

An Appeal to Fathers.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv. 12.

Your vote is a trust that God has given,
Its record is taken up in heaven,
As well as on earth below:
We sing of angels hovering round,
Unseen at our side they are ever found,
Their deep eyes watch us now.

No spot or stain on their white wings fair,
They watch as they sweep through our tainted air—
Shall they carry the news to heaven,
That one Christian man has his trust betrayed?
His guardian angel would shrink dismayed
As the traitor vote was given.

Will you vote to open the bar-room door?
Will you vote to increase its master's store?
Will you vote for crime and woe?
Will you vote that the liquor may freely flow?
Till, instead of God's kingdom here below,
Hell's kingdom on earth may grow.

Will you vote that your child on the village street,
The drunkard's staggering form shall meet,
And his filthy ravings hear?
Till an oath shall seem a familiar thing,
And the lips that should glad hosannas sing,
Speak words that defile the ear.

Will you vote that the tempters shall betray,
And entice your boys to the evil way,
That leads where the lost abide?
Nay! God forbid! In his name we pray,
Destroy them not with your vote to-day
For whom the Saviour died.

The Boy that is Down.

THERE is always in this world somebody that is down. Here is Fred Holmes, who is sick. He has had a struggle with disease, that has thrown him upon a bed of pain, and still firmly holds him there. There is Will Jones, who had a struggle with a brick wall that fell upon him, and has kept him pitifully hobbling on a crutch ever since. There is Frank Wilson, who is ignorant. He has had a fight with poverty, that, conquering, has tied him down to work, and interfered with his education. And here is Hartley Smith, who is bad. He has wrestled with temptation that has thrown him again and again; and then sin fettered him, manacled him, and bound him hand and foot.

All these are boys that are down. Now help them. Go and put yourself by the side of the boy that is down, and help him. Don't forget Fred Holmes. Take him some delicacy, or a book; or share your leisure with him, and read to him. Don't let sensitive Will Jones feel unpleasantly his infirmity, through an unkind word or look from you. Give him a lift, and be as good as a new limb to him. Don't laugh at Frank Wilson's blunders in grammar. You may have a chance to help him into a school where he can be taught to give the king's English with all the ease of water running down hill. And Hartley Smith, the bully of the neighbourhood, its most vicious fighter, who in the fight seems to be anything but "down," always coming out "on top." Can you not help him? What will you do for the boy whom the power of evil is holding down with a grip so strong? You need not—must not—irritate him; but you can be kind to him. If you can get him into a Sunday-school concert, he may get into the school finally. Bind him to yourself by some favour. Show him some attention if sick, and then—pray for him. If you can only help that boy up! God can—pray. He will help through you—work.

It is an awful work to try to put others down: that is the devil's business. It is a grand calling to lift others up: that is Christ's mission, and may you be like him.

Teachers' Department.

A Visitor.

It is always well to notice a visitor, but to ask him to speak to the school because he is a stranger is a grave mistake. He may have nothing to say, and he may not know how to say it. He may speak too long, he may be dull, and he may try to be witty, and only show that he is silly. Wit is of little worth unless it bubbles up from the soul like drops of sparkling water from the sandy floor of a cooling spring.

Our pity goes out to the nervous visitor, who speaks, not because he really wants to, but because he is asked, and conscience says he must comply. He wants to do good, and here is the opportunity, and it must be improved. He begins his speech, with an apology, and that only makes the school see clearly how flustered he is. Then he stumbles and stammers, and he blushes, but he hobbles along like a lame man, until he reaches the end of a short journey, and is well tired out.

We wonder whether conscience is always right when it urges the visitor to speak to the Sunday-school. Conscience should be led by judgment and good sense. It is a faculty of the soul which errs, and needs to be put into the right track. If the visitor has naught to say, why should he air his voice because asked, or even entreated to do so. Let him remember that the object of speech is to express some thought, or awaken some feeling which may help on the cause of truth, and all other speech in a school is of little worth.—*S. S. Journal.*

Burn It In.

THE outlines of the picture were there. We could trace the dark form of the cross, and above it flashed the glory of a crown. But while the beautiful picture was there, the work was not permanent.

"You see, it is not burned in," said a workman near us.

