

platform, attracting great attention, until just as the most thrilling part of the story was reached, he suddenly stopped and took up a collection! He refused to go on unless the number of pennies received was sufficient to encourage the continuation of the story.

Street theatricals can also be seen, and travelling shows with monkeys, bears, and tumbling gymnasts, who greatly amuse the children. Sugar-candy and various kinds of sweetmeats are sold by peddlers, who are eagerly sought after by the little folks. Sometimes a man carries small kitchen utensils on the end of a pole, and serves out tiny griddle cakes to the children, who watch him cook the cakes, and smack their lips in anticipation of the feast.

A showman will put a piece of camphor on the tiny model of a duck which he floats on a shallow dish of water, and as the children look on in wonder, the dissolving camphor gum sends the duck from side to side, as though it were alive.

The boys delight in fishing, and will sit for hours holding the line by the moats and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish, when there would not be a bite once in the half hour.

There are few vehicles in Tokio, excepting the jinrikishas; and most of the people walk in the middle of the street. When riding on horseback, it is impossible to go at a rapid rate without endangering the youngsters who sprawl around in the street. Chickens, dogs, and cats are also in the way; the latter animal in Japan has no tail.—*From The Gospel in all Lands.*

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

BY THE REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

THE hope of the future triumph of temperance lies with the young. But what can they do? A little fellow was an errand boy in an office where there were four gentlemen. He was quite small for his age, and did not seem to grow much. One of the gentlemen said to him one day—

"You will never amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

"Well," said the little fellow; after a moment's hesitation. "As small as I am, I can do something which none of you gentlemen can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and they urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the boy. I tell you there were some blushes on four manly faces in that office then, and there was not another word on the subject.

All boys and girls can keep from ever taking intoxicating drinks, and that is what thousands of men are unable to do.

A Swedish ship called the *Takla Maria*, was out on a long voyage. They had scarcely got more than fairly out at sea, when the captain, the mate and several of the crew took sick and were obliged to stay in their beds. None of the other sailors know how to navigate the vessel. The captain's son, a boy twelve years of age, was on

board, and he had learned how to take a solar observation. That boy took charge of the ship, navigated her during a voyage of six months, and brought her safely into port, and landed his sick father and the other sick sailors, when they were taken to the hospital. The Insurance Company, who had insured the vessel, heard of that boy, and made him the present of a good sum of money. And well he deserved it.

Boys, if nobody else can or will, take you hold and help to navigate the noble ship of Temperance.

Let me tell you what a little boy, ten years of age, once did. He was a French boy, and his name was Jean Cavalier; he was born among the mountains. He was accustomed to scale the rocky heights with fearless agility, and he was sure-footed as one of the mountain goats. Jean lived in a time of dark and bloody persecution. People dared not then to read God's word and worship Him according to their conscience; and for doing this, they were hunted down and murdered by the king's soldiers.

For twenty years, the Popish king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand of his soldiers to exterminate three thousand of these Protestant worshippers. For several weeks it had been made known among these persecuted mountain Christians, that the great pastor Brousson would minister to them on a certain day. In spite of every precaution, the news of this meeting had reached the ears of Captain Daigurrier, who had six hundred men under him, and who at once started to capture and butcher, if possible, the entire congregation.

"Jean was climbing a high rock above his father's house, in search of a missing goat, when he spied the red caps of the soldiers far below in the valley. He knew well what they were coming for, and he hurried down to his mother.

"I have seen the King's troops going up, and there is no one at home to give warning but me."

"Then," said the mother, "Speed away boldly, my boy; the safety of five hundred of God's people depends on your fleetness and courage." Jean stooped and kissed his mother's hand, jumped on his smart mountain pony, and in a few minutes he was riding away through the dim forest, anxiously conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he might get ahead of the soldiers; when he heard the sound of a conch shell, and in an instant the soldiers were in sight. Quick-witted Jean, instead of attempting to fly, boldly rode up to meet them.

"Where are you going?" asked the captain.

"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the boy.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain suspiciously. "So fine a boy must not grow up a rebel."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors' apparently quite submissive, but the vigilant little fellow contrived to fall back gradually, till after a while he was among the hindmost. Jean knew that close to a brook, and hid among the bushes, was a cavern. Seizing an opportune

moment, he turned his pony, dashed down into the brush, leaped off, and ran into the cavern. It was some minutes before the clumsy soldiers could descend after him. When they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was to be seen.

Little Jean crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search, but soon the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band. When the last echoes had died away he ventured out, aware that his chances of giving timely warning were less now than before; but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer, the intrepid boy hastened breathlessly on.

Not far away several hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform, engaged in worship. When little Jean was coming up, the minister was saying—

"What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Has not His Holy Spirit comforted His afflicted children? Will He not in time of need cause His angel to go before us?" A cry startled the congregation.

"Fly, the enemy comes!" rang out in a shrill childish voice. And looking around, they saw a little figure in a white goatskin coat, and white locks of golden hair gleaming in the mellow sunset. They quickly dispersed, and when the troops arrived there was nothing to be seen but deserted rocks and the lonely forest. The commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, but many of the congregation always maintained afterwards, that God had sent an angel to save them. Jean lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant Faith. That boy helped to save five hundred lives, and so may you help to save hundreds and thousands from a far more deadly enemy—drink.

It is just the finest sight in the world to see a man or boy, courageous and strong in refusing to do evil.—*The Temperance Battle-Field.*

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

NUTMEGS grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high.

The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg-trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg-pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Sang the lady soft, and low,
And her voice's gentle flow
Rose upon the evening air
With that sweet and solemn prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her heart was gay and glad,
Sang because she felt alone,
Sang because her heart had grown
Weary with the tedious day
Sang to while the hours away,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Where the fitful gaslight falls
On her father's massive walls,
On the chill and silent street
Where the lights and shadows meet;
There the lady's voice was heard
As the breath of night was stirred
With her tones so sweet and clear,
Waiting up to God that prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Wandering, homeless, thro' the night,
Praying for the morning light,
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
With sunken eyes, and hollow cheek,
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
One, a lost and only child,
One by sin and shame defiled;
And her heart with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady as she sang
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went
Pierced her blacking soul, and brought
Back to her as lost in thought
Tremblingly she stood the pest,
And the burning tears fell fast,
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in virtue's ways;
When she sang that very song
With no sense of sin or wrong;
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that moment felt
More than she could speak, as there
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer,
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot,
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang in silence there,
That her voice had pierced a soul,
That had lived 'neath sin's control!
Little knew when she had done,
That a lost and erring one
Heard her—as she breathed that strain
And returned to God again!
—F. L. Stanton.

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil, who lived to be a greatly useful minister, was born in London, in 1748. When a boy he was strong-willed, but brave, straight-forward and thoroughly to be trusted, hating all that was mean, shuffling, or deceitful. One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him, and left him at the door of the East India House, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard in the evening was missed by his mother. His father, now remembering where they had parted, said, "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting as he had been for hours, and as he had been ordered to do!