

The largest bell in actual use is also at Moscow, and weighs about 128 tons.

But the method of making is practically the same for small bells as for large. To nicely proportion their thickness and weight is, we say, a work of art. And it is in the quiet designing-room of the bell foundry, before even the metal is molten, where the tone and volume is heard in imagination, and where the mellow voice is born that for ages to come will ring out the cheery chime or mark the passing hours with solemn sound.



JUBILEE BELL.

MAKING A FRESH START.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 2.)

THAT is never too late to mend," although in many cases men think their condition so hopeless that they won't even try. Take my friend Ebenezer Highcroft for an example. He was the proprietor of the general shop in our village, and sold nearly everything. He did an excellent business, and by all accounts was a prosperous man and saving money. He came to church pretty regularly, but the Vicar was never able to get him to take any share in the work of the parish. At length a time came when Ebenezer's appearances in church slackened off, and at last he stayed away altogether. It was soon whispered about that the "Spotted Dog" had had much to do with the changed state of affairs; in a word, that Ebenezer was spending more time and money in the public-house than was either good for him or his business. And so matters went on from bad to worse. To crown all, a young man from the neighbouring town started an opposition shop in the village, and by his civility and attention soon attracted the best of Ebenezer's customers. Ebenezer was at his wits' end, and in an evil moment he decided to "open on Sundays." So many persons pass through the pretty village on Sundays, Ebenezer judged that a good trade might be picked up by catering for their wants. Herein indeed was the Scripture fulfilled, "The last state of that man was worse than the first"; for

although Ebenezer tried to persuade himself that he was recovering lost ground, he was really getting further into the mire. His worries and troubles continued to increase, and then the constant round of work, with no Sunday rest, told upon his bodily strength. No wonder that he became very downhearted, and so tried to drown his troubles by still more frequent visits to the "Spotted Dog."

He was stumbling home one night, troubled and wretched, when the Vicar overtook him.

"Well, Ebenezer, is it you, dragging along as if you had the world's worries to bear?"

"Ay, sir, it is, sure enough."

"I am grieved to see you like this. Why don't you make a fresh start?"

"It's too late at my time of life."

"No, no! 'It's never too late to mend'!"

"Everything's gone wrong with me."

"But why not make a fresh start?"

By this time they had reached Ebenezer's shop.

"Come in, Vicar—at least, if you're not done with me."

It would take too long to tell all that passed between the Vicar and Ebenezer, and as a result of not one, but many visits and earnest talks, Ebenezer was led to begin again afresh and to make quite a new start. With some reluctance he signed the Temperance pledge; with still greater difficulty he consented to give up his Sunday trading and once more close his shop on Sundays. He was dreadfully afraid to make this last venture, for he told the Vicar that he was gathering a nice little Sunday connection, as no other shop in the village opened on Sunday.

"You say you look for God's help to enable you to keep your Temperance pledge, but how can you expect His blessing if you dishonour His Day?"

Poor Ebenezer! he couldn't answer this argument, and so in anything but a happy frame of mind he dismally allowed the Vicar to put this notice in the window: "FOR THE FUTURE THIS SHOP WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAYS."

What a sensation it made! How many of the villagers stopped to read the notice as they passed by! But what does Ebenezer say now? Why, he will tell you that this "fresh start" was the best day's work he ever did in his life. He says that it so happened that the first Sunday on which he closed his shop was a New Year's Day, and it proved to be for him a truly happy new year. Ebenezer is now an old man, and he takes a great delight in giving away a little card on which he has had printed these words:

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content
And hope of good joy for the morrow.
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatso'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Is there a shop in your parish open on Sundays? If so, will you not try to get the owner to make a fresh start in 1899? The first day of the New Year falls on a Sunday, and the last day of the New Year will also fall on a Sunday; does not this suggest to us all that a year which begins and ends with the Day of Rest might well witness a special effort on our part to promote the more general observance of "The Lord's Day"?

FREDK. SHERLOCK.