

A STRANGE CURE.

An officer in the army found that his besetting sin was bad language in moments of excitement. He consulted a wise clergyman what he should do to cure himself. His advice was difficult to follow, and tested the sincerity of the soldier. "When you give away to this sin," said the clergyman, "cast yourself at once on the ground, kiss the earth, and implore pardon." It was a hard direction to obey, exposing him to observation and ridicule, but he made up his mind to do it.

One day, however, he was called into battle. An engagement had commenced, fierce shouts filled the air, and swords were flashing brightly. He was attacked by an assailant from the opposite ranks. In the conflict his sword broke off short, and his rage and mortification burst forth in cursing. At that instant his good resolution occurred to his mind. He was about to dismiss the idea as impossible to be carried out at that moment, but after a brief struggle he flung himself on the earth. At that instant a loud and heavy crash was heard, and a huge cannon-ball struck a tree close behind him, killing several persons. Had he been standing up he could not have escaped. Humble and thankful he rose up full of gratitude to God, who had accepted his penitence and "delivered" him in the day of "battle."—*Evangelical Churchman.*

A RIGHT START.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, and had pious parents, brothers, and sisters. His family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and

manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow-travelers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and, then slapping him on the shoulder said, "Right, my boy: I began in that way; I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to the church; all honor to him in that far away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by this manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*St.*

JUST A HINT TO BOYS.

I stood in a store the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had applied for.