

Again in the evening, Ben was at his post in the pulpit, mighty in an attack on the strongholds of sin and Satan, in the name of the Lord; and at the prayer-meeting which followed, more than one poor soul found its way into the light and liberty of the Saviour's love.

It was dark, save for the glitter of the stars, when Ben and Frank turned their faces homeward. Their two hearts were both equally aglow with happiness; Ben, lifting up his in praise for the blessing which had attended the services—Frank, that God was so good to him, and that he might be made useful to others.

Their way presently lay by the side of a dense wood, and Ben was just reminding Frank of the passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," when suddenly a man sprang from the bushes in front of them, and told them, in a determined voice, to stop. Frank clasped the arm of his friend more closely, but Ben was not in the least disconcerted. He could see that the tall figure was that of a gipsy, and that he held no stick or weapon in his hand.

"Well, friend, if you want my purse, I can only say, with the apostle, 'Silver and gold have I none,' for I am only a poor blacksmith, with a light pocket, but a happy heart."

"I don't want none of your money," was the gruff reply; "it's other help as I'm seeking."

"What is that? We will do anything we can for you."

"Well, there's a young chap lying in our wigwam in the wood yonder. He came to us some three months ago, well-nigh starved, and I guess he's about dying now, and is asking for his father."

"What's his name?"

"Christie, I think."

Old Ben whispered into the ear of Frank: "It's the poor lost one, Master Frank, and, like the prodigal, he has come back."

The gipsy was evidently impatient, and, at a sign from Ben, plunged into the darkness of the wood, bidding the others to follow.

(To be continued.)

The Motto.

It is a very hot morning, and a little girl, seated in the corner of a large school-room, tries in vain to fix her attention on the sum before her. For the last half-hour she has been trying, but somehow or other the figures will not come right. Presently, on looking up, she sees on the corner of the desk a book. Yes, it is the very one from which her sum was taken. Just one glance, and she would be saved all the trouble of working it out. Rising hastily, she put out her hand to take it, when she stops, saying, half aloud, "What

would Jesus do?" and back she goes to her corner, to try—try—try again. Almost at the same moment the bell is rung for the closing of the school, and the girls troop out, leaving Ada alone.

By-and-by the sum is finished, and off Ada runs, her own merry self again. "Oh, Lucy," she says, to a gentle, fair girl, who is leaning against the gate, "how good of you to wait."

"I should not have waited," said Lucy, "had it not been for our motto."

"And it was through the motto I remained in school," said Ada. And then she told Lucy of her temptation.

"So, Ada, you did not think of asking Jesus to help you with this sum?" said Lucy.

"Well, no. You see, I'm not half so good as you are, Lucy"—and she gave her friend's arm a gentle squeeze. "Sometimes I think I don't love the Lord at all."

"I don't think that can be the case, Ada; for if you did not love him, why should our motto, 'What would Jesus do?' have any influence over you? You see, dear, it is his love to us poor sinners we ought to think of, not ours to him; for the moment we look away from Jesus to ourselves, then comes the doubting."

The two girls had reached their homes, and their talk for the present was ended.

Years have passed on. The school-girls have grown up, and have gone out into the world. Ada has long been parted from her friend, and gentle Lucy often wonders how it is with her.

After a long interval a letter came, telling Lucy how that—in the midst of sorrow, temptation, and sin—Ada is still kept in the narrow way, and that the motto of their school days, "What would Jesus do?" guides her still.

Dear boys and girls, I do not know you, but the Lord does, and he loves you, and asks you to give him your hearts. May you each one be truly his, and then this motto, "What would Jesus do?" can be yours.

If I Were a Boy.

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person: "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple if he had happened to be born in that station of life!"

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts out love, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

A Lesson on Beer-Drinking.

A DARK-HAIRED, slender young girl, with large brown eyes and a pleasant face, stood in the prisoner's dock of the Jefferson Market police court. She was neatly dressed, though her attire was well worn; and she stood with bowed head, while an occasional sob shook her slender form. Two other female prisoners stood in the dock with her. The one on her right was a bold-faced woman of the town, dressed in cheap but gaudy finery, bedecked with tawdry jewelry, and evidently familiar with her surroundings. The other was an old woman in dirty rags, which she scarcely held upon her shoulders with one thin and grimy hand. Her eyes were bleared, and her face bruised and bloated.

The judge looked at the strangely assorted trio. Then he said to the weeping girl:

"How is it that so young a girl as you have come to this?"

"I did not intend to get drunk, judge," said the girl. "I went to a woman's house and we drank some beer together, and somehow I don't remember what happened after that until I found myself in the cell."

"How old are you?"

"I am going on sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen! How do you like your neighbours? Look to your right; that is your next step. It won't take very long to reach that state if you continue as you have begun. Look to your left; that is nearly the end, but it is the sure end of the downward path."

The young girl sobbed, but said nothing.

"You are young," resumed his honor. "This is your first offence; I hope it will be your last. You can go."

The girl left the court-room with hanging head, but the woman on the right laughed, and the woman on the left beamed, as they waited for their turn.

This girl had a bitter lesson; but how many there are who will never learn except in a bitter school. The world is full of wrecks which have gone down through drink. Others are following who little imagine where their course will end. Oh, that young and old would be warned by the ruin into which others have plunged, and escape for their lives before escape shall be impossible.

The Queen.

SHE lives not in a palace;
She sits not on a throne;
She holds no golden sceptre;
She wears no precious stone;

And yet her home is regal;
No prince e'er lived in such;
Her subjects feel with gladness,
Their queen's soft, thrilling touch.

Her word is jewelled sceptre;
Her eyes are shining gems—
No royal barge e'er carried
Such on the royal Thames.

Her subjects are her children;
Her queendom is her life;
Those who obey her mandates
Call her their—mother—wife.

Jerusalem

In the Middle Ages it was a common belief that Jerusalem was exactly in the middle of the earth; and there are old maps now in existence in which the Holy Land is put in the centre of the old world, just as the Chinese, in their maps of the world, now put China in the middle.

In Hereford Cathedral is preserved a map of the world, supposed to have been made in the thirteenth century, in which Jerusalem is placed in the middle; and at Jerusalem itself, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is a round stone, which superstitious pilgrims of the Eastern Church kiss when they visit it, so firmly does the old belief retain its hold on them.

Perhaps it originated in the Jews understanding the texts which speak of Jerusalem being in the "midst of the earth" and the "joy of the whole earth," in the most literal sense; and the thought is fancifully expressed in one of their old sayings: "The world is like an eye: the white of the eye is the ocean surrounding the world; the black is the world itself; the pupil of the eye is Jerusalem; and the image in the pupil is the temple."

To us, Jerusalem must ever be a central attraction, since it was there, among those sacred stones—now, alas! in ruins—that the holy Saviour lived, and preached, and died. It was there that his sacred feet last trod the earth; there that his disciples beheld his ascension through the clouds; and still, as we look toward Jerusalem—defiled, laid waste, and made a heap of stones—she points to Jerusalem above—Jerusalem the golden, the sweet and blessed country, the home and land of rest.—*Fl'rida.*

GRACEFUL manners from a bad heart are witchcraft's astonishment.