

with his work. Nobody could see the stone, and none knew of its worthlessness but the two masons, and the church was finished and accepted.

But time and weather did their work, and soon it began to flake and crumble. Every rainstorm and every hot, sultry day helped its decay, and it soon crumbled away. But that was not all, nor the worst. The loss of the stone weakened the wall, and soon a great beam which it should have supported sunk into the cavity, a crack appeared in the roof, and the rain soon made sad havoc with ceiling and fresco. So a new roof and ceiling and expensive repairs were the result of one poor stone put where a good one should have been placed.

Each one of us, young or old, is building a structure for himself. The structure is our character, and every act of our lives is a stone in the building. Don't work in poor stones. Every mean action, every wrong act or impure word, will show itself in your after life, though it may pass unnoticed at first. Let every act and word of every day be pure and right, and your character will stand the test of any time, a beautiful edifice enduring to your praise and honor.—*New York Parish Visitor.*

CONSCIENCE UNHEARD.

WHEN I was a little boy, living in Schenectady, I often went up to a certain "boiler shop" to look at the workmen as they drove the red-hot rivets into the boiler-plate, and hammered them to a head. What a din those hammers made as they rattled blows upon the iron! Inside of the boiler sat a man pressing a heavy sledge-hammer against the under side of the rivet; and I used to wonder how he could endure such a noise. It almost deafened me to hear it, though I stood outside. I knew that it must be worse where he sat. One day, as he came out of the boiler, I asked him, boy-fashion, if the noise did not hurt his ears, and make them ring. He paid no attention to my question. "Speak louder," said a workman; "he is a little deaf." I shouted the question in his ears. He looked at me and smiled, but did not answer, and the men laughed at me and told me that his sense of hearing had been totally destroyed by the noise. He could converse only by signs. When he first entered the boiler shop his hearing was good, but, by continually abusing the sense, he had destroyed it. The hammers yet rang as loudly as ever, but now he could not hear them.

Men sometimes so abuse the spiritual sense of hearing that it is destroyed, and then the conscience, though as infallible as ever, speaks to them in vain, and at last ceases to speak. "The voice of God" is silenced in their souls. Evil lusts still urge them on their sinful ways, and there is no entreating voice within to stay them. Sinful pleasure, or ambition, by its alluring signs, appeals to their vision or imagination, and they are hopelessly led astray, because the hearing of the soul is gone, and conscience can influence them no more. The "light that is in them is darkness." Woe unto him who, by persistent abuse of the moral faculties of his soul, grows deaf to the voice which, as Shakespeare says,

"hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns him for a villain!"

Conscience is usually heard most distinctly by the sinner in his youth. As he grows older its voice is apt to be heard less and less distinctly every time he repeats a sin. And yet how many young persons turn a deaf ear to its reproving voice, thinking that they will give heed to its admonitions at some future time.—*A. F. Vedder, in Criterion.*

"I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

MARTIN LUTHER, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. "No," said the great reformer, "I don't feel that my sins are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in His word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So with you, dear reader. You must believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you may know you are saved.

A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say: "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and He is my Surety, right on to eternity; and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Nov. 3... I. Sam. vii. 5-15... I. Cor. xi. 23-29.
" 10... I. Sam. x. 17-27... John vi. 5-15.
" 17... I. Sam. xv. 10-23... Gen. xlv. 1-16.
" 24... Isa. v. 11-23... Gen. xlix. 28-1. 7.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child, your age;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure He never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded and He hastened—
No errand was deferred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that, in home life,
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do;
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with His parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like Him day by day,
So gentle, meek, and loving,
And ready to obey.

—*The Angelus.*

"ONLY A BOY."

MORE than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results." "Yes, yes," said the deacon. "But 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to b