a scorpion gives?
6. Rescued by Christ to praise Him while she lives.
7. Now Israel's deliverer is he.
8. This do thou in the Lord; wait patiently.
9. The Spirit and the Bridesay one sweet word.
10. A patriarch's best name given by the Lord.
11. Lo, in the midst of this, I see four men.
12. Through thy quick death, the king hath sinned again.
13. This royal beast obeyed God's stern behest,  
Slaying the man, though not by hunger prest.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

1. Egypt. They stayed there until the death of Herod. Matt. 1. 18. 15.
2. Of John the Baptist. Matt. 3. 3.
3. Behold I send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me. Malachi 3. 1.
4. Isaiah 49. 31.

BIBLE RIDDLE.—Elijah. He was taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. I Kings 17. 1, 24.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Jennie E. Hall, Wm. Traquair, A. E. Doidge, Hugh Patton, Janet Patton, Amanda B. Campbell and Bella F. Christie.