

wherein he acted the fool, at the same time will give a word of warning to others, and there are many even to-day who are acting as did this man whom God called a fool. In what did his foolishness consist? In pulling down his barns to build larger and thus save the increase of his fruits? Oh, no! That was certainly right and commendable. Was he a covetous man? It seems not, he was satisfied with what he had accumulated. Was he a bad man? No evidence that he was. We would judge him to be a kind, good-hearted, jovial fellow. His foolishness consisted in this. (a) In laying up treasures on earth and none in heaven. (b) In working and wearing out his physical frame to gather around him, not simply enough for own support, but also to furnish riches, earthly riches, for his children after him. (c) In counting that he had a number of years to live, when he had no promise to that effect, and the uncertainty of life was everywhere to be seen. (d) That ease and comfort and life were found and attained by the possession of earthly goods. He might have known better if he had but reviewed the lives of such men as Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and even Solomon. He might have learned "That man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

What a failure!! Worked hard all his life, and when the time came for to enjoy the fruit of his labors he is cut off. After his death his family is broken up and the hard earnings are squandered; and the saddest thought of all—he had nothing laid up in heaven. The conduct of this poor fool is being enacted by hundreds and thousands now living on the earth. How many are there to-day who are working, slaving and grubbing to gather around them the things of this world and are really wearing their lives out to leave large possessions to their children, and are doing nothing, absolutely nothing for the spiritual culture of their children, nor for their own happiness in the world beyond. Hundreds and thousands have thus labored, are still laboring, and I presume will so continue until the end of time, hurrying their bodies to a premature grave, having their money wasted and children ruined. Let us learn the lessons. Life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth. He that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God, is regarded by God as—*Thou Fool.* ALPHA.

THE FAMILY.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a little girl and living in Derbyshire, England, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill, she would help to nurse them, saving nice little things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a great deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions, Florence and her friend stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad, and what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night."

"Hang him!" said Florence. "O Roger!

how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I can not afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school-boys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"Oh, yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough, he has not put his foot to the ground since."—Then Florence and her friend rode on.

"We will go and see poor Cap," said the gentleman. "I don't believe his leg is broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

"Oh, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Florence.

When they got in the cottage, the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair dishevelled and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him "poor Cap," he grew pacified, and began to wag his short tail; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said the gentleman; "rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well, then," said the little girl, "I will foment poor Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. On their way home they met the old shepherd coming slowly along with a piece of rope in his hands,—"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"No, he will serve you yet," said the gentleman.

"Well, I am most glad to hear it," said the old man, "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she found the swelling much gone down. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

Two or three days later, when Florence and her friend were riding together, they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there, too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he's so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years grew up to be the kind, brave woman who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean war, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A Sabbath day's journey in the Bible is 1,155 yards, (this is 18 yards less than two-thirds of a mile.)

THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

"But it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."—ZECCHARIAH XIV: 7.

The light of the sun is setting,
And our hearts are sinking with fear;
For the end of life is coming,
And the unknown country is near.

And are we to die in darkness?
In blindness our vessel to steer!
Without any word of welcome,
Or greeting, our spirit to cheer!

Surely, there's some one who loved us,
Some loved one we held most dear,
Would have seen our vessel tacking,
Must have felt our spirit was near.

We've lived the whole of our lifetime
Believing the love that was here;
But now is the hour of darkness,
And our heart is failing with fear.

But lo! a spark has been kindled,
And its light is shining and clear,
Dazzling our eyesight that's waning
And wasting with many a tear.

The light, that has often led us
In our darkness, year after year;
The light that was ever promised,
At length is the light that is near.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

A TIMELY LESSON.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

One cold morning a little ragged woeful looking child came in at our back door begging for food.

"Please ma'am, me 'nd the children 'most starved. Only a bit 'o bread."

"Have you no father, or mother, child?" asked I.

"Yes'm;" and a look of shame and despair mantled his hollow cheeks.

"Don't they work, and earn money?"

"Yes'm, little, but they most allus spend it afore they gets home, at the 'Horn O' Plenty.'"

Immediately my heart became adamant. The miserable drunken brutes, thought I, I'll not feed their children. Then I remembered there was a very stale loaf of bread in the cupboard, scarcely fit for toast. I gave that to the child, very glad to dispose of it. He grabbed it eagerly, with a clutch that reminded one of the grasp of the drowning, when they would fain save themselves. Little Gracie, our six-year-old darling, had been a silent spectator; but after the boy departed, she came to me with deep inquiry depicted upon her spiritual countenance, saying:

"Mamma, if Jesus Christ had come, and said He was starving to death, would you have given Him that awful dry loaf of bread?"

"Well, Gracie," said I, kissing her sweet, troubled face, "I think you are right, and I will remember your lesson next time. Yes, Gracie, we whom the Lord hath blessed in our 'granary and our store,' would soon relieve suffering humanity, if we gave our alms as if we really were giving to the 'Blessed Redeemer.' We are too prone to forget this truth."

"The very best that we have in the house isn't too good for him, is it, mamma?" asked she.

"No, no! my precious child," replied I, clasping her to my heart, and thinking: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength and wisdom."

Let us, one and all, remember "Gracie's lesson;" giving our alms as if to Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Christian at Work.*