LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

*Ard being in Bethany, in the house of Simon The leper, as He sat at meat, there came a wo-man having an alsobaster box of ointment of npikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head."—Mark xiv. 3.

O, had she missed it then-That bright brief moment given To cheer and honor with her best The discrewn'd King of Heaven, Amid the gathering glooms Of treachery and pain, -O, had she missed it then, perchance,

It ne'er had come again. Joy had, indeed, been hers, Peace through his dying love, Hope in his risen life and grace Showered from his throne above;

Yet sooly in her heart sorrowing thought had lain. For the lost hour at Bethany That ne'er would come again. Not thus may be outpoured Our love's o'erflowing store, Yet help us, Lord, lest we should miss An hour that comes no more.

Our alabaster box

We clasp with high intent. And think how yet some way, somewhere All shall for thee be spent. So fades a golden hour, The balm is still unshed And those a tew poor drops had cheered Had passed uncomforted.

Some call to work was deemed A heavy task im; osed, And when we rose to it at length, Behold, the doer was closed ! Or else life's countless claims On heart, or hand, or brain, Unprized, till some who asked our aid Can never ask again!

Thou ever-living Lerd, Grant us this truth to see, That all things done in thy dear Name Are owned as done to thee; And therefore not alone In moments strange and rare Our love may pour her tragrance forth, But always, everywhere!

But tenderly, as unto thee Though men should call it waste. Will never brook delay. That where the will is bent to serve, The heart will find the way: That though thou wilt not scorn Love's eager hope and vow, Her dearest work the nearest lies

Toman's Work in the Great Marcest Fi

Each hour some drops may claim;

TEN YEARS WORK.

Her chosen hour is-now

A PKETCH FROM MEMORY.

"Oh Han! I've heard awful news about you," said Mrs. Eldred, excitedly, rushing into her friend Mrs. Peeble's cosey sitting-room.

"Why, Emily," said Mrs. Peebles, her rosy caseks growing more rosy still, "How you startled me! I thought the house was on fire.'

"Worse than that, Han; I have heard that you have sold this lovely farm and bought a horrible hotel, Tell me it isn't so; I can not, can

"We have certainly sold our farm and bought not a 'horrible hotel, but a nice one at Mt. Morris I am tired of hard work. But why should this excite you?"

"Oh, Hannah!" said Mrs. dred, sinking down in a chair and covering her face, with her hands, "I am so sorry! So sorry! Suppose your husband and son become drunkards.'

"My husband is a gentleman, I do not fear for him; and Johnny -if we can not control such a slip of a boy as that Lam sorry.'

"Bet I'll have all the wine want for once!" said ten-year-old Johnny, looking saucily up.

"And I too," said his little sister; it's so good!" And the dimpled little maiden began to practise her dancing steps. They were lovely children, and the mother fresh and blooming as a girl, was a beauty. The neat, tasteful home bore evidences of good housewifery, and Mrs. Peebles bore the palm in all the country round for cookery.

Just the place to put you my bonnie wite," said Mr. Peebles, as he regated himself at her bountiful table. "It's just barbarous for me to monoplize wall wour stalents. You'll make my fortune in a hotel, where so many can enjoy your ex-

"Quisite fine cookery."
"Only think of it, Ezra! that ridiculous Emily is afraid you'll get to be a drunkard it you go into a hor rible hotel, and she cried about it.'

A merry laugh followed this speech, which prevented Mrs. Peebles noticing the flush which covered her husband's handsome forehead.

"Thank fortune! we've got gentleman for a hotel keeper now,' said the Mt. Morris people, as the new landlord and his family settled down in their new home, which was freshly garnished for the sacrifice.

