

prond because we are "not as other men are," and so no love for others?

An example for us to follow.

We have seen what is before Jesus; see what is before us (2 Tim. iii. 12.) But what beyond that? (Rom. viii. 18; 2 Cor. iv. 18.) How can we be like Him? (Heb. xii. 1, 2) (a) throw aside whatever hinders us; (b) run with patience; (c) be always "looking unto Jesus."

Remember what He did for our sakes. Shall we not show our love by following Him?

### ONE LESS AT HOME.

One less at home!

The charmed circle broken; a dear face  
Missed day by day from its accustomed place:  
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by grace,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore  
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away our coming to await,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,  
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—  
One more in heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mold,  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold,  
But there, where face to face we shall behold,  
Is home in heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toils to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,  
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To home and heaven!

One more at home—

That home where separation cannot be,  
That home where none are missed eternally,  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,  
At home in heaven!

—Littell's Living Age.

### IRON SHOD.

Often the safety of a mountain climber depends upon being well shod; therefore the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles. On a bright July morning, a famous man of science started with two gentlemen to ascend Piz Morteratsch, a steep and lofty snow mountain in Switzerland. Though experienced mountaineers, they took with them Senni, the boldest guide in the district. After reaching the summit of Morteratsch, they started back, and soon arrived at a steep slope covered with thin snow. They were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied to each man's waist.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen, said Senni, "for a false step here might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche."

He had hardly spoken when the whole field of ice began to slide down the icy mountain side, carrying the unlucky climbers with it at a terrible pace. A steeper slope was before them, and at the end of it was a precipice. The three foremost men were almost buried in the whirling snow. Below them were the jaws of death. Everything depended on getting a foothold. Senni shouted loudly, "Halt! Halt!" and with desperate energy drove his iron nail boots into the firm ice beneath the snow. Within a few rods of the precipice Senni got a hold with his feet and was able to bring the party all up standing, when two seconds more would have swept them into the chasm.

The narrow escape shows the value of being well

shod when in dangerous places. The lesson is especially needed by the young. No boy is well prepared for rough climbing, unless he is well shod in christian principles. Sometimes temptation ices the track under him and he must plant his foot down with a iron heel.

God knows what steep places lie before us. He has provided the "shoes of iron and brass" for us to put on. They are truth, and honesty, and faith, and courage, and prayer. A clear conscience will keep the head cool. Up along the hard road there is a signboard on which is written in large bright letters, "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely."

### BE CHEERFUL.

A well-known philanthropist, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey. The beast was so convulsed with merriment, that no one could look at it without a smile.

"Why do you keep that absurd figure there?" a friend asked him. "It seems to jeer at the gravest subject which we discuss."

"Simply to remind me that the gravest subject has its cheerful, laughable side," he answered. "I find it a wholesome warning in the midst of so much misery."

Many need to be daily reminded in some way, that life has its amusing, happy side. An hour's rest, a cheerful book, a talk with a friend, would serve the purpose better than a laughing donkey. We are a nervous, anxious people, and many of us have a belief that amusements and mirth are sinful.

A lady lately visiting her friends, exclaimed one day, "This is the best year of my life! My husband and children are in good health, and free from financial worry; my sons are honorable, christian men; we have many good, pleasant friends. God has heaped blessings on me. I am perfectly happy!"

An ominous silence followed these words, and melancholy shakes of the head.

"It makes me tremble to hear you," one of them said, at last, "when I think how soon all this may be changed, and that you may even be dead before night."

"And shall I not thank God while I am yet in the land of the living?" replied her friend.

This world, no matter how poor, or ill, or solitary we may be, is not for any of us altogether a vale of tears. It has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful heights which may be climbed by all of us, if we have but courage and faith.

The man who will not yield to disaster and disease, who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to laugh at in all his misfortunes, will not only draw more friends to his side than his melancholy brother, but actually live longer.

