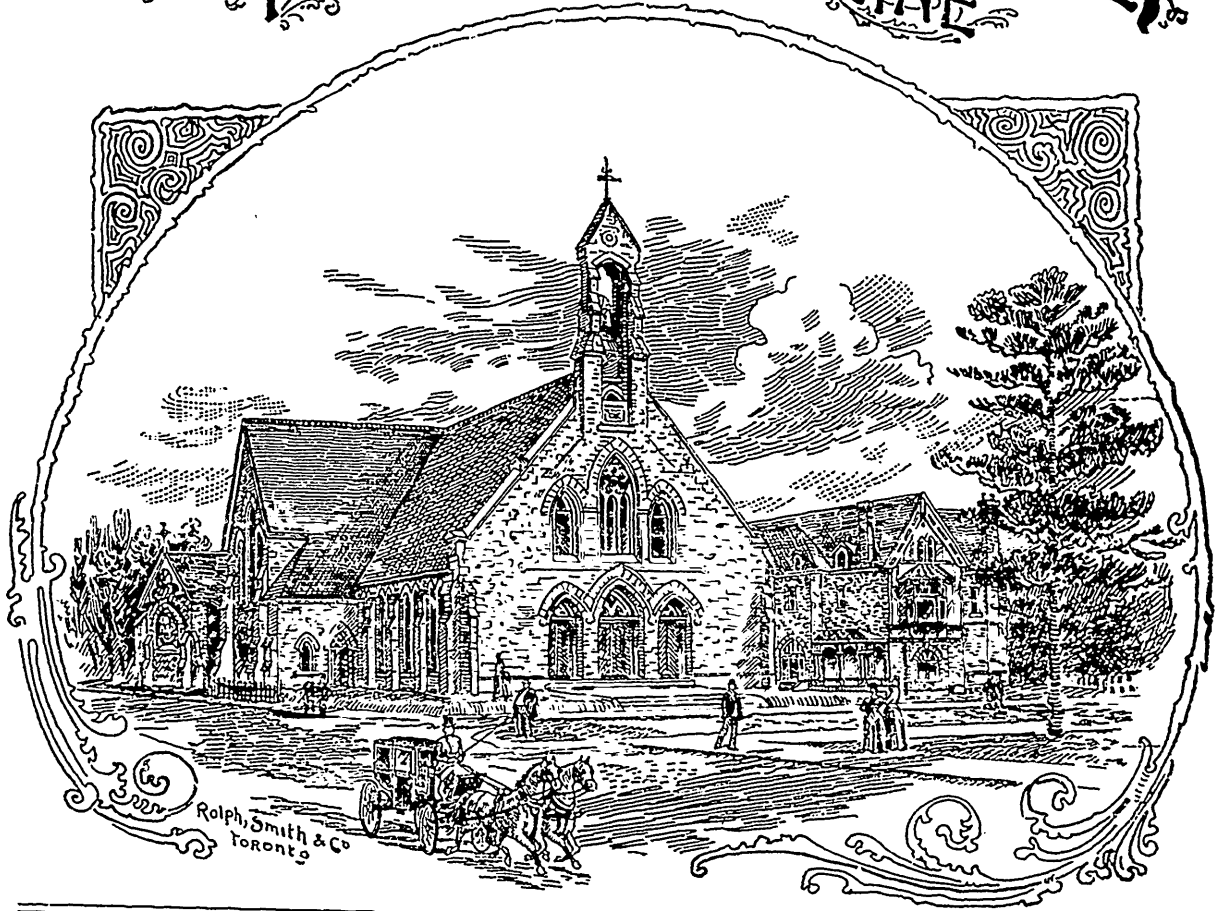


Ly. & Mission 70

Church of the Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE



VOL. I

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1892

No. 4

RECTOR.—REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A., RECTORY, 160 BLOOR STREET WEST.

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SERVICES

- Sunday, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.
- Holy Communion, 11 a.m., first Sunday of each month.
- " " 7 p.m. third " " "
- " " 8 a.m., every other Sunday.
- Baptism, first Sunday of each month, 4:15 p.m.; or at the same hour on any other Sunday, or at any of the services if previously notified and arranged.
- Sunday School, 3 p.m.
- Adult Bible Class, 3 p.m.
- Wednesday Service, 3 p.m., in School House.

