

(OATMEAL GRUEL.—Made the same as cornmeal.

BARLEY GRUEL.—Boil four ounces of pearl barley, or one teacupful, in three quarts of water; boil it down to one quart; strain and return to the saucepan; grate into it a little cinnamon, if you like, and sweeten; add from one-half to three-fourths pints of fresh milk; warm up and use as wanted.

"I SHALL GIVE IT UP."

(To Teachers and Church Workers.)

"I shall give it up, Jane; I have quite made up my mind, and shall write and tell Mr. Thompson to-morrow!"

The speaker, Ethel Simpson, was one of the Sunday School teachers at St. George's, Stoneby. The afternoon school was just over, and she had gone out for a short walk with Jane Moorhouse, another teacher in the same school.

"You ought not to speak like that Ethel," replied Jane; "you don't seem to know how wrong it is to even think of such a thing."

"Oh! I'm so thoroughly sick and tired of the work, I can't go on with it; I've been thinking about resigning for a long time."

"I know that you and Miss Smith, the Superintendent, haven't been getting on very well together lately; but, Ethel, I don't think all the fault lies on her side."

"I never said it did; but if girls are going to be moved out of my class without my leave, and new teachers put over the heads of old ones, I'm not going to stop."

"Don't you remember that you were away from school on the Sunday the girls were moved up, and then Miss Whittaker, the new teacher you refer to, is both much older and better educated than either you or I, and so is capable of taking a higher class."

"It's no use arguing with me, Jane, for I have made up my mind to leave; there are lots of things besides these that I have not liked lately."

"Don't talk in that way Ethel; but see, here we are at our house, I know there's no one in, for father and mother have gone to take tea with a friend. I wish you would come in and have a chat about this matter."

The two went in together, and after they had had tea, Miss Moorhouse said to her friend, "Now, Ethel, I'm not going to let you go away till you promise me you won't mention a word about resigning to either the Vicar or the Superintendent. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to think of such a thing. It's nothing else than deserting our Divine Master's cause in the day of battle. It's like turning our backs upon Him and refusing to give Him the help He asks us for."

"How do you mean, Jane? I don't understand you."

"I mean this, that Jesus called you to be a teacher in these schools. What was it that made you take the work up if it was not his spirit moving you to it? You ought to regard being called upon to teach those children as a great privilege. They are His little ones, and it's a great honor to be allowed to work for and to work with Him. I hate to hear people talking so lightly of giving up work. I know you'll say, 'it does not matter to the children for they can easily find another teacher,' but whether it matters to them or not it does matter most seriously to you, Ethel. For the very act of your giving up may be putting a means of offence in the way of both your scholars and fellow teachers."

"I never thought of it in that way," replied Ethel.

"Well, do you think of it now. Think of what Jesus said both about offending the little ones, and of what St. Paul said about doing things whereby our brethren are offended. But there's another way in which I should like you to think about this sin of giving up, for I do believe it would be a sin if you did so."

"What is the other way, Jane?"

"I'll tell you. I said just now it was a great privilege to be allowed to teach. And it is so for many reasons. Those who try to teach conscientiously and faithfully are, I am sure, always learn-

ing while they teach; I am sure Jesus teaches me whilst I teach the children, if I pray to Him to do so. And then I feel that I am brought very near to Him when I am trying to do His work, and He has blessed me whilst I have been a teacher in other ways, in making me much more careful in setting a good example and keeping out of the way of bad companions, and in feeling that whilst I am ever so unimportant an officer in His great army, yet it is my duty to see that His cause and His little soldiers receive no harm from my carelessness and negligence."

"I never thought of all these things," said Ethel; "I'm afraid I thought too much about helping Mr. Thompson and Miss Smith, and not enough about Jesus and His little one, and I never thought about it being a privilege to teach, and that it would do me much good."

"I'm very glad you see it in the true light now. I think there's far too much talking about giving up work of all kinds. I'm always hearing of some one doing what they call 'threatening to give up,' if something doesn't quite please them, or if they are a bit 'put out.' But I always try and show them what a high privilege and what a sacred thing every kind of Christian work is, and I try to get them to look at the matter in two ways:—First, the injury to the work itself, for which, remember, they are answerable, but also the other way as well, that is the terrible injury they do themselves, and how they make light of their high privileges, and run the chance of falling into terrible temptations and very grievous sin. There are two verses in the Bible I think exactly express my meaning:—

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii., 8.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—Luke ix., 62.—S.P.C.K.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

At one time the outposts of the Southern, or Confederate army, were on hilly ground on one side of a valley, and on the other, not more than two hundred yards away, were the outpost of the Federal troops. These consisted of several bands of sharpshooters, concealed in rifle pits, at some distance apart, and watching for the least movement on the part of the enemy. Every now and then the Confederates, seeing some movement on the opposite hill-side, would fire across the valley; and whenever any of the Confederates ventured in sight some sharpshooter of the Federals was sure to pick him off in a moment.

As usual, Harry Hesketh and Charlie Marsh were together, and two or three more men were also in their pit, when, in the course of the morning, a stray shot hit Charlie, wounding him severely in the body. The other soldiers did all they could for him in the limited space and with such remedies as they had at hand. They managed to check the flow of blood, and to make him a rude sort of bed with the bracken which grew near and a coat laid upon it. But the day was intensely hot, and although Charlie bore his sufferings heroically, and a while Harry was shocked, as he looked upon him, to see how pale and exhausted he appeared.

