

apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way ; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next minute ; but long afterwards, the woman whom she had maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad accustomed to take wine persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers." He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a helpless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed the truth in a way of their own :

For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost ;
And all for the lack of a horse shoe nail.

— *Youth's Companion.*

GENTLEMEN TAKE OFF THEIR HATS.

About thirty years ago a young girl in a Western city was given charge of a Sunday-school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches, wearing their hats, and puffing vile cigars, a defiant lee: on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed :

"Well, sis, you going to teach us?"

She stood silent until the laugh was over, and then said quietly, "Do I look like a lady?"

An astonished stare was the only reply which they gave.

"Because," she continued gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off, and the lads were ranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding-houses for sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee rooms for laborers, and founded an Order of Honor, the members of which strove to live sober, Christian lives themselves, and to help their fellows to do the same.

Some of the members of her first class were efficient helpers for twenty years in all her work. It was a favorite saying with them, "Once let Miss — get hold upon a man, and she never lets him go."

She never did let go, but followed him to

sea, to the most distant parts of the world, or even to prison, with letters and little gifts. With all the tender pity of a mother, she strove, as many a mother does not strive, to bring the wanderer back to the faith and innocence of his childhood.

Thousands of men passed under this single woman's influence, and learned something of her Master through her wonderful purity, and strong faith in Him.

Such instances of helpfulness are not rare in this country. With every year the zeal of educated Christian men and women finds new and practical methods of teaching and elevating the more ignorant people.

Singularly, these efforts are more common in cities than in the smaller towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody, and where the gradations of caste are perhaps fixed by strong prejudices.

Many a young lad or girl who reads these lines leads an idle life in such a village, indulging, it may be, in occasional vague visions of going to foreign fields to teach the heathen how to be Christians, while the wharves or taverns of their own native villages are filled with heathen for whose souls no man has ever cared.

Let every Christian ask himself as the day closes: "Have I stood idle in the market place? Has not my Master hired me with a great price to do His work?" — *The Word and the Way.*

THE CHILD'S HELPER.

What is thy need, little bird of Christ's meadow?
What art thou lacking, oh, child of His care?
There is an arm that in sunlight or shadow
Children can reach with the voice of a prayer.

Why art thou fainting, oh, flower of His garden?
Why art thou drooping, thou lamb of His fold?
There is a healing, a help, and a pardon,
Children receive when their troubles are told.

Wide are the arms that are opened to aid thee,
Mighty the help thou canst claim from above,
Tender the wings that forever will shade thee,
Royal the heart that forever will love.

Come, little feet that are helplessly straying!
Come, for the power of the Lord you shall see!
Pour out your hearts, little children, in praying;
Knock, and Christ's mercy shall open to ye.

— *Selected.*

The Bishop of Lucknow says that in the Aligarh District of his Diocese there are three millions of people spread over a space of 5,607 square miles. It is manned by *one* European missionary in somewhat broken health. There are six centres of Christian work in the district. Hardly any work is done except by the C.M.S.