

FLORA'S ADVENTURES.

Flora was bought at a fair in Stirling, and brought home; she was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted the following day to put her in the plough. What offence this gave her, it is hard to say; but no sooner was she yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable gentleman of her own species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, then she began to kick, and rear, and plunge; and at last set off, dragging plough, ploughman, Dobs, and all at her heels; fortunately the harness broke before she had done much mischief. On finding herself at liberty, she cut several furious capers, then rolled herself on the ground, screaming like a passionate child, and, starting up, set off at the utmost of her speed towards the lake, which is at that place three miles broad, and studded with lovely little wooded islands; she took to the water at once, and swam most gallantly. Miss Colhoun, who had been sent for, returned to the house for a spy-glass, and watched her progress; she supposed she would land on the first island she came near, and that she meant to set up there as a sort of equine Robinson Crusoe; but no! she swam steadily on; rather avoiding the islands, and made straight for Ben Lomond, where that magnificent mountain invites its foot in the silver waters of the lake, which, as if it loved its old foe, pictures it back with all its woods and wilds, on its glassy bosom. No sooner did she reach the shore, than, after one hearty shake of her wet sides, this freebooter of the lake set off at full speed up the face of Ben Lomond, in a direction which no human being could have trod, from its steepness and ruggedness; but on she went, springing like a gazelle from one height or precipice to another. As she gazed through her glass, she sometimes lost sight of her for so long a time, that she feared she had been dashed to pieces in some of those fearful leaps; but she always re-appeared again, and at last gained the summit, and disappeared down the opposite side of the mountain.

As soon as she disappeared over the summit, Miss Colhoun desired the ploughman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavor to gain some information of the runaway. He did so; but as no mortal could traverse the road the fugitive had chosen, the ploughman, after crossing Loch Lomond, had to make a circuit of about nine miles ere he reached the part of the hill where he thought it likely the animal had passed down. In vain, however, he inquired of everyone he met, and at every house he came to. No one had seen the horse. Night came on; and he had to seek shelter for himself, much dispirited at hearing no news of his luckless purchase. On that side, Ben Lomond, instead of rising into abrupt and frightful precipices, slopes more gradually and softly into a beautiful rich landscape: at its very foot lies the lovely little lake of Monteth, with its one tiny island, planted on its bosom, like an emerald set in diamonds. To this scene of sylvan beauty the ploughman took his way the following morning. I dare believe, thinking far more about the equestrian deserter than of all the glories of earth and sky by which he was surrounded! As he drew near the lake of Monteth, he was attracted by the exulting, wiffling shouts of some children in the barn yard of a very humble cottage he was passing. He leant over the wall, and to his amazement beheld the object of his search! the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little Highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen; each of whom seemed to be trying who should lavish most marks of childish love on the animal; who, gentle as a handlicked lamb, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog. After gazing at this scene for some minutes in not uninterested silence, the ploughman turned into the cottage, and found there a respectable heart-broken-looking woman, and an elderly man, whom he at once recognized as the Highlander from whom he had bought the horse in Stirling market. The Highlander at once knew the ploughman; and though I dare say, little used to shed tears, could not hinder many a one from rolling over his hard and weather-bent cheeks, when told how the poor animal had made her escape. Still faster did the tears roll, over both his and his poor wife's cheeks, when he told to tell that this horse was the foal of a favorite old mare that belonged to his father and himself, nobody knows for how many years; and how she was injured and died a

few days after it was foaled, and his wife and children nursed and fed it like a baby. It lived in the cottage; lay on the hearth or in a corner like a dog; would roll and play on the floor, or in the field with them, like any kitten; let three or four of them get on its back while it was stooping down, then rise softly, and trot them all about as gently as if it were conscious how precious was the burden which it bore on its young back.

But sorrow will come; the winter before I am telling of, this poor man and his family had been seized with typhus fever, which not only caused them great expense, but kept him so long from work that when rent-time came, he had not one farthing to pay it, and there remained no alternative but selling the young horse, or being turned out of the little farm and humble thatched cottage which he and his forefathers had occupied for three hundred years. With a sore heart he set off for Stirling fair with what seemed to him one of the family to sell;—not daring to tell the children what he was about to do. "She came back last night, sir, about dusk—the children were all gone to bed, and my wife and I were just sitting at the fireside; dull enough, indeed, sir; when something came noozle at the window. I said, Eh, dear Janet, is not that just like the sound you made in at night? "Oh," she says, "Donald, don't speak of Flora, she will never come to that window again;" and she cried bitterly. Well, sir, I rose and opened the door, and there stood Flora, the poor beast! I really believe I kissed her; and I am certain she kissed me." The warm-hearted Highlander could say no more; his heart was too full for words, and his wife wept aloud. The ploughman was scarcely less moved.

