

Too Little.

The chair was hardly high enough,  
Her head came just above the table;  
Her little flat a nonell grasped  
And scribbled fast as it was able.

"I'm writing stories," she explained,  
And down the busy head bent lower;  
"Ah, read one to me, dear," I begged—  
And then the dimpled hand moved slower.

"O, Auntie,"—and the baby face  
Drew back, then, swift the blue eyes light-  
ing:  
"I'd love to, only I'm so small  
I don't know how to read my writing."

"Selling" People.

BY HENRY MASON.

FRANK HARDING is by no means a shallow-pated fellow, nor has he any distaste for the intelligence of his pretty young cousins; but he considers them country girls now after his two years in Philadelphia, and has been "astonishing them" by a few entirely imaginary stories of life in the great city. "stuffing" them, as he will report this evening to his room-mate up five pair of stairs in his lodging-house where he enjoys some of the discomforts of his metropolitan existence.

Frank is on very dangerous ground. Cousin Bessie has not seen him for a long time, and it would be strange if she did not believe every word he says; and, though Aunt Maria is not so unsophisticated as she seems to be, and may enlighten the girls somewhat after Frank leaves them at the station, she may not, as she is absorbed in her reading.

"Selling" people is not a very brilliant feat. It consists in telling direct fibs; and if you are not a tramp, it is the natural thing for your listener to believe them—to "swallow" them, as you describe it. A joking caricature, immediately contradicted and set right, is fair play perhaps, but the practice soon leads to a taste for something more prolonged and triumphant. George Eliot speaks of those "whose indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent genius;" sooner can we estimate the temptations of an habitual joker.

In a country neighbourhood where I was visiting just after the war there was a jocosse suggestion, on account of the endless depredations of the newly self-supporting negroes, that a little strychnine should be inserted in the stem of one or two watermelons in a patch. The suggestion circulated, and threatened the utter loss of the crop. It was an absurd suggestion, but one of the first to expound it to me was a grave old gentleman—high in the Church, I was told—who insisted that it was a first rate idea, and implied that he had taken advantage of it. Of course I thought him both fiendish and contemptible, and my opinion of the whole community was gauged by that leading citizen. I never saw him again, but, fortunately, he took the pains to tell my father how "nicely he had fooled me."

A very clever talker, a Southerner, told me with the greatest glee how he had once long ago gone buggy-riding with a girl from the North, and they were discussing slavery. Some argument she bolstered up by the axiom that negroes "have souls."  
"Souls!" he exclaimed. "You don't think they have souls, do you? Why, if I thought that, I would never kill another one!" and he went off into peals of laughter at the way in which she "almost jumped out of the buggy."

Who can say how real a weight that very joke may have had in the sorrows of the war? The speech would quickly spread through one outraged New England circle, having meantime travelled off to spread through another, its sharp edge of absurdity, as it struck the fun-loving young man who uttered it, being a sharp edge of horror to each new hearer. I am angry whenever I think of it.

Thus, in one degree or another, may you go through life leaving wrong impressions—specially of yourself—on prim old aunts whom you cannot resist the desire to shock, and gullible little boys who may even imitate your brilliantly-sketched exploits.

There is a great deal of "jesting which is not convenient." There is nothing to prevent a falsehood told in jest from doing the same harm as a falsehood told in earnest. Dangerous prejudices have gained centuries of belief through one practical joke. Witness the so-called "Blue Laws of Connecticut," which never had an existence. That which is only generous and safe which is an injury to somebody else.

Charlotte Elliot's Hymn.

SOME fifty years ago that eminent minister, the Rev. Oeser Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the Elliots, a well-to-do family in the West End of London.

One evening, in conversation with the daughter, Charlotte, he wished to know if she were a Christian. The young lady resented his question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him."

Several days afterwards the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her.

"But I do not know how to find Christ," she said; "I want you to help me."

"Come to Him just as you are," said Mr. Malan.

He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and, having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of them was—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration.

Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel 'o troubled minds, found its way into devout person's scrap-books, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "Church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for cir-

ulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliot, being in feeble health, was at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Two Builders.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

MORE than three hundred years ago there came to the throne of England young Henry, the eighth of his name in the line of English kings. If ever a man had the chance to build himself a noble character, it was this prince Henry. His personal qualities were all in his favor: he was handsome, quick-witted, well educated and amiable, and the strong will that afterward became such a terror to friend and foe would have been a glorious influence for good if it had been thoroughly bent to God's will. His people idolized him at first, and for many years his conciliatory course in relaxing some unreasonable laws of his father and parting with some obnoxious counselors aroused in them a boundless enthusiasm. Then the times on which he had fallen were glorious times. Luther had struck the fetters of superstition from thousands of minds, and the intellect of the world was trying its freedom in pursuit of knowledge. The revival of religion roused all the latent powers of mind and soul. What a chance had young Henry for noble living! And what became of his chance? He knew the truth, but he did it not; with an abundance of materials at hand for an enduring building, he spent his strength rearing a glittering palace for pride and pleasure, sought only to gratify his passion or his ambition or his caprice, and presently the chill wind of death blew upon it, and it fell; for it was built upon the sand. And he, hated, forsaken and hopeless, was buried beneath its ruins.

