

Principle put to the Test.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,

Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered,
'Oh, no!

What, rob our poor neighbor! I pray you
don't go;

Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his
bread;

Then think of his children, for they must be
fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very
grave,

But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered: 'I see they
will go;

Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I
could,

But my staying behind will do him no good.

'If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from
the tree;

But since they will take them, I think I'll go
too;

He will lose none by me, though I do get a
few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at
ease,

And went with his comrades the apples to
seize;

He blamed and protested, but joined in the
plan;

He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered a while, but soon woke
in his breast,

And in language severe the delinquent ad-
dressed

'With such empty and selfish pretences away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech
what it may.'

—Jane and Ann Taylor.

Candy or Missions.

(Mrs. N. C. Alger, in the 'Union Gospel News'.)

'O Grandma, please tell me what I shall do,
for I have joined the new mission band, and
we have to pay a whole quarter of a dollar a
year. Where do you suppose I shall get it?'

Grandma Wheatley laid down the stocking
she was mending, and looked kindly at Katie,
the girl who seemed to think twenty-five
cents a large sum to send to the heathen. By
and by she said slowly, 'Long years ago
money was not so easily gotten as it is now.
Girls and boys in the town where I lived sel-
dom had any. If we wanted something sweet,
there was no candy for us, and I never heard
of ice cream. In those days I heard of some
young ladies who formed a missionary society,
agreeing to meet once a month, and pay one
dollar a year. Where the money was coming
from not one of them knew, but as Jesus
said, "Go, teach all nations," they were going
to obey him as far as they could. One was
mourning when the day came for their meet-
ing, because she had nothing to give; but
when she turned and oiled the great cheeses
in the dairy, under the last one lay just the
sum wanted, though how it came there was a
mystery to the whole family. Another hav-
ing tried in vain to secure some money, found
a quarter under some chips she was picking
up in the yard. One did some writing for her
father, which he was to have a lawyer do,
and, to her surprise, earned her money. But
children now have more money. If you will
try one month, and then can not get anything
to help others to find the Saviour, we will
talk it over again.'

Katie went out very slowly, for she knew
she often had money to spend, but thought
she must have that for candy, and the mis-
sionary money she would find somewhere, just
as the young ladies did. She could not write
well, and did not live on a farm where there
were cheeses to turn, but there was the wood

shed, and, if that failed, the street. She had
heard of people finding money on the sidewalk,
so, after filling all the baskets with chips and
kicking around in the shed until there was
danger that she would ruin her new boots,
vainly trying to strike a silver mine, she be-
gan to search the streets. Day after day she
went along with head bent low, and was near-
ly thrown down several times by persons who
were carrying burdens and did not see her. At
last she went to her grandma, saying, 'There,
grandma! I have tried hard for a whole month,
and not a single quarter can I find.'

'What were you eating as you came in?'

'Candy,' said Katie.

'And how much have you spent for candy
this week?' asked grandma.

'Oh, I don't know; three cents to-day, five
yesterday, two the day before, and, let me
see, ten Monday. Uncle Will gave me fifteen
cents and papa ten this week.'

'Katie,' said Grandma Wheatley solemnly,
'are you sure Jesus is pleased with a little
girl who could spend twenty-five cents for can-
dy in a short week, yet could not give as much
in a whole year to send the story of His love
to the heathen, though, she knew there were
millions and millions bowing down to wood
and stone, knowing nothing of Christ and
heaven?'

After Katie left grandma she did a bit of
thinking; she saw how very selfish she had
been, and we are glad to say she found a way
to get her quarter for the missionary work.

'Sing It.'

When I was a little boy I used to play with
my brother and sister under the window
where mother sat knitting. She rarely look-
ed out, but the moment we got angry she al-
ways seemed to know, and her voice would
come through the window, saying, 'Sing it,
children, sing it.'

Once, I remember, we were playing marbles,
and I shouted out to my brother: 'You cheat-
ed!' 'I didn't!' 'You did!'

'Sing it, children, sing it!' We were silent.
We couldn't sing it. We began to feel asham-
ed. Then came the sweet voice, the sweetest
but one I ever heard, singing to the tune of
'Oh, How I Love Jesus' the words:

O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated!
But I did not cheat you!

It sounded so ridiculous we all burst out
laughing. You cannot sing when you are
angry; you cannot sing when you are mean;
you cannot sing when you are scared. In
other words, you cannot sing unless you feel
in some degree faith, or hope, or charity.—
William B. Wright, D.D.

