

HEAVEN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past.

When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now tell me, each one, please, in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!"
Cried poor little North street Kitty,
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "outdoor playing";
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk-bell rang. But one child left—
My sober, thoughtful Florry,
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place—where you're never sorry."
—Willis Boyd Allen, in *S. S. Times*.

A BOY'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds: come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which do you choose?—*The Christian Advocate*.

TAKING HOLD OF THE POWER OF GOD.

LET me tell you a story about a pious Highland elder. Though poor, he was very hospitable, and he used to entertain many people at the Communion seasons. At these times godly people in the North gather from all the surrounding parishes, and stay often for several days to hear the preaching. Those under the roof of this pious elder had already stayed several days, and on the Tuesday morning he had nothing left to set before his guests but tea and some potatoes. Early that morning the elder went out to the place where he was accustomed to pray. It was a deep recess in the rocks by the river, and overhung by a tree. There, unseen by human eye, the elder told God his trouble, that he had nothing left to give the people but tea and potatoes, that they would have to go back weary miles over the mountains to their homes, and that he felt sad that a reproach should come on his hospitality through his poverty.

While the elder prayed to God there fell close to him—a beautiful salmon. A great sea-eagle, as he passed overhead to his nest, had dropped it from his claws! When the elder told the story of God's goodness to him to his minister (who told it to me), he said: "You see God cares not only for the necessities of His people, but for their feelings."

What a good God we have! How really He hears prayer! His power is close to you. Prayer is only laying hold of it. In several of the steep streets of Edinburgh you hear a still firm voice that goes on and on through the sound of cabs and footsteps. It is the running of the wire rope under the street, out of sight, by which the tram-cars ascend and descend the hills. There is a great car without horses, yet it swiftly comes up and another as steadily and swiftly passes down. These trams are able to grip the rope. They lay hold of the power and use it to go up and down on their busy journeys. The power of God is close to you, ready for you. You are like the tram car, furnished with a means of taking hold of that power. That means is prayer. You can't take hold of God's power any other way. You can never make your journey through life rightly without laying hold of the rope and keeping hold of it.

Pray simply, with perfect trust, in the name of Jesus constantly.—*Sci.*