

evening. After a few hours of rest they started out with the doctor for Chisamba, arriving there late the same day. Ngulu gave out two hours before reaching Chisamba, but Muenkanye came in with the doctor, a poor, tired, footsore boy.

Those noble boys had walked over one hundred miles in a fraction over two days, with scarcely any rest, having with them only enough provisions for one meal. A generous present was made them, which pleased them much, but they simply said, "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the *endona* and she was ill!"

The boys and girls in America who are keeping a record of specially noble deeds will do well to make a note of how Ngulu and Muenkanye went for the doctor.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE.

PERFECTION is being, not doing; it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. If the aim of life were to do something, then, as in an earthly business, except in doing this one thing, the business would be at a stand still. The student is not doing the one thing of student-life when he has ceased to think or read. The labourer leaves his work undone when the spade is not in his hand, and he sits beneath the hedge to rest. But in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing—of becoming Christ-like. Every day is full of a most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and the rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. Nay, the very vicissitudes of the seasons, day and night, heat and cold, affecting us variably, and producing exhilaration or depression, are so contrived as to conduce towards the being which we become, and decide whether we shall be masters of ourselves, or whether we shall be swept at the mercy of accident and circumstances, miserably susceptible of merely outward influences. Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to Christian character; and he who has not found out how, directly or indirectly, to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as

yet missed the meaning of this life.—*Robertson, in the Parish Visitor.*

MY FUTURE HIS.

"My times are in Thy hand."—(Psalm 31, 15).

I WANT my future to be Thine!

The future Thou hast planned for me;

The house that Thou hast marked as mine,

Where Thou hast ordered I should be.

I know it will be furnished well,

And hung with tokens of Thy love:

I know the home where thus I dwell

Will be just like Thy home above.

I want my future to be Thine!

My garden all laid out by Thee:

And not one flower must blossom there

But what Thy hand has reared for me.

The roses may have many thorns,

Just like the roses others have;

But roses will be doubly sweet

If they are roses Jesus gave.

I want my future to be Thine!

My nest built in Thy chosen tree;

The twigs, the moss, the wool, Thy gift,

Though hidden where no others see,

My hopes, my joys—those fragile birds

That Thou shalt cover with Thy wings—

That they may sweetly sing to me

In coming days of heavenly things.

I want my future to be Thine!

My future in this little while:

Then, be it long, or be it short,

No evil will its bliss defile.

I want my future to be Thine!

The endless and eternal day,

Where the unclouded glories shine,

And flowers and birds for ever stay.

—*William Luff, in The Gospel Trumpet.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
April 2.	Matt. 28, 1-10. Gen. 22, 11-19.	
" 9.	Job 2, 1-10.	" 24, 1-27.
" 16.	Job 23, 1-10.	" 25, 29-34.
" 23.	Job 42, 1-10.	" 27, 41, 46; 28, 1-22.
" 30.	Prov. 1, 20-33.	" 29, 1-14; 30, 25-30.

A HERO.

A FEW years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village; in a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed.

The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbours, even. True, his home and cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the

ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire, I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said, "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—*Exchange.*

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

A FEW weeks since I saw a touching and beautiful sight. Driving through a rugged part of the country my attention was directed to an elderly lady trying to pick her way over a rough hillside. She came very slowly and carefully. The hill was quite steep, and I was pitying her and thinking if it would not be well to offer my service, when I heard a whistling boy coming up behind the carriage. He bounded past, and running up the hill put his arms around the lady and steadied her steps, saying pleasant words, I know, for the face encased in the warm hood looked beaming and bright with happiness. As we passed I heard her say these words: "It is nice to have a boy to come and help a mother down the hill." I knew they were mother and son. There was a sermon in those few words, I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them.

You boys are all of you here to help mother down the hill of life. You don't all do it, though; more's the pity. Some of you make it harder for her. You do things that trouble her; she is anxious about you, and then she has to pick her way over places a thousand times rougher than a steep hill. Perhaps you are getting into bad habits, and will not obey her counsel. Her poor heart is bruised and torn by your conduct. She knows what the results of evil doings are; and if a boy begins habits that he only considers as light