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

- Monday—Men's Bible Class, 8 p.m.
- St. Andrew Brotherhood, 1st Monday of each month, 8 p.m.
- Monday—Girls' Friendly Society at 8 p.m., every Monday.
- Tuesday—Young People's Association, each alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.
- Wednesday—Mothers' Meeting, 3 p.m.
- Teachers' Meeting and Bible Class, 7 p.m.
- Thursday—Women's Auxiliary to Missions, 3 p.m.
- Friday—Boy's Bible Class, 7:30 p.m.
- Saturday—Busy Workers, (Jr. Br. Women's Aux.) 10 a.m.
- P. M. A. and District Visitors meet at the call of the Rector.

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ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA

GENERAL SYNOD, ARCHIVES

Church of The Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE

VOL. I

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1892

No. 4

Church of the Redeemer
Parish Magazine.

Subscription Price:—35 cents per annum
in advance.

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to be addressed to the Distribution
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nature, to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL.

The attention of the men of the congregation is called to the Circular issued by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

We suggest that they set aside the dates referred to and make an honest effort to be present with as many more as they are able to influence.

We have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. James L. Houghteling of Chicago (one of the speakers) and can assure our readers of a treat. We doubt if there is one man in our congregation who could sacrifice as much as Mr. Houghteling does to be present. When we see how much he and others give up to be present, how weak our excuses appear.

It is with great pleasure that we draw attention to the debate, to be held under the auspices of the Y. P. A., Tuesday, 9th inst. The special attraction

being a contest with the literary powers of All Saints' Church Y. P. A. Rev. A. Baldwin, M.A., to be one of the speakers.

PRACTICAL INTEREST.

We omitted to state in last issue that owing to the kindness of Mr. Thos. Shortiss, a handsome new cushion and hangings replaced the worn-out ones on the pulpit. This is all the more pleasing as the suggestion came from the donor. We hope other members of the congregation will observe the things which require renewing.

Perhaps the surplice closet requires special notice. The stoles are worn out. Who will volunteer to superintend this department? A little timely mending and fitting would make much improvement.

THE CHOIR.

Nothing worth doing can be accomplished without effort, and yet how many of the congregation pause to think how much energy and talent is expended by the members of the choir.

Pause a moment and think: How regularly they attend the services Sunday morning and evening; how faithfully they give up Friday evening for fatiguing practice and more than that how frequently there is the extra evening and the extra hour after the services are over; how little assistance the congregation give in the rendering of the praises of God, so much so that the choir have not only to lead but wholly sustain the singing.

Whatever different views the several individuals of the congregation may hold as to the selections rendered, there can only be one opinion as to the manner of their rendering. Mr. Schuch possesses remarkable powers of voice, ability and personal influence. Few men could col-

lect together and hold in such a state of efficiency the choir over which he has charge, whatever he undertakes he brings to a successful issue.

We trust these few words of well deserved praise will help the congregation to realize the obligation they are under to the choir and the organist, Mr. Dinelli (whose special fort as an accompanist adds in no small degree to the efficiency of the choir).

In conclusion let us ask: Do you pray for the choir in their RESPONSIBLE position as leaders of God's praise, or do you expect that they can unaided praise God acceptably. They are under special difficulties. The mechanical and mental efforts required for concerted action, to a great measure exclude the personal and contemplative element, and thus tend to render the praises mere words of the lips not utterances from the heart. It is not too much to ask that while they assist in moulding the outward expression, that you be busy assisting them by your prayers in the preparation of the heart which alone cometh from God.

PERSONALS.

The congregation were delighted with a visit from our faithful ex-church-warden Mr. Harris. It was quite a surprise to see him, as we expected that he was worshipping at that hour in Winnipeg. Absence has not made any difference as was evidenced from the hearty handshaking and kindly expressions he gave, and received from: so many.

Many of our congregation have suffered and many are still suffering from the prevalent epidemic "la grippe." It has materially affected their attendance at services, Sunday school and other meetings. We trust that all cases of illness will be reported to the Rector.

