

Several. Tabitha! Tabitha! Who was she?
Abigail. Sometimes she was called Dorcas; you will find her history in the 9th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; she was a woman full of alms deeds and good works, and was greatly beloved.

Robt. I would be like the three Hebrew children.

Mary. Why, you cannot be like three people at once!

Robt. I mean like them in the possession of the principles by which they were governed, and the grace by which they were sustained. I think it the noblest act in a man's life when he stands up in the midst of opposition for his religion and his God.

Teacher. Well, Mary, you believe that examples speak louder than precept; you must have some one you desire to imitate.

Mary. Yes, I would be like the gentle and loving Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus learning the lessons of His love.

Martha. And I would be like my namesake Martha, willing to learn and willing to help; I know that Mary has chosen that good part that shall not be taken away from her, but I like Martha's bustling solicitude for the proper entertainment of her guests to that Jesus and His disciples should have the best in the house. And after all, what could the Church do without its Marthas? do they not adorn and beautify the house of God, and prepare it for the Lord's reception.

Teacher. You are quite right, Martha, and so is Mary, too, but you want to act as St. James tells us to: "Show your faith by your works." Well, Peter, you have heard the opinion of a great many, who is to have the honour of being your exemplar?

Peter. Oh I go in for something lively, no slow coaching for me. My ambition is for a life of military glory. I would like to be a Bonaparte, a Duke of Wellington, a General Grant or a—

Teacher. Stop, stop, my brave fellow, none of those great men were born soon enough for us; you must confine yourself to Bible heroes.

Peter. Oh yes; I thank you for reminding me. Well, then, I would be reminding me. Well, then, I would be Joshua, the greatest military genius of his age. Don't you remember how well he managed the siege of Ai, how he humbled Sihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, King of Bashan, how thirty kings bit the dust before him, and how the Hivites, Perizites and the Jebusites fled at his approach. It makes me almost envy him when I think of his brilliant succession of victories.

Teacher. Your oh ice, Peter, has been the choice of thousands, but with Joshua's military skill you would need Joshua's pious heart, so that God might have the glory.

Robt. Give Walter a chance.

Teacher. Well, Walter.
Walter. My choice is Ignatius.
Lizzie. Why, that name is not in the Bible!

Walter. I know it, Lizzie, but he is supposed to be the little one that Jesus took and sat in the midst of the disciples and said, "Whosoever humbly himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven." Ignatius afterward became a learned man, then a bishop, and finally died a martyr for Christ.

Teacher. Angus, it is your turn now.
Angus. I think it is my turn now.

Here I have been waiting like patience on a morment, and as I have been so long practising the virtue of patience I think I'll take Job as my model.

Teacher. Very good, I hope you will continue to follow his example, for the Bible says there was none like him in all the earth.

James. My mind is in favour of Timothy, there is something very pleasant in the thought of getting a thorough knowledge of the Word of God through the instructions of a good grandmother Dois, and a kind mother Eunice, and growing up and becoming a Bishop highly spoken of by such a man as St. Paul. Don't you think so, Levi?

Levi. I do, and yet for all that I would rather try to imitate St. John, the beloved disciple, the celestial sight-seer of the Isle of Patmos.

Teacher. The last two chosen are certainly very excellent characters, and worthy of imitation. Now Charlotte, you are the last, so many have chosen that I fear you have but a slim chance.

Charlotte. I don't know about that, I have listened with deep interest as each has chosen his or her favourite, but in each character the Scriptures inform us there was a fault. I am so prone to imitate what is wrong that my model must be a perfect one, one of whom it can be said "I find no fault in this man." My choice is Jesus, to me He is the fairest among an thousand, and the one *altogether lovely.*

Teacher. Well done, O Charlotte! your model far exceeds all the rest, for as St. Peter says, "He has left us an example, that we should follow His steps." He was greater than Moses, because He was the lawgiver of Christianity; He was wiser than Solomon, for in Him all wisdom dwelt. He was a greater conqueror than Joshua, for He defeated Satan and gained the victory over death. Suppose each of us adopt Charlotte's model as our own, and follow the others only as they followed Jesus.

Several. Agreed, agreed.

Bear the Message Onward.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi, 15.

Bear the message onward!

Spread it far and wide;

Let the distant heathen

Know that Jesus died;

Died, that God might justify

Vilest sinners for a live,—

Died, that through His merit

GUILTY men might live.

Bear the message onward!

Dare ye keep it back?

See those sin-bound millions!

Death is on their track!

Wretchedness surrounds them,

Woe succeeds to woe;

Listen, friends of Jesus!

Will you leave them so?

Bear the message onward!

Over land and sea;

Nothing save the Gospel

Makes man noble—free.

Spread, O spread the tidings,

Fraught with endless bliss;

Kings and queens might covet

Work so grand as this.

Bear the message onward!

Farther! farther yet!

Quickly! ere in darkness

This day's sun shall set.

Quickly judgment hasteneth!

Men are dying fast!

How can you if heedless,

Meet your God at last?

Bear the message onward!

Make the Saviour known;

Head the royal mandate

Uttered from the throne.

