

WE'LL FOLLOW EACH DAY.

"How many days does a new year have, mamma?"
 One at a time, dear;
 One, quickly fleeting,
 Going out to its meeting
 Of duties and pleasures, and comfort and joy;
 One, my boy.

"Then how many to-morrows, are there, mamma?"
 None at all, dear;
 To-morrow alway
 Is lost in to-day,
 That pulsing with life, bids to labor arise
 Ere it flies.

"Where does it fly to, pray tell me mamma?"
 Into the mist, dear,
 That, ever folding
 From human beholding,
 Covers the past as we make it each day
 On our way.

"I want to be good, but—how can I, mamma?"
 Only this way, dear;
 Jesus the lowly,
 So meek and so holy,
 Will teach little children no older
 Than you
 What to do.

"How can he, so far in the sky, tell me, mamma?"
 Can't you see, dear?
 Into the hands of papa,
 And those of mamma,
 He has given the Bible, to guide to
 All joy
 Our own boy.

"We'll follow him every step, won't we, mamma?"
 Yes, truly, dear;
 Close to the end
 This tenderest friend
 We'll follow so gladly each step of
 The way
 This now day.
 MARGARET SIDNEY.

"BEFORE" AND "NOW."

A Chinese convert in Australia, named Paul Ah Fat, was asked what good had been done by missionary work in seven years among his countrymen at New Bendigo. He gave the following answer:

Before, no one understand God's Word. Good many work Sunday all same as week-day. Now, no work done on Sunday at New Bendigo by my countrymen. Perhaps chop little wood for house or wash him clothes; but no go work. No matter poor, every one no work on Sunday.

Before, all worship idols. Now many come to church; he no worship idols. When Lee Wah begin to read, good many have idols in house; thirty more. Myself had one. Now, only ten houses and stores at New Bendigo with idols in them.

Before, at old township, good many Chinese steal fowls, everything. Now, no more steal; every one work; go get job.

Before, every night, Chinamen learn to practise fight. I tell him too stupid fellow. You learn God's Word, you no want to fight. Now, no more learn fight. Learn God's Word.

Before, people no care for God's Word, she no know, or care. Now, good many people like read God's Word.

Before, too much time; nothing to do. Now, many say, learn to read God's Word. Now, no more waste time. I like to read.

Before, good many make fun God's Word, laugh. Papers were put upon outside of store, make laugh at Christian. Papers were put up on door of baptized men's house. Now, heathen men no more make fun; strong man's hands tied up. Himself like it now. Very quiet now.

Before, Ung Bak, old man at store, too angry at people go to Mission-house. He say no matter who go to Mission-house, no more give trust to him. What for? I ask. Oh, he go to Mission-house; no more good luck. Now, he every day go himself learn to read. He once angry to you when you go his store. Now, he very glad see you.—*Missionary Outlook.*

THE very first step toward action is the death warrant of doubt.—*Marquis of Lossie.*

RESTITUTION.

Among the hills of Northern New England were two infidel neighbors. One of these heard the Gospel message, was impressed therewith, and enabled to bow in heart to the visitations of that grace which hath appeared unto all men, and which bringeth salvation to those who are guided by it. This grace, the apostle says, teaches us, among other duties, to live righteously; and the convicted sinner felt that he had wronged his neighbor. No doubt his pride rebelled against making the acknowledgment of his fault; but the terrors of the Lord for disobedience are a fearful burden to an aroused conscience—as the Scriptures show. "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" So he visited his infidel neighbor and informed him of the change that had taken place in his feelings as to religion. The

will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got those sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you if you will only go away; a man that will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may have the sheep if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the sceptic, "if you must pay me, you may give me what the sheep

A QUEER REPTILE.

Did you ever see a *Gavial*? No, I think not, unless you have been to India, and sat on the banks of the Ganges watching these voracious monsters as they lie in ambush ready to devour the little children thrown into the river by their superstitious mothers, who believe that the Ganges is a god, and that he is pleased to receive such offerings. Well, let me tell you that the gavials are pleased, if the river is not, and that they lose no time in seizing and devouring the poor little ones, who, decked with ribbons and crowned with flowers, are consigned to such a cruel fate. Sometimes, too, aged and sick people are brought and laid on the banks of the river, tied hand and foot, so that they cannot escape, and left to be devoured by these huge reptiles. The *gavial* differs from the crocodile only in having the jaws narrower and longer, and the teeth smaller, but it is quite as ferocious, and commits terrible havoc among the natives who bathe in the rivers of India. There was one of these monsters who rendered himself quite famous by his frequent visit to the banks of the river in the immediate vicinity of a large indigo factory. He had at different times devoured more than a dozen of the workmen, until at length they ceased to put themselves in his power and began to devise measures of revenge. For days and weeks they lay in ambush, but their cunning foe kept at respectful distance, evidently too wise to venture within reach of superior numbers. So all but one of the men retired, and he, after laying on the bank a young kid, hid himself in the branches of a large tamarind tree, to wait the result. In less than an hour the *gavial* dragged himself lazily up the bank, and, looking cautiously about him, began to breakfast on the dainty fare set before him. He was not however, allowed to finish his repast before he was pierced by the poisoned arrows that had been prepared for him, several striking directly into his eyes, and the one that proved most fatal in the very roof of his mouth, as he opened his huge jaws in great agony. After this he was easily dispatched, and the head, after being nicely prepared, was sent by an English officer to the British Museum, where it is still preserved. These monsters are hunted by the natives, not only from the fear of their depredations, but also on account of the booty frequently obtained from their stomachs, which sometimes contain quite an assortment of gold and silver chains, bangles, anklets and rings, that have proved less easy of digestion than the fair owners of such trinkets, the victims of the *gavial's* voracious propensities.—*Selected.*



"HOW MANY DAYS DOES A NEW YEAR HAVE, MAMMA?"

other replied that he had heard it, and was surprised, because he had thought him about as sensible a man as there was in town.

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago; and I knew that they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark, and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field, with the increase of them; and now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and I am come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in prison I

were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six percent on the amount, and go off and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

One result which followed from his honest confession and restitution was the conviction forced on the mind of the man who had lost the sheep that there was something real in the power of religion.—*Word and Work.*

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy.

for how long? Vivid impressions are of little worth unless they leave behind them permanent impressions. The wise teacher will not be content with an ideal which is reached when the attention of the class has been held successfully for half an hour or more; what he works for is the hours that are not spent in the Sunday-school, but into which the work done in the Sunday-school may enter as a purifying and life-increasing leaven. Permanent impressions are as much to be preferred to vivid but transitory impressions, as the deep rock-cut inscription is to be preferred to the brilliant fantasies of color that play upon the surface of the soap-bubble a moment before it bursts.—*S. S. Times.*