Those interested in the McKenzie River Missions to the Indians and Esquimaux will be pleased to know that the Bishop Reeve secured a number of substantial pledges for five years towards that work. The Bishop returns to England for two months to superintend the printing of his translations, after which he will resume his work in the far North. Let our earnest prayers follow him in his lonely hours.

Mr. Chas. Evans arrived in the city on Friday 29th from Halifax N. S. He returns on 3rd Feb. We are glad to hear his way has been prosperous and that he is actively engaged in church work.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of an old Sunday school teacher, Mr. Harbert in San Francisco. His brother has gone to be with him. The latest news holds out some hope to his anxious family.

The Bishop of Algoma will preach to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew on Sunday morning 14th Feb. in the Church of the Redeemer.

OUR MISSION.

So many of our workers being ill, no progress could be made in the way of holding meetings.

However we have not been idle, nor are we without tokens of our Master's approval from a financial standpoint.

Amount previously acknowledged as subscribed to the BUILDING FUND \$192. to which we have added a voluntary subscription from Miss D. of \$5, making in all \$197.

We have also secured from the members of the Bible Class and Sunday school teachers promises, in all for the coming year amounting to \$111 (one hundred and eleven dollars). This is toward the current expenses.

The current expenses are being provided for in small subscriptions paid monthly, say 10c and upwards, and the names of subscribers withheld in order that they may give to the Lord only, and not for the praises of men. Several texts have been prepared for the walls.

We need, one coal or wood stove.
One piece of carpet for platform.
One hundred chairs at 25c each—\$25.
Donations of coal or wood.
Some one to pay for tinting and glazing the basement.
Any of our readers may be responsible for one or more want being supplied. Please send your intimation to the editor.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

CONFIRMATION - CLASSES.

EVERY

Thursday Eve'g at 8.

Friday Afternoon at 4.30.

Have you done your duty to yourself?

Have you done your duty to those under your care, with regard to these classes?

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 29th of December the west class-room of the school-house was the scene of a particularly enjoyable entertainment. The members of the G. F. S. had been working steadily every week at their meetings to prepare Christmas presents for some really needy children, and this was the occasion of the presentation. Some of the girls, with the Associate members, met on Monday evening, and after labelling each gift with the name of the child for whom it was intended, tied a l to the branches of a pretty fir tree which stood in one corner of the room. Thirty-five presents, then thirty-five candy bags and oranges and bright colored little candles, really, when all was on, even that accommodating tree would not hold another thing.

Those present that evening thought it pretty; but the next evening, when all the candles were lighted, and the pretty tree with its wonderful fruit met the gaze of thirty-five children not accustomed to such pretty sights, it would be hard to describe their delight and admiration, which was quite apparent enough to satisfy those who had provided the entertainment.

Indeed, it would be hard to tell whose pleasure was the deepest, that of the members who had worked so faithfully for this end, or that of the happy little guests or their delighted parents, about 15 of whom were present. But the candles were burning down, and though no one seemed tired of admiring, the proceedings of the evening were begun. The Rector, who had kindly taken the chair, gave out the opening hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," in which all joined very heartily. Then, as their names were called, the children came up one by one with eyes shining as brightly as the candles on the tree to receive a present, a bag of candy and an orange, given with some kind or amusing remark to each by the Rector. When the tree was bare a magic lantern exhibition delighted the audience, who then partook heartily of buns, cake and tea, and said good-night, the meeting being closed by singing the doxology.

It did not need the many thanks of parents and children or the exclamations of delight to assure us all had thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and when they were all gone the members and associates met in the infant class room, from which the refreshments had been served, and discussed the pleasures of the evening over tea and cake. It was satisfactory to know that but few of the children belonged to our church; they were all children who would receive very little, if any, Christmas treat but for the one given that night, which was accomplished by those who themselves do not possess much of this world's goods.

As a result of the evening on ourselves as a society, we feel much has been gained—lightening, if only for a little while, the burdens of others—has shown us more clearly than ever the real pleasure of working for others. We have been drawn together more closely by together witnessing the result of our combined efforts, while all feel a renewed desire to bring in friends and others as new mem-

bers to enjoy the privileges of the Girls' Friendly Society.

We render sincere thanks to Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Bonnell, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Willson and Miss Evans for kindly assisting the Associates to provide refreshments; also to Messrs. J. W. Baillie, E. Wilson and E. Rolph for their kindness in assisting so materially in the entertainment of the evening.

