



THE IRON-CLAD.

HOW AN IRON-CLAD IS BUILT.

THE cut gives a good illustration of the way in which these huge war vessels are constructed. Some of them will cost over £1,000,000, and when built their mission is one of war, not of peace. In the present state of society they are necessary to protect commerce, and act as the police of the sea. But in the higher civilization of the future, such huge machines of destruction will be unknown. Notice the great ram at the bow for piercing and running down opposing vessels.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

Two boys were fencing—that is, pretending to fight with swords as though they were soldiers. They had real swords, with a button at the point of each to prevent the boys hurting one another. One of the buttons broke, and the sharp sword ran through the side of one of the boys and nearly killed him. But it just missed the most dangerous place, and the wounded lad by and by got better. Another time the same boy was swimming in deep water. The ribbon which tied up his hair got loose and caught his leg. He struggled to free himself, but could not. He was about to sink, when the ribbon loosed itself and he was safe. Another time, when he had grown to be a young man, he was swimming in the river Rhine, which is a very broad and rapid stream. He did not notice where he was going, and soon got into the very midst of its strong current. He said, "The water there was exceedingly rough, and poured along like a galloping horse." It carried him on till he struck against the strong timbers upon which a mill was built. The stream forced him right under the mill, and he became quite insensible. When he regained his consciousness he found himself in a piece of smooth water the other side of the mill. Some men helped him on shore. He had been carried five miles from the place where he plunged into the water. Yet he was not hurt in the least.

The person I have just told you about was John Fletcher, afterward one of the holiest men that ever lived. He became a great friend of John Wesley, did much good as a minister of the gospel, and wrote some very useful books. God had work for John Fletcher to do, so he would not let him die. He has work for everybody to do; and if we are given to him, he will take care of us till it is done.

MY HAND IN HIS.

A LITTLE boy who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us all to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try to walk alone! But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred:

"I'd rather walk with him in the dark
Than walk alone in the light."

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold his hand!

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

OBSERVE that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say that it is the climate. The truth is that the climate of America with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion, but the best health, in the world. Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum that is doing the work for him. It is busy with three millions of our men.

Let us study one of the meerschaum suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing his power of thought and application.

Let us get near enough to smell him. Even the beasts of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison.

Chewing is the nastiest mode, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K— graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honours at that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking!" was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds and became clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right and his spirits restored. One or two million of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.—*Dio Lewis.*

JOHN WESLEY'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

JOHN WESLEY is thus described by the Rev. John Hampson, who knew him well: "The figure of Mr. Wesley was remarkable. His stature was of the lowest; his habit of body in every period of his life the reverse of corpulent, and expressive of strict temperance and continual exercise; and, notwithstanding his small size, his step was firm, and his appearance, till within a few years of his death, vigorous and muscular. His face, for an old man, was one of the finest we have seen. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever to be found at his age, and impressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few have seen him without being struck by his appearance, and many who have been prejudiced against him have been known to alter their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanor there was a cheerfulness mingled with gravity; a sprightliness, which was a natural result of an unusual flow of spirits, was accompanied with every mark of most serene tranquillity. His aspect, particularly in profile, had a strong character of acuteness and penetration."

Time waits on you every morning and asks, "Now, what are you going to do with me to-day?" What answer do you give?

The Workman's Song.

"I AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three,
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valleys of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of speech.
Of learning full little have I:
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
His carpenter's tunic was coarser than mine,
His country talk was as rough;
And of learning, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough.

"He lived in a cottage, and so do I;
He hardened his hand at the tool;
With his clothes to earn and his bread to win,
He hadn't much time for school.
I warrant, like me, he oft longed for rest,
The fall of the Sabbath eve,
When the holy day, from his toil as ' moil,
Brought with it a glad reprieve.

"But soon as he taught on the mountain slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil-worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall be the poor.'
And blessed we are, for he cares for us,
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my way
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour, the carpenter's Son,
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come much, then, come little, to spend or to spare,
I tell you it matters not which,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"

"IT IS MY BOY."

THROUGH Rochester, New York, runs the Genesee River, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. One time a gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied: "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms and struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair he exclaimed: "O God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. So we plunge into the waters of Christian self-denial, labour, hardship, reproach, soul-travail, prayer, anxious entreaty, willing to spend and be spent, taking all risks, to save some other one from drowning in sin and death and save ourselves.—*The Presbyterian.*