Young Crows and Young Children.

(By Charles Wagner.)

It was in a district of fertile Normandy,
dotted in the distance with those great
screens of trees enclosing farms. Poppies
glowed and danced among the green waves of
the corn, and in the clover-patches cows brows-
ed around their stakes. In a fallow field,
freshly plowed, a flock of crows were fruitfully
hunting for eggs of insects and earthworms.
They were all very calm and very assiduous,
like seekers who forget the rest of the world
to devote themselves to a single object.

Among them was one forming an exception.
He was a young crow, as his voice, which he
was at the moment using, betrayed. With his
bill wide open, he was hopping around a sto-
ical old crow, whom his performance seemed to
leave decidedly cold. The young one was caw-
ing, fluttering, making a veritable nuisance
of himself. Now he was emphatic, imperious,
impudent, and again coaxing and plaintive.
And his object in all this? His object was
simple enough: he was demanding to be fed.
He desired his old father to exert himself to
find juicy bits, which he, the young one,
would swallow at a gulp, and promptly ask
for more. He wished to continue the tradi-
tions of the nest, in which the little feather-
less birds expect to be stuffed the whole day
long by their parents, with no trouble to

themselves but to cry famine! But the old
one did not allow himself to be troubled.
From time to time, when the scene had pro-
longed itself unduly, he flew a little farther,
and, as he was preparing to rise, one might
see that he limped. The latter detail arouse-
d my indignation. So that lazy young thing,
fat, full-feathered, strong, proposed to make
his infirm father wait upon him? Why did not
he sooner forage for two, and feed the one
who had so often fed him?

You are thinking, are you not, of the chil-
dren who resemble that far from interesting
fowl? It is but too true, their name is legion,
in all classes of society. To live depending
solely upon the efforts of father and mother,
to make them wait upon one, to allow them to
toil for one, is a common practise. Unfortun-
ately the firmness of the old crow is not a
common attribute of parents. The crow let
his young one squawk, knowing that present-
ly hunger would force him to drop mendacity
and hunt for his own food, as crows of his
age habitually do. Parents, on the contrary,
allow themselves to be moved, and the result
is a most wretched state of things, in which
they are first accomplices, and later victims.
To let an old mother wait upon one at table;
to allow her to rise earliest mornings, even
when she is infirm; to become so used to re-
ceiving attentions one no longer sees that
those who proffer them are ailing and more
in need of our care than we of theirs,—is the
part of shameful ingratitude.

Young reader, my friend, beware of re-
sembling my young crow.

As for the old crow, he is shown in ancient
fables receiving many a tough lesson; but I
perceived the other day that he can give as
good as ever he got,—yes, as good as the best
cheese.

Guessing Names.

'I think of a man,' said papa, as the chil-
dren sat about him in the twilight of the
Sabbath eve; 'I think of a man whose name
begins with J.'

'Did he lead the children of Israel into
Canaan?' asked Ruth.

'No. It was not Joshua.'

'Did he have visions in the Isle of Patmos?'
asked Don.

'No. It was not John the Beloved.'

'Did he baptize in the River Jordan?' asked
Teddy.

'No. It was not John the Baptist.'

'Did his comrades place their garments un-
der him at the head of the stairs and pro-
claim him king?' asked mamma.

'No. It was not Jehu.'

'Was he made king at seven years of age?'
asked Anna.

'No. It was not Joash.'

'Was he father-in-law to Moses?' asked
Ruth.

'No. It was not Jethro.'

'Was he put into a pit where there was
mire, but no water?' asked Don.

'Yes. It was Jeremiah,' said papa. 'Now,
Don, it is your turn to think.'

'I think of a man,' said Don, slowly, 'whose
name begins with A.'

'The brother of Simon Peter?' asked Teddy.

'No. It was not Andrew.'

'Was it the Friend of God?' asked mamma.

'Who was the Friend of God, mamma?' ask-
ed Don.

'Abraham was called the Friend of God,
because he believed His word.'

'No. It was not Abraham.'

'Was it the first man?' asked Anna.

'No. It was not Adam.'

'Did he die for telling an untruth?' asked
papa.

'No. It was not Ananias.'

'Did he take a wedge of gold and a goodly
Babylonish garment from Jericho, and hide
them under his tent?' asked Ruth.

'Yes. It was Achan,' said Don.—Selected.

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