

SIR LAUNFAL.

"AS Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate, He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same, Who begged with his hand, and moaned as he sate; And a leathing over Sir Launfal came. The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill, The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and crawl, And midway its leap his heart stood still Like a frozen waterfall; For this man, so foul and bent of stature, Raped harshly against his dainty nature, And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,— So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"The leper he raised not the gold from the dust: Better to me the poor man's crust, Better the blessing of the poor, Though I turn me empty from his door: That is no true alms which the hand can hold; He gives nothing but worthless gold Who gives from a sense of duty; But he who gives a slender mite, And gives to that which is out of sight, That thread of the All-Sustaining Beauty Which runs through all and doth all unite,— The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, The heart outstretches its eager palms, For a god goes with it and makes it store To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Thus stood it with Sir Launfal starting out in search of the Holy Grail, as put by Mr. Lowell "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—suggestively to all who are tempted to give in petulance and with ill-disguised contempt for the object of charity. Put alongside is the suggestive word of Scripture, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," or those other words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Sir Launfal learns better, when, an old man, having searched in vain, it is disclosed to him:

"The Grail in my castle here is found!"
"And Sir Launfal said, I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;

Will Mary's Son acknowledge me;
Behold through him I give to thee."

It is this vision of Christ, and Christ in the man that transfigures almsgiving and makes the bestowment of charity sweet. Between the gift in scorn and the gift in love there are millions of leagues of dark sundering gulf.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

JUST between the towns of Hoboken and Weehawken, in New Jersey, lies the little hamlet of Union Hill, an old-fashioned village peopled mostly by Germans, and in this village has stood for many years a great frame building, used principally as a hotel, and known to all the townspeople by the name of "The Old Swan." In years gone by this place was quite a famous resort, but it gradually ran down until it became at length a cheap boarding-house. Among the many inmates of the building were Julie Brohmer, a little eight-year-old girl, her mother, and three younger children. The smallest, a little girl baby of two years, was Julie's special charge, and her mother could always leave the baby with Julie, sure that no harm could come to her so long as her faithful little sister was near. Julie attended the public school as regularly as her home duties would allow, and, unlike

most little girls of her age, when she came home she did not care to run out in the street and play at "tag" or "hide-and-peek," but instead staid at home and relieved her mother of the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and acted the part of a small housewife. The other evening, about half-past nine, little Julie sat in a room on one of the lower flats patiently waiting for her mother to come in that she might go to bed. She had just put her little baby sister to sleep in the back room, and as she sat waiting so quietly, her half closed eyes and frequent yawns told only too well that the "dust-man" was on his rounce.

Suddenly, as she sat there, some bright sparks fell from the ceiling and smouldered on the floor. Almost at the same instant a number of the tenants who lived upstairs ran wildly through the hall and past the door, screaming "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. In another moment the flames appeared in the very room in which little Julie sat. She heard the cries of fire, and the people rushing madly into the street; but there was no one to tell her what to do, or even to think of her, in that moment of excitement. Perhaps a good many of the little girl readers, if they had been in Julie's place, would have screamed and run out of the house as quickly as they could; but that was not what brave little Julie thought of as she saw the sparks falling about her, and the red glare of the fast approaching flames. No, indeed; for she knew that in the back room her baby sister slept unconscious of any danger, and the brave little girl thought first of her duty to that helpless infant. So without thinking twice, she dashed forward, and groped through the smoke and falling sparks until she reached the baby's crib. Then snatching out the little two-year old, sleeping peacefully as it was in its little night-dress—a pretty heavy burden, too, for so small a girl—and clasping it tightly in her arms, she ran out of the room, struggling through the smoke of the hall, until at last she reached the open air.

She did not stop even then, but ran on until she had reached the opposite side of the street. There she sat down on a convenient rock and watched the fire, still holding her little sister tightly to her breast to protect her from the cold. And in this position, after hunting all over, and almost concluding that Julie had perished in the flames, her mamma and the neighbours found her. Brave little girl! Though only eight years old, when danger threatened she did not have to be told what was right for her to do, nor did she for a moment lose her presence of mind, but bravely rescued her baby sister. Think what a brave little girl she was, and try to learn from her brave act a lesson of courage and self-control.—*Harper's Young People.*

LETTERS from Rev. Dr. Cochran, Methodist missionary in Japan, report the safe arrival of all the missionaries sent out this summer. The college in Tokio is being opened with good prospects, and Dr. Cochran pleads for another teacher as soon as one can be seen. The building for accommodation for 75 resident students. It will probably be filled soon after it is opened.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain, and power, Fit to cope with anything— These are wanted every hour. Not the weak and whining drones, That all trouble magnify; Not the wretched of "I can't," But the nobler one "I'll try." Do what'er you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task; Put your shoulder to the wheel. In the counting-house or store, Wherever you may be, From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

THE C. L. S. C. IN CANADA.