"Would you wish," he said, "to keep the poor animal? for I know the goodness of my mistress so well, that I am quite sure she would never, in such circumstances, hold a poor man to his bargain."

There was a struggle in the faces of the poor Highlander and his wife; they looked at each other, and spoke a few words in Gaelic which the ploughman did not understand. Then Donald turned, and said to him with perfect firmness and composure,—

"No, sir; it has pleased God to make us too poor honestly to keep the mare. I have paid away to my landlord the price you gave me for her in Stirling market, she is yours—take her."

The parting between the little wild Highland children and their four-footed carling was a sad scene; so sad as to overcome the good-natured ploughman's prudence far enough to make him say, that he was almost sure his dear lady would not keep the mare. She would send it back to the children. Poor Janet and Donald looked on, and heard what he said, and were pleased that a ray of comfort was held out to their weeping children; but said to each other in their own language, "Send back poor Flora! Alas! alas! we have no money to pay for her!" The ploughman walked away with Flora, the weeping children following as far as they could, and Donald and Janet, poor and ignorant as they were, knew better where to seek for true comfort, than many of the proud and rich, when they are miserable; they turned into their little wretched cottage, and, kneeling down together, prayed in their own Highland tongue, to that God who alike loves and watches over all, the rich or the poor, who love him, and keep his commandments.

Miss Colhoun sent back the mare. She could but ill spare at the moment the twenty-five pounds she had paid; but she said to me afterwards, "My dear young friend, I declare to you, I never missed the twenty-five pounds, and at the end of the year found that I was richer than I expected."—Four Footed Favorites.

"THE NEAREST church is about three-quarters of a mile off, and I used to attend quite regularly with the hope that they would invite me to join their Sunday-school, but they never did." The Spectator gives neither date nor name to this extract from a personal letter which he not long ago received, and he recommends every Sunday-school superintendent who takes the Christian Union to try on this little shoe and see whether it fits.

HAVE NOT I SENT THREE.

Miss N— had been all the morning striving to interest her class. In vain seemed her efforts to fix their attention; they would keep looking around at the other classes, or perhaps whispering to their next neighbor, "where she bought that love of a ribbon." Poor Miss N—! no wonder she felt discouraged, with apparently no better result from her labors. Sabbath after Sabbath the painful fact forced itself upon her mind that her class felt no interest, and that perhaps she was in fault. It despair she said to a fellow teacher, "won't you please take Miriam in your class, all my efforts to fix her attention seem fruitless, and as she would like to join your class, perhaps she would do better with another teacher?" "I would be glad to oblige you, but you know my class is already so large that Dr. — has allowed us the use of the vestry room during the morning session. My real reason for not taking M— is, I know she loves you, and will yet, I trust, prove a real comfort."

"Oh, what a joy it would be to teach, if I could persuade M— to her duty; there would be quite a new phase of things, for she is the ruling spirit of the class!" "I don't believe, A—, you need be so utterly cast down about your class. Who asked you to undertake this work?"

"Dr. P— invited me to the Sunday school, but I heard a higher call to this ministry, in the voice of Jesus, saying, 'Feed my lambs.'"

"Then, dear A—, for your comfort, listen to the gracious voice that reminds, 'Have not I sent you; go in this thy might!' Be sure in this night; you will be able to take the 'little foxes' that are spoiling the tender vines."

"You are right, I—; too often have I lost sight of the precious promises in my anxiety about the order of my class, and so have been too much at unrest myself. I never thought of it before, but possibly it may be the reflex influence has been telling upon my class; in future I must needs watch well my own spirit."

"I believe you are about right; there is more in it than we teachers suspect, for our classes are oftentimes our mirrors. I get frightened every Sunday when I look at my girls, some on the verge of womanhood, and say to myself, who is sufficient for so responsible a work." This makes me pray before I go to the class, and as I walk on the way to meet them and as I teach I pray, and keep ever in mind 'Have not I sent thee.' I get peace and strength because I am sure He who sends me to the work will thoroughly furnish me so that His work may be approved. It is such a comfort and joy to think it is God's work, and He lets us do it out of love when He don't need us one bit, as He has already such glorious servants in the mighty angels who delight to do His will."

"I am glad, L—, I talked with you, for already a burden seems lifted. I shall no more dread Sunday. Henceforth I go forth in the strength of my Divine commission 'Have not I sent thee?'—Christian at Work.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON IV.—ALCOHOL AND INSANITY.

What is insanity? Insanity is unsoundness and derangement of mind.

What proportion of all insane persons become such directly or indirectly, through the use of alcoholic drinks?

One-third directly, and nearly one-third of the remainder indirectly.

