

he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old woman, who acted as his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his lordship thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, "He was glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him." When John came in, "Well, John," said his lordship, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my lord," said John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Aye, aye," replied my lord, "you say right; nobody can prevent sickness; and if you should be ill again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps, you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall always have the same advice and the same attendance that you have had now." "God bless your lordship," said John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," said the Earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you—never fear." John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.—*Witness*.

For Girls and Boys.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandmother's ready to come to tea,'
I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was Grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

"I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea.'

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face,'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 't was only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

—*Adon Free Press*.

THE SINS OF OUR YOUTH.

BY REV. ASA HULLARD.

The penitent David, as he looked back, and thought of his early days, exclaimed, "Remember not the SINS OF MY YOUTH." And afflicted Job cries out in his distress, "Thou makest me to possess the INIQUITIES OF MY YOUTH."

Two aged disciples, one eighty-seven years old, one day met. "Well," inquired the younger of his fellow-pilgrim, "how long have you been interested in religion?" "Fifty years," was his reply. "Well, have you ever regretted that you began so young to devote yourself to the cause of the Saviour?" "Oh, no," said he, and the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks; "I weep when I think of the sins of my youth. It is this which makes me weep now."

Another man of eighty, who had been a christian fifty or sixty years, was asked if he was grieved that he had become a disciple of Christ? "Oh, no," said he, "if I grieve for anything it is that I did not become a Christian before."

We visited a woman of ninety, as she lay on her last bed of sickness. She had been hoping in Christ for half a century. In the course of conversation, she said, "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of eternity, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them, 'youth is the time to serve the Lord.'"

Said an old man of seventy-six, "I did not become interested in religion till I was forty-five; and I often have to tell God I have nothing to bring him but the DREGS of old age."

Said another man between sixty and seventy years of age, "I hope I became a disciple of the Lord Jesus when I was seventeen;" and he burst into a flood of tears as he added, "and there is nothing which causes me so much distress as to think of those seventeen years—some of the very best portions of my life—which I devoted to sin and the world."

This testimony is only a specimen of the testimony of all Christians on this subject. Why, then, are we not more earnest in our endeavors to convince the young that their present forgetfulness of God will be the occasion of many a bitter tear of sorrow when they are old, even should they be hereafter converted? They will then cry out with David, "Remember not the sins of my youth;" and with Job, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."—*Mother's Magazine*.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPOINT.

When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing—
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

When a shower on a hot day in summer is over,
And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over—
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet, are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade-winds and head-winds, like hurricanes blowing?
Why are oaks, cloud, and war-ship so strong, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

Now if we have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all bunged up and our noses all bloody—
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, you must have nothing but water to drink!

—*Temperance Cause*.

HOW A POUTING LITTLE ONE LOOKS IN THE GLASS.

We suppose you have all seen an india-rubber face, and dare say you have amused yourself in pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on. And when you stop pulling or pinching it, it returns to the same face that it was before.

Now, we must say to our young readers, that your faces are softer than india-rubber, and that they are full of little strings called muscles. These muscles, or strings are pulled one way, or pulled another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression. The moment anybody looks at you, they know