

expenditure on dress, for many years, never amounted to five pounds.

For seventy years the "Life and Journal" of this sainted soul have been one of the classics of Methodist biography. They have, doubtless, been an inspiration to thousands so emulate her Christian heroism and imitate her holiness of heart and life. Being dead, she yet speaks in many lands and in many tongues. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

SHALL never forget, writes a correspondent of the *Agriculturist*, an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of school-boys were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighbouring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it and each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at that old rattle-bones!" and the other boys took up the cry, with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came round the corner, and immediately stepped up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, so I went tremblingly into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me, "Such a fine boy was surely worth saving." How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made the butt of ridicule.

I tell you boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If you are ever tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime.—*Selected.*

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.—A very bad case of putting the cart before the horse is when a drinking old man talks as if he had been kept out of the grave by his beer, though that is the thing which carries people to their last home. He happens to have a strong constitution, and so he can stand the effects of drink better than most people, and then folks say it was the drink that gave him the constitution.—*Spurgeon.*

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet;
You are only idlers—
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies—
Neither yea nor nay;
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory;
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, how happy were the lilies
That he loved them so."
—*Sunday Afternoon.*

GOUGH'S ACCOUNT OF A NEGRO SERMON.

SOME one has said, and I think it was Mr. Moody. "I had rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal." Now, when a man becomes a Christian and is zealous, even without education, I have heard, and so have you, some of the most wonderful speeches that were ever delivered. I heard a man who was called a plantation negro, many years ago, who could not read, who could not write, who did not know his letters, but had considerable knowledge of the Scriptures. I heard from him a sermon that I shall never forget, never. He said: "Bredren, Ise gwine to take two texes. The first of these texes am 'Glad tidings of great joy which am to be to all people', and tuder text is 'Hallelujah.' Now, bredren, what am glad tidings of great joy? There is a king going through the streets in his chariot, and six calico horses, like what they have in the circus, prancing along through the street. There sits the king in his chariot. Nobody touches the king, nobody speaks to the king. He sits in his chariot, and the soldiers say: 'Hurrah for the king!' Nobody touches the king. And there is a nigger boy standing on the corner of the street, and he is as ragged and dirty, and his hair sticking out of the holes in his cap and his toes out of his shoes, looking at the procession. Nobody care for him. He hain't got no father, nor no mother, and no auntie. Nobody care for him, all ragged and dirty. The king see the boy, so he says to one of his officers. 'Bring dat boy to me.' But de officer didn't want to fetch a nigger. So he says: 'Dat boy is all dirt.' Then the king, he says. 'Bring de boy to me!' He got mad, you see. Then this 'ere officer, he wanted to shirk. He wanted to scare de king, and he says: 'If I bring dat boy to you, you will get something off from him.' Then the king got so mad that his face went clear on the top of his head, and he says. 'You bring dat boy to me' And he brought him. And he says: 'You take dat boy away, wash him up, and comb his hair. Give him a new pair of shoes and measure him for a new suit of clothes, and have him educated.' And he took the boy away. And the king came

back, after a while, and he had the same calico horses, and he asked for the boy. Everybody forgot de boy, but de king didn't. He said. 'Bring dat boy to me!' And they bring de boy, and nobody knew de boy but de king. Ho know him. He said. 'Now, my child, you come and sit right here, alongside of me. Right here. You belong here. Sit right alongside of me in this chariot. You belong in it. Why, you know I have adopted you. You are my child, you are my son, my heir. Sit right there. There is right where you belong. Wouldn't dat be glad tidings of great joy to dat nigger boy? What does the text say it am to be to all people? bredren, we are a despised people. But, The white people shove us off from de sidewalk, and they think it God's service; but we are a people. We are an oppressed people, but we are a people: and remember this, if God joined with Jesus Christ for the oppressed, despised people—think of dat, bredren, only think of it. Don't that go right down into your hearts? Now it is time for the second text: 'Hallelujah.' I want you to holler just as loud as you can holler.' —*Chautauqua Herald.*

THE RAG BAG PARTY.