Colonel Sellers had found the true philosophy of life when he lighted a candle in his empty stove "to make believe there was a fire," and praised the "raw flavour" of the raw turnip and cold water which made his scanty meal.

The man whose religion makes him gloomy, austere and hopeless, falsifies Christ's teaching. Who should be happy if not the christian? Who should make light of the troubles of this short life, if not he who believes in an unending life of happiness at its end?

"In everything give thanks," cried the Apostle, after he had been scourged nigh unto death; and again, having fought with beasts at Ephesus, he calls from his prison cell to the weak and unhappy in all ages:

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!"

### CHRIST MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Christ is mighty, is almighty to save. He saves in many ways.—Sometimes gently and gradually. He wins the soul back from its iniquities, restoring to it the ears which the locust hath eaten; sometimes he draws the souls with cords of love; sometimes he rends from the destroyer "as the shepherd tears out of the mouth of the lion two legs or

a piece of a ear;" sometimes he breaks the hard soul with the blows of affliction; sometimes he makes it soft with the gracious rain of sorrow, but so long as there is one sign of hope, or faith, of patience, or of love in you, so long as you have not utterly hardened your hearts, so long as you have not entirely sold yourself to do evil, so long as you are not deliberately calling evil good and good evil, putting sweet for bitter and bitter for sweet—so long will he take your soul under his keeping, and he will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smouldering wick. O drunkard! O fallen woman! O soul frivolous and worldly, or base and bitter, or false and slanderous, or sinful and impure! believe, believe in the divine possibilities of your redeemed humanity, resist not the will of God—and this is the will of God, even your sanctification. Christ never despaired; then why should you despair of the blackest wickedness, of the most stolid indifference, of the most heartbroken weariness, or the most absolute slavery to sin? It is the meaning, in the inmost meaning of Christianity for every one of you, whatever be your present condition, whatever has been your past condition—it is the meaning of the Gospel and of the whole life of Christ for you that you were meant to be pure, and noble, and temperate and holy. You were called to be saints; and as he that has called and is holy, so you were meant to be holy in all manner of conversation. You can be and you can be now if you come to God in Christ to give you strength. And it may be that those very words have been meant by God's grace to be a means of your salvation, to be possibly even the last call which you may receive from him for many years to come. It may be that he is saying to you in his still small voice at this moment to-day: "If ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts;" that he is saying to you:—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give thee light."—Archdeacon Farrar.

### PARENTAL PRAYERS.

Surely among all prayers that go up to God none are dearer or more prevailing than the intercessions of parents for their children. They are the hallowed breathings of the purest, tenderest love. Such prayers if persistent, believing and importunate, may we not say that God always answers in some way in the end? Monica, the mother of Augustine, prays for her son. For a time he goes deeper and deeper into sin and it seems that the mother's supplications are unheard or unavailing. But she faints not; she will not give him up; she refuses to be disheartened. For many years her son wanders far from God, farther and farther; but she stays at her altar, undismayed, believing still, and pleading with renewed earnestness. At last all her intercessions are answered in one hour when Augustine falls down at Jesus' feet in submission and instantly turns all the wealth of his splendid life into the service of his new master.

### ANTS AT PLAY.

Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazons," has much to say about a certain species of foraging ants. They travel in armies of countless thousands, and, as it were, drive everything before them. The unlucky human pedestrian, according to our author, has nothing to do but "to run for it." They are, of course, very industrious, but Mr. Bates says:—

Their life is not all work, for I frequently saw them very leisurely employed in a way that looked like recreation. When this happened the place was always a sunny nook in the forest.

The main column of the army, and the branch columns at these times, were in their ordinary relative positions, but instead of pressing forward eagerly, and plundering right and left, they seem to have been all smitten with a sudden fit of laziness. Some were walking slowly about, others were brushing their antennae with their forefeet; but the drollest sight was their cleaning one another.

Here and there an ant was seen stretching forth

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