

their joys and sorrows, and contributed greatly to his enjoyment. His life was narrow and his opportunities small, but he improved them well, and who may measure the good done by his humble service, or the honor which, in another world, may be awarded to faithfulness in little things?

Loving and beloved, his life was moving peacefully on, when a lady visitor, struck by his sweet face and gentle manners, enquired his history, and learning that he was without claimant took him to her home, which had lately been made desolate by the death of her only son. In heart and household, she has given him her dead boy's place, and means to educate him for the position he is to fill; and we may well doubt whether she in giving, or he in receiving, is most blessed. But amid his changed surroundings he remains the same gentle, self-forgetting boy, and his greatest happiness is in planning to help and rescue other Arabs of the streets.—*N.Y. Observer.*

GOING ONE WAY AND BACKING ANOTHER.

There is an old story told of a man who stole a drove of oxen, and to escape discovery, he pulled them into a cave by their tails, so that their tracks should seem to lead the other way. But the lowing of the cattle betrayed the thief, and he met the punishment he so well merited.

Children sometimes think they are deceiving others by going one way and facing another—getting into all sorts of mischief or wrong-doing and yet contriving to make their tracks look all right to their parents and teachers. Let me tell you of some of these boys and girls, and you will see how easy it is to get into wrong courses, and how even children need to "watch and pray" lest they also be tempted.

Eddie Holt stayed out playing the other evening an hour after his usual supper-time, and then accounted for his tardy appearance at table by saying he had been walking with his teacher in the fields collecting botanical specimens. This was true, so far as it went; but he should have added that, after his return from the walk with his teacher, he called to see two of his school-mates and had been with them flying kite from five to seven o'clock, though he knew he ought to be home by six. His father's reply, "I am glad you were so well employed, my son," sent a blush of shame to Eddie's face. Had he told the whole truth, he would probably have received from his parents a just reproof for his tardiness, but he would have had the consciousness of acting honorably in confessing his fault, instead of a sense of inward shame in accepting praise where he well knew he had merited only blame. Added to this, Eddie had a constant fear that some time his deception might be found out, and the dread of discovery robbed him of far more enjoyment than the two hours stolen pleasure had given him. Was it not a hard bargain, this going one way and backing another.

Minnie Weston received the first prize for composition in her class, greatly to the delight of her parents and brothers, while her teacher publicly congratulated her on the progress she had made in this branch of study. But none of them knew that Minnie's cousin Walter, who lived in the country, had taken her prize essay home with him on his last visit, and had so revised and improved her work that when Minnie came to copy the composition she could hardly recognize its original features. She had not asked him to do this, but she had told him how very anxious she was to win the prize, and from the depths of her heart she had thanked him for helping her to do so. But it was not honestly won; and to secure this small triumph over her classmates, Minnie lost the approval of her own conscience, and, more than all, had sinned against Him who looks into the heart and sees every secret thought of evil-doing, though to the outward appearance all may be fair and good. Did the gain equal the loss?

A "Christmas gift" from the Sunday-school to the pastor was to be purchased by the voluntary donations of the children, the amount given by each to be determined by himself or his parents. Carrie Elton asked her mother's permission to give the half-dollar she had reserved for her own pocket-money during the holidays.

"Certainly, my dear, you can do so if you wish," said Mrs. Elton, "but I should think that half that amount would be a liberal gift from my little girl, while she might quite lawfully spend the other half for herself. But you can do just as you please about it, and I would prefer that you decide it for yourself."

"Then, mamma, I will give the whole half-dollar," said Carrie eagerly. "I do want to be liberal—as liberal as any in our class and some, I know, are going to give fifty cents."

Carrie fully intended to do as she said, and started out the Saturday before Christmas to carry her gift to the lady who had charge of the fund. As she handed it, the lady said, "You know, dear, this is to be the children's own gift. Is this your own spending money, or money given you by your parents just for this purpose?"

"It is my own, ma'am," said Carrie, a little proudly.

"Then what a generous little girl you are," said the lady. "I should think half this sum would be enough for a little girl like you to give. Shall I give you a quarter in change?" she continued, as she held out the quarter.

Carrie took it, feeling very glad that she might keep part of her money for herself, and still be thought so generous. But did she forget that to be thought generous by man she was acting falsely and dishonestly in the sight of God. True, the money was her own, and she had permission to do as she pleased with it; but she did not tell her mother that she had only given a quarter, for she wanted to be thought more generous than she really was, and so she was taking as her due the praise that was not really hers.

