

Come to Jesus.

BY MATTIE J. MILLER.

Are you "weary and heavy laden"—
With the cares of life oppress?
Come to Jesus—hear his promise:
"And I will give you rest."
Are you sick, and poor, forsaken
By those you thought your friend?
Come to him whose tender mercy
Will sustain you to the end.

Are you sorely tried, and tempted?
So our Saviour, too, was tried;
Come to him, for grace sufficient
For your needs he will provide.
Are you wearied of the pleasure
Which the world alone can give?
Give your heart to him, believing
Jesus died that you might live.

Are you hoaping up earth's treasures,
With no treasure laid in heaven?
Turn to Jesus, humbly pleading,
And your sins shall be forgiven.
Are you giving to the needy?
Are you lending to the Lord?
He will pay you double measure—
A crown of glory for reward.

Has your way grown dark and dreary,
Down the road where sorrows meet?
Ask of Jesus, he will brighten
Up the pathway for your feet.
Are you "weary with well-doing?"
His gentle words—have you forgot?
"Be not weary; in due season
You shall reap if you faint not."

Are you training up your children
In the way that they should go?
Bring them early to the fountain
Where the streams of mercy flow;
Have them learn the first commandment,
Impress the promise therein given;
Oh, parents, ask for God's assistance
To train your children up for heaven.

Do you fear to walk alone the "valley
Of the shadow"—we call "death?"
Lean on Jesus; he will lead you
Where there is no pain nor death.
Are you weeping for your loved ones
Who the sleep of death hath slept?
We are told our loving "Jesus,
At the grave of Lazarus wept."

Are you blind, or lame, or stricken
With the age of three-score years?
Lean on Christ, he'll guide your footsteps,
Up beyond this vale of tears.
Christian pilgrim, are you weary
Waiting for your promised rest?
Trust your Saviour, still believing
God does all things for the best.

Have you helped to send the Gospel
To those distant heathen lands?
Send, and tell them of a Saviour,
Thus obey his own commands.
Come to Jesus, all ye people,
Sound his name from pole to pole!
Until earth's remotest nation,
Shall be gathered to his fold.

All who seek shall find a Saviour,
His loving words has told us so;
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Yet I will make them white as snow."
Come, secure your soul's salvation,
Christ, your Saviour, bids you "come,"
Shout his praises, hallelujah!
Glory be to God,—I've come!

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in a most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your ~~feet~~ ~~shoes~~ catted off but one?"

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

BY MAY F. M'KRAN.

"GOOD-EVENING, gentlemen! Are you too busy to attend a prayer-meeting?"

It was, perhaps, an odd scene, and the words sounded oddly in their presence; but Chaplain Green was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to show his colours at any time or in any place; and now he was going about among the tents, inviting the soldiers to attend the evening prayer-meeting.

In other tents he had been as little welcome as he was here. He had been pained over and over again by the rough jest and the flow of ruddy wine, and the infatuation of the card-table. But Chaplain Green had a message and an invitation from the King of heaven. Perhaps some heart would be inclined to hear; so he went faithfully, undauntedly on from tent to tent, asking the inmates to the meeting.

"Yes, we are too busy. We have more important business on hand just now," replied one of the men addressed, looking up from his cards.

"What do we care for your prayer-meetings?" asked another, in a quarrelsome tone.

A third looked up with a sneer on his face. "We'll deputize you to pray for us while we continue our game," he said.

Chaplain Green bowed. "I will be glad to do so; will you call me your name, please?"

"My name? What do you want with that?" demanded the man, still gruffly.

"That I may present your case personally to the Lord," was the quiet answer.

"See here! You needn't bother the Lord about us! We don't need your prayers. When we need any praying done we'll attend to it ourselves," said the first of the men.

"But I have been deputized to pray for you, and promised to do so. I shall fulfil my promise. Good-evening, gentlemen," said the chaplain, as he retired.

The game dragged slowly after that. All interest in it seemed lost; and presently the men threw down their cards as one of them said:

"I wonder if that old fanatic is keeping his promise? Let's go and see, and have some fun at his expense."

The others agreed, and as they reached the tent they heard the chaplain's clear voice in prayer. He was praying for them, that the Lord would touch their hearts with the divine power of his love, and make them his obedient servants, his saved children.

