

be desired. It is from this class that most of the workers come, so that they have a deep interest in inducing others to attend it, since it was there they themselves found the pearl of great price.

At the close of the lesson, which was on the first Passover feast, I was asked to speak to a young woman who had been impressed that evening. I found that she was anxious to be sheltered 'neath the shed blood of the Lamb of God. The light broke upon her mind as I continued the exposition of the lesson which had been up that evening, and her glad face at the prayer-meeting, held in the same place a night or two after, told of an experience which would soon lead her to take her place among the workers. Such classes should be tried in all our large centres of population, and wrought vigorously, for as prevention is better than cure, so when the young are brought to the Lord, they spend life not against, but for Him.—J. B. S. in *The Christian*.

### A HEAVENLY MESSAGE.

During the early ministry of Charles H. Spurgeon, he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He queried whether his voice would fill the immense area, and resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the palace, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, as he reached the stage, this came to mind: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone. More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother and co-worker was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end.

"Are you ready?" asked the minister.

"Oh, yes!" answered the man, with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope.

"All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said: 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the meaning of these words I was convinced of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served him ever since."

This voice was from heaven, though human lips uttered it; and God's Word shall not return to Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

### DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

It was Saturday and the weather was cold and delightful. The children wanted to go out and ride on their sleds. There was splendid coasting on the hillside.

"Let's get our lessons first," said Mattie. "Duty before pleasure is mamma's rule. Then we shall have nothing to worry us, and we'll have a better time."

"O, no; do let's go now; we can study this afternoon," coaxed Sadie.

"But we shall feel hot and tired then, and not a bit like studying; let us get our lessons done now, while we feel bright."

"Yes we'd better," chimed in little Lottie. "Mattie knows the good way."

And so she did. Mattie was the eldest, and always tried to do right, and to lead her little sisters in the right way.

"She is a dear child; she helps me so much with the others," her mother often said.

Sadie was easily persuaded. They took their books and slates, and studied away till their lessons for Monday were all learned. They then went out to the hill and had a nice time.

"Mother's rule is a good rule, I am sure," said Sadie, as she was eating her supper; I am glad I haven't got my lesson to learn now, I'm so tired."

"Duty before pleasure; I'll always remember that," said little Lottie.—*Ex.*

### A SONG OF SNOW-TIME

Sing a song of snow-time, now it's passing by,  
Million little fleecy flakes falling from the sky;  
When the ground is covered, and the hedge and trees,  
There will be a gay time for the chickadees.

Boys are in the school room drawing on their slates  
Pictures of the coasting-place, and thinking of their  
skates;

Girls are nodding knowingly, smilingly about,  
Thinking of a gay time when the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock—bang! goes the bell,  
Get your hats and coats and wraps, hurry off pell mell;  
Bring along the coasters all, if you want some fun,  
Up to the hill-top, jump and slide and run.

Steady now! Ready now! Each in his place,  
Here we go, there we go, down on the race!  
Sing a song of snow-time, when the flakes fall,  
Coast-time, skate-time, best time of all!

—Selected.

### WHICH IS WORSE?

A little girl came to her mother with the question, "which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worst.