

AN ACROSTIC.

Behold the wondrous love of God :—
 The Saviour sheds his precious blood.
 Lamb of God, his blood can cleanse
 Of our sins the foulest stains ;
 God of mercy, God of love,
 Who our guilt can thus remove,
 Taketh thus our sins away—
 Away our vileness day by day.
 The great atonement now is made ;
 Sin, thy dreadful claim is paid ;
 Of thy curse our souls are free ;
 The hour of death our best may be ;
 A world of glory we may see.

Read down the left the words combined
 A precious sentence you will find.

THE HOPELESS PRISONER.

A man employed in a Spanish bank once stole the key to the "strong room," and visited it at night, intending to carry off a large sum of money. But while intent on his booty he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door, which fastened him in beyond all chance of escape. It could be opened on the outside only. And now the poor prisoner could only sit down in his despair and wait and listen for help to come. When would the strong-room be visited? It might be days before any one came. Meanwhile he should die of thirst and hunger. The hours sped on, and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him. He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What would the riches of the world be, compared with his freedom? How anxiously he listened for some sound without? But those deep walls shut out alike all sound from without or within. It was of no avail that he beat the massive door and cried and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. How vaguely he sought in his despair for some weak point through which he might, through superhuman effort, dig out a passage-way to the outer world! So near to him it seemed, and yet so far away! Days rolled along, and all search for the missing man proved fruitless, until one day, when the "strong room" was opened, there lay his lifeless form!

Oh, what a warning to all evil-doers! Sooner or later they will reap the fruits of their doings. Evil habits of dissipation, of drink, are building the walls of many a strong prison-house that will shut up its victim just as hopelessly as the walls of this bank-vault did the robber.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*

HOW HE LIVED A NOBLE LIFE.

A poor, lame, half-witted creature was obliged to stand in a close, hot room, twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning. One day he looked out of his window and saw a horse dashing madly by with a carriage containing a woman and a child. A man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bridle held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather stitcher: "Suppose the sewing on that bridle had been poorly done, with bad thread. Then the bridle might have broken, and the man, as well as those in the carriage, would have been injured. How do I know but that sewing was some of my work?"

Animated by that grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well for the sake of others. From that time on he ennobled his calling, as everyone may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made ours worth living.—*et,*

AN OLD SAILOR ON TOBACCO.

But avast! smoking in boyhood. Yes it has a tendency to stop the growth. How can it be otherwise when we consider the effects of tobacco on the system, especially the nervous, arterial, and venous portion thereof? In the new beginning tobacco speedily induces swimming of the head, damp perspiration, a nausea, with vomiting worse than seasickness, pallor of face, debility of the heart, even to fainting and relaxation of the muscles.

Once a man belonging to my ship dislocated his shoulder while boat-cruising. I had no chloroform, and, muscular though I was, I failed to overcome the action of the sailor's muscles and reduce the dislocation.

"Do you smoke?" I said.

Happily he did not, though most sailors do. I had a pipe lit and handed to him. In three minutes time the muscles were flabby enough, and the ball of the shoulder joint went into the socket with little exertion on my part. I pitied my poor, pale patient for a time, however.

Now, if tobacco has this power over nerve and heart action even in a strong hurdy sailor, does it not prove that it must interfere with the growth of the body of a half-grown sapling of a boy? Be wise in time, therefore, and do not learn a habit that tends to injure you, simply because you think it manly.

Manly, indeed! Why, a boy never looks more like a monkey than when he is smoking.