Down grade is the swiftest. Is year had passed by when friends began to whisper, Mr. Peebles is too good a customer of himself." Johnny grew up rough and roystering. Netty became more beautiful than her mother, and while she was yet in her early teens ran away with a travelling agent who frequented the house, and married hin. This ill-assorted marriage was ation, and Netty a tarnished flower, returned to her tather's house. garden lence, William commenced Life in the hotel only lasted a few the conversation thus:

years, years which sufficed to plant the appetite for the "liquid fire" firmly in father and son. Disease too, was rioting upon the abused vital forces.

Consumption means something when it is superinduced by alcohol. Mr. Peebles, after a few months of intense suffering, went down into the grave, and Mrs. Peebles, wasted and worn, looks back upon her ten vears work, lost treasures, dissipated fortune, and sighs, "Oh! if I had only known."

She sees the cows and sheep quietly grazing near the dear old farm house, where the birds sing all day long. She passes by the 'horrible hotel, still busy at its work of death, and murmurs, "What a choice I made! and I am reaping the fruit of what I have sown.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch; only the names are fictitious. It is a true record of a part of ten years' work.—Nat. Temperance Advocate.

THE PENITENT PIRATE.

Some few years since an East Indian trader was attacked, while cruising in the Indian Ocean, by a piratical schooner, and the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed. were laid in the pirates' boats for removal to their own vessel, and then the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companionway, they heard a soft voice evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low, to avoid observance, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at her side, one arm clasped earnestly around the child and the other raised in earnest supplication.

"O God of all mercy!" said the beseeching voice as the face of tearful agony met the pirate's view, 'save the life of my child, if such be thy holy will, but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife than fall a living prey into such hands, to be trained up to a life of sin and intamy. Let him die now. if such be thy decree; but oh, let him not live to dishonor thee perish at last eternally!"

The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotions. In imagination he was again a child: his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him; and God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart that, instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship returned with his men to their own.

Shortly afterward he surrendered himself to the East India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for his past crimes, that before his trial came on he was attacked with fever that in a few days proved tatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as it is hoped, even at the eleventh

'ROTTEN 'TATERS!'

BY THE REV. J. W. KEYWORTH.

The following further incident in the life of William C-, whose sufferings at the hand of his tather were recorded in our January number, may be of interest.

There was, in the village in which William lived, a very wicked old man, who, on account of his malicious and violent disposition, was the terror of the neighbourhood. One morning, as William was at work, he was led to think of this old man that why so many take it? Not a and his wickedness, and do what he would, he could not banish the subject from his mind. So at last, throwing down his tools, be said to himself: 'I'll go and give that old man such a talking to as he has never had in his lite.' Having first stepped into the house to tell his wife where he was going, he set out on his errand. When he reached the place where the old reprobate soon dissolved by voluntary separ- lived, he found him in his garden digging potatoes. Leaning over the

Good-morning, Master N-Good-morning, Master C. 'So you be a-digging your 'taters, Master N-?

'Yes, I be, Master C-'And why be you a-putting them in two heaps, Master N-?

Well, you see, master C-. these be the good 'uns, and those be the bad 'uns, and I keeps 'em separate.' as well as toward parents and uncles you mean to say as all them in that

heap be bad?' 'Yes, I do, Master C-'taters be all on 'em rotten.' Here tollowed a moment's pause.

after which William spoke again. · Don't you think, Master Nas it 'uil be semething like that, pointing to the two heaps of potatoes. 'on the Day of Judgment?' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I don't

know as it won't.' What an awful thing it would be, said William, solemuly, if you and me was like them rotten taters, and had to go with the bad 'uns on that day.'

'Yes, it would,' answered the old man, slowly.

Somehow after this the conversation flagged. William found himself unable to speak to his ungedly neighbour as he had intended; and after a few more remarks of a commonplace kind, he returned to his shop cast down and dissatisfied with what he had done.

