

The Silver Plate.

THEY passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it, and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound;
A boy who sat in the aisle looked round
With a wistful face—"O, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.
He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God:
Poor, pitiful pagans, who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls
would go;
And who shrieked with fear when their
mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce and wild
And horrid he seemed to the frightened
child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while
his
Lips trembled—"How different *Jesus* is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of
Christ.

But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked
'round

And they offered the piled up plate to him,
And he blushed, and his eyes began to swim.
Then bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke, in a voice that held a tear—
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought
he meant

To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate—his
foot,

And said, with a sob controlled before,
"I will give MYSELF—I have nothing more!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ONLY TWO GLASSES OF BEER.

A BOY in a court room was arraigned
for throwing a stone at a horse-car.
When asked by the judge what he had
to say for himself he drooped his head
and stammeringly replied, "Nothing,
sir—except—that I—had taken a—
couple of—glasses—of—beer! Noth-
ing—sir—except—"

As if that would be accepted in ex-
tenuation of a boy's lawlessness!

A barn burns down, and the person
charged with the responsibility says
he has no excuse only that he left a
shovel of burning coals on a hay mow!
The boy's stammering tongue did not
make an acceptable plea, and he was
marched off by the police, to think the
matter over in a stone cell.

"Nothing—sir—except—!"

And yet some people think beer is
a temperate drink, and that brewers
are the apostles of good order, good
health, good morals. Two glasses,
only, of beer, and yet therein was
room sufficient for a stone that did a
deal of trouble. There is room in a
glass of beer for many ugly things—
hot words and hard blows, a living
tongue, and a thief's fingers. But
every glass of beer is sure to have this

within: a stairway that leads one
down to a glass of something stronger.
"Beer" is one ugly step in the drunk-
ard's descent toward hell!

A young man who didn't want to
die a drunkard, and came to us for
help, said he started the trouble in a
glass of beer. A second, who came
for our prayers, traced his drinking
habits back to the quaffing of a glass
of beer while he was getting in coal
when a boy.

"Nothing—sir—except—!"

This is the season when beer and its
kindred nuisances that have been be-
hind doors in town come forth, like
snakes' tongues out of a hole occupied
in winter, and temptingly are paraded
before our boys at pleasure excursions
and summer resorts. Set your face
and foot against the evil, and be right
when you are boys. Don't put your
foot on the top stair of the drunkard's
descent. You then will not surely
reach the last and lowest step.

A FAMOUS FLOATING BRIDGE.

THE greatest and most famous of
all floating bridges was that built by
the Roman Emperor Caligula in
A.D. 39. An immense number of
boats were anchored in the bays of
Baie and Puteoli in two lines, in the
form of a crescent, over three miles
long. A flooring of planks was laid
upon them and covered with earth.
Houses were built upon it and fresh
water was conveyed to them by pipes
from the shore. When all was ready,
the Emperor, accompanied by his
court and a throng of spectators, rode
in solemn procession from one end of
the bridge to the other. He was
clothed in costly robes and adorned
with gold and pearls, and wore Alex-
ander's breast-plate and a civic crown.
At evening the whole bridge was
illuminated with torches and lanterns,
and Caligula boasted that he had
"turned the night into day, as well as
the sea into land." The whole court
slept that night in the houses on the
bridge. Next day there was another
procession in which Caligula rode in a
triumphal chariot, followed by a train
of other chariots. The insane em-
peror then made an oration in praise
of his work, and wound up the festivi-
ties by ordering a large number of the
spectators to be thrown into the sea.
—*Good Words.*

USELESS STUDIES.

THE other day a young girl of our
acquaintance, who is pursuing a
selected course of study in one of the
collegiate institutions of the city, was
examining the printed curriculum with
reference to deciding what study she
should take up next term. While
consulting about the matter, she read
over the long list of text-books on
science, language, literature, and
mathematics, when suddenly she ex-
claimed: "I'll tell you what I would
like to study—I would like to study
medicine. I don't mean that I want

to be a physician and practice, but to
know what to do at home if anybody
is sick or anything happens. I am
sure that it would be more useful to
me than"—and she turned to the pre-
scribed course of study—"than spher-
ical trigonometry and navigation?
But we can't run for a doctor every
time anybody sneezes and coughs,
and I would like to know what to do
for any one who is a little sick."
Here is a matter concerning which
young women need some simple but
careful instruction. But who gives
them any? As daughters in the
family, they can repeat the dates of
the Grecian and Roman wars, work
out an intricate problem in algebra,
and give the technical name of all the
bones in the body; but if the baby
brother left in their charge burns his
hands or is seized with croup, how
many of them know the best thing to
do while waiting for the doctor? And
when, as wives and mothers, the duties
of life increase, how many of them
have any practical knowledge which
will help them to meet calmly and in-
telligently the everyday experience of
accidents and illnesses which are in-
evitable in every family?—*Harper's
Bazaar.*

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY.

JOHN KING has been long known in
Cincinnati. In his early life he was
kicked by a horse, and lost the use of
one leg. Later he received an injury
in the other leg, which, with rheuma-
tism, crippled him for life.

He came to Cincinnati in 1868, and
had been here only a short time when
he was taken with small-pox, and was
carried to the pest-house. He had
been as courageous as a man could be
until then, but while there his courage
gave way. He recovered, however,
and soon after became a seller of news-
papers. He made an investment,
after awhile, of a little money which
he had saved, and lost it all and in-
curred a debt besides. He managed
to pay off this debt by the display of
a perseverance and honesty which
must command the praise of all hon-
ourable men. He lost at one time
\$600 by the failure of a bank. Still
he toiled on and accumulated a library
of some thousands of volumes, and the
books were so judiciously selected as
to make the collection more valuable
than private libraries usually are.
His career was one of the most remark-
able on record. His courage and
energy were almost unparalleled. His
difficulties were such as would appal
almost any other human being, but he
never faltered. His taste for reading
was as remarkable as his unconquer-
able courage. His career was more
marvellous than the stories of romance,
and if John King could succeed no
youth in America need despair.

We have no personal acquaintance
with this indomitable and eccentric
man, but the story of his life, as
related in the *Commercial Gazette*, is

really so wonderful that we deem it
worthy of this reference as an encour-
agement to struggling young men who
see before them no way to success.

How the King Came Home.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

"O, WHY are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have
said,

The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
O, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be
late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept;
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well fought
field—

'Twas thus the king came home.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

A MONKEY HERO.

A NOBLEMAN had a favourite
monkey, a large orang-outang. The
monkey was very much attached to
his master, and to the baby boy who
was the pet of the whole family.

One day, a fire suddenly broke out
in the house, and everybody was run-
ning here and there to put it out,
while the little boy in the nursery was
almost forgotten; and when at length
they thought of him, the stair case
was all in flames. What could be
done?

As they were looking up and won-
dering, a large hairy hand and arm
opened the window; and presently the
monkey appeared with the baby in
his arms and carefully climbed down
over the porch, and brought the child
safely to his nurse. Nobody else
could have done it; for a man cannot
climb like a monkey, and is not near
so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful
creature was praised and petted after
that. This is a true story, and the
little child who was saved was the
young Marquis of Kildare.—*Selected.*

LITTLE Charlie listened eagerly to
his father read the third chapter of
Revelation; but when he came to the
twentieth verse—"Behold, I stand at
the door and knock"—he could not
wait, but ran up to his father, eagerly
asking, "Father, did he get in?"