

back, and not admit that drop in the first place. That impure desire, don't gratify it. That impure book, put a hundred feet between it and you as quickly as possible. Who will promise in this one thing to look not, touch not? That promise will make a memory of sunshine for you.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged in-h deep with pearl.

From sheds new roof'd with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us below.

Again I look'd at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was hosped so high.

I remembered the grating patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

STUTTERING WILLIE.

WILLIE DAVIS came home after his first day in school, laid his books on the table, flung his hat on a peg, threw himself at his mother's feet and, big boy that he was, burst into a passion of tears. Mrs. Davis gently smoothed his hair, and let him cry until his grief had partly spent itself. Then she found out the trouble. She had not sent Willie to school as young as she would have done if he had been like other boys. He stammered in his speech. He was sensitive on that subject, and the first real trial of his life came to him that afternoon when, as school closed, he overheard one of a group of boys mimicking him, and another call him "Stuttering Willie."

This boy's mother was a true Christian woman. She not only stood in the great congregation and sang

O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer,

but she did literally go with every trial and temptation to the great Burden-bearer. So, now, as she had often done before in secret, she knelt, with her selected son and commended him to the care of her Heavenly Father, and especially asked that he might be cured of his stammering.

The next morning, before breakfast, Mrs. Davis came down-stairs earlier than usual, and picked up the morning

paper. After a few moments she called, "Willie, come here," and then she read aloud:

"The worst cases of stuttering cured in ten minutes without a surgical operation. Good references given. Prof. Blank, 220 State Street."

Fortunately Willie's mother, though a widow, was in circumstances to be able easily to afford to pay the large sum needed to relieve her boy of the trouble which had threatened to blight his life. They went that very day to the famous professor.

Willie looked him the moment he saw him. He had such a cheerful way with him.

"So you have been bothered with that little difficulty," he said, taking a Bible from the table and opening it at Psa. xxxvii: "Well you will never have any more trouble after you leave me if you will do as I tell you. Read the first verse of this psalm, and mark the time as you read, just as you would do if you were singing. At every syllable, as you read, strike your finger on your knee."

William began and read, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

He smiled, then, at his mother, thinking how he had wept the day before at the taunts of the boys. When he had read in this way four verses, the Professor said:

"Read the fifth verse, and beat time at every word by hitting your thumb against your fore-finger."

And so Willie read: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass," and his mother wondered if he remembered how they had knelt and prayed for the very good which was now being given to him.

A little later the Professor said: "Now, read the twenty-third verse, and beat the time as you say each word by moving your big toe."

Willie laughed so he could hardly begin, but presently read: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way."

And before the ten minutes were ended he found that in beating time and talking he could speak as rapidly and fluently as any one.

This was some years ago. Willie is a young man now. He is preparing for the ministry. He preached his first sermon from the fourth verse of that thirty-seventh Psalm: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart."

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven.

Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself:

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and he is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to him, you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent: she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never, never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at, if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard, to remember—"I am not my own."

WHAT WILL YOU ANSWER?

ALL of the boys and girls I have ever seen think a deal about how they are going to look and what they are going to do when they are grown men and women. Do you? If I could show you pictures of how you will look then, how many of you would like to see them? How many of you have seen pictures of yourselves when you were very little children? Do you think that pretty little children always grow up to be either lovely women or noble-looking men?

There are drunkards in nearly every community. Do you think they were ever some mother's darling—bright-eyed, sweet-faced, innocent? How do their eyes look now? King Solomon, in the Bible, asks, "Who hath redness of eyes?" What will you answer? Instead of being sweet-faced and innocent, what do drunkards often have upon their faces? Cuts and bruises. If they had done right would those wounds be there? King Solomon asks, "Who hath wounds without cause?" What will you answer? How many of you have ever heard the foolish talk of drunkards? Do any of you know what King Solomon called it?

He asks, "Who hath babbling?" What will you answer?

Are drunkards usually kind and gentle, or are they "full of fight?" King Solomon asks, "Who hath contentions?" What will you answer? Do you think a drunkard is happy-hearted or full of sorrow? I want to tell you a story of one drunkard's sorrow, and perhaps you will know of others that you can tell afterwards.

Once a man killed his wife. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it. The police shut him up in prison. He was so drunk he did not know anything about that either. After a while his drunken fit went off, and he looked about him, wondering where he was, the place looked so strange. He asked the jailer, "Where am I?" He answered, "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does my wife know anything about it?" asked the terror-stricken man. "You have murdered her." Hearing this, the man became a maniac.

King Solomon asked, "Who hath sorrow?" What will you answer?

Can you think of anything that would be worse for the drunkard than of the things we have named? Not to get to heaven!

Listen to what the Bible says about this: "Neither thieves nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." King Solomon asks, "Who hath woe?" What will you answer?—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

KING SOLOMON AND THE BLACKSMITH.

THE blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction:

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"
"A carpenter."
"And who makes your tools?"
"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said:
"What is your trade?"
And the reply was:
"A mason."
"And who makes your tools?"
"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stone cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"
"Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.