William conducted a Society-class on Sunday mornings in his own house. On the Sunday following the above conversation, when the members were assembled and he was about to commence the meeting, he heard a heavy step in the yard, and presently the door opened, and to the astonishment of all, old Master N- himself walked in. With a thankful heart William invited the old man to a seat at his side. and then gave out the hymn. During the singing he debated in his mind what would be the best course

'Shall I,' he asked himself, 'hold a Prayer-meeting and pray for him, or a Class-meeting and talk to this system would be as good for

He was still undecided when they knelt down for the first prayer; but before they rose from their | Hepworth Dixon, with whom I knees the matter was settled by old | happened to be talking on this sub-Master N --- himself. For scarce- ject, what he thought was the ly had the prayer commenced when reason why some women held their the old man began to cry for mercy so loudly that no other sound could be heard. And the burden of his brief tenants of a few months or conversion of the sailors on the cry left no room for doubt as to the years. "What," I asked, "is the lakes while on the water. Finally. means by which he had been awak-

'O!' he exclaimed again and again, 'it's the rotten 'taters! It's the rotten 'taters!'

The time allotted to the Classmeeting was spent in prayer for this aged reprobate, who had been, in so strange a manner, convinced of his sins. Nor was the prayer in vain, for the old man ultimately found peace with God, and having will give him ease as a pillow gives " lived for a few years a life of excep- it to a tired head. Do you think a tional devotion, passed triumphantly through the gates of death .-Christian Miscellany.

LIFE.

What is Life, father ?" "A battle, my child

Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand, And rest not day nor night,

And the feeble little ones must stand In the thickest of the fight."

What is Death, father ?" When the strife and toil are o'er; The augel of God-who calm and mild,

Says we need fight no more; Who, driving away the demon band, Bids the din of the battle cease— Takes banner and spear f om our trembling hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear To yield in that terrible strife!"

The angels of heaven are on thy side;

And God is over all."

"The crown must be won for heaven, dear, In the buttle-field of life; My child, though thy foes are strong and tried He loveth the weak and small;

COURTESY AT HOME.

Good breeding, like charity, should begin at home. The days the room where they were and stand until they received permission to usually in the other direction of allowing to small boys and girls too much license to disturb the peace of the household. I think the best surrender the repose of the house. Observer.

hold, but it is very easy, if children are themselves scrupulously respected, to teach them in turn scrupulously to respect the convenience of others, and to know when to talk and when to be silent.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, 'O. I see! but, Master N. do and aunts, it will have little left to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching little girl who was well instructed in table etiquette, but who forgot her lessons sometimes, as even older beople do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that for every solecism of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness which she could discover in her elders she was to exact a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that Mistress Bright Eyes watched the proceedings of that table very carefully. No slightest disregard of and the voice of Him who has all caped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and a faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her, when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprieties.

The best brought up family of children I ever knew were educated on the principle of always commending them when it was possible to do so, and letting silence be the reproof of any wrong-doing which heard the children of this household when their mother had failed to say any word of commendation after some social occasion, ask as anxiously as possible; "What was it,mamma? I know something was wrong. Didn't we treat the other children well, or were we too noisy?" that house reproof was never bestowed unsought-only commendacommend, was gratuitous. I think lost." grown-up children, the husbands and wives, as for those still in the nursery. I once asked the late husbands' hearts securely and forever, while others were but the should be a pillow," answered Mr. Dixon; and then meeting the inquiry in my eyes, he went on, "Yes, that is what a man needs in his wife -something to rest his heart on. He has excitement and opposition enough in the world. He wants to feel that there is one place where he is sure of sympathy, a place that man will be tempted to turn from the woman whose eyes are his flattering mirror-who heals where others wound?"—Mrs. L. C. Moulton, in Our Continent.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER. The year 1816 has been called the

