

these great things
 reply, "He has
 not. I knew not
 ly, surely, I knew
 ves and forgives,
 ess of my life was
 ne to me."
 e that you might
 od speaks so low
 Him. There is
 ht of God, to know
 rdly wait for Him

glad voice.
 remember?—"The
 you have received
 prison doors, and
 le life bright with
 to shine in your
 for others through

smile. "I want
 les awhile with
 said her friend,

night, as a sweet
 me to the invalid
 shut him in."

afar;
 far;
 to ring!

gold;
 d;

woe;

may sing!

wait
 gate,

shalt bring;
 d King!

LEDGE.

nes from people
 not deliberately
 that they really
 away money, for
 t,—they rather
 they do keep it
 to their great
 o good; but not

hefts never en-
 rder will speak
 mixture of a lie
 o make a good
 e—will instant-
 e truth, and all
 ith unexpected

says a recent
 . The ship is
 us the ocean is
 safe enough in
 is not in the

ropped in con-
 ; but they are
 , falling by the
 r, haply there-
 rren mountain
 ilderness.



Children's Department.

MAKE IT YOUR OWN.

There are two ways and only two ways in which you can make a thing your own. You must work for it or you must buy it. There are three other ways in which people sometimes try to make things their own—by begging, by borrowing, or by stealing—but they cannot make things really their own in any of these ways. There is, however, one exception to this rule, and that is in the case of those things which we receive directly from the hand of God. We cannot work for these things, that is we cannot earn them, neither can we buy them,—God is not a merchant, He is a king, and He gives royally—we must beg them; it is no disgrace to beg from Him. The things we freely get from His hands are ours as much as if we had bought them. And still, in more than one passage of Scripture He tells us to come and buy. One of these passages is in Isaiah lv. 1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price." Here we are invited to come and buy things from God; but it is "without money." This is not the ordinary way of doing business. It is not "after the manner of men." In Proverbs xxiii. 23, He also says to us "Buy the truth and sell it not." It seems as if He were saying to us, Make the truth your own at any cost; part with anything or everything for it, if necessary; and when you have got it don't give it up for all the world. When we take God's gifts that are necessary for our spiritual welfare we must part with something; and although the things that we have to part with—our sins and our self-righteousness—are of no use to God, still He has been pleased kindly to invite us to "come and buy."

Our picture represents a man who seems to have been digging and quarrying, and has found something which he examines with keen interest.

In St. Matt. xiii. 44 we find a parable uttered by the Saviour: "Again, the kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." The man in the picture looks joyous enough to be the very man spoken of in the parable; and it is just possible that the parable may be made, to some one, a little clearer than it would otherwise be by the picture and the remarks we have been making about buying. There is one field at least in which there is treasure hid We mean the Bible. Many a weary seeker has found that treasure, to his great joy. Search for it; make it your own.

A WONDERFUL PET.

You have heard of wonderful dogs and horses by the score, I dare say, but I fancy you have not often heard of a pet elephant. In India, you know, where elephants are numerous, they are employed in different kinds of service, and I will now tell you a true story of one which was a pet.

Old Soup (for that was his curious name) was born more than a hundred years ago, and he lived about two years since on the banks of the Ganges, near the city of Cawnpore. The story of his life would be a very interesting one, if he could only tell it; but, you see, he has outlived all his early friends, and so there was no one to tell it for him. When old Soup (or *Soupramany*, as the natives called him) was young he was trained for war; and used to go out fighting and hunting with his black masters, and many a hard battle did he have with the hard skinned, one tusked rhinoceros. But old Soup is *old* Soup now, and having seen so many ups and downs in life, he is glad enough to take it just a little bit easy in these his latter days. But now I must tell you how he came to be made a pet; and I am quite sure that when you have heard the story you will agree with me that he heartily deserves all the petting he can get. Well

old Soup was one day, at the time of which I am speaking, working with a number of other elephants and some soldiers in loading a ship with bags of rice. Major Daly was the officer in charge of the soldiers, and old Soup and the other elephants belonged to him. This was just about the time of old Soup's hundredth birthday and as the elephants one by one, marched up to the ship's side and delivered their bags of rice, Major Daly's little boy and girl stood watching the old fellows at their work. What was the reason I cannot say—whether it was the heat of the sun, or the hardness of the work, it is impossible for me to tell—but all at once one of the elephants began to throw his bags of rice into the river, and the Major soon saw that the animal had gone mad. The mad elephant, having killed his keeper, turned, and ran towards the Major's children, who were hurrying with their nurses to get indoors, how they would have fared if they had been left to themselves I cannot say; but old Soup was there, and when he saw the mad elephant chasing the Major's children, he dashed in between them and fought the mad creature until he laid him dying on the ground.

It was a terrible fight, this last fight of old Soup's. It lasted for an hour and a half, and though old Soup was conqueror in the end, he had many wounds to remind him of the struggle. His ears were badly torn, and his head bruised, and one of his tusks was broken off short; but he saved the lives of his master's children, and I am not surprised that they made him a pet after that. But old Soup became something more than a pet; he became a nurse as well, and often would he take the children out by the hour together; and the major said, over and over again, that he would far rather trust his children with old Soup than with any number of Hindoo nurses. He became quite a fisherman, and might often be seen on the banks of the Ganges helping his little friends to catch the golden tench which abound in the River Ganges. One of the boys would bait the hook for him and take off the fish, but he would hold the fishing rod with the tip of his trunk, and would always know when he had a bite, and would land the fish as well as any one. Was he not a wonderful pet?

A BEAUTIFUL VISION.—Quite recently I visited a German widow, living at a delightful country seat, with a little son of eight, and daughter of five. As we sat down to the well-spread table, the little boy, folding his hands and closing his eyes, thanked our Father in heaven for the food before us, and asked Him to bless it. Then the little girl, in a childish voice, repeated, "Lord Jesus, be present with us." Come, and this table bless, and do us good." The little ones were taught by their godly mother to think of Him whom they were addressing.

—Little children have often very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been "naughty."

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said the child; but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother enquiring what she meant, she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything, but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and he cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good *inside* of me?"

A punctual man can always find leisure, a negligent one never.

DEATH.

On the 20th instant, at the residence of her brother near Weston, after a few hours illness, Esther Chew, full of hope. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."