

Crab-Tree Christians.

If there is one virtue which most commends Christians, it is that of kindness; it is to love the people of God, to love the Church, to love the world, to love all. But how many have we in our Churches of crab-tree Christians, who have mixed such a vast amount of vinegar and such a tremendous quantity of gall in their constitutions that they can scarcely speak one good word to you. They imagine it impossible to defend religion except by passionate ebullitions; they cannot speak for their dishonoured Master without being angry with their opponent; and if any thing is awry, whether it be in the house, the church, or anywhere else, they conceive it to be their duty to set their faces like flint, and to defy everybody. They are like isolated icebergs, no one cares to go near them. They float about on the sea of forgetfulness until at last they are melted and gone; and though, good souls, we shall be glad enough to meet them in heaven, we are precious glad to get rid of them from the earth. They are always so unamiable in disposition that we would rather live an eternity with them in heaven than five minutes on earth. Be not thus. Imitate Christ in your loving spirit; speak kindly, act kindly, and do kindly, that men may say of you, "He has been with Jesus."



It is said in the *Sunday School World* that W. R. Burnham, of Connecticut, after ten years of trial, strongly recommends an organ voluntary just before the beginning of the school. He likes it especially because it so completely gains the attention of those present, and because it will make almost any naturally boisterous boy tiptoe to his seat for fear of disturbing the school, instead of rushing in like a young hurricane. It answers, too, the purpose of an admonitory bell, for, when the time to open arrives, a mere gesture is all that is necessary—order has been already secured. Of course the larger the organ the more impressive it would be, but even a cabinet organ, well played, would not fail to produce a marked effect.—*National S. S. Teacher.*

The Prodigal Son.

BY CHARLES BANNISTER.

Far from home's endearing treasures,
And that home's restraining measures,
In the search of empty pleasures,
Roamed the shameless Prodigal.

And his father, long forbearing,
With the elder brother sharing,
All his tender love declaring,
Sent away the Prodigal.

To a distant country going,
On the vile his gifts bestowing,
Nothing for his profit knowing
Went the wicked Prodigal.

To this foreign land he hasted,
All its guilty pleasures tasted,
Till his substance soon was wasted,
Ah! the foolish Prodigal.

But, when all these pleasures ended,
And his treasure was expended,
Loathsome swine he fed and tended;
Poor, poor, wretched Prodigal.

From his low estate uprising
Mindful of his sire's advising
And the father's mercy prizing,
Homeward went the Prodigal.

And his father, gladly learning
Of his truest son's returning,
Met him with affection burning,
Welcomed home the Prodigal.

Falling on his neck, he kissed him,
Told how sadly they had missed him,
In the best of garments dressed him,
Happy, happy Prodigal!

Lord, to me thy love extending,
And thy mercy, never ending,
From the foe my soul defending,
Save a lost, lost prodigal.



Love of the Beautiful.

PLACE a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-