CANNOT some of our young missionary collectors adopt a plan like the following?—*Ed.*
The children of St. Peter's Church of Rochester, N. Y., who have generally a good many mission "irons in the fire," were anxious to add to the funds of their Mission Band without taking from the general fund intended for their name child, "Peter Church," in Alaska. Some one suggested "rags." Rags are things that all can gather and which always find a sale. The little girls of the "Early Chorus Band" went to work with their needles and fifty bags were soon made and labeled in large letters, "Missionary Bag"—the labels being the gift of a friend. These were given out in Sunday-school, one to a family, and with the understanding that when they were full they should all be brought together, their contents weighed, and sold to a dealer who would be in attendance.
In three months the meeting was called for, one bright afternoon, at the chapel, and all the holders of bags were in attendance, together with the dealer and his men in an immense wagon. Much as it seemed to the surprise of the neighbours and the people in the street, who wondered, doubtless, to see St. Peter's Church in the rag business, and marvelled at such a number of rag men, rag women, and you might have said, rag babies. When emptied out, the heap was a motley one. There was lace and sacking, velvet and cotton, silk and calico, coarse and fine, and it speaks volumes for our sexton that, for all the sweeping this rag meeting entailed, he was as much interested, and helped us not only with his work but with a large parcel of rags. Some of the smallest children had the largest parcels, and one family that had gathered up the fragments had fifty pounds. When the rags were weighed and the price counted out we found the bags had brought us in six dollars. The dealer expected before long to have another meeting.

MOTHER DON'T KNOW.

WALKING along one of the streets of Boston, last evening, we met two plainly dressed boys carrying a basket of clothes which their mother had washed. One might be thirteen and one nine. Both were smoking. As we said, "Good evening, boys," they both put down their basket and took out their cigars from their mouths.
"We have a boy about your age," addressing the elder, "and so we are fond of boys."
Their faces brightened.
"We should feel badly to have him smoke as you are doing, because we think it would weaken his mind and his body, and you know that mothers depend upon their boys for very much in this world. How much does your cigar cost you?"
"Three cents, and I smoke three a day."
"And that would make over thirty dollars a year, which would buy clothes or books. How long have you smoked?"
"Since I was eight, five years, and Tommy, who is nine, has smoked for a year."
"Does your father smoke?" for if he has the habit there is little use for precept usually.
"He is dead."
"And what does your mother say?"
"My mother," said the boy with a downcast look, "don't know I smoke."
A smoker for five years, carrying home the clothes she had worked hard to wash, deceiving her all the time, his conscience seemed touched. We patted the delicate looking boy on the shoulder as we said, "Remember the talk we have had," and we went on, thinking, alas! of so many mothers "who don't know."
And why don't they know? Partly from the mother love that blinds them, possibly, partly from their absorption in other things besides the immortal souls given to their care, partly because they have failed to keep the sympathy of their child, and partly because they do not watch as well as pray. Mothers "don't know" what their boys, and perhaps their girls are reading, what conversations they are having day by day, whether they are on the streets at night, what promiscuous attentions they are receiving or giving, and it is their business to know.
The Almighty could have arranged, humanly speaking, no other beneficent plan for the training of a soul for Himself as to have put it, clothed in the form of a little child, into some mother's arms, and saddest among sad things is the case when the mother for some unexplained reason "don't know" the nature of the gift she holds, or the responsibilities and possibilities of the case.
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HOW TO FIND THE HEIGHT OF A TREE.—Any child can measure the height of a tree without mounting it, when the tree is in the sunshine, and its shadow can be measured. Take a pole and place it in an upright position. Find the length of the pole, the length of the shadow of the pole, and the length of the shadow of the tree. Then multiply the length of the tree's shadow by the height of the pole, and divide the product by the length of the shadow of the pole. For instance, if the pole is six feet high, its shadow ten, and the shadow of the tree fifty, the height of the tree will be thirty feet.