

Childrens' Department.

THE MISSION BAND.

Our Mission band was formed one day,
With purpose good and true:
To teach the wise and helpful way
To children and to you.

The wise and helpful way is one
Which useful makes our lives;
Which shows some loving kindness done,
And for some goodness strives.

Now if you think we are too small,
To work in cause so high,
Remember that the oak tree tall
Did in the acorn lie.

Remember, too, the Saviour was
The Christ-child first, then Man.
He loves our work, and us, because
We do the best we can.

The good we do lives evermore;
For we are sowing seed
Which God Himself is watching o'er
Whose care is all we need.

Our Mission band has done some good,
We feel that we can say;
And now to do still more, we would
Ask all your prayers to-day.

We'll join in work our hearts and hands,
Until at last the song
Of Christ that's sung in Gospel lands
Shall to the world belong.

WITHOUT EQUAL.—Wilson Montrose,
of Vienna, Ont., having used Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry in his
family, says, "I cannot speak too highly
of it, for children as well as aged people
troubled with diarrhoea it has no equal."

LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

How is it I don't hear you speak
bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a
boy on board a man-of-war, as they
were sitting together up on the rigging.

"Oh, because I don't forget my
Captain's orders," answered the boy
brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old
sailor; "I did not know he gave any
orders."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep
them safe here," putting his hand on
his breast. "Here they be," said Jem,
slowly and distinctly: 'I say unto
you, swear not at all; neither by
heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by
the earth, for it is his footstool;
neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city
of the great king. Neither shalt thou
swear by thy head, because thou
canst not make one hair white or black.
But let your communication be, Yea,
yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more
than these cometh of evil.'"

"Them's from the good old log-book,
I see," said the sailor, "which I don't
know much about in these days."

"Then I'm afraid you've lost your
reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are
drifting on to the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man,
slowly.

"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem,
"wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked.
He knew what it was to be in a ship
breaking up and going to pieces on a
wintry coast. He knew what it was
to be lashed to a spar, half naked,
hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-
tossed. He had heard the shrieks of
the perishing. Yes, he well knew
what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked forever," said the old

sailor, slowly; "that's a very long
time, boy."

"Yes, sir," replied little Jem, "it is
so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and
the old man turned away his head,
saying:

"That wrecking forever is a bad
business."

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is a very
bad business."

"And is there no way of escape?"
asked the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach
at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he
says. He says the admiralty of heaven
has got out a life boat for poor souls.
That life-boat is Jesus Christ. It was
launched on Calvary, and has been
round picking up poor souls lost in
the stormy waters of sin ever since;
and he used to tell us, 'Stretch out
your arms to get in, and pray, Lord,
save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the old
sailor.

"I know about myself," said the
boy, humbly. "I was going down,
and cried to the Lord, and he had
mercy on me, and took me in, and I've
shipped with Him ever since. He is
a good captain, the captain of our sal-
vation, sir. Won't you ship, too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that
craft," said the old man feelingly.

"Besides saving you, He'll fit you
for His service," said Jem. "There's
no difficulty on that account. He's
good—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times,"
said the old man, with a tear on his
weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid
we old sinners are too water logged
and sin-soaked to be worth saving, but
young ones jump into the life-boat be-
fore it's too late, and ship for the port
if heaven. It's a blessed chance."

A BOY'S LESSON.

"If more fathers would take a course
with their sons similar to the one my
father took with me," observed one of
the leading business men of Boston,
"the boys might think it hard at the
time, but they'd thank them in after
life."

"What sort of course?" we asked.

"Well, I was a young fellow of
twenty-one, just out of college, and felt
myself of considerable importance. I
knew my father was well off, and my
head was full of foolish notions of
having a good time and spending lots
of money. Later on I expected father
to start me in business, after I'd
'swelled' round a while at club and
with fine horseflesh. Like a wise man,
father saw through my folly, and re-
solved to prevent my self-destruction,
if possible.

"If the boy has got the right stuff
in him let him show it," I heard father
say to mother one day. 'I worked
hard for my money, and I don't intend
to let Ned squander it, and ruin him-
self besides.'

"That very day father came and
handed me fifty dollars, remarking:

"Ned, take that money; spend it
as you choose, but understand this
much: it's the last dollar of my money

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