

DOING GOOD.

Every human being has a mission to fulfil, an influence to be felt, either for good or for evil, and none are so lost, so degraded, but that some spark of morality is burning within their bosom, and that little spark, though faint and feeble, may kindle a bright and glowing flame.

Let us not, then, say it is too insignificant, too trifling, to accomplish any useful purpose—whatever is good is worthy of preservation and worthy of cultivation. Do we not often, when walking through the crowded streets of our populous city, behold objects that call forth a joyous word to the poor and barefooted little beggar, who daily travels its thoroughfares, as he receives the small pittance from the passerby; how his countenance beams with joy when a kind word, or even look, is given. The little germ of truth we throw by the wayside will not be lost; it shall not perish; it will be guarded and nourished by angels, and flourish forever. We should not, then, fail to speak one kind word at least, to cheer the wounded spirit, cast down by the trials and sorrows of this life.

Think not, when some wanderer from the "father's house" crosses our pathway, that a word of warning will be of no avail, though the erring one may scorn your counsel; that friendly word will come to him again, even in the silence of the night, and lead the spirit that hath gone astray back to the path of virtue. Words of counsel spoken in love will never be forgotten; faithful memory will treasure them up, and the fitting time will come for them to do their good work. Think not, then, a look of kindness, an act of love, however trifling, may seem the word of admonition and counsel; think them not thrown away or cast as "pearls before swine." Whenever the opportunity to speak or to act is seen, then, do your duty, for your good deed is recorded in heaven, and you will

find even here on earth a full and satisfactory reward, for life is short at the long-st period. Therefore, it behooves us to improve it, and prepare for those latter days, when, it is said, even "the grasshopper shall be a burden" to that mind who feels that its mission while here on earth has not been accomplished with satisfaction.

"Behold, alas! our days we spend,
How vain they be, how soon they end.
Behold how short a span, was long
Enough of old to measure out the
Life of man, in these well-tempered
Days, his time was then surveyed;
Cast up, and found but three score years and
ten."

ELIZA H. BELL, Bayside.

SINGLE TEMPTATION.

We take the following from Professor Drummond's new booklet, "Baxter's Second Innings":—

"Well, each boy has his own temptation—different in different cases, but always some one thing which keeps coming back and back—back and back day after day till he is tired and sick. What though he score off all the other balls if this one takes him? It's not new sins that destroy a man; it's the drip, drip, drip of an old one.

"Have you ever heard of the castle that was taken with a single gun? It stood on the Rhine, and its walls were yards thick, and the old knight who lived in it laughed when he saw the enemy come with only a single cannon. But they planted the cannon on a little hill, and all day long they loaded and fired, and loaded and fired, without ever moving the muzzle an inch. Every shot struck exactly the same spot on the wall, but the first day passed and they had scarcely scratched the stone. So the old knight drank up his wine cup, and went to his bed in peace. Day after day the cannonade went on, and the more they fired the louder the knight laughed, and the more wine he drank, and the sounder he slept. At the end of a week one stone was in splinters; in one month the one behind