

"The Form of Sound Words."

2 Tim. i. 13.

The standard of Faith was uplifted high
Many long years ago;
Each soldier then solemnly swore to die
Rather than yield to the foe.

The oath has been kept; for the Banner, the Creed,
Thousands have nobly fought.
Still, pure and unstained, it continues to lead
The host the Lord once bought.

The battle still rages, the cry rings out—
"Quit you like men, be strong!"
Clear and distinct be your answering shout—
"We'll fight 'till death 'gainst wrong."

What! Are ye ashamed to confess the Lord
For whom your fathers died?
Afraid of a laugh, or a taunting word?
Will ye your colours hide?

The Leader wants men (not cowards) who dare
To endure as soldiers should.
His triumphs secure, and in it all share
Who firm to the end have stood.

D. F.

A Touching Story.

Once I knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass—anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a colour in the room.

He was a quiet, unassuming Scotchman; but never went he home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the pocket of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months passed, becoming gentle and kind; and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to dry, that he might get home earlier.

So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right round the corner out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart working men from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.

Giving and Sharing.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Here is the test of the truest and highest beneficence. Are we simply parting with something that we happen to have to-day, or are we sharing something that is a very part of ourselves? A poor woman in a tenement in a great city had received from charitable visitors a variety of donations of food and clothing and material comforts, but one day she said, in tones almost of complaint, "Don't give me any more things; give me folks." She uttered in that saying a deep and universal longing of the human heart. Sympathy, fellow-feeling, must be the hidden spring of all satisfying fountains of beneficence. We must feel first and do afterwards.

This truth finds perfect application when it comes to supplying the spiritual needs of hungering and thirsting souls. It is not enough to pass truth along by mechanical processes, as an elevator lifts its load from the ground to the higher floors of a building. One must first make the truth a part of himself, so that in giving it he is actually giving himself to others. We do not truly possess a truth until that truth possesses us, makes us its own, holds and controls us by its vital reality. Truth must be our master before it is rightfully our property. The disciple's own conviction and experience and joyous sense of possession must attend the giving of truth to his needy fellow-man, if either giver or receiver is to have the benediction of Him who first gave Himself for the hunger and thirst of a starving, dying world.

The "Great Paper."

Many pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. There is one that could not be bought for even so high a price as that. It is now in the British Museum in London. It is old and worn. It is more than 668 years old.

It is not easy to realize how old that is. Kings have been born and died, nations have grown up and wasted away during that long time. A king wrote his name on this old paper; and, though he had written his name on many other pieces of paper and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm, though once it fell into the hands of a tailor who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by fire.

Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shrivelled piece of paper, with the king's name and the great seal of England on it; but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that—as the poet Thomson wrote in the song *Rule Britannia*—"Britains never shall be slaves." It is called the "Magna Charta," which means simply the "Great Paper." There have been other great papers: but this one is known all the world over as the "Great Paper."

"Into the Light."

"Where are the Snowdrops?" said the Sun:
"Dead!" said the Frost.
"Buried and lost! Buried and lost—every one!"

"A foolish answer!" said the Sun:
"They did not die;
Asleep they lie—every one, every one!"

"And I will wake them—I, the Sun—
Into the light.
All clad in white—every one, every one!"
—A. MATHESON.

A Conscientious Cat.

At many of the gold mines of Nevada, huge banks of earth are loosened by means of a stream of water directed against them with immense force from an engine constructed for the purpose. At one of these hydraulic mines (says Miss Agnes A. Sandham, in *St. Nicholas* for April,) a fugitive cat had found friends; and as, after several visits, she lay watching their operations, she seemed to reason it all out in her own mind that, as soon as the great dirt-bank opposite showed signs of giving way under the action of the water forced against it, the men would run for shelter to the shanty near by, to which, of course, she too would scamper to escape the falling earth.

So, reasoned pussy, if these kind friends of mine are always in danger from these tumbling-down banks, why cannot I, in return for their kindness, watch the dirt-banks and give them proper warning? Now, as you all know, there is nothing a cat dislikes so much as water; just watch your kitty shake her paws daintily when she steps into a puddle, or see how disgusted she is if a drop of water falls on her nose or back.

But this Sierra Nevada pussy was a most conscientious cat. She felt that it was her duty to make some sacrifice for her friends. And so, after thinking it all over, she took her place right on top of the nozzle of the "monitor" (as the big iron pipe through which the water is forced is called), and here, in spite of occasional and most unwelcome shower-baths, she would watch for

the first movement of the falling bank, when away she would go like a flash with all the miners at her heels until they all reached the shelter of the hut. So well did she perform her self-imposed task that, in a little while, the men gave up their precaution of keeping one eye on the dangerous side, and waited for puss to give the signal.

As soon as they saw her spring down from the comfortable bed which the miners had made for her on the "monitor," they would all cry, "The cat! the cat!" and start on a run for the shanty. And it was at just such a moment that I came to the mine and encountered this conscientious cat leading her friends to safety.

Sins Returning.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."—Num. xxxii. 23.

As some eagle pierced with a shaft feathered from its own wing, so many a sufferer, even in this present time, sees and cannot deny that it was his own sin that fledged the arrow of God's judgment which has pierced him and brought him down. And lest he should miss the connection, oftentimes he is punished—it may be himself sinned against by his fellow-men—in the very kind in which he himself has sinned against others.

The deceiver is deceived, as Jacob; the violator of the sanctities of family life is himself wounded in his tenderest and dearest relations, as was David. And many a sinner, who cannot read his own doom, for it is a final and a fatal one, yet declares in that doom to others that there is indeed a coming back upon men of their sins. The grandson of Ahab is treacherously slain in the portion of Naboth the Jezreelite (2 Kings ix. 23); William Rufus perishes himself, the third of his family, in the New Forest, the scene of the sacrilege and the crimes of his race.—*Trench.*

A Timely Rebuke.

The river flowed on towards the sea, and poured its mighty waters into the ocean's depths.

"See what I have brought!" it proudly cried, as it mingled its current with the waves; "it is from me, and such as me, that the ocean is fed." The sparkling rill came down the mountain side, twinkling in the sunshine, as it crossed the meadow to mingle its waters with the river.

"See what I have brought, mighty stream!" it cried; "it is from me, and such as me, that mighty rivers are fed."

And the river hearkened and heard, and flowed on silently between its banks; and it emptied its waters dutifully into the ocean. But it never more spake a proud word.

Hints to Housekeepers.

BLANC MANGE.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of moss farina in a quart of new milk. Sweeten and flavor, stir in a beaten egg.

THE DREADED LA GRIFFE.—Following this scourge of humanity come a train of evils in the shape of obstinate colds, coughs, lung troubles, etc. There is no remedy so prompt, and at the same time effectual and pleasant, as Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites, which is the latest and best combination of anti-consumptive remedies. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

It may not be generally known that there is nothing more soothing for either a burn or a scald than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful, and the egg acts as a varnish, and excludes the air completely, and also prevents inflammation. An egg beaten up lightly, with or without a little sugar, is a good remedy in cases of dysentery and diarrhoea; it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation, and by forming a transient coating for the stomach and intestines gives those organs a chance to rest until nature shall have assumed her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at the most three, eggs a day would be all that would be required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not only medicine but food, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more rapid will be recovery.