—o—

EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

CHAP. IV.

(Analysis Continued.)

VERSES 1 TO 5.—Another objection is now anticipated and discussed, the discussion forming a strong confirmatory argument. Abraham, it might be urged, the great paternal name of the old covenant, was surely justified by that covenant and not another. He, at least, won acceptance "ACCORDING TO THE FLESH," on a standing of his own works. He, at least, might in some sense "GLORY" in the matter of his acceptance. No: for it is expressly and providentially laid down in Abraham's history that what was "COUNTED TO HIM FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS" was his entire and self forgetful TRUST in the promise of God. [He was regarded as having merit because he had Faith; while yet Faith is not merit, nor can be.] And thus Abraham, instead of being an exception to, is the great example of, the rule of Divine Acceptance; namely, that the sinner's way to that Acceptance is not by merit, whether antecedent, concomitant, or consequent, but by Faith; by "BELIEVING ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH,—that accepteth as righteous,—THE UNGODLY." [Yes; even the ungodly; the impious and profane. Even in such extreme cases, if the man, with all his guilt unmitigated on his head, yet trustfully accepts the revealed Propitiation, God justifies freely.]

6-8.—[A parenthetical illustration follows, perhaps suggested by the word "ungodly."] DAVID, another prominent Mosaic patriarch, bears explicit witness to the bliss of non-legal acceptance; [and he does so with the intensity of personal experience of deep transgression.] He testifies to the wonderful and merciful fact that God can and does "RECKON (impute) RIGHTEOUSNESS" to a soul that has nothing of its own but aggravated sin.

9-17.—The argument reverts now to Abraham's case; and a new difficulty is anticipated and met. Abraham and David were Hebrews, members of the covenant of circumcision. May it not be, then, that this blessing of free Acceptance, albeit so large in itself, is yet, IN ITS APPLICATION LIMITED TO THE CIRCUMCISED ALONE? Is it not for them only that Justification by Faith is revealed? No: for again in Abraham's history it is providentially recorded that his acceptance as righteous took place long before his circumcision. The covenant followed his faith, not his Faith the covenant. And this was thus ordered on purpose to make it quite clear that Gentiles as well as Jews are welcome to the sacred Justification, and to the inheritance of the Promise made to Abraham; [a Promise which pointed to his Great Descendant, Messiah, and to all who should stand vitally connected with Messiah.]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Children's Concert and Festival.

FRIDAY, 5th FEB.

Ch. of the Redeemer Schoolhouse

Tea for Sunday School Scholars only, 6 p.m.

The programme will begin at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION, at 8 p.m. 10c.

We hope the church members will show their interest in the children by being present.

YOUNG PEOPLES' ASSOCIATION.

The last meeting was held on the 12th, January, and consisted of music and readings, efficiently rendered by the following:—Miss McKay, Miss Hackett, Mr. McKay, Mr. J. J. Ashworth, Mr. Jas. J. Jones, and Mr. Kidner. The attendance was only very meagre, which indeed has been the case on several occasions of late

and this is a source of grievous disappointment to the committee and officers of the Association, who are at great pains to make the meetings as enjoyable and entertaining as possible. Only those who have been members of the executive of the Association have any idea of the amount of time and labor involved in arranging for these meetings, and it is most discouraging to the committee that their efforts do not meet with better appreciation and it is, moreover, a poor compliment to those ladies and gentlemen who voluntarily come to our assistance. Out of such a large congregation as that worshipping at the Church of the Redeemer it is only reasonable to expect that the school house should be fairly well filled at the fortnightly meetings of the Young Peoples' Association, considering the character of those meetings and the object sought to be achieved by them. The next meeting will be held on the 9th February, when a short musical programme will be given and a debate take place between the All Saints Literary Society and our own Association. The former will be represented by the Rev. Arthur Baldwin, and Mr Arthur M. Watts, and the latter by Mr. David T. Symons, and Mr. Morton Jones. It is earnestly hoped that there will be a very large attendance upon this occasion, as the debate is expected to be of an especially interesting nature, all members of the Association and their friends are most cordially invited. Refreshments will be provided in the course of the evening.

