

The Corn and the Lilies.

Say the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet,
You are only idlers—
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Nought answered the lilies—
Neither ye nor may,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat.
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, how happy were the lilies
That he loved them so.

—Sunday Afternoon.

The Energy That Succeeds.

THE energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following simple story strongly illustrates this truth:

About thirty years ago, said Judge P—, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the

remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men!"

He did land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?"

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him, until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Captain Haverly!"—*Baptist Weekly*.

The King and the Miller.

NEAR Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the palace.

One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money.

The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but, folding his arms, quietly remarked:

"The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia." And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation.

Although his majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers, he remarked:

"I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just

been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the present emperor of Germany (then only king of Prussia), reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that if his majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful, in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR: I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith \$6,000, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes.

"Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Missionary Notes.

THE Wesleyans in Australia have 36,804 pupils in their Sunday-schools. They lead all other churches.

In Germany Baptists are not allowed to hold a Sunday-school under that name. To make it lawful it must be styled Divine Service for Children.

"HAD it not been for the foreign missionary spirit, the Christian religion would never have seen its second century."—*Morning Star*.

WERE the foreign missionary spirit to die out of our American churches, they would be as dead and worthless as the Armenian and other corrupt Eastern churches.

In a discussion of woman's work in missions, in a certain mission in China, it was decided, with but one dissenting voice, that it was more important than man's. "Christianize the women, and idolatry must cease," was the expression of feeling.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

THE last census reveals the fact that in India alone there are 250,000,000 worshippers of idols, 21,000,000 of whom are widows (many being mere children), and to be a widow there is worse than being a dog. Public opinion has put bans upon them, and in some measure they are counted responsible for the death of their husbands, and are treated accordingly. The whole missionary force in this field is but a handful, and there is urgent need for an increase of men and money.

AMERICAN INDIANS.—"No good Indian but a dead one." And yet, a civil engineer, long conversant with the Creeks and Choctaws, says: "They are as nice a people as you can meet; there seems to be no vice or crime among them. I never knew a people so honest, or so careful in their observance of the Sabbath. They would not even take old fruit-cans that were thrown out of the camp, without first asking permission; although being very fond of pictures, they valued those that were pasted around the cans;" and he attributes their integrity and good morals to the fact that most of their chiefs are Christian ministers.

ONE of the islands of the Samoa group, Atafu, reports that all its adult population are either members of the

church or candidates for membership. It has been in charge of a native teacher for the past eight months, having been previously without a teacher for two years. The missionary, under whose superintendence it falls, the Rev. Charles Phillips, of the London Society, thinks it ought to be called the "Millennial Isle." The church has eighty-five members and there are twenty candidates. Not a soul "remains in the service of Satan." The teacher says he is well cared for. The people have provided for him a large and comfortable house, and supply him abundantly with food.

"At Evening Time it Shall be Light."

THE gorgeous banners of declining day
Hang in the sunset halls;
The gold and purple piled in grand array
Against the azure walls;
Yet all day long they trailed their gloomy way,
Draping the sky with palls!

Still on the lidless eyes of faith there rise
Such visions as the seer's;
Already breaks along earth's clouded skies
Light from the holy spheres;
And through the gates that evening glorifies,
Dawn the millennial years!

—Charles D. Buck.

Varieties.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Watchmakers.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.—Baby's mouth.

A "PLUCKY" FELLOW.—A busy poulterer.

WHAT is that by losing an eye has nothing but a nose left!—A noise.

WHEN a man is climbing the ladder of fame he likes rounds of applause.

A SAN FRANCISCO editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart goes "Pity Pat."

WHY is a cab-horse the most miserable of all created beings?—Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is woe!

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child, visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, and informed her mother that "they shovel wind into the fire at Aunt Augusta's."

A YOUNG ragamuffin, on being asked what was meant by conscience, replied, "A thing a gen'elman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy ten cents."

A LITTLE three-year-old, whose father did not use a razor, was recently, while on a visit to an aunt, greatly interested in seeing her uncle shave. After watching him intently for a few minutes, she said, "Uncle what do you do that for? Papa don't wash his face with a little broom and wipe it with a knife."

LEVER, the novelist, noticing that the hand of a woman, who was bringing him some tea at a small country hotel, shook tremulously, kindly said to her, "I am sorry to see, Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "O, your honour," she replied, with a glance of indescribable humor, "the weakness is not in my hand, but inside the tay-pot!"

AN IRISHMAN some time ago was being examined as a witness in some street quarrel in Bishop Auckland, when a sharp attorney, trying to browbeat the Hibernian concerning which side of Newgate-street he was on, asked, "Which side of the flag were you on?" "Bedad, your honor," replied Pat. "there's only two sides to a flag, an' I was on the top side!"