

Many's the boy whosaid :

"I'm not afraid to taste cider, or beer, or wine just this once. I know where to go and where not to go, and what I can stand. And I don't need any pledge. And if I want to smoke a cigar I can smoke one and there stop. And I can read one bad book and no more, if I set my heart upon it. And I can spend an hour with Jim Brown and not swear, even if he does. What's the use of a fellow's going to excess every time? Why can't he have a little of these things, even if they are not quite so good, and stop just where one wants to?"

Yes, but nine chances to one the boy will keep coming nearer and nearer and nearer to Danger Cliff, and then in an instant his head will whirl, and over he will go, and disappear in darkness forever.

Yes, but who ever plunged over Danger Cliff who kept as far away from it as possible?

Keep far away from every Danger Cliff.—*Pansy*

THREE BAD BARGAINS.

Once a Sabbath school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in the Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy: "Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

M. Maspero, director of the Museum in Bulak, which is national museum of Egypt, near Cairo, has recently discovered on the sight of ancient Thebes a subterranean Koptic church of the fifth century. The white stone walls are lined with red inscriptions, which it is expected will largely increase our knowledge of the early church.

A BRAVE LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL.

Mr. Newton Perkins gives the following account of a Mexican girl named Florencia Tomayao, who lives in the village of Guantla, Morelos in Mexico. She had no father, and as soon as she was old enough to help her in the field. One day he heard a man who was gathering a crowd about him in the streets and talk-

ing to them. Drawn by curiosity, she followed him, and heard him tell of a good man who had at one time lived on the earth, and who was kind and forgiving to all his enemies, and died for all sinners. It was the first time she had heard of the Saviour, and she eagerly followed the missionary and heard him preach until she, too, believed the Gospel and became a Christian.

Some months after this she again saw the missionary. It was in the cemetery on the first of November, on which day the Roman Catholics go to the graves of their dead friends, and place on them dishes full of meat, bread, fruit and wine, believing that in some way the dead will be benefited by it. A great crowd had gathered. While Florencia was walking through the cemetery she saw her friend, the missionary, addressing the people, and she stopped to listen. He was telling them that the dead needed no offerings of meats and dinks, and that Christians did not follow such customs. Some one threw a stone at him and wounded him. The others laughed, and some bad men shouted, "Kill him! kill him!" and threw more stones till he was beaten down to the ground.

Florencia rushed through the crowd and threw herself down upon the suffering, bleeding man, covering his head with her arms; the big stones intended for him fell upon her and wounded her, but she clung courageously to her friend and shielded him, unmindful of her own danger, and caring only to save his life. In vain did they try to pull her away; she held on with all her strength and cried for help. In a few moments help came; for the *gens d'armes* drove the assailants away, and took the missionary and little Florencia, both bleeding and sore, to the house of friends, where they were carefully nursed. But for this noble act of self-sacrifice, the man would have been killed. The bravery of this little peasant girl alone saved him. She sympathized with his suffering, and dared to help him at the risk of her own life.

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corner of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home.