THE growth of the Chautauqua Circles in Canada has been greater during the present season than ever before. The energetic secretary, Mr. L. C. Peake, has within the last few weeks received the names of over 200 new applicants for membership. There are now 1500 Chautauquans in Canada. A project is on foot with every prospect of success, for having a Canadian summer assembly on the Niagara, to promote the interests of this great educational movement, similar to the world renowned assembly on Chautauqua Lake. In Toronto the movement grows apace. From a daily paper we clip the following:

C. L. S. C.—A meeting of members of the Toronto Central Circle of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was held in Richmond Street Methodist Church last night to consider the course of study for the ensuing year. Mr. E. Gurney, jr., occupied the chair. Rev. Dr. Withrow opened the meeting with prayer, after which he spoke at some length on the question of education and the advantages to be derived from a systematic course of study. The question of popular education he said, is one that is attracting the greatest attention in England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, the United States, Canada, and even China, Japan, and India. In every country that lays claim to civilization, the education of the masses is one that they cannot afford to overlook. Thanks to the art of printing books are now within the reach of all, and to obtain the greatest benefit from them should be studied systematically. It is a great advantage to have the proper books chosen for us, and this is what the Chautauqua Circle has done. He then went on to speak of some of the studies which will form the course of this year. The study of the natural sciences, for instance, supplies a key which unlocks the secrets of nature. It expands our horizon, so to speak, giving to us a clearer view of the workings of nature, and impressing us with the fact that everything round about us is "the work of one grand plan." Mr. Hughes followed Dr. Withrow. He referred to the various subjects that would be taken up, amongst which biology, scientific, temperance, and language lessons, and studies in kitchen science and art might be mentioned. Mr. Hughes was followed by the chairman, who referred to the fact that lectures similar to those of last year will be provided for the coming term. A few questions were asked and answered, after which Dr. Withrow dismissed the meeting with the benediction.

"THAT BOY."

LECTURE BY REV. DR. VINCENT.

A LARGE audience gathered in the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, to hear Dr. Vincent's lecture on "That Boy." Although Dr. Vincent is lacking in neither humour nor pathos, he does not belong to that peculiarly exasperating class of orators who aim at moving the audience into "alternate tears and laughter." His lecture is not a mere string of anecdotes and jokes, but a masterly outline of what a boy's education should be. He presented on behalf of "that boy" three institutions—the Church, the Public School, and the Home. On the subject of the Church he spoke with the energy of a man who expects some opposition. He held that a boy, at the very earliest period of his life, should attend church with his parents, and went so far as to say, that if a child could attend but one service on a Sunday that attendance should be at church rather than at Sunday-school. To the anticipated objection that a very young child could not understand the sermon—and by the way, there were some sermons which nobody could understand—he replied that it was a good thing for a child to be early surrounded by the influences of the Church and that it would inculcate in him a spirit of a reverence for sacred things. When he entered a church and with a child's inquisitiveness asked "What house is this?" he would be told "God's house,"—that the day on which he went there was God's day—the minister, God's minister—the book from which he read, God's book. The argument that the child should not be compelled to go to church because he did not want to, and because its instincts should have full play, was answered in the *reductio ad absurdum* way by applying the same principle to the matter of food, and putting the case of a child who was allowed to eat whatever it pleased. In referring to the School, the lecturer first drew a picture of a stern, stupid, and unloving dominie, who rules his pupils by fear, and then presented that of the intelligent teacher, ruling with gentle firmness, and inviting the confidence of his pupils, a class of whom Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was put forward as a bright example. In dealing with the "Home," the lecturer put in an eloquent plea for the boy, as against the fine furniture, and told his hearers that the great aim should be to make home the most pleasant spot in the world for the children. The boy whom Dr. Vincent presented as the product of this training was an admirable character, honest, fearless, loving, and manly, but not mannish.

THE SCOTT ACT.

FIVE counties in Canada voted on the Scott Act on Oct. 30. In York County, N. B., the question submitted was on the repeal of the Act, and it is stated that the Act had been sustained by a majority estimated at 300. In Huron the Act had a majority of 1,600, with incomplete returns; while in Bruce the majority for the Act was 703, and 21 places to hear from. In Dufferin the majority so far reported is 620 for the Act, while Prince Edward County goes against the Act by 126.