'year without a summer.' There was sharp frost in every month. Old farmers still living in Connecticut remember it well, and refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice and winter cold. May, ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen, and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the truit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three a great city was sent to procure in the in New York and Massachu- from Edward Everett the proofsetts, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ics. On the 5th, ice was formed of the are past when children used to rise | thickness of window glass in New | with books, in fear and trembling. the moment their parents entered | York, New England and Pennsyl. | He stood in awe of this famous man vania, and corn was nearly all and dreaded to meet him. But Mr destroyed in certain sections. A cold Everett, turning from the desk sit. But the mistake is now made north-west wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, even in way to train children in courtesy Connecticut, and scarcely any even would be to observe toward them a in the Middle States. Farmers were tor were the President. The boy scrupulous politeness. I would go obliged to pay \$4 or \$5 a bushel for departed in a very comfortable so far as to say that we should corn of 1816, for seed for the next state of mind. He had been raised make it as much a point to listen to spring's planting. The first two in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's children without interrupting them | weeks of September were mild, the and to answer them sincerely and rest of the month was cold, with respectfully as if they were grown frost, and ice formed a quarter of up. And, indeed, many of their an inch thick. October was more wise, quaint sayings are far better than usually cold, with frost and worth listening to than the stereo- ice. November was cold and blustyped commonplaces of most morn- tering, with snow enough for good ing callers. Of course, to allow sleighing. December was quite uninterrupted chatter would be to mild and comfortable.—New York

THE ADVANCING YEAR. It is the Lord God that is passing by, Not in the great and mighty wind which

The rocks, nor in the heaving land that sends The surface into chaos, nor the sky But in a still small voice that condescends To commune with man's weakness, and at-

His footsteps, whispering wisdom effently. The grandeur and the terror of the earth In annual course leaves as it found the heart; But that still voice which asks, "What dost

Bears us along, lord of our second birth, And makes this truth more clear with each fresh start, The Lord jod passeth in the passing year.

BE ALIVE.

Death is out of place in the service of the Lord of life. The living God does not choose dead servants. Idleness, laziness, stupor and death in churches and associations of Christians, are enough to astonish devils, and make angels sad. The world calls us with ten thousand calls of pain and want and woe and sin; the most conventional etiquette es- power in heaven and earth, sends us "into the world," and bide us bear to every creature the glad message of his love and grace. And with such urgent calls and such high commands sounding in our ears, shall we play, and trifle, and sleep, and die? Such a course is abhorrent to our natures, even in worldly things. In the language of Arnot: "Be like a leaping river better than a stagnant pool. It is far better to be worn somewhat by work, than corroded by the rust of idleness. If there are abominations was not really serious. I have in the earth, a Christian does not exhaust his duty by sighing and crying over them. Op guards, and at them !' is a very good motto for our warfare; and in one phrase of Scripture we shall find both our dare not trust himself. If you will strategy and our armament-Speaking the truth in love.' This is not a good world for resting in, but it is a good world for working in: and if we are fellow-workers tion, of whatever it was possible to with God, our labor will not be

A LAST OPPORTUNITY. Whenever God calls a Christian to do a certain work, there is always a marvellous co-operation of events to facilitate it. Towards the close of the year 1880 a young lady in Chicago was deeply impressed that it was her duty to labor for the quality in a woman which her hus- she promised the Lord that it, He band loves longest?" "That she would open the way, she would go and do this work. Soon afterward an opportunity very unexpectedly offered itself, and she sailed on a small lumberman from Chicago to Muskegon. The voyage itself, from which she expected much, resulted in no known good. But at Muskegon she made the acquaintance of the late Captain Napier, and at his request held a meeting on the "Al pena." At this meeting she was wonderfully assisted by the Holy Spirit-so much so, indeed, that she was astonished at herself. What the results were eternity alone can disclose. It appears now that God in his love, sent her to Muskegon to give the crew of the "Alpena" one more invitation to accept Christ before it was eternally too late: for very soon afterward, in the terrible gale which made such sad havoc or the lake, this boat, and every soul on board, including the gallant captain, went to the bettom .- Church and Home.

POLITENESS OF EDWARD EVERETT:

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, many have owed their great ness mainly to their popular manners, which induced the people whom they pleased to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago the errand boy employed by a publishing-house in sheets of a book he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked, "Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visikindness, and he has never lorgotten the lesson it taught him.