All these children were going one way and facing another, and from just the same motive of deception as was the man who pulled the stolen oxen into the cave backwards instead of forwards.—*Fannie Roper Feudge in Child's Paper.*

WHAT CAN GIRLS DO?

BY MRS. H. E. BLAKESLEE.

"Letty Stevens, aren't you going to join the Band of Hope? All the other girls have."

"Well, I'm not. It's all nonsense; girls don't need to sign the pledge; they don't drink liquor."

"Suppose we don't drink; we can help the cause by trying to keep our brothers and friends from drinking," responded Betty Williams.

"I'd like to know what girls can do?" retorted Letty.

"Just come to one of our meetings and you'll find out," replied Betty.

"If I can't see anything of your work outside of your meetings, I don't think it amounts to much," said Letty.

"If Sam has not been reading another of those dime novels!" exclaimed Letty, a few mornings later, as she savagely pounced upon a yellow-covered book carefully hid beneath her brother's pillow. "Seems to me there must be a band of bad boys in this place, who club together and keep up a supply of these awful books. Sam knows that mamma doesn't allow him to read them, and yet he will do it. He says there's nothing else to read, and he must have something. I've noticed that since he's been reading them, how often he goes off with the boys evenings. And last night when he came home, his breath was strong with beer, and now, here's this bad book under his pillow!" and Letty carried the volume down to the kitchen fire, where she saw it turn to ashes in the grate.

Sam Stevens did not improve. The bad books kept coming into the house, and the smell of beer grew more frequent on his lips. His father was dead, and his mother's counsels were all in vain. At twelve years of age Sam Stevens seemed fairly on the road to ruin.

"I wonder if it would do Sam any good to join the Band of Hope," mused Letty, one day. "I don't believe it would, though," she added, "for it wouldn't hinder him from reading those trashy novels and they are what do the mischief."

That very evening Sam Stevens came home wearing a Band of Hope badge.

"Why, Sam S-t-e-v-e-n-s!" exclaimed Letty, as her eyes fell upon it.

"And that isn't all," exclaimed Sam, drawing a volume about the size of a dime

novel from his coat pocket, "See there, Letty; by being a member of the Band I can get one of these books every week. That just suits me. You know how well I like to read, and there's a book that I'm not ashamed to show to mother."

Letty looked the book over, "Oh, isn't it nice, Sam; may I read it too?"

"Of course you may. But why not join the Band and get one yourself? There's lots of girls belong."

"What can they do?" asked Letty.

"They seem to find enough to do; they're planning something all the time. They helped raise the money to buy these books. The Band bought a library, beside papers to give away. Only yesterday the girls put some free papers up in Mr. Marlow's store. He had gruffly refused the boys, but he didn't refuse the girls. Then we are going to have a temperance concert, and of course we shall need the girls in that."

"How did you come to join?" asked Letty, as Sam paused for breath.

"The girls invited me to one of their meetings. When I saw the books and how interesting it all was, it didn't take me long to decide. Yes, I've signed the pledge, and I mean to keep it, too. Instead of spending money for dime novels and beer, I'm going to give it to the Band of Hope for books and papers."

"I never knew before that I could do so much in the cause of temperance," said Letty Stevens, a few weeks after she had joined the Band of Hope, "and it's so pleasant to think that a little girl can help to save from being drunkards."—*Careful Builders.*

HE LIVES! HE LIVES!

Dr. J. Leifchild, in his volume of "Remarkable Facts," records the following circumstances, as related to him by the son of a Christian missionary:—

"I well remember hearing my mother speak in touching terms of the narrow escapes my father had during our sojourn in Jamaica. Once we were nearly thrown, together with the horse and gig, over a steep precipice into the sea. My father endured five attacks of yellow fever, and on one occasion he suffered so much, that the medical attendants gave up all hopes of his recovery. For some time he lingered in a state of insensibility hardly to be described. My mother watched and wept, friends did the same; the faithful Christian negroes also wept as they saw life fast ebbing away. Death seemed just about to seize his prey. Prayer-meetings were held, and at last some hundreds of negroes were assembled, and earnestly beseeched Almighty God, with tears, to spare the life of their beloved missionary. Often had he stood up before judges in their defence. Often had he been cast into prison for protecting them from their tyrannical oppressors; and now, with a warmth of affection and intensity of feeling unknown amongst Christians in England, they cried mightily to God. Hour after hour passed by; messengers were passing from the chapel to the mission-house to obtain tidings of the sick man. At length, when life seemed about to depart, the pious negroes agreed to unite silently in one heartfelt petition to Him in whose hand our breath is; and believing that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' they thus unitedly prayed. The multitude joined in one petition ascending from their inmost souls; and at the very hour the shadow of death fled at the rebuke of the Lord! A change took place, signs of health appeared, and he, for whose restoration so many supplicants prayed, was raised up from his bed of sickness; and that chapel and mission-house did indeed become filled with songs of joy, praise, and thanksgiving. 'He lives! he lives!' was the joyful exclamation that ran from one to another through that congregation, with an effect which I cannot describe, and which was greatly increased by the emotional nature of the unsophisticated negroes.

