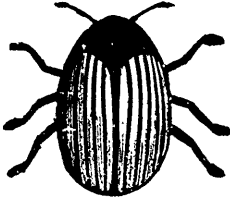


JESUS:—He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever—
Hebrews xiii. 8.

THE POTATO BUG.



SOME years ago, by invitation of the Y. M. C. A., of Ottawa, Ont., I visited that city and conducted a series of Bible Readings. During my stay, I was guest of the President of the Association, whose residence was situated on the outskirts of the city. One morning, as I sat in my room, I noticed upon my window-sill a *beautiful* (?) specimen of beetle or bug. That morning, as I walked through the garden, I saw many more; and when, after breakfast, I was walking with my host into the city, I saw several on the sidewalk. I called his attention to them, and said: "What a pretty insect that is! I never saw any like them before." "Pretty!" said he, "I think them very ugly, and as to their rarity, I wish they were more so. Why," added he, "don't you know what they are?" "No," I answered. "Well, these are Potato Bugs, and they are committing great havoc all through the country. In fact, some of the farmers have lost all their crop by them;" and, as he spoke, he brought his foot down upon a couple which were crossing his path. At once my thoughts concerning their beauty changed, and all I saw in them was a source of trouble and loss; and after that it seemed to me that I was doing a virtuous act by crushing under my feet every potato bug which crossed my path.

At the same time, I learned a lesson. Is it not a fact that many—very many—Christians and others are attracted by the outward appearance of the so-called pleasures of the world? They admire them, and dally with them. But, how different would it be were their eyes opened to see the truth that, after all, these very pleasures, or sins have

wrought such devastation in many homes, brought many sorrows to the hearts of parents—yea, have ruined many who, through ignorance of their deadly nature, have played with them, and encouraged their growth.

Dear brethren, let us open our eyes to the fact that the show, glitter, folly, and friendships of the world are like potato bugs: outwardly handsome, but breathing destruction. Let us get them under our feet, and keep them there. ALF. S.

AGNOSTICS.

"AM an Agnostic!" remarked a young man, in swelling accents. "And an Agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An Agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance—"an Agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman. "But how does it happen that you are sure you are an Agnostic?"

WERE we to take Christ at His word, we could do without comments.

SIR PETER LELY used to make it a rule never to look upon a bad picture, as he found, by experience, when he had done so, his pencil always took a tint from it. (Prov. iv. 14-16.)

TRAINING CLASS

For Christian Workers,

EVERY THURSDAY, at 8 P.M.

Conducted by the Secretary.

All Christian Workers Invited.

JESUS:—I am the Lord, I change not.
Malachi. iii. 6.