

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 heaping 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 fountains
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 have 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 have told us so;
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Yet I will make them white as snow."
Come, secure your souls' salvation,
Christ, your Saviour, bids you "come,"
Shout his praises, hallelujah!
Glory be to God,—I've come!

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip" of the shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars. The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say. No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular, even about his dress. Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Hallo, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"O, you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it. I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"O, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "You are too particular."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is particular."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton again took part in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good in such places, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral to it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth.—Golden Days.

THE TRADES OF ANIMALS.

Bees are geometers. Their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So, also, is the ant-lion. His funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skillful artist of our species with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician, so, also, is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other

nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps make paper. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird, Ploceus texor, is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The primia is a tailor; he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day labourers. The monkey is a rope dancer.

MIKE.

Away in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on those cliffs, or rowing, when the water was calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hoeing in his poor tired-out potato field, or gathering dillisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bed-ridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I knew him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dillisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was always the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due, and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, refused to try to understand anything more from the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer house for himself on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent. He came himself with the agent and the officers, the day of the eviction, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbours were as badly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the nearest hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table—he would have carried it all if he could—and they said that great tears rolled down his cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone. He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves beating on the sand below, coming nearer and nearer to the cliff. He could not hear shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with his head between his knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly enough out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures. Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death. To his horror then he saw the landlord's little daughter with the

waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it were able to reach there at all without being dashed in pieces against the rocks. Already the boatmen were holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before, evicted his dying mother; that it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the eviction, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know, but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike, had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff; and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out from the ledge as possible, he let himself fall the last thirty feet. Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl upon his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam to the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water saved.

And Mike? I believe that they tried to save him—human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act—but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died only a few minutes after he had left her, and I am sure that his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.—Sabbath-school Visitor.

IMPLICIT OBEEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

A young lady rose in a meeting some months since, and in a low, clear voice, betraying profound feeling, said:

"I have taken for my New Year text these words of Scripture, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' I have taken this, not only to apply to testifying in a place like this, as opportunity offers, but also to the performance of little home and household duties every day—a task not always so easy in these days of attractive Christian activities in the outside world. To this text I have added this, 'Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power.' Obeying in his strength the first, and trusting implicitly the second, I enter with a glad heart the unknown path of the New Year."

Happy heart! to have found in early life the way of rest and strength and usefulness.

WHERE CORK COMES FROM.

Since you asked about cork I have been looking up the subject, and have found some very interesting facts. That travelled bird of yours who said it came from a kind of oak tree was right; it is an evergreen oak that botanists call *Quercus suber*. The tree is only about thirty feet high, and is principally cultivated in Spain, although it grows in other parts of Southern Europe, and also in Africa. When it is fifteen years old the first stripping of bark is made; only the outer layer is taken, the workers being very careful to leave the inner bark uninjured. This first layer is rough and woody, of no use save in tanning, but ten years later another has been formed of finer quality, and the quality continues to improve after each stripping.

The bark is taken in midsummer; two cuts are made around the trunk—one near the ground, the other just under the branches; then, after making three or four long slits down the tree, the layer of cork is loosened by a wedge-shaped instrument and taken off in strips. These are scraped and cleaned on the outside, and then heated and pressed flat.

Until quite recently great difficulty was found in cutting out the corks, as most of the work was done by hand, and the knives were so quickly dulled; but now a machine is in use which saves a great deal of that trouble.

If any of your congregation will look at the rough bark of some of our native oaks, and try to cut in through the tough outer layer of corky wood, sometimes nearly two inches thick, it will be easy enough for them to understand how another tree of the same genus can produce the thickest coating—the cork of commerce.—St. Nicholas.