What is the estimated annual cost of all the insane persons in the United States?

The most careful calculation puts it at thirty-six millions of dollars.

What part of this sum is directly or indirectly chargeable to the use of alcoholic drinks?

More than one-half. How is this paid?

By a tax on the property of the people, or by the private contributions of individuals.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

—Longfellow.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Temple's Select Notes*.)

March 16.—1. Thess. 4: 13-18; 5: 1-8.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Comfort one another with these words. Much is said in these days about the "Broad Church" and the "Narrow Church." The real "Narrow Church" is that which confines its endeavors, its hopes, its aims, its motives chiefly to the present and to this world; while the true "Broad Church" is that which takes into its view both this world and the next—time and eternity. It broadens and enlarges the soul when every thought reaches into eternity; when every hope and aim expands beyond this narrow world into the cycles of God's eternal years; when every deed has a meaning beyond the grave. Herein is comfort and strength.—P. II. A tragedy at Thessalonica. A little more than 300 years after the Apostle arrived at its destination, seven thousand people were put to death in the circus at Thessalonica, within three hours, by order of the Emperor Theodosius. It is fanciful to suppose that these words, addressed to those who had lived in the same spot by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, may have had a peculiar power to comfort the bereaved people of Thessalonica! Cicero wrote one letter—tender and pathetic, in spite of the almost hysterical vehemence of passionate grief by which it is disfigured—to those who were dearest to him.—Of his hopes of reunion on earth he can only say with fatalistic resignation, *Hec non erit in manu nostra* (These things are not in our hands). The last word of that letter of despair is the name of the city from which it was dated.—Thessalonica.—*Canon Cook*.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The only subject of this lesson is given in the title, the coming of the Lord. And this naturally divides the verses of the lesson under two heads. I. The coming of the Lord (vers. 13-18). What was that coming; when it would take place; the attending circumstances; why it was so earnestly looked for, and the comfort they found in it. II. How we should live in view of his coming (ver. 1-8). Watch; be sober; be wakeful; be armed; be ready; be hopeful.

Question Corner.—No. 5.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. What woman killed the commander of a large army?
2. What man refused to lead his army to battle unless a woman went with him, and who was the woman?
3. What woman do we read of in the New Testament whose death was greatly lamented and by whom was she raised again to life?
4. What prophecies do we read of in the New Testament and in what connection?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. The surname of the doubting disciple.
2. The surname of the betrayer.
3. The third of the women who came with spices to anoint the body of the Lord.
4. The husband of one of the women who stood by the cross of Jesus.
5. That which our Lord called Nathanael.
6. A learned profession followed by one of the four Evangelists.
7. The name of the disciple whose surname was Thaddeus.
8. The village to which our Lord went with two of His disciples that day when He rose from the dead.

The initials of these words give a body of men accused by the Pharisees of breaking the Sabbath, of eating bread with unwashed hands, of not fasting, and lastly, of stealing away the body of their Master from the sepulchre.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 3.

- 1. An understanding heart. 1 Kings 3: 9.
2. Three thousand. One thousand and five. 1 Kings 4: 32.
3. Simeon. 1 Kings 2: 8, 9, 42.
4. Four hundred and eighty years. 1 Kings 6: 1.
5. Seven years. 1 Kings 6: 18.
6. Hiram. 1 Kings 7: 14-45.
BIBLE HIDDEN.—MOSES.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Clara E. Folsom to the questions in No. 1, and by Albert Jesse French to those in No. 2.

WILLIAM CL

The life of William Clifton, Edinburgh, is a romance; yet it was in Peables in 18 school education received other commercial mis His father was large way of business and more costly had to close his appear to have I energy, and his seems to have been and his brother I persevering, mat loving, and un place, until, af going many har having made na keep the wolf fr the elder Chan situation which and which suited miles from Edin thither the fami except William, the meantime I pretence to a be Edinburgh, and resolved to ren and "fond" for the magnificent shillings a weel fifty years after pecunious day Chambers pro "On no occasio to parents for t pecuniary subsi not remember, "entertaining t despondency on But what may t the buoyancy o to encounter g sion for realiti By the light of f fire he grounde French. In Est uture he made headway by t bookish baker, arranged to morning by t gleams of the aid by a fath whilst the "b prepared. For pose he had t between three o'clock. Meantime was again in difficulties, a education, wh hitherto been continue, was s son, two years William, had able pluck o tion from a library, rented Leith Walk fo and began b book-seller. pence William abode in the s on a primitiv bed, made up at night and into a sofa in pered so we penticeship worth £20. of his brother, employment, business on hi solve he recee late William J bookseller, be a trade sale, e assist him dur Attracted by hardness of enquiry as t pirations, and selct from hi make the mo due. Here was With a capital