Loving hearts should hear it,
 Ransomed souls obey;
 Each and all must labour,
 While 'tis called to-day.

Bear the message onward!
 Speed the word with prayer;
 You must do your duty
 Let who will forbear.
 Weary not in service,
 Let not courage die;
 Doubt not; God is faithful;
 Fear not; help is nigh.

Bear the message onward!
 'Tis so grandly true;
 Where'er it cometh
 Eden blooms anew.
 Work performed for Jesus
 Cannot go unblest;
 Not till life is ended,
 Must God's servants rest.

Bear the message onward!
 Spread it forth with power;
 Let it reach fresh regions
 Every passing hour.
 Human souls out-value
 Coronets imperaled;
 Pause not, till the message
 Vibrates through the world.

The Liquor Traffic.

PASSING along the street of a little town we see that well-known institution—a liquor saloon. Its interior is hidden from the gaze of passers-by. A screen is placed before the door, and curtains are at the windows. Signs and symbols, glimpses at frescoes and pictures, strains of music, vocal or instrumental, invite one to enter. And one is curious to look in. One who loves liquor is tempted to go in. One who would gratify both curiosity and thirst is guaranteed against public exposure by intervening curtains, blinds, or other barriers.

BUT why those screens? If liquor selling is a legitimate business, why is a man ashamed of it? Why is he who sells ashamed? And why is he who buys? If it be a good thing, why hide it from the public gaze? Groceries do not conceal their business transactions, unless, indeed, the groceries are groggeries. Dry goods stores do not put up screens at the door. They are not to be found in front of furniture or hardware stores. The soda fountain is not thus concealed. It stands in broad daylight. Now, we think that the soda fountain is in most cases useless—not harmful, giving a temporary relief from thirst and heat and putting liberal profits into the druggist's till. But no one is ashamed of taking a drink of soda-water. Nor is he afraid of it. Nor are his friends anxious about him because he indulges now and then in soda-water.

WHY not the same openness about wine and beer, and brandy and whiskey? Well, we need not go far to find an answer. Liquor store screens are simply a protection against the public gaze. They are necessary to the trade. They secure customers. They keep the public eye from detecting young fellows who are just learning to drink. They shield "respectable men" who are becoming victims to drink. They hide the weak man's self-indulgence and the mean and avicious man's villainy. The man who gives and the man who takes the cup are engaged in low and contemptible business and the screen is necessary, just as closed doors and the veil of darkness are necessary to the robber and the adulterer. It is a thief's device. It is one link in the plot by which one man defrauds another and takes from him wit, heart, conscience,

home-love, a sense of justice, and a desire for eternal life. You may see blood on the screen at the door of a rum shop. You may hear groans of despair and cries of agony mingling with the song and laughter of the murderer and his victim beyond the screen.

Is not this a very strong putting of the case? Does it not savour of the hobbyist's extravagance and fanaticism? Well, what are the facts? Men may easily fall victims to appetite. The stimulus, the abnormal excitement, the wild joy produced by alcoholic drink, lead men slowly but surely into a state of bondage worse than any human slavery. This physical condition fosters all the worst passions of the soul—lust and hate. It represses, and in the end roots out, the noblest aspirations and affections of the soul. It breaks down the will. It takes faith and reverence away. It paralyzes conscience. Its ill effects are felt in every relation of life. Mother, wife, sister, daughter, are crushed by it. Business is wrecked by it. The gate of heaven is walled up by it. And all this evil work is wrought so insidiously that the victim is blinded from the beginning to his danger. When at last he awakes to his ruin, hope has left his soul. Now, suppose that it were impossible for him to find liquor; suppose the law made it a crime for a man to sell it; suppose temptation were never put in his way—do we not see what safety he would have, what a blessing he might be to others, and how differently his life would be ordered and ended? Who is it puts the temptation before him? The rum seller. Who is it kindles the first spark and flame of the dangerous appetite? The rum seller. Who is it fosters his evil craving and gratifies it? The rum seller. And for what? For money. He feeds his family and fills his coffers through the ruin of his neighbour. This is simple fact.

MORAL suasion is mighty. Let us employ it steadily, vigorously, faithfully—through the press, the pulpit, the platform, and personal visitation. The one grand remedy of the great evil we deplore is PROHIBITION. The statute books must recognize the liquor traffic as a crime, and the State must deal with it accordingly. It is a crime. Call it a crime. Treat it as a crime. By law shut up every rum shop. If necessary imprison every rum seller. Drive the class by lash of public scorn and by execution of law into honest business or into the sea.

ONE other thing let us not fail to do. The children of the land must be trained to self-control. The will must be educated. They must learn before they are five years old to resolve against evil and to compel inclination to succumb to Principle. Then they will resist temptation. And they will have firmness enough as men to vote for Prohibition, and to see to it that a law once enacted is executed. Then shall Temperance and Righteousness prevail in the land. Then shall Peace reign. Mothers will be helped in the conflict, now so unequal because of society and the weakness of law, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And the Church will have new opportunity to reach rational beings with her high ministers of grace, and love, and hope.—Our Youth.