

UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

A CHRISTIAN worker was visiting one day in an infirmary. As he passed from bed to bed he spoke to the patients, trying to comfort the believers and lead the unsaved to Christ. At one bed he dealt faithfully with a man about his salvation, and quoted the text, Isaiah xliii. 25, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." After speaking with him for a time he left, and passed by the man on the next bed without saying anything to him. A considerable time after, the worker on entering the refreshment room of a hotel one evening for tea, was accosted in a cheery voice by a hale, hearty man, who said: "Oh, Mr. D——, I am glad to see you. It was the verse, 'I, even I,' that did it," and in presence of quite a number of strangers he began to tell the story of his conversion. He was the man who was lying next to the one with whom Mr. D—— spoke in the infirmary. He said he was passed by that day and was not spoken to, but he had listened attentively to the conversation, and the verse quoted to his neighbour had been the means of his conversion. How wonderfully the Lord works in bringing men to Himself! We sow the seed in many directions, but we little know in what seemingly out-of-the-way places a rich harvest may spring up. A casual word spoken, a tract given with prayer, even a look may influence a soul for eternity.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine.*

"TAKE MY HAND!"

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."
We older children grope our way
From dark behind I to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.
—J. G. Whittier.

HIS FEAR.

AN infidel said, "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life." "Indeed," replied his friend, "what is that?" He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I knew for certain that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy—my joy would be complete. But here is the thorn that stings me; this is the sword that pierces my soul; if the Bible is true I am lost forever."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

International.	Institute.
May 7: Prov. 3, 11-24.....	Gen. 32, 24; 33, 15.
" 14: Prov. 12, 1-15.....	— Review.....
" 21: Acts 2, 1-8.....	Gen. 37.....
" 28: Eph. 2, 14-22.....	" 49.....

DULL BOYS.

DON'T be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys; so was Goldsmith; so was Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty in learning his latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood, that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid in his younger years that his father more than once said that if God took any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac, as he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.—*Exchange.*

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I TREAT him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O, I don't mind; I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different, you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke, "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble no other boy's

meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly his father added; "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because someone else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Well-Spring.*

SOME TIME.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

Last night, my darling, as you slept,

I thought I heard you sigh,

And to your little crib I crept,

And watched a space thereby;

And then I stooped and kissed your brow,

For oh! I love you so—

You are too young to know it now,

But some time you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place

Where others come to weep,

Your eyes shall look up on a face

Calm in eternal sleep.

The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,

The patient smile shall show—

You are too young to know it now,

But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years,

And see me here, to-night—

See, O my darling, how my tears

Are falling as I write;

And feel once more up on your brow

The kiss of long ago—

You are too young to know it now,

But some time you shall know.

—*Eugene Field.*

WHICH IS WORSE?

A LITTLE girl came to her mother with the question, "Which is worse, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it, and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the child's face, "a lie is forever."—*Occident.*

CONQUERED OR CONQUERING.

"THERE is no use at all! I may as well give it up first as last!" and Helen Newman threw herself down on the lounge, hiding her face in her hands. She had spoken aloud, thinking in the gathering twilight, that she was quite alone, and she started as her mother's gentle voice came from the opposite end of the room, saying:

"Come here, little daughter, and let us see if it is so bad as all that!"

"I didn't know you were here, mother," said Helen, stumbling across