

"No, he was a Roman. You never heard his story, I suppose."

"No, nor his name, nayther."

"Well, he was one of the seven archdeacons of the Church at Rome when it was a pagan city, sixteen hundred years ago. The Christians were bitterly persecuted by a heathen Emperor whose name was Valerian. And Lawrence, who had charge of the property of the Church, its silver vessels and the like, thought it no harm to sell them to feed the poor starving persecuted Christians."

"Nayther it was, I'm shure!" interjected Dennis.

"One day," continued the narrator of the ancient legend, "the Emperor sent a soldier to Lawrence to command him to give up the treasures of the Church. And he took the soldier to a room where were a lot of the old, and sick and poor people whom he had rescued, and he said, 'These are the treasures of the Church.' And the soldier wouldn't believe but that he had gold hidden somewhere, and dragged him before the Emperor, and he was cruelly scourged, and they say, broiled to death upon a gridiron."

"Och! murther, now, wasn't that the cruel thing to do!" exclaimed the sympathetic listener; "and was he a Catholic?"

"He was a Catholic, as all good Christians are Catholics," said the namesake of the saint, who would not relinquish to any section of the Church that grand old title of the Church Universal.

"But ye said he was a Roman," exclaimed Dennis, triumphantly, "so he must have been a Roman Catholic, and that is the best sort I'm thinkin'. Shure ye read me yerself the other night, Saint Paul's 'pistle to Romans. Did he iver write one to the Methodists now?"

Lawrence was compelled to admit that he had not; but he explained that the Methodist Church had only been in existence for about a hundred years.

"And how long since Paul wrote his 'pistle to the Romans?" asked Dennis eagerly, full of controversial zeal for the honour of his Church.

"Nearly eighteen hundred years," replied Lawrence.

"An' is the Catholic Church seven-teen hundred years older than the Methodis'? Well, I'm thinkin' I'll jist wait till yours catches up to mine afore I'll jine it."

Lawrence more anxious to have the man become a Christian than to have him become a Methodist, waived further argument, knowing that the breath of controversy often withers the tender flowers of religious feeling in the soul.

(To be continued.)

The first Christian church in the Congo Free State was organized less than a year ago. There are to-day 1,062 converts in the Congo Mission.

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the west of England. He was poor. One day during the playhour he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat down under a tree by a little brook. He put his head upon his hand and began thinking. What about? He said to himself, "How strange it all is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields, and that house, and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. O, if I could but get this property back!" He then whispered two words—"I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school, where he did the same. By and by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark. At length he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land—he was made Governor-General. In twenty years he returned to England and bought all the property that once belonged to his family. The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT seventy years ago there lived in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a little boy named Abram H. Like boys now-a-days, Abram liked to see all the sights; and so, one beautiful autumn day, his father took him to a neighbouring village to see the soldiers drill, as it was the annual "training-day."

Nearly everybody in those days drank whiskey—even the children being taught to drink it; and in almost every cellar a big barrel of the awful stuff was kept. On these "training-days" there was a good deal of drinking—many of the men going home drunk. Little Abram saw these drunken men the day he went to the training, and when he got home in the evening he said to his mother, after telling her of the things he had seen: "Ma, I am never going to drink a single drop of whiskey, nor use a bit of tobacco, as long as I live."

His mother said: "I am glad to hear you say that. You shall be my little temperance boy."

This was the first temperance speech he made. Don't you think it was a good one!

About ten years after this, Abram, now a boy of seventeen, left his home, and went on foot over the mountains to Pittsburg—a journey of two hundred miles. Here he hired out to a sign-painter, and began to learn the business.

It was the custom in the shop for the workmen to send one of their apprentice boys every day for a quart of

whiskey, which they brought in an old stone jug. Of course, when Abram began working in the shop as an apprentice boy, the men sent him after whiskey. He went two or three times, and then made up his mind that he would not go again, as he felt that it was not right.

