

Boys.

Now, if any one has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family.
For his hands are always full.
It is like to ask who fills the stove?
Where is the girl that could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire?
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks,
After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds,
By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse,
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things,
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
And really deserves a pension!
Friends! just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always wreathe the easy chair,
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown-tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.

—The Gem.

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

SERGEANT HARRIS IS AGAIN PROMOTED.

Will our country ever forget that day's fighting? Certainly the men never will who came back to tell the story. The roar and the din; the whizzing of bullet and ball; the rattle of musketry; the air thick with powder-smell; assegai and spear; lance and arrow, all flying in wild and deadly confusion; clouds of densest smoke, that never seemed to clear save for the briefest moment; rivers of blood; ghastliest wounds; men and horses dying and dead; the very ground so blood-soaked as to be trampled into mud; and there, leading the van, in the very thickest of the fight, was Captain Morgan, more than one of the men, and his brother officers, turned to look at him. What is that glad look upon his face that appears almost like a light? Something has happened to him, but they do not understand what it can be. Then, too, he fought that day as if he had a charmed life. Well, perhaps he had; at any rate, just before he rode into the field, he had hurriedly opened a small copy of the Psalms he had found among his books the day before, and his eye had lighted on just these words, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear?"

And now, as the afternoon passes rapidly away, and the sun creeps slowly to the west, the tide of battle is turned, and hundreds of our troops scour the adjacent plains, hunting down the flying Zulus, and "making good" the day's deadly work.

As Captain Elcombe dashed past the colonel, the latter shouted, "Where is Morgan?" "I can't say, sir," answered Elcombe, as he reined in his horse. "The last I saw of him was in that awful crush, just by that sand hill; he was fighting like mad then, and Colour-Sergeant Harris was close behind him. Shall I scour the field for him, sir, for I almost fear he has gone down?"

"Do, please," replied the colonel, "and let me know if anything serious has happened to him; we can hardly spare him from us, just at this time, too."

In a moment the two steeds were parted, each taking opposite directions, Captain Elcombe carefully scanning the scores of bodies that lay thickly around; at length he thought he would seek his friend in that part where he saw him last. Riding across the battle-field, and dismounting, and fastening his horse to a dismantled gun-carriage, he picked his way among the hundreds of dead and dying. Presently his eye lighted on

Captain Morgan, with his left arm hanging helplessly at his side, a flesh-wound on his temple, and his foot partly crushed by his horse, which had fallen upon it. He was quite sensible, but weak from loss of blood. Holding out his right hand, which was unhurt, he said, "God bless you, Elcombe, for seeking me, but though I am hurt considerably, I shall do for a while, if you will seek out poor Harris, he lies somewhere there"—pointing with his finger. "I saw him fall, and I fear he is about done for."

In a few moments Captain Elcombe found poor, bleeding, dying Harris, but at that moment, answering a shout from Captain Morgan, he returned to him, assisting him, at his own request, to rise and get across to Harris. It was an awful journey, though not more than ten yards, but at last the wounded captain, supported by a little earth-mound, was propped up close to the dying sergeant, while Captain Elcombe, having given the poor fellow a drink of some stimulant, knelt, partly supporting the two. Harris' eyes were fast glazing in death, as in low, but clear tones, he said:

"Who ever believeth in him hath everlasting life. This is a bridge that carries right over the border. Oh, Captain Elcombe! Captain Morgan—has found the—bridge will bear—will you—make trial—and—and—" One long deep-drawn sigh, a fixed look of joy, which even the agony of wounds could not cloud, and then the watchers knew that Colour-Sergeant Harris was "promoted" again—this time to glory!

In a barrack lecture-room in a certain town in England, eighteen months afterwards, a tall, military-looking gentle-

It must have been very slow work to get things started. They had to learn the language, and get acquainted with the people, and coax them in to teach them of the true and living God. They had to translate the Bible and prepare all the books they needed.

This young doctor visited the poor and the sick, was kind to them, and healed their diseases. They learned to love him very much, and many looked upon him as a wonder-worker, because the few drops of medicine he gave them had more effect than the bowlfuls they were accustomed to take from the native doctors.

In God's time the Holy Spirit touched their hearts, and the Siamese believed what the missionaries told them of God and his dear Son. Many of them became Christians. Other workers were sent out, churches organized, schools opened, hospitals and dispensary work carried forward, and mission voyages made up and down the coasts, and through rivers and canals to interior provinces.

Thus the work begun fifty years ago in Siam is still widening and deepening. Now, as we see Christ's kingdom coming, and his will being done among the people of that heathen nation, I love to think that a part of the beginning was away back in the heart of that mother who gave her boy to the Lord for this work, and when he was big enough and old enough to go, she did not hold him back.

He spent thirty years sowing the good seed in that rich soil, and now in his old age has come back to spend his last days in the very house where he was born.

He rejoices over every bit of good news



HARRIS' EYES WERE FAST GLAZING IN DEATH.

man, with his left sleeve hanging armless, stood upon the platform addressing an assembly of soldiers on the power of Christ to "break every chain, and give liberty to every captive." Just before he sat down he said, "I should like you to give my friend Captain Elcombe a hearing just for a few moments."

Captain Elcombe, on rising, said, "My dear comrades, I owe our good friend—your friend and mine, Captain Morgan—I owe him a great deal for helping me to know that Saviour of whom he has been speaking; but I owe most, perhaps, under God, to the life-testimony and death-witness of a colour-sergeant of our old regiment—James Harris—who fell so manfully in Zululand."

The End.

ONE MOTHER'S GIFT.

By MARY L. COBT.

