

ton gentleman, naming the street and square where I should find him.

"When I landed, I inquired my way to the house and street as told, and eventually found myself in this very mansion we are now, to which I then came—not in a carriage, as we did just now, but in rags, and nearly barefooted, as the tramp had made me look worse than I usually did. Well, it turned out that the ladies I had met were the wife and daughter of the owner of the mansion, and were a most worthy and wealthy Quaker family. Immediately on my advent, I was handed to a groom, who was told to strip and wash me—an ordeal I then thought was cruel; but when I got another suit of clothes, and found myself in the home among the servants, I felt more at ease. As time went on, I was taken by the kind friend to his office, where I availed myself of every opportunity to 'get on.' I had hardships, trials, temptations, fierce enough; I had evil and difficulties to encounter and grapple with, and conquer as best I could; with no father, mother, brother, nor sister to help me. I had to depend on my own energies; and above all, the help of my Heavenly Father. And," added the merchant, with deep emotion, "the Lord did indeed 'take me up!' My friend's granddaughter is now my wife, and I am the head of the firm. You have great reason to thank God, and more have I, that you ever helped 'Curly Dick' to start a new life in your Sunday-school, and gave him the copy of Holy Writ, with that inscription"—pointing again to the marble mantel-piece—"on the fly-leaf."

I may add, that ere my old friend left "Curly Dick's" mansion, he was made the recipient of a substantial proof of the merchant's gratitude. And many times since, owing to adverse circumstances, the Sabbath-school teacher has received, in old age, financial assistance with a generosity as unselfish as it has been liberal.

"Nor is that the only reward," my friend added, "I have had for what I have done for the poor, nameless boy. Just think of the good that merchant prince is doing in the town of Liverpool. Eternity alone will reveal!"

### The Drowning Sailor.

"A SHIP on the rocks!" went from mouth to mouth, as men roused themselves one tempestuous night, and hurried down by twos and threes to the shore. The storm was terrific—the wind howling and raging, the waves black and angry, and dashing with a sullen fury against the masses of black rocks, and foaming up to the very feet of the watchers. After an hour of effort in one way or another, three exhausted sailors were landed, and cared for by kind hands; but eager eyes thought they saw, when the clouds occasionally broke, yet another head that rose and sank, and a figure that battled for life in the surging waters.

Standing erect on a small rock was a tall and brave-faced man, ready to cast a rope to the struggling sailor in the waves when he was near enough. He shouted to him; but the roaring tempest drowned his voice. Again and again he threw the rope; but the coil was drawn back ungrasped, for the darkness prevented the drowning man from seeing it. What was to be done? A sudden thought struck a bystander, and from his great-coat pocket he drew his bull's-eye lantern and a box of matches, lit it, and then flashed its light full on the strong man on the rock. Again the rope was cast, and the light gleamed on its coils as it sank amongst the seething waves close to the sailor's hand. Oh, what an answering clutch of that rope followed! And ere many seconds passed the half-dead man lay at his preserver's feet.

What does this make you think of? It seems to make me think of the text, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

The Holy Ghost is like that bystander; the lantern is God's Word. The strong man ready to save is like the Lord Jesus. You are like the drowning sailor, engulfed, not in water, but in the sea of sin, and with a fierce tempest of wrath raging around your soul.

Christ calls to you; but the noise of earth's business, work, or pleasure drowns his voice. He flings out to you the promises; but you are in the darkness, and cannot see them. You are sinking, though within reach of safety! Oh, it is terrible! But the Holy Spirit comes and flashes light on Christ. You see his efforts to save you! You accept him as your Saviour. His promises are for you; you grasp at them with a mighty grasp. For you all this pity—this effort—this love!

No man can see Jesus as his Saviour, except by the light of the Holy Spirit shining through and upon God's Word. Oh, don't forget daily, as you open that Word, to pray for his light to reveal to you Jesus as your Saviour! His light will show you your danger; but it will also flash Christ upon your soul. Grasp the promises held out to you. Never let them go for an instant, until they land you safely at his feet. Keep your eye on him; search the Scriptures to learn about him; ask the Spirit to teach you of him, for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

### That Inquisitive Boy.

A YOUNG lady, and a small, bright-eyed boy, entered a street-car on Lake Avenue, one afternoon. The lady deposited her fare and the boy's, and the bell rang.

"Aunt Ella," said the boy, "what makes the bell ring?"

"The driver rings the bell," was the reply.

"What does he do that for?"

"Why, he does it to register the fare."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he has to."

"Oh!"

Then there was silence for half a minute.

Presently the boy said:

"What is that round thing up there?"

"That is the register."

"What is that for?"

"To register the fare."

"You said the ring registered the fare."

"No, I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did, Aunt Ella."

"Now, Johnny, don't you contradict me. You are a naughty boy."

"Well, that's what you said."

A silence of two minutes followed. It was broken by the boy, who said:

"Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell me that the ring registered the fare?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You did say so, didn't you, Aunt Ella?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then what made you say that you didn't say it?"

"I didn't say that I didn't say so. Don't bother me, Johnny."

"Johnny" was only one name for that boy. What would you call him?

AFTER writing sentences one day, the scholars exchanged work for correction. A small boy marked an error, and then at the foot of the paper made the following explanatory note: "He didn't begin Massychevits with a caterpillar."

### A Messenger of Consolation.

Love's peace is in her pure young heart,  
Love's light is on her face,  
She carries sunshine in her eyes  
To many a shady place.

For aught she has of good and sweet  
She only seeks to share;  
She lends her loving strength to all  
The crosses other bear.

Her posies cheer the sufferer's bed,  
The city workshop's gloom;  
See how a wreath to lay upon  
The stranger's lonely tomb.

Through every gentle deed she does  
Love's soft aroma steals,  
The weary heart grows fresh again,  
The wounded spirit heals.

And when she wanders through the woods  
In morning's dewy hour,  
Standing amid the flowers we see  
Herself the fairest flower!

### Encourage the Pastor.

ENCOURAGEMENT is needful in every department of life. Approbation consoles, invigorates and inoites. The minister needs its exhilarating influence. His work being arduous, difficult and trying, confronted with discouragement and opposition, and dark pictures oft flitting across his vision, he prizes the voice of cheer and favour. His soul craves it as eagerly as the starving man demands bread. When received, it is a balm to his weary spirit. It is his right and privilege.

As he is benefited by it, so are his people. The reflex influence tells advantageously upon them in better preaching, more efficient work, a more kind and appreciative ministry, a fuller heartier and more responsive service, a longer, sweeter and more fruitful pastorate, and a more refreshing, congenial and helping intercourse and association.

In all kinds of work men need sympathy, especially the manifested interest of those in whose behalf they labour. Under its manifestations zeal is quickened, and activity aroused. The workmen feel that they are not alone, but have interested, friendly co-operators. Herein the pastor is no exception. He yearns for the sympathy of those for whose benefit he prays and preaches and toils. If it be free, spontaneous and constant in its expression toward him, he works with more buoyant spirit, greater fidelity and larger success.

### Don't Snub.

SNUBBING is a poor business, anyway. You and I never mean to do it, I suppose. But do we not sometimes show just a bit of that "Not-as-others-are" feeling, in look or tone? Somebody has compiled this list of "Don'ts," which it will do no harm to read:—

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in the race for life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.