But they did not have any "fun at the chaplain's expense." They parted company, but all did not go beyond the sound of the preacher's voice; and through that earnest prayer, the very one who had deputized him to pray for the party, was convicted of sin and led to Christ.

Not one of the other three forgot that evening either, and when a little later they too were led to the foot of the cross, they dated their first serious convictions to those words fitly spoken.

Thus does God abundantly bless the efforts of his faithful servants. It may be the words are spoken in very weakness, but he will take them up and use them for his glory.

Dear boys and girls, we may not be chaplains or ministers or missionaries, or hold any public place where we have the opportunity to do great things for Christ; but let us be true to our colours, and the blessings of our Father will be upon the words which we may speak for him.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

ONCE many years ago there lived in a town in India four blind men who, having no idea of an elephant, were much pleased on being told that one was coming into the town. They ran at once to examine the strange creature. The first blind man, being very tall, felt up and down the animal's sides; the second could only reach to the foreleg, which he examined; the third, happening to run full tilt against the creature's trunk, contented himself with feeling it; the fourth could only find the tail; this he carefully examined.

"Ah," said number one, "I told you so; of course, the elephant is just like the side of a house!"

"The side of a house!" exclaimed number two, who had felt the fore-leg: "it seems to me more like the pillar of a house."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke in the third man, who had examined the trunk; "why, it is exactly like a spout!"

"You are all wrong," said number four, who had felt the tail; "I examined it very carefully, and I can only compare it to a bell-ropo!"

All of which would seem to prove that people always make out a strange object to be exactly what they imagined it would be.

ANECDOTES OF MICE.

IN a country vicarage in Yorkshire, many years ago, a bank-note went a-missing. Its owner had laid it on a shelf in a locked storeroom, no one having access to the chamber but herself; therefore its loss was somewhat mysterious. After searching everywhere, and removing most of the articles in the storeroom, a mouse-hole was discovered in a corner of the floor. The happy thought suggested itself that this hole should be explored. A carpenter was sent for, who removed one of the boards, and pushing his arm underneath it he pulled out large quantities of minute pieces of paper which the mice had probably collected year after year. In one corner of this heap he got hold of a nest of young mice, and brought them out, lying on the bank-note, which was

quite uninjured. Apparently the little mother had carried the note away, folded as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to her nest, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. It was the only piece of paper in the nest which had not been nibbled to tiny atoms.

Another mouse's nest was equally comfortable, and was discovered in the following manner: A family party were sitting at dinner when one of the children noticed that a mouse was slowly and carefully toiling up the damask window curtain with something in its mouth. The little creature was not disturbed, but was carefully watched till she disappeared in a fold of the curtain. After awhile she emerged, and ran down to the floor and so disappeared. On examining the curtain four very little mice were found in one of the folds, which formed a kind of pouch and would have been comfortable enough without any lining; but Mrs. Mouse had not thought so, for she had placed in the fold some soft wool, stolen out of a rent in a sofa cushion. The following day all the little mice had disappeared; the mother mouse evidently knew that her nest had been discovered, and was no longer a safe dwelling-place for her little family.

CHINESE JESTS.

A WEALTHY man once lived between the houses of two blacksmiths and was constantly annoyed by the noise of their hammers, so that he could not get rest night or day. First he asked them to strike more gently; then he made them great promises if they would remove at once. The two blacksmiths consented, and he, overjoyed to get rid of them, prepared a grand entertainment. When the banquet was over he asked them where they were going to take up their new abodes; they replied, to the intense dismay of their worthy host, no doubt: "He who lives on the left of your house is going to that on the right, and he who lives on your right is going to the house on your left."

A literary man, while reading one night, observed that a thief was busy digging under the wall of his house. He happened to have a teapot full of boiling water, so he took it and placed it near him, waiting for the thief. The opening being made, the thief first put through his feet, which the literary man seized and watered well with the scalding contents of his teapot. The thief uttered a piercing cry and asked pardon; but he answered in a grave tone; "Wait till I have emptied the teapot."

One night the Khoja dreamed that some person had given him nine pieces of money; but he was not content, and said: "Make it ten;" upon which he awoke, and finding his hands empty, at once closed his eyes again and, stretching out his hand, said: "I repent, give me the nine."—Selected.