No TIME-I have often heard girls say that if they had time they would read certain books or study certain sciences that had been change the words of the text a little recommended to them. Now, when | to suit your case-"Casting all I see such girls day after day ab- my eare upon God who careth for sorbed in sticking holes through a me. N. Y. Methodist.

piece of cloth, and sewing them up again with linen floss, or spending precious moments in hurtful gossip with companions as idle as them. selves, I long to say to them; "The hours you waste in this worse than useless manner could be employed to such advantage as to make you noble, talented, intelligent women, instead of the silly, empty-headed creatures that your present way of passing your time will surely de velop. -Dr. Dio Lewis.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A SERMON TO THE LIT. TLE FOLKS.

BY THE REV. E. A. BLARR. Casting all your care upon him; for he car-eth for you." (1 Peter v. 7.)

Many times you have heard your minister, as well as other good people, say it was easy for children to be Christians. Although you knew they believed what they said, you wondered if they had not fergotten when they were children, or whe ther they had as many cares and troubles as you, so you said silently: "It may be easy for ministers or deacons to be good, but very hard work for girls or boys,"

I do not wonder you felt so, es pecially if you had never thought of what Peter wrote in our text. If you will read it again carefully, I

think you will see the whole secret. Whom does Peter mean by "him?" He cannot mean any of your friends, because not one of them understands all your needs, and their own cares are so many, they are anxious to find some one to assist them. He cannot mean himself, for he had failed many times to bear his own burdens, and he readthe fourth verse you will find be means God. So our text would be "Casting all your care upon God. for he careth for you." David, surrounded by his enemies, who were anxious to destroy him, understood this as he wrote: " Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sastain thee; he shall never suffer

the righteons to be moved." Perhaps you remember the incident when Jesus came walking on the water to the disciples who were in a boat. When Peter saw it was Jesus, he asked him to let him come and meet him. When he was a short distance from the boat, secing nothing but water beneath him. he became frightened and cried out," Lord, save; I perish." Immeliately reaching out his hand, Jesus lifted him up and they walked on together to the boat. I have thought perhaps Peter was thinking of this when he wrote our text, and he wanted every one else to trust him. But you ask, "how can I cast

all my cares upon God?" Why just the same as you cast some of them upon your fathers and mothers. When anything goes wrong, no matter how small the trouble, you go right to them and tell them all about it. When you shut the door on your fingers the other day, you cried bitterly because they ached, but ran as fast as you could to find mamma. Hearing you comng, she ran just as swiftly to you, and putting her arms around you said: "What is the matter, dear?" and as you held up your burt fingers she kissed them and they were soon well

Peter wishes you to go to God with all your cares, just the same as to your parents, for Jesus says he is "our Father in heaven." Our Saviour once said, "Let little children come unto me." and knowing the many cares and burdens we must carry said. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." So if you can think of God as your parent, only more willing and able to help, I am sure you will find it easy to "cast your care upon him." But Peter here tells us why it is easy. Do you not know how hard

it is to talk to any one who does not

know you, or cares nothing for you?

But we are told here, "God careth

for you!

A short time ago, while riding in the country. I saw some little boys sailing their toy ships in a brook by the road side. The boats were so small they were in danger of being blown over. To keep them upright or from running into the shore, the boys had pulled off their shoes and stockings, rolled up their pants, and were wading around after them. They had a great deal of care for those little vessels, and many times were obliged to set them up straight or turn them away from the shore.

Now this is the kind of care God has for you. Our Lord once said, "Lo! I am with you always," and again, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." When you get troubled, or have any care, you go directly to God and tell him about it, for he loves you. You may THE

In those

Christ's drawal f the place, the Sea o Decapolis, population on the n Galilee, an among th able that care that want. T be compu that is, whole da necessaril day and had with their wat much less various p articles o in the wil require w as with us

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