

"Off I went, delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I think of my father's words: 'Willie, if you like to go—without your own dinner, you may give it to the lad.'"—*Selected.*

GIVE US MEN.

The following fine lines, written by the Bishop of Exeter, were recited by Canon Fleming at a meeting in London and were received with intense enthusiasm—the entire audience rising and cheering:

Give us men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of light and reading,
Men of loyal breeding,
England's welfare speeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honour fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them,
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth, though lorn and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country—Queen—and God;
Give us men—I say again—again—
Give us men!
—*Sons of England Record.*

CONSCIENCE OBEYED.

As a few young men were walking along one of the principal streets one evening, all of them treading the path which leads to death, a great clock from a tower near them struck the hour. Its measured strikes were unconsciously numbered by one of them, and he immediately stopped. He knew

that at that hour at home all were gathered for family prayer, and that the Word of God was being read.

"I can go no further," said he to his friends.

"Why not? What's the matter?" was the general inquiry, and, upon his telling them, they tried to laugh him out of it. But it was to no purpose. God was now before him, and sin was a terrible thing. He turned, went back, and there, alone, he fell on his knees and unbosomed himself to the God of all grace. Need we tell the result? Has ever a human being returned to God, sincerely confessing his sins, and been turned away? The blood of Jesus would first have to lose its unbounded value before God; and, though Heaven and earth pass away, that Word of God which affirms that "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin" shall never, never, NEVER pass away.

And what a change, too, in his practical life! The Lord Jesus is a very different Master from that cruel Pharaoh who, after he has used all the energies, but torments and kills. When Jesus has saved, He blesses, He comforts, He gives power to get through temptations, He leads to holiness, He at last receives into His own glory.

But one word before we part:
Trifle not with conscience.—Messenger of Peace.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant one Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to give thanks, when a waiter flew up, saying:

"I have beefsteak, codfish balls, and bullheads."

Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the colour of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone:

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to re-

turn thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fishball and bowed his head; and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.—*Selected.*

"HE CARETH."

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long, and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart, and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And glad, strong music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights are down from the path I take;
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
When my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed 'neath shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deepening shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—Can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The burdens that bow me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Oh, all that are sad, take heart again!
You are not alone in your hour of pain;
The Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and comfort us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm beats high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble when He doth share!
Oh, rest in peace, for your Lord doth care!
—*Selected.*