



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

### Our Old Sunday Teacher.

I wonder if he remembers—  
That good old man in heaven—  
The class in the old red school-house  
Known as the "Noisy Seven;"

I wonder if he remembers  
How restless we used to be,  
Or thinks we forgot the lessons  
Of Christ and Gethsemane.

I wish I could tell the story  
As he used to tell it then:  
I'm sure—that, with heaven's blessing  
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,  
Comes down to me through the years—  
A pathos which seemed to mingle  
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him—  
Though we caused him so much pain  
By our thoughtless boyish frolic—  
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,  
The merriest one of all,  
From the bloody field of Shiloh  
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,  
So brimming with mirth and fun,  
Now tells the heathen of China  
The tale of the Crucified One.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph  
And Philip and Jack and Jay  
Are honoured among the churches,  
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like, yes I'd like to tell him,  
What his lessons did for me,  
And how I have been trying to follow  
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,  
For Harry has told, may be,  
That we are all coming—coming  
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,  
Will gather at last in heaven  
The fruit of that faithful sowing,  
But the sheaves are surely seven.

### A Story of a Hymn.

A PARTY of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac, one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881.

A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns—the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines, that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously. "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side; and think—indeed am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty—my murderous weapon in my hand. The shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart. I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night, rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion:

"I remember that night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then, the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man, created in his own image! And I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to be alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew till this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the secret from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of

until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

### A Child's Gratitude.

A PHYSICIAN tells the following very pathetic story of the gratitude of a little German girl.

I was called one day in October to the family of a German, who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a very poor man, with a large family. One of the many children—a boy of ten years—had the diphtheria. I attended the boy, and he recovered.

He had a sister two years older, named Sadie, who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me for "saving brother Jimmy's life."

She always spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved Jimmy's life;" and I, in turn—won by her affectionate words and way—fell into the habit of speaking of her as "My good little girl." Thus we became great friends.

Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to be given to me for saving Jimmy's life.

Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was much better, and that I need not call again.

But early next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside, and found that it was even so.

She knew me. Beside her in the bed, under the ragged quilt, she had a small bag of hickory nuts, gathered by her the day before, at the expense of her life.

She held out the bag. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped, and in a few moments my good little girl was gone.

### "Do the Right Thing."

HERE is good advice for all men to follow, at all times and under all circumstances. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to "do the right thing." You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim for it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer; or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always and in all cases, "do the right thing." Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard, but they will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a thing wrong will become an impossibility.—*Sch. ed.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for September 1st and 8th contain *Courage, Fortnightly*; Mary Stuart of Scotland, The British Museum and the people who go there, and In a Garden of John Evelyn's, *Blackwood*; The Peak of Teneriffe, *Cornhill*; Confession of a Gardener, and John Campbell Shairp, *Macmillan*; Hunger and Thirst in Australia, *Murray's*; The Tercentenary of the Armada on Skiddaw Top, *Spectator*; The White Race of Palestine, *Nature*; and other articles. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

GOODNESS is not a passive quality, but the deliberate preference of right or wrong; the resistance of evil, and the manly assertion of its opposite.