"Look here, old fellow," said he, bending over poor Charlie, "is there anything I can do for you? Tell me if there is, for you know I would give my life for you any day."

"You're a brick, Harry," murmured Charlie faintly, "but I suppose there is nothing for it but to endure a little longer. It is our business to endure whatever comes, isn't it?"

"But can't you think of anything that will help you, if it is ever so little," persisted Harry; "you couldn't eat a hunk of bread and cheese now, could you?"

"No," replied Charlie, with a faint smile at the offer of the only luncheon within reach; "but oh! if there was only some water to be had. The pain and this intolerable heat make me feel as if I should die of thirst."

There was silence for a few minutes, and as Harry anxiously watched his friend he fancied he

saw a change come over his face—his eyes had a fixed, unnatural look in them, and he kept moving his lips, as if trying to speak. Presently he said feebly, and in a strange, monotonous voice, "There is no water like that in mother's well; so cool, so fresh. I'll wait till I get home. How long you are, Lucy, bringing the glass!" he went on more fretfully. "I've been mowing in that ten acre lot till I am as dry as a chip, and don't you see how tired I am? So tired; why do you stand staring at me, instead of bringing me the water? Oh, mother! mother! I shall die of this dreadful thirst, and Lucy will not bring me one drop."

Harry had never seen any one delirious before, and as he watched Charlie he felt sure that he must be dying—dying in this comfortless rifle pit for want of a drink of water. Harry had seen men that he knew, and whose friendship he valued, shot down beside him and had no time for more than a passing thrill of horror; but now, to see his special chum, the man whose mother had done many a kind deed for him, and whose fair young sister had watched the soldier boys go off with so much pride; to see Charlie lying there talking unconsciously and imagining himself at home, and quite oblivious to the tragedy of the present time, was more than he could bear. The tears were in his eyes and a strange choking in his throat.

"Is there no water?" asked he of the other men.

"Not a drop," was the reply, "we used the last there was to bathe his wound."

"And no spring near?"

"There is one down the valley," said one of the men with a short laugh, "in full sight of the enemy. If anyone is utterly tired of his life he had better try to get some water from there, for the attempt would be certain death."

Harry took up the field glass and looked towards the place indicated by the other man. There was the spring, two hundred yards away, in open sight of the Confederates. He looked, and for a moment hesitated, for he was not tired of life; in truth, life had never seemed more full and complete than it did now, and the thought that, although at this moment he stood there a strong and vigorous young man, he might so soon be lying bleeding and dead in the valley beneath, was terrible to him.

But, then, there was Charlie, pale and exhausted, staring upward with a blank, vacant expression in his blue eyes, and babbling of green fields and cool draughts of water, and of the dear ones he had left at home, and his courage revived. In fact, all his hesitation had passed during the few seconds that he was looking through the glass; and when he laid it down he quietly took up an empty canteen.

"You are never going to venture it!" exclaimed one of the men, aghast at such daring.

"I am," replied Harry, shortly. "Charlie will die if he does not get the water, and I will try to save him at any rate. But if I never get back, please send this letter to my mother. I have kept it by me in case of accident, and add a postscript to tell her that I tried to do my duty. Now here goes." And then tightening his belt and pulling his cap down a little over his eyes that he might shield them from the blazing sun, and so be able to see his way the better, he dashed out of the rifle-pit and bounded swiftly down the hillside into the valley.

He was instantly caught sight of by the Confederates, and every rifle along their line was turned upon him. Bullets showered around him like hail, but his courage was up and with all speed he ran towards the spring. It was a race for life—for two lives—but whether it was the glare of the sun confused their aim, or whatever was the cause, not a shot struck him; and as he neared his destination and it became apparent to the enemy what his object was, they seemed to realize the whole situation at once—that a brave man was risking his own life to fetch water for a wounded comrade—and when he stooped to fill his canteen the firing ceased, as suddenly as it began, and all along the Confederate lines rose up a ringing cheer for the man who had dared to be so brave.

For a short while all differences were forgotten; the soldiers were Federals and Confederates no longer—they were merely men joining as men in a common admiration of one of the most manly characteristics—a true and unselfish courage.—From *Brave John Norse and Other Tales*.

The following is a true story of a man whose friends and neighbors whom you know and conviction to any degree of gratitude are been afflicted but are sons giving them a that others, troubled the means of cure. you should be longer stomach troubles. as others. Do not but to-day obtain the to permanent health 296 McNab St. Nov. 2, 1886.—I had twenty years from a side of the head, an eat scarcely anything disagreed with me. cians who examined had enlargement o was impossible to c that I was suffering f mation of the blad chitis and catarrh. t for me to live. The weeks without mak my condition. I c ner's Safe Cure" at acting strictly up to took thirty-six bottl of health ever since to be 180 lbs. Wh ner's Safe Cure" I now weigh 210 lbs.

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St. CATHERINES, About six years ago from kidney disease the while. I had walk straight and street. The pains unbearable, and I even temporarily ner's Safe Cure," s found relief, and a was completely cu

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CHATHAM, ONT I was completely severe pains in sev re that at ti treated. A loss o urinate, without coming from me urine was of a l considerable for fied that my k state, and that l Finally I conclu Cure," and in f taken the remed black as ink, co pus and gravel. many hours bef straw color, alt able sediment. subsided as I c and it was bu completely reli and I can truth

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