More than eighty years ago, a little boy was born in Waterford, New York, and his mother gave him to the Lord. She called him Samuel, too, as Hannah did in the old Bible times. How she loved him and watched over him, and prayed blessings down into his heart and life! She wanted him to be a foreign missionary, and so she taught him to think of the poor heathen, and to pity them in their ignorance and sin.

I have heard that he was a very bashful, timid little fellow; but as he grew older, and God's grace filled his heart with love to Jesus, he became strong in purpose, and determined to fulfil his mother's wish. He studied well, and preparing himself as a physician, he sailed away to Siam to begin his mission work. He landed in Bangkok, March 22nd, 1847. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mattson were with him, and these three founded the Presbyterian mission in that kingdom.

from Siam, and is so thankful God let him have a share in the good work.

I trust there are now many mothers and fathers who are willing to give their children to this blessed service in foreign lands; and I know there are hundreds of boys and girls being trained for Christian work, I hope they will be scattered far and wide among the nations, going forth in joyful obedience to the Lord's command, and doing their best during the next half century to bring the whole wide world to the feet of Jesus.

OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

By REV. D. SUTHERLAND.

Some years ago a widow and her little boy lived in a quiet Scottish village. She was an invalid, seldom out of bed, and always suffering pain, but he was full of life and fun. One winter afternoon Johnny ran into his mother's room with the eager request for permission to skate on the village pond. Most of the boys were on it, he said, and he wished to join them. The mother would willingly have gratified her child, but she feared that the ice was not strong enough, so she told him not to go. He left the room with a cloud on his bright face. The more he thought of the forbidden pleasure the stronger grew his desire to have it. At last the temptation mastered him. He slipped quietly out of the house, skates in hand, and was soon in the centre of the whirling crowd. In his mood of recklessness he went too near the place marked dangerous, the ice gave way, and down he went with a sudden plunge. It was with great difficulty that he was rescued. Strong hands carried him, dripping with water and unconscious, into the presence of the waiting mother. With one startled look at what she imagined to be the lifeless body of her son and a piercing shriek she fell back on her pillow.

The men realized their folly in taking Johnny to his mother's room, and turned into the next room, where they laid him upon a bed. The warmth soon restored him. He felt little the worse of his cold bath, but he did feel a great deal the worse because of his disobedience. "I shall never never do again what mother tells me not to do," was the resolution he formed. What could she think of him? He would go to her and assure her of his determination never again to disobey her. Noiselessly he slipped from the little room into the one where his mother lay. It was still, so unusually so fearfully still. She looked paler than ever, and her eyes were closed. Flung himself on her bosom the penitent boy sobbed out, "Mother! mother! speak to me. I will never disobey you any more." But the lips did not move and the eyes did not open. She was dead. The shock of the unexpected sight had been too much for her scanty strength.

That son is growing old and gray now. He has lived a noble life, but he will carry one sadly bitter memory to the grave. Many a bright hour has been darkened for him by the remembrance of the face of a mother dead because disobeyed. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought comfort and the sense of forgiveness to his heart, but even its power fails to make the past as if it were not. His hope is that in the Father's home beyond he will see his mother again and hear from her own lips the assurance of pardon that will banish forever the cloud which on earth will not pass away.

The years will keep rolling on until all of you, my dear readers, will be no longer boys and girls, but men and women. The time will come when you must stand by the grave of father or mother in the quiet churchyard far from the noise and bustle of the streets. What memories will rush through your minds when you stand there! Will they be of tender duties fulfilled and loving obligations met, or will they be embittered because of unfilial acts done to those now sleeping their last sleep? How you act in the present will make the future bright or dark.

There are ten commandments. Only one has a promise attached to it, and that is the one commanding you to honour your father and mother. Do you wish long life and prosperity? Then be kind and reverential toward your parents.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago Jesus was a boy. In the carpenter's humble home at Nazareth he lived and worked with his supposed parents, Mary and Joseph. About that early life we read nothing except that it was a life of obedience. He was "subject unto them." In this, as in everything else, he is our example. The path of duty and blessing is to follow in his footsteps. Rise above the foolish bravado of weak and unmanly boys who sneer about being tied to their mothers' apron strings. Remember that happiness now and pleasant memories afterward will be yours if, like Him who was a boy at Nazareth, you are "subject" to your parents.

Two Little Serving-Men.

By J. EDMOND VANCE COOK.

Two little serving-men have I,
And one is strong and very spry.
He loves to hammer, plane and saw,
To write, and sometimes even draw.
He takes my hat and hangs it up,
He reaches down my drinking cup,
He winds my top, and throws my ball,
I couldn't get along at all
Without this little serving-man
Who helps me out in every plan.

The other sympathizes, too,
But is not half so quick to do,
Some things he does quite well, but my!
Some others he won't even try.
He will not split the kindling-wood,
And yet, he is so very good
He holds it while the other chops,
He also helps him wind my tops,
But spin them? He can't spin at all,
You ought to see him throw a ball!
Just like a girl! And—it's a shame,
But he can hardly write his name.
And yet, these serving-men are twins,
And look as like as two new pins.
I think, perhaps, you'll understand,
If you should know their name, it's Hand,
And one you know is Right and dext,
And one, of course, is slow and left.

And yet, you know, I often find
That if I'm calm with Left, and kind,
He'll do a lot of things, although
He's awkward and a little slow,
And so I often think, perhaps,
He's much like me, and other chaps,
Who know enough to do our part,
But some quick fellow, extra smart,
Jumps in and does it first, and so
We just get used to being slow,
And that's the way we don't get trained,
Because, perhaps, we're just left-brained!