

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH

George and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the telegraph office. One day, after school, these boys went into their father's warehouse, just opposite the telegraph office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do; but the little machine was so busy that there was no opportunity to gratify them.

"Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click," went the little pointer. By and by it ceased for an instant; but just as the agent was going to put in his claim it began again. After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and "Ay, ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the magnetic telegraph.

"Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible that you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than when I say yes to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph?"

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without an interruption or hindrance."

"So that is an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires or electricity, or machinery, to aid the mode of

communication of which I speak; and what is more wonderful than all is the fact that you need not even express the nature of your communication, as before you do so your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favorable reception for your request. Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert, on the trackless ocean, in the crowded city, on the mountain top, by night or by day, in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet immediate attention."

"Is there any account published

and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of the people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God, yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee—"

"I see father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other, for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."—*Standard*



MORAL.—CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS WISELY

of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in the Bible."

"In the Bible!" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons, and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the twenty-fourth verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that, before they call, I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."

Next George found and read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shall thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, ninth chapter, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third verses."

"And while I was speaking,

JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE.

One night, a father was roused by the cry of fire from the street. Little imagining the fire was in his own house, he opened his bedroom door and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and fly for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door where the maid was sleeping with five children. They snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three eldest did so; but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped,—some through the windows, others by the garden door; the mother to use her own expression, "waded through the fire." Just then, John was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed upon a chest

that stood near the window, and was seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another. And thus he was taken out. A moment after the roof fell in.

When the child was rescued, the father cried out: "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children, let the house go. I am rich enough." John Wesley always remembered this deliverance with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits published during his life is a representation of a house on fire, with the scriptural inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"—*Christian Intelligencer*

WOULD NOT DO FOR A LINEN MANUFACTURER.

There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory; and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted, to be sent out, which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!"

"I cannot, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home.

But the boy became the learned and famous Dr. Adam Clark.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college; and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Set*