Not burned in? No. Intense heat must be applied to the glass. Thus fired, the picture would be burned into the glass. The glory of the crown would dazzle forever undimmed. The cross would be bathed forever in a purple tide.

Do we not face a similar problem in the sphere of our instructions to those younger? We would not only impress them, but we ask how we can permanently affect them. We hold up the thought of Calvary. We picture Christ hanging on the cross. There is an impression made, for you see the lip quiver and the eye moisten, but how evanescent such influence may be! So we hold up the glory of heaven's reward. The crown dazzles. Seemingly it wins to-day, but will the impression last over Sunday? Earth, rather than heaven, may draw on Monday. How can we make permanent and effective our work? What heavenly flame shall burn our work into the soul? Let us be grateful that such celestial fires are those of the Holy Ghost. But are we suppliants for this special blessing? Let us not make a mistake. Let us not dare to separate our work from the operation of the Holy Ghost, fancying we can not only impress the soul, but also make permanent our work. If we teach in such isolation, our delusion will be our scholars' disaster. At this time of the year, when serious impressions on the souls of the young are so frequent, let us get down upon our knees, and go to praying for the descent of the fires of the Holy Ghost. Then what is presented to our scholars will not simply be scenery before the eye, but become a life in the soul.—*S. S. Journal.*

Faithful in Little.

"THERE! I just hate to dust, and wipe dishes, and sweep stairs, and such little things!" said Daisy, flinging herself, like a very wilted daisy, into a big rocker.

"Heigh-ho! said grandpa, wheeling his chair around till Daisy came in sight. "What's the trouble now? Too much work, eh?"

"Not too much," said Daisy, tapping her feet on the floor, "but I just hate to do such little things—I get so tired of them! if I could only cook, there'd be some fun in it!"

"How old are you, my lassie, pray?" said grandpa, looking sharply at the little girl.

"Now you're making fun of me, grandpa," said Daisy; "but I'm eleven years old you know, and mamma used to do a lot of cooking when she wasn't a bit older than I am."

"And did she do it well, Daisy?"

"Grandma says she did it beautifully."

"And if she had sweeping, or dusting, or dish-washing to do, I've no doubt she did them well, too. If she hadn't been faithful in the littles, she would never have been trusted with the greater things," replied grandpa.

"I was only just now reading," continued grandpa, "a story of wonderful faithfulness in little things on the part of a shepherd's dog, who was told by his master to guard his hat and crook till he came back. A fatal accident kept him from ever returning; but nothing could persuade the animal to leave his charge, and he finally died at his post. Now, Daisy, I don't think you will ever need to do that; but I am sure, if you will follow his faithful example, in patiently doing the little things of each day, then the big things will duly and surely come."

"Maybe they will." And Daisy, with a little sigh, took up her duster again.

Little Drops.

A LITTLE drop is not much, but when a lot of them come together they are mighty. How tiny is the head of a pin! How much would it be worth? A goodly number can be bought for a penny. Yet I have read of one that cost a great many dollars. How was that? you say. Why, this way. Calicoes, when printed and washed and dried, are made smooth by being passed over heated rollers. A pin once got fastened on to the principal roller, the head standing out a little. A hundred pieces were done without being seen. By-and-by, when examined, it was found that there were holes in the calico at the distance of every three quarters of a yard. The goods had to be sold as damaged goods. Here was something no bigger than a little drop, but, working away, repeating itself every minute, did a lot of harm. So it may be with little drops themselves. The sea is made up of little drops. Mighty Niagara, that thunders and rages so, is made up of drops. So was the heaviest shower of rain you ever remember, which did so much harm in your garden when it fell.

Here is another story of the power of little drops: In Yorkshire, England, there is a "dropping well." Water drops—drops—drops from the rock above into a pool below. Birds' nests, sponges, and other things are left there awhile, and soon are converted into stone. Every drop of the water, as it falls upon them, leaves a little film of stone; and by this process the soft sponge, the yielding nest, grow hard as the rocks around.

Little drops! Truly, much may in them dwell. It is unwise, when people say of alcoholic liquor: "Oh, I take so little that I cannot be injured by it!" Yes, they can be. They are injured by it, if the doctors tell the truth, if science is to be trusted, if much experience is to guide us.—*Sel.*