



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

**LONELY WORKERS.**

MANY Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labour. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labours and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder excellent brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving

eye, yet they are not alone—the father is with them.

Never mind where you work, care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot be always sure when we are most useful. . . . It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed which will make up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour you are not alone, for God, the eternal one, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.

**WORK IS NOT CURSED.**

SOME think that there is a curse resting upon work, and refer to the Bible as authority. But look at Gen. iii. 17-19, and judge for yourself if God ever cursed work, or even made it a curse. Before man sinned he worked: that seems to be the meaning of "to dress and keep" in Gen. ii. 15. God himself worked when he created this world. Christ declared, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." What the pure, sinless man was directed to do, what God and Christ did, cannot have a curse resting upon it. In the fourth commandment God bids man work six days just as surely as he forbids him to work the seventh day of the week.

Instead of having a curse resting upon it, work is honourable, whether it be of brain or of muscle, and one is as honourable as the other. The man whose back aches, whose limbs are sore and whose hands are hard with toil deserves our respect just as certainly as does he whose brain has grown weary with study, care and mental labour. Each one is a worker, and not only has done what God commands, but has imitated his Creator.

Our Maker has so created us that we are the more happy and healthy for work; indeed, it is almost impossible really to enjoy life without working. We far more appreciate the things we have worked for than those gained without any toil. The man who gets the most real comfort from his wealth and his position is the one who earned them by hard work.

Never despise work nor an honest workman, no matter how humble his toil. He is doing what God intended; and if he did not take the humble place, you might be compelled to take it. Work never disgraces the workman, though he may disgrace the work.—*Forward.*

**A MODERATE DRINKER.**

A BOY wished to sign the pledge, but his father would not allow him, and told him to take drink moderately. He did so, and became fond of it; visited the drink-shop, formed bad companionships, became a drunkard. He is now hid in the cemetery.

Dear little people, if your father and mother object to your signing the pledge, ask them to read this, and allow you to do so. Attend the temperance meetings. You can, and get all the friends you can to do the same.

**How St. Patrick Banished the Snakes.**

WHEN Patrick, sainted by decree,  
First stepped his foot on Erin's shore,  
A cry went up from all the land  
That snakes existed by the score.

At first he thought, and thought in vain,  
Of how this grievous plague to end;  
But soon he saw the reptile's course  
To liquor stores did surely tend.

'Twas then the thought occurred to him  
That some men now on earth retain,  
Of how—in order to be good  
One must from spirits all abstain.

So, throughout Ireland went forth  
The mandate, cruel for a while,  
That nought of liquors should be drunk  
By people of the Emerald Isle.

Then soon the drunkards disappeared;  
Likewise the "tremens" and the "shakes":  
So that's the way St. Patrick used  
To banish and expel the "snakes."

—*The Judge.*

**THE KING'S MESSENGER;**

OR,

**LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.**

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

**CHAPTER XI.**

IN THE FIELD.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings."—ISAIAH liii. 7.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their teams a-field!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

—*Gray's Elegy.*

LAWRENCE took the steamer to Toronto, in which city he spent a day. The wide streets, the moving multitudes, the number and elegance of the churches,—were to him a novel spectacle, bringing a stronger sense of the bigness of the world than even the wilderness of the Mattawa. While making his frugal purchases of books at the Methodist Book Room, in whose parlours the preachers most do congregate, and which contained more volumes than he had ever seen before, the minister of one of the city churches claimed him as a lawful prize, and carried him off to share his hospitality and preach in the evening.

The next day he proceeded by railway to Barrie, and thence by steamer again to the pretty village of Orillia. Here he took the stage for Muskoka. He had an ominous initiation into his work. The road was of frightful ruggedness. The old earth showed her bones in a huge outcrop of primeval granite, with scarcely soil enough to decently cover her nakedness. Lawrence had to cling to his seat as the rough, strong stage climbed the rugged ridges and rattled down the other side, like a landsman in a ship on a stormy sea. At last, in descending a steep hill, the horses could no longer hold back, and the stage, rattling to the bottom, came to grief against a huge stone. There was nothing for it but to walk to his destination, some half-dozen miles farther, carrying his valise in his hand. The road became less rugged, but the heat was excessive, and the black-flies and mosquitoes a perfect plague.

"Be you the noo preacher!" asked an honest-faced, sun-burnt, tan-freckled man, as Lawrence