

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who had some interesting news to communicate.

"A freight train has run off the track and killed a man," said Joseph.

"How did it happen?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said if he had given the right signal the accident would not have occurred."

Making the wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation, as it is laid down in God's Word, who teaches that all men shall be saved, or who teaches that men all may secure salvation by their own works, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track, and go to perdition.

The private Christian, whose reputable standing in the Church and in society give influence to his example, pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, "be not conformed to this world." The young Christian is led to practise a similar course; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live, but are dead. The holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to temptation. He has power to resist the temptation and escapes unharmed. One of less power is led to follow his example and falls into sin. To him his predecessor had given the signal that there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow men—signals which will direct their journey to eternity. How careful should we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal.

Children's Department.

FLOWERS FOR JESUS.

"When I die, put flowers in my hand for Jesus."—Words of a dying child.

When death shall come, dear mother,
To take my soul away;
O will you please remember,
To give me flowers that day?

"Some pansies and some roses,
And violets sweet and blue;
That I may take to Jesus,
Whose love is tender, true.

"I know that He is waiting,
To see me in the sky;
And, mamma, I am willing,
To lay me down and die.

"But, oh, I want to carry,
Some flowers to Him above;
To Jesus, full of mercy,
The Saviour, whom I love.

"So will you please remember?
Do not forget my word;
When I am called to leave you,
And be with our dear Lord."

Ere long her soul was summoned
Into the blessed land;
And then they all remembered:
Flowers filled her tiny hand.

The hand that clasped the roses,
Was motionless and cold;
Our darling was with Jesus,
Within the precious fold.

How sweet the greeting given
To this dear child above;
The welcoming to heaven,
From Him who had her love.

F. B. W.

THE BLIND BOY.

The other day I went to see a little blind boy. The scarlet fever settled in his eyes, and for many months he has not seen at all. He used to be a sprightly little fellow, racing everywhere. "Well, my dear boy," I said, "this is hard for you."

He did not answer for a minute, then he said, "I don't know that I ought to say *hard*; God knows best;" but his lip quivered, and a little tear stole down his cheek.

"Yes, my child, you have a kind heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you more even than your mother does."

"I know it, sir, said the little boy, "and it comforts me."

"I wish Jesus were here to cure Frank," said his little sister. "Jesus cured a good many blind men when he was on earth, and I am almost sure he would cure Frank."

"Well," said I, "he will open little Frank's eyes to see what a good Saviour he is. He will show him that a blinded heart is worse than a blind eye; and he will wash his heart in his own blood, and cure it, and make him see and enjoy beautiful heavenly things, so that he may sit here and be a thousand times happier than many children who are running about."

"I can't help wishing he could see," said Lizzie.

"I dare say," said I; "but I hope you don't try to make Frank discontented."

"Frank isn't discontented," said Lizzie, earnestly; "he loves God. And love sets everything right, and makes its own sunshine; doesn't it, Frank?"

"I don't feel cross now," said the little blind boy, meekly. "When I'm alone, I pray, and sing my Sunday school hymns, and sing, and sing, and God's in the room, and it feels light, and—and—I forget I'm blind at all!" and a sweet light stole over his pale features as he spoke: it was heavenly light, I was sure. I went to pity and comfort him, but I found God had gone before me. The great God who has a thousand worlds to care of, did not overlook him, but with his heart of love came and turned his mourning into joy, his darkness into light, and made him in his misfortunes as happy as a child can be. Oh, God can do more and better for us than we can ask or think.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes, but they are the *first ripe fruit*."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest, and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh; I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' And I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl, with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," said she to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand-fold for your loving gift. Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you."

The sick child was almost overcome with emotion, as she clasped her young benefactress and expressed her thanks.—*Children's Friend*.

MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling at noon like the busy bee,
Teaching the little ones A, B, C;
Hearing the older ones read and spell;
Smiling and praising when all goes well;
Washing and brushing, 'twixt work and play;
Such is a mother's work day by day.

Sowing good seed in their path along—
Sowing by action, by word, and song;
Never once pausing to count the cost,
Knowing that much that is sown is lost;
Bearing a prayer in her heart alway;
Such is a mother's life, day by day.

WHAT MONEY CAN NOT BUY.

It was a rainy afternoon, and the children had "played out" all the plays they knew. So they settled themselves quietly at last behind cousin Edith's chair,—Fred on the floor, with his arms for a pillow, Charley beside a chair, and Alice on a low "cricket" by Freddy's side.

"Now, don't you just wish some fairy could tell our fortunes for us," said Alice, "and then we should know just what to expect as we go ahead?"

"I would rather a fairy would come and give me just the fortune I want," said Freddy.

"Suppose you could put on a wishing-cap," asked Alice, "what would you ask for the first of anything?"

Fred said what nine boys out of ten would have said.

"I would ask for plenty of money, because that will get everything," said thoughtful Charley; "it can't buy knowledge. There is Herbert Gray, he is rich enough, but you know he almost always stands at the foot of his class."

"It can't make you well, or I am sure Miss Allison would not suffer as she does year after year," said Alice. "I would rather be well and able to run about everywhere as I do, than to have her beautiful carriage and horses, and have a servant to lift me into the coach every time I went out. She cannot even walk out among the flowers and shrubbery."

"Yes," said cousin Edith; "health is better than riches, and knowledge is better than riches alone, and there is something better still than money can never buy, and that is a mansion in heaven. You can buy a very beautiful mansion here for money, but then you can only dwell in it a little while. You would think it foolish for a man to spend all his fortune adorning a rented house; make the best we can of them, any houses we occupy here are but rented houses. Perhaps we shall have to leave them before the year is out. Yet we can all have this mansion if we will but seek it in the right way. Jesus has gone to get it ready for all those who love Him truly, and try to do His will here in the world."

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

A kind father was one time telling his little girl about the wonderful love of Jesus, who, though he was God, yet came to earth and laid down his life for sinners, and that she must love him beyond everyone else. The little girl burst into tears, and said: "Oh, papa, I cannot love Jesus more than mamma and you." Her papa took her on his knee, and told her in her prayers that evening to pray that Jesus would teach her to love him. One morning, some weeks after, she said to her mamma, "Dear mamma, I think I love God and Jesus Christ best now; but I love papa and you more than ever."

Dear children, if you do not feel the love of Jesus, think of his love to you till your heart give way and you begin to feel it. When you have the love of Jesus, you will love him more than all; but this will not make you love father, mother, brother and sister less. No, you will love them more and better than before. Our rule ought ever to be, to look at all things in God, and to enjoy God in all things.

St. J. and Ch. 3.30 an Rector. Greene

St. P. vices, Rev. Al Incoml

TRIN streets. Rev. Al

St. G Sunday song da Rector.

HOLY Sunday Daily Darling Rector

St. J. streets. Rev. Al

St. S Bellvue and 7 p

St. P streets. Rev. S.

CHUR West. Rev. So

St. A a. m. at cumber

St. I Vincen & 7 p. n

CHUR service M.A., Ir

ALL streets. Rev. A.

St. B Sunday McLeat

St. J Sunday Daily 5 Matins, cumber

St. T Sunday McCol

St. M service M.A., Ir

GRAC lane. Rev. C.

St. P Rick st 7 p.m.

CHUR West, 1 a.m. an

TRIN 11 a.m. M.A., P Profess

DIO BOA Contr earnest

P.O. Esq., T