

Palm Bearers.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met,
Were throngs of Jewish children,
That came in singing bands
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm branches in their hands.

"Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways.
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say,
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne!
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on, till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm branch of thy peace.
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

**DR. VINCENT'S WAY OF
REPROVING SIN.**

BY O. C. M'CAHANE, D.D.

How we neglect this duty! There is a plain command upon the subject, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him" (Lev. xix. 17).

How it would diminish profanity, for instance, if every time a man should swear on the streets, on the cars, or in depots, he should be sure to call up some witness for Jesus. The judgment hall where the Son of God stood amid his foes was a good place to cry out, with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" There are men living to-day who would do it, who would glory in doing it—men, and women, too, who sing in the very depths of their hearts:

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beam of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine."

The effect of simply speaking the name of Jesus with reverence and love on such occasions is wonderful.

Every one who reads the *Christian Advocate* is familiar with the name of John H. Vincent. I know him once to reprove a swearer so powerfully, and yet so tenderly, that he not only subdued him, but melted him to tears. It was in a railway station. The room was full of passengers waiting for a belated train. A man, probably slightly intoxicated, was shocking everybody with his profanity. Suddenly Dr. Vincent began to sing:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

The song ceased. Perfect silence reigned. The swearer was reprovved. After a time he came to Dr. Vincent, and said:

"Could I see you a moment outside?"

They went out together. "How came you," said he, "to sing that hymn just now?"

The doctor replied: "I heard you swearing, and I thought I would let you know there was somebody there who loved the name of Jesus."

"That's very strange," said the man. "My sister when she was dying sung that very hymn, and she made me promise to meet her in heaven. Could you pray for me?"

Down in the snow they knelt together, and the doctor prayed for the penitent man, and asked that he might have grace and strength to keep his vow.

The train came. They were separated, to meet no more, in all probability, till they meet in eternity.

Disciple of Jesus, stand up for your Master. Bear his reproach. Confess his name before men. The hour is rapidly approaching when a glance of recognition from Jesus will be more to you than all the wealth, and honour of this world. And he has said, "If ye confess me before men, I will confess you before my Father and his angels."

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill; yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat the animals, who tugged, and pulled, and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old

woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

RECONCILIATION.

I WAS struck with a story of two men who were used to give exhortations at meetings, who had fallen out with each other, and one of their brethren who, grieved to think two servants of God should be at difference with each other, went to reconcile them. He called upon the first and said:

"John, I am very sorry to find you and James have quarrelled. It seems a great pity, and it brings much dishonour on the Church of God."

"Ah," said John, "I am grieved, too, and what grieves me most is that I am the sole cause of it. It was only because I spoke so bitterly that James took offence."

"Ah, ah," said the good man, "we will soon settle this difficulty then," and away he went to James.

"James, I am very sorry that you and John cannot agree."

"Yes," he said; "it is a sad thing we don't; we ought to do so, for we are brethren, but what troubles me most is that it is all my fault. If I had not taken notice of a little word John said, there would have been an end of it."

The matter, as you may guess, was soon rectified. You see there was at the bottom a true friendship between them, so that the little difficulty was soon got over.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

HOW CAN I PLEASE JESUS?

THIS was the question dear little Bessie Upton asked. Bessie lived in Ohio, at the foot of a great hill where a clear spring burst forth to hurry away between mint-bordered banks. On beyond was a dry, sandy plain, and there the passer-by went into the bustling town. In this town were many places where intoxicating drinks were sold, and Bessie had heard her papa often say, "What a pity!" She had heard too about giving a cup of cold water in Jesus' name, and the dear child was wise for her years and pondered all these sayings in her heart.

So one warm morning we found her with a new tin cup in her hand which she filled at the spring and offered to each person who went by. Some looked up in astonishment, and others said, "God bless you, my dear little maiden;" while a few hurried past as though they didn't care for the delightful drink God has given us.

The summer day passed on and Bessie stood as often as she could at the spring. Many learned to look up for "the little cold-water girl" and

her cup. One old man, trembling with age, said to her father one day,

"Your little girl has set me to thinking. I had just such a child once, but my bad habits of intemperance killed her and her mother. Every time your child holds up her cup to me it seems as though my own little one was pleading with me to leave off the drink so that I can go to her by-and-bye. And by the help of God I have resolved to do it."

I am happy to say he did; and if Bessie had done no other good, would not this have well repaid her for the trouble she had taken—this saving one soul from the eternal burning? Do you understand, dear children, how great a thing this is!

But there were many others who were helped beside the old man. There were youths who drank the sparkling water and were made ashamed to call for anything stronger.

All through these summer days Bessie was preaching a temperance sermon. Did she not do something to please Jesus? Dear children, can you not do as much as Bessie did to help the great temperance reform!—*S. R. S., in Morning Light.*

THE FOG BELL.

THERE is a most ingenious fog bell at Cape Cod, the mechanism of which may not be known to all our young people. A western paper thus describes it:

It was a fog-bell that used to ring on Race Point, Cape Cod. There was a big bell with a clockwork that would mournfully toll it whenever it was set agoing. The bell was under cover, but projecting from the house was a long, nicely balanced lever with a big sponge on the outer end. There was a little roof over the sponge to keep the rain off, but when a fog came on, the moisture would saturate the sponge, and the weight bearing the lever down would start the machine, and set the bell tolling. When the fog disappeared, the sponge dried out and the lever stopped the bell.

BEING WATCHED.

"I won't be watched all the time," said one boy to another. "I won't, either," said his companion, with a laugh.

These two boys meant different things by the same expression. One could not be trusted away from his father. He needed a watchful eye to guard him constantly and keep him in the right course. He rebelled against this, and wanted to be free to do as he pleased.

The other boy was honourable; he did not need watching. His father was confident that he would not willfully do a wrong thing, and he trusted him. His manliness scorned the idea of having some one compel him to do right.

To be employed is to be happy.