

Children's Department.

THE SECOND COMING.

"Be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

He will come perhaps at morning,
When to simply live is sweet,
When the arm is strong, unwearied
By the moonday toil and heat;
When the undimmed eye looks tearless
Up the shining heights of life,
And the eager soul is panting,
Yearning for some noble strife.

He will come perhaps at noontide,
When the pulse of life throbs high,
When the fruits of toil are ripening,
And the harvest time is nigh;
Then through all the full-orbed splendor
Of the sun's meridian blaze,
There may shine the strange new beauty
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

He will come perhaps at evening,
Gray and sombre is the sky,
Clouds around the sunset gather,
Full and dark the shadows lie;
When we long for rest and slumber,
And some tender thoughts of home
Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,
Then perhaps the Lord will come.

If He only find us ready,
In the mornings happy light,
In the strong and fiery noontide,
Or the coming of the night;
If He only find us waiting,
Listening to His sudden call,
Then His coming when we think not,
Is the sweetest hope of all.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

WIDE as the world is, and varied as are the employments and works of men, there are really only two masters dividing it, only two sorts of service carried on. Every human being wears the livery of either God or Satan, doesthe work of either one or the other, and is earning wages accordingly. We may not be able to tell the Lord's servants from the servants of the devil, but the Lord knoweth them that are His, and that is enough. When He comes to reckon with them He will give them far more than they have earned, than ever fallen man could earn. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

There will be a reckoning too, at the last day, with the devil's servants. Death is the payment he has in store for those who have done his work, and duly will they receive it. "The wages of sin is death."

The great pay-day has not yet arrived. The books are yet closed to us. We should be therefore very slow to pass judgments on our fellow creatures, or to declare whom they have been serving, and what they are to receive. We see their faults, but not their temptations and difficulties. Yet there are histories which show us that even in this life the wages of sin is death, and useful histories they may be in warning us from evil, provided they do not lead us to forstall the final judgment which God keeps in His own hands. You must bear this in mind while listening to the life of Joseph Hicks.

A sad one from the very beginning it is. His parents lived in a back street in a manufacturing town of Lancashire. They earned a good deal of money, and spent a good deal of money, though it would be difficult to

say how it came or how it went. Sometimes Mary Hicks carried out a basket, sometimes she took in washing and mending, and she had a lodger or two. She kept no regular shop, yet she and her husband were always buying and selling. There was no pawnbroker's shop near, so they used to lend money to their poorer neighbours, making them pay high interest, and taking their things in pledge. This was against the law of the country, but they managed to escape being found out in this and other dishonest practices.

I need hardly say that Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were thoroughly ungodly people. They never went to church, or said a prayer at home. There was no Bible in their house, and when their little born, they never once thought of having him baptized. When a neighbour came one day to admire the baby, and asked when they were going to take him to church, the father, who was sitting by the fire stood up, said angrily, that he was not going to have anything of that kind. "I shall call my boy Joseph," said he, "and the parson could do no more. I'm not going to be troubled with godfathers or godmothers either." So poor little Joseph, or Joey, as they called him, grew up a heathen, or worse, since God's name was known to him for cursing and swearing—a knowledge worse than ignorance. The first thing they taught him was to be handy and "look sharp;" then he was encouraged in all sorts of cunning tricks, which certainly came to him very naturally. He would cheat when a mere baby, cheat his play-fellows, cheat the lodgers, or any one he had to do with. One of the lodgers, a quiet old man, and not very bright, used to employ Joey in running errands, and Joey used to steal a little of everything he bought him, whether tea, sugar, or fruit. But Joey was most proud of his trick about the pipes. The old man used to give Joey three half-pence to buy him two pipes. Joey would fetch them, and at the next opportunity would take one away. The old man would hunt for it, but in vain, and, not being suspicious, would send Joey for two more. The boy would again steal the second, and after this would go on selling the poor old man his own pipes again and again, and pocketing the money. Joey told his mother how he managed and she laughed heartily, and said he was a sharp one, a chip of the old block. So he was encouraged to continue in his bad ways till he grew a regular young thief. At last he found out where his father kept his money-box, and stole from that a sixpence or a shilling as he wanted it. Hicks found it out, watched the boy, caught him in the act of taking out half-a-crown, went into a passion, and gave him a violent beating. "You young rascal," I'll teach you to play your tricks on me." Keep them for other people, but leave me and my things alone." Joseph declared he would run away, he would never stay at home to be beaten, and though his mother coaxed and petted him he did not remain many days longer with her. The money-box was put out of his reach, but he contrived to get hold of two old silver spoons, and with these and a little bundle of clothes he escaped out of the house early one morning, walked to the other end of the town, sold the spoons at a Jew's

shop, and took a third-class ticket for Birmingham. From thence he walked to London, where he hoped to make his fortune.

"Birds of a feather flock together." On the day Joey arrived in London he fell in with a boy quite as bad as himself, who took him to his home, if we may give that name to such a dreadful place. It was a house kept by a wicked old Jew, who educated boys for stealing, just as a tradesman teaches his apprentices masons' or carpenters' work. The old Jew was glad to have a new boy, especially one who looked clever and handy. Under his hands the unhappy Joseph became a confirmed rogue. His common business was picking pockets, but more than once he joined a gang of housebreakers, when they happened to want the services of a boy. Before he was twenty he had been in jail three or four times for picking pockets and other petty thefts. The chaplain had each time taken great pains with him, but Joseph turned a deaf ear to all his advice and instruction. Clever as he was at his own wicked trade, he seemed quite dull and senseless in spiritual things. He neither trembled at the thought of God's anger, nor did the thought of his Saviour's love move his hard heart.

At last the unhappy Joseph engaged with other housebreakers in a scheme for stealing the jewels and plate of a lady of rank. They got into the house by the help of a dishonest servant, carried off their prize, and escaped; but before they had reached a place of shelter the police caught them and made them prisoners. Joseph and his companions were tried, and his sentence was one of transportation for fourteen years.

The rest of the melancholy history must be told very briefly. Joseph was set to Tasmania; but after a few months was passed on to Norfolk Island, the spot which used to be set apart for the worst and most disorderly convicts. In spite of the strict discipline of the place he managed to organize a plan of rebellion, and actually murdered two of the officers. He was, however, immediately taken, tried, and executed.

Thus to one poor sinner the wages of sin were in this world death; and if, in judging him, we take into consideration that he was unbaptized, untaught, let us bear in mind likewise our different circumstances, and remember that where much has been given, much also will be required.

TWO DEPARTMENTS WELL REPRESENTED.

—In lately walking through the Government Building, at Ottawa, a representative of one of Ottawa's ablest journals, in the course of conversation gleaned some items of interest. Speaking with Mr. A. J. Cambie, Chief Clerk of the Agricultural Department, that gentleman replied to a certain question: "I have used St. Jacob's Oil in my family, and found it to be an excellent article indeed. It is the remedy to banish pain and has a pleasant and soothing way of doing so, that makes it valuable. I consider it a great medicine." Calling upon Mr. Sherwood of the Militia Department, that gentleman thus answered the usual query: "I have found St. Jacob's Oil a great medicine; a splendid remedy, indeed, for rheumatism. I have recommended it to very many. When I commenced its use I had not much faith, but now my faith could not be easily shaken. I consider it by all odds the best medicine I ever tried."

GOOD WORK OR NONE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M—, a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to. He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight of the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge then went to dinner, and coming out found the man planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished, there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge started. "Why do you spend all that labour on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the erection of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most thoroughly done.

A FOOL ONCE MORE.—"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago, I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays."—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—Free Press.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.