Next day, while Mr Jones, the owner of the shop, was at dinner, one of the men handed a shilling to Abram, and ordered him to go for the whiskey, which he refused to do, saying that it was not right, and he would bring no more whiskey for them to drink. This made the man angry; and while he was talking very loud, and threatening to whip Abram unless he would go, Mr Jones, the proprietor, came in, and asked what the trouble was. Abram said: "Mr. Jones, I came into your shop to learn to paint signs, and not to help make men drunkards. I am willing to do all the honourable work I can, but I will not carry whiskey for these men to drink. If I can't stay here unless I do this, why, then, I will leave."

Mr. Jones said nothing for a moment; then, seizing the whiskey jug, he smashed it to pieces on the hard floor, and exclaimed: "The last drop of liquor has come into this shop that ever shall, with my consent. This boy has preached me a temperance sermon that I shall never forget; and I will never touch another drop of liquor."—*St. Louis Observer.*

STRONG-MINDED ESQUIMAUX WOMEN.

A YOUNG woman, Dr. Dall tells us, really quite fine-looking, and of remarkably good physique and mental capacity, was observed to hold herself aloof from the young men of the tribe in an unusual manner. Inquiry, first of others, afterward of herself, brought out the following reasons for the eccentricity. In effect she said she was as strong as any of the young men; not one of them had ever been able to conquer her in wrestling or other athletic exercises, though it had more than once been tried, sometimes by surprise, and with odds against her. She could shoot and hunt deer as well as any of them, and make and set snares and nets. She had her own gun, bought from the proceeds of her trapping. She despised marriage, and did not desire to do the work of a wife, but preferred the work which custom among the Esquimaux allots to the men. In short, she was a "woman's rights" female of the most advanced type. When winter came, having made a convert of a smaller and less athletic daniel, the two set to work with walrus-tusk picks, and dug the excavation in which they erected their own house, which was of the usual type of Esquimaux houses—walled and roofed with driftwood covered with turf. It was, however, as an additional defence against unwished-for prowling males, divided into two rooms, with a very

small and narrow door between them, next which lay some handy billets of wood, to crack the scones of a possible intruder. Here our two amazons lived, traded, and carried on their affairs in defiance of communal bonds and public sentiment. The latter seemed to be composed half of disapprobation and half of envious admiration, while all the young fellows in the village bustled themselves in concocting plans against the enterprising pair. These were too fully on the alert to be surprised, and all efforts against their peace were fruitless. When the deer-hunting season came the two set off to the mountains, and no sooner had they departed than disappointed lovers and "outraged public sentiment" exemplified in a mob, reduced their winter quarters to a shapeless ruin. So far as Dr Dall's information goes, the following year the ladies returned to the ordinary ways of the world, and gave up the unequal contest against a tyrannical public opinion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The A B C of Drink.

BY EDWARD K. KIDDER.

- A is the Alcohol—deathlike its grip,
- B the Beginner who "just takes a sip."
- C the Companion who urges him on,
- D for the Demon of Drink which is born.
- E the Endeavour he makes to resist,
- F for the friends (?) who so loudly insist.
- G for the Guilt which he afterwards feels,
- H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
- I his Intention to drink not at all,
- J for Jeering that follows his fall.
- K is his Knowledge that he is a slave,
- L for the liquors his appetites crave.
- M the convivial Meetings so gay.
- N is the "No" which he tries hard to say.
- O for the Orgies which then come to pass,
- P for the Pride which he drowns in his glass.
- Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound,
- R for the Ruin that hovers around.
- S for the Sights which his vision bedims,
- T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
- U for the Usefulness, killed in the slums,
- V is the V. rant he swiftly becomes.
- W the Waning of life nearly done,
- X his Extinction, regretted by none.
- YOUTH of the nation, such weakness is crime:
- Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

[This can be used as an exercise for twenty-six little boys or girls, each reciting a line.]

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street-corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass and fountains, and broad spaces to run and jump and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the game was ended I would tell them to go home.