WM. MONKHOUSE, Pres.

BAPTISMS.

JANUARY 3RD—Elizabeth Maud, born Nov. 27th, 1891, daughter of Frederick Grundy, of the city of Toronto, real estate agent, and of Annie Hawarth Houson, his wife.

JANUARY 17TH—Richard James, born Nov. 21st, 1891, son of Frederick Hugh Leach, banker, and of Emmeline Harriette Parkinson, his wife.

DEATHS.

JANUARY 11th—At Toronto General Hospital, Wm. Watts, of England, aged 28.

JANUARY 7th—At 27 Yorkville ave., on the 7th January, 1892, Laura Eliza, widow of the late Rev. W. A. Johnson, rector of Weston, and formerly of Cobourg, in the 73rd year of her age.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Canada.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

TO BE HELD IN
TORONTO
ON

FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY,
12th, 13th and 14th FEB. 1892.

Members of the Brotherhood in Canada
and Fellow-Churchmen generally :

The Council again bring before your notice the Annual Convention of the Brotherhood in Canada. The growth of the Brotherhood since our last Convention justifies us, we think, in devoting three full days to the Convention. No little time and trouble has been spent in preparing a programme which will, we feel sure, prove not only interesting, but of the utmost assistance to all those who are able to be present, and through them to the whole Brotherhood and the Church at large.

The names of the speakers who have already accepted are such as to ensure the different subjects being handled in a masterly manner, but the success of the Convention will depend even more largely upon the number of delegates who are actually able to be present. Nothing impressed those who were fortunate enough to be at the St. Louis Convention more forcibly than the feeling that that large body of men had travelled in the majority of instances from 300 to 4000 miles to take part in it. We expect and want a full attendance, and earnestly hope that every Chapter in Canada will be represented, both by official delegates and by as many other members as can possibly attend. Not only will all members of the Brotherhood be welcome, but all other authenticated visitors representing any parish or Church organizations are earnestly invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

Study the programme and be prepared to take an intelligent part in the discussions. Short, crisp speeches dealing with experience or suggestion will be welcomed on every point.

The programme, so far as it has been possible to complete it is appended. Where the names of the speakers are blank they will be filled up with the strongest men obtainable. Changes may be necessary, and special conferences can be arranged if desired.

In the words of the invitation to the American Convention:—"If you are strong, come and help your weaker Brothers with words of counsel and cheer; if you are weak; come and get help; if you are luke-warm, come and be aroused; come, in order that 'The Brotherhood Idea' may be a glorious reality to every Brother, and that all may be stirred up to live as

"Sons of one Father,
Citizens of one Kingdom,
Brothers one of another."

Yours fraternally, on behalf
of the Council,

N. F. DAVIDSON, F. DU MOULIN,
President. Secretary.

PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY, 12TH.

10.30 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion, with charge to the Brotherhood, at St. James' Cathedral, King street east. (It is earnestly requested that all brotherhood men should be present at this service.)

12 a.m.—Organization meeting in St. James' Cathedral Schoolhouse, corner of Church and Adelaide streets. Report of Council—Election of Committees—General Business.

1 to 2.15 p.m.—Lunch.

2.15 to 3.30 p.m.—"The Bible Class as a Feature of Brotherhood Work," led by Mr. James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, President of the Brotherhood in U. S. A.

3.30 to 4.15 p.m.—General business.

4.15 to 5.45 p.m.—Conference. Chairman—The Right Reverend the Bishop of Niagara.

Subject—"Christian Manhood in

(a) "Home"—

(b) "State"—Wm. Aikman, jr., of Detroit.

(c) "Church"—Mr. Chas. Jenkins, of Petrolia, representing the Huron Lay Workers' Association.

8 p.m.—Public service in St. James' Cathedral. Preacher, the Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, of Ohio.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH.

7 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in Churches to be arranged.

9.30 to 10.45 a.m.—Business;

10.45 to 11.45 a.m.—Chapter meeting by Chapter No. 6, St. John's, Peterborough, with general discussion upon Chapter meetings.

11.45 to 1 p.m.—Question box opened, with discussion upon Brotherhood matters in general.

1 to 2.15 p.m.—Lunch.

2.15 to 4.15 p.m.—Conference. Chairman—Rev. J. C. Davidson, M. A., Rector of Peterborough.

Subject—"What Practical Work the Brotherhood can Accomplish in

(a) "City"—Mr. W. G. Mather, of Cleveland, 2nd Vice-President of the Brotherhood in U.S.A.

(b) "Town"—Mr. T. W. Saunders, of Guelph.

(c) "Country"—

Followed by general discussion in three-minute speeches.

4.15 to 5.30 p.m.—Business.

8 p.m.—Mass meeting in Association Hall, Yonge street (corner of McGill) Chairman—

Subject—"The Everlasting Fatherhood of God, the Universal Brotherhood of Man."

Addresses by the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Mr. James L. Houghteling, and Mr. G. Harry Davis, Attorney-at-Law, of Philadelphia.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.

8 a.m.—Celebration of Holy Communion in churches to be arranged.

11 a.m.—Special service and Anniversary Sermon by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Algoma, at Church of the Redeemer.

3.30 p.m.—Special services, with addresses by prominent visiting laymen and clergymen, in churches to be arranged.

7 p.m.—Special service in St. James' Cathedral. Preacher—The Right Rev. Bishop Leonard.

(Farewell meeting in St. James' Schoolhouse.)

The collections will be applied towards the expenses of the Convention.

For fuller information see daily papers.

Parish and Home.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 15.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1.—*Purif. of Mary the B. Virgin. Morning*—Ex. 13, to v. 17; Matt. 18, v. 21, to 19, v. 3. *Evening*—11ag. 2, to v. 10; Acts. 20, 19 v. 17.
- 7.—*5th Sunday after Epiphany. Morning*—Prov. 1; Matt. 21, v. 23. *Evening*—Prov. 3 or 8; Acts 22, v. 23 to 25, v. 12.
- 14.—*Septuagesima. Morning*—Gen. 1 and 2, to v. 4; Rev. 21, to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. 2, v. 4, or Job. 38; Rev. 21, v. 9 to 22, v. 6.
- 21.—*Sexagesima. Morning*—Gen. 3; Matt. 27, v. 57. *Evening*—Gen. 6 or 8; Rom. 5.
- 24.—*St. Matthias, A. & M. Morning*—1 Sam. 2, v. 27 to 36; Mark 1, v. 21. *Evening*—Isaiah 22, v. 15; Rom. 8, to v. 18.
- 28.—*Quinquagesima. Morning*—Gen. 9, to v. 20; Mark 4, to v. 35. *Evening*—Gen. 12 or 13; Rom. 10.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light!
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true he has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet.
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

—Selected.

Notes on the Calendar.

THE Sundays for February do not present any very striking features. The Church year is divided into two sections. The first consists of the days dependent upon the celebration of Christmas, such as Advent, the Epiphany, etc. The second series is connected with Easter;

Ash Wednesday, Ascension Day, etc. Although the celebration of Christmas seems so recent, we pass this month into the Easter section. Events move rapidly in the Church's year, and in a little more than three months we review the chief features of our Lord's life from the cradle to the tomb.

The three last Sundays of the month have the long Latin names of Septuagesima, Sexagesima and Quinquagesima, which, we may explain to those who do not know Latin, mean the seventieth, the sixtieth and the fiftieth. Quinquagesima is the fiftieth day before Easter, and one would think that upon this principle Sexagesima would be the sixtieth and Septuagesima the seventieth. But of course they are not, Sexagesima being the fifty-seventh and Septuagesima the sixty-fourth day before Easter. Probably some one who was either very bad at Latin or at arithmetic named these two Sundays in the first instance, and it seems singular that the error should have been perpetuated in the Calendar.

We have on February 2nd the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, known in olden times as Candlemas, because it was then celebrated by a procession at night with torches or candles.

On February 24th is the Feast of St. Matthias, the apostle who was elected by lot to take the place of the renegade Judas. We know very little of him, but tradition says that he died a martyr's death, as did most of his brother apostles.

In addition to these more important days, the Calendar for February has three minor, or *black letter* saints' days.

What child does not know that St. Valentine's Day comes on February 14th? Probably few have ever asked who St. Valentine was, or why his day should be devoted to the tender missions which we call valentines. Indeed, it is not easy to say who St. Valentine really was. Two Valentines claim February 14th as theirs. One, a bishop, is said to have been beheaded at Rome for his faith as a Christian, but we have

no fuller details. We know very little of the other claimant. He is said to have been a priest at Rome about 270, who showed great kindness to the martyrs who were put to death for their faith. He was himself accused of being a Christian and was thrown into prison. At the end of a year as he still remained true to his faith, he was taken from prison and beaten with clubs and then beheaded. The great feature of Valentine's character was his love and charity and his day became the day devoted to love. It was a very old notion in England that on this day birds began to couple, and in imitation of the birds every one chose the person he or she loved best and sent a loving message to their "Valentine" on this day. Every good thing is in time abused, and another custom grew out of this, of sending not loving but disagreeable messages. In our shops to the present day vile pictures of all sorts of deformed people are offered for sale as "valentines." These are, however, a corruption of the original idea of the day which was consecrated to love, and we advise our young readers to have nothing to do with such monstrosities. They will see what a long history lies behind the day, and we hope they will do all the kind loving acts that they can on it, as sacred to love.

St. Blasius, February 3rd, was Bishop of Sebaste, and died a martyr's death in the year 316. Before he was beheaded his flesh is said to have been "combed" with short iron combs. The torture of this must have been frightful. The wool combers of England made him their patron saint, probably on account of this incident, and at some of the seats of woollen manufacture may still be seen "Bishop Blaze" in full episcopal vestments as the sign of an inn.

St. Agatha, February 5th, a noble lady, a native of Sicily, was martyred about 251. At that time great efforts were being made to crush the Christian faith. St. Agatha's property was seized and she herself put to torture. Every attempt was made to corrupt both her

virtue and her courage. When brought to trial she prayed, weeping: "O Jesu Christ, Lord of all, Thou seest my heart, Thou knowest my desire, I am Thy sheep, make me worthy to overcome the evil one." Her faith was constant through the most terrible tortures, and she has come down to us as a type of maidenly courage and purity, who held the truth dearer than life.

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away—the sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few days left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet,
Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

—Selected.

THE MADNESS OF YOUNG MEN.

THERE was a young Carpenter once who lived in an obscure Jewish village. He was poor, and had no Scriptures of His own, so that He had to study them in the little synagogue of Nazareth. This brought Him into constant contact with the religious authorities of His day, and the more He saw of them the less He respected them. Suddenly He became famous. Whole country-sides emptied themselves at His approach, and the multitudes so thronged Him that He often had no leisure so much as to eat. He spoke in the language of the highest poetry, and to this day His words are the most lovely which human literature records. If He had only done that, all would have gone well with Him. But He could not forget the hollowness of the popular religion, nor the hypocrisy of its exponents. He knew men who robbed widows' houses and for a pretence made long prayers. He announced what He knew with uncompromising honesty. He would have nothing to do with the "worldly holy"—the sleek religiosity of the day, the powerful ecclesiastics and such like. He preferred the company of honest vice to dishonest virtue. He actually said there was more hope of good in

penitent vice than in hypocritical virtue. He rejoiced in being sneered at as the Friend of publicans and sinners. The result was that "the best people" who came to hear him out of curiosity soon got tired of Him. They said at first, "How vulgar He is! He eats with publicans and sinners." Then they said, "How rude He is! If He comes to our dinner-tables He never pays us a single compliment, and even insults us by His remarks." At last they said, "He hath a devil; He is mad." By that time they had found out that he wanted a perfect world,—"*a Kingdom of God and His righteousness*," He called it—and that was why they called Him mad. So, that they might prove forever to the world the folly of all idealism and the supreme wisdom of taking things as you find them, they accused Him falsely, and had Him crucified on Calvary; and the world has faithfully carried out the tradition ever since.

It is almost always the young men who go mad in this way. It is the privilege of youth. There is small hope of anybody going mad in Christ's way after fifty. By that time the fine fire has died out, the divine frenzy is spent, and the blood is too cool for idealism. If you intend being mad, you must get it done before thirty. Remember it is not only the privilege, it is the supreme duty of youth to be mad. The divine insanity of noble minds is possible to youth alone. Youth alone is capable of defying the cross. What God gives youth to the world for is that the world may be saved