"This touching incident in the life of my father is, to my mind, a strong proof of the truth of our holy religion. Here was something of an altogether higher than human origin, in the commencement, progress, and issue. Can infidelity or atheism point to such effects or to such a result? It was the preaching of Jesus which led these poor,

despised negroes to act as they did. The missionary was to them the messenger of Christ and the bearer of glad tidings, and on that account they loved him. That love was from heaven—its emotions and effects heavenly. The missionary's love to Christ prompted him to do for the negroes what no human consideration would have accomplished. Missionary and people were there united with a love stronger than death."—*British Workman.*

BORROWED BOOKS.

A person who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permission of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule.

A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period. If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honor requires that it shall be replaced by a new copy.

Never ask the loan of a very costly book or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it.

Teach children to be very particular in regard to their handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MANY a cultured gentleman there is whose heart is growing as hard as the tiles wherewith he decorates his hearth, many a delicate lady whose own hands are busily embroidering the napkin wherein she will wrap for burial the talent God gave her for the service of her kind.—*Rev. Washington Gladden, in Andover Review.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How long did David reign over Israel?
2. What was the first request that Solomon asked of God after he became king?
3. In the reign of what king of Israel were the waters of the Jordan divided so that men could pass over on dry ground?
4. On what occasion were the following words of Jesus spoken? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not."

BIBLE RIDDLE.

Within proud Babylon's lofty walls
In grand old palace with marble halls,
A royal feast the king had given
To a thousand lords, and at the even
Their wine from golden vessels drank.
To the God of heaven not one thank
Arose, but praised the gods of earth.
In the midst of revelry and mirth
The king's countenance was seen to fall;
Lo! a hand was writing on the wall!
"Go bring the wisest men of the land,"
Cried the king, "all who can understand
The writing or make known to me
What the meaning of those words can be."
At length a Judah captive was found
Whose wisdom astonished all around;
He read the fearful words and revealed
To the king that now his doom was sealed.
What was this Judah captive's name?
What cruel deed added to his fame?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—St. John wrote the Gospel which bears his name, and also the three Epistles of John. On the Isle of Patmos to which he had been banished, he received and wrote the Revelation. Tradition says that when too old to walk he was sometimes carried into the church at Ephesus, where he was accustomed to repeat the words: "Little children love one another."

1. Lydda, (Acts 9: 32.) 2. Ishmael, (Gen. 25: 9.)
3. Thomas, (John 20: 29.) 4. Titus, (Titus 1: 4.)
5. Lion, (1 Sam. 17: 34.) 6. Enoch, (Gen. 5: 24.)
7. Corn, (Leut. 11: 14.) 8. Hosannah, Matt. 21: 9.
9. Isaac, (Gal. 4: 27.) 10. Lydda, (Acts 16: 11-12.)
11. Dove, (Gen. 8: 11.) 12. Rainbow, (Gen. 9: 13.)
13. Elijah, (2 Kings 2: 11, 12.) 14. Nazareth, (Luke 2: 51.) 15. Lois, (2 Timothy 1: 5.) 16. Olivet, (Luke 21: 37.) 17. Veil, (Ex. 34: 35.) 18. Eden, (Gen. 2: 8-10.) 19. Og, (Deut. 3: 11.) 20. Nineveh, (Jonah 1: 1, 2.) 21. Elisha, (2 Kings 2: 23, 24.) 22. Antioch, (Acts 11: 26.) 23. Nonh, (2 Peter 2: 5.) 24. Oil, (2 Kings 4: 1-7.) 25. Tabitha, (Acts 9: 36-40.) 26. Bophni, (1 Sam. 1: 3.) 27. Eunice, (2 Tim. 1: 5.) 28. Rechabites, (Jer. 35: 14.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Ella Shortreed, Wm. Traquair, and Albert Jesso French.