Now, turning our eyes away from this wrecked life, of which history has kept us the picture, we see at a later date a noble character standing like a fair and beautiful castle, built by William the Silent, prince of Orange, who gave himself, his ease and comfort, his days and night, his heart and body, the whole of his immense fortune, and finally his life, to the cause of religious freedom and Dutch independence. He heard the Lord's commands and bent himself to the doing of them. The motto on the shield of the Man Christ Jesus was, "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many," and the legend inscribed upon that of this prince had the very ring of his Master's: "Ich dien"—"I serve." Upon this building to the storms beat: never, I ween, did storms of persecution and slander and misfortune and trial beat more fiercely upon a life; and oh the glorious result! *It fell not*, but calm and steadfast and true, and in the end triumphant, it stood, for it was founded upon a rock—even obedience to God's commands.

Young builders, as you add day after

day to your lives, see to it that the foundations are sure. Storms you must feel even in this life, and sooner or later death's cold wave must come upon you. Are you building upon the Rock?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 29.] LESSON II. [July 11.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-18. Commit vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the good shepherd, who guides, guards, feeds, and saves us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 10. 1-18. Th. Ps. 23. 1-6. W. Ezek. 34. 1-26. Th. Isa. 40. 1-11. F. Isa. 63. 7-14. Sa. John 15. 9-17. Su. John 21. 1-17.

TIME.—Oct., A.D. 29. Soon after our last lesson, John 10. 20, 21.

PLACE.—Judea, probably Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The blind man whom we studied in our last lesson was expelled from the synagogue for defending Jesus, who had cured him. Thus the Pharisees, who pretended to be the religious guides and shepherds of Israel, had proved themselves bad shepherds, driving away a part of the flock. Jesus, therefore, teaches the people and the Pharisees what are the marks of a true shepherd.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Sheepfold*—Not a covered building, but a mere enclosure, surrounded by a wall or thorn-bushes. *The door*—The proper appointed way, spiritually, a character and knowledge fitted for the work. *Thief*—One who seeks his own honour, pleasure, or wealth at the expense of the flock. 3. *The porter*—The Father in heaven. *Hear*—Listen and obey. *Calleth by name*—Eastern shepherds know each of their sheep by name. Jesus knows us all as individuals; he knows all our needs, our temptations, our hopes, and troubles. *Leadeth them out*—Into the pastures. 4. *He goeth before them*—So does every good teacher. He sets them a good example, and lays no burden upon them which he does not himself take up. 7. *I am the door*—The way by which men can enter the kingdom of God. 8. *All that came before me*—Pretending that they were Messiah, or that there were other ways of salvation and prosperity than that, which he preached. *Go in and out*—To the pastures where the shepherd lived. But his home was at the fold. 12. *A hireling*—One who works simply for the pay, with no love for the sheep, nor for the master. 14. *Know my sheep*—Everything about them as intimately as the Father knew his own only-begotten Son. 15. *Other sheep*—Gentiles who were to be brought into the Church. *One fold*—Rather, one flock, all belonging to one church, serving one master.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The connection.—Eastern shepherds.—What is meant by the sheepfold, by the door, by thieves.—Comparison of Jesus to a good shepherd.—Giving life for the sheep.—The hireling.—The other sheep.—One flock.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—On what occasion was this parable spoken? How long after the last lesson? In what place?

SUBJECT: THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I. THE PARABLE (vs. 1-5).—Give a description of Eastern shepherds. What can you tell about the Eastern shepherds and their customs with their flocks? Do they know their sheep by name? Do the shepherds lead or drive their sheep to pasture? What enemies have the flock?

II. ITS MEANING.—In interpreting this allegory, what is meant by the sheepfold? What is the door? Who are the sheep? Who are the shepherds? Who are meant by robbers? How does the shepherd go before his sheep? What is meant by their knowing his voice? By his knowing them by name?

III. JESUS AS THE DOOR (vs. 7-10).—What is meant by Jesus being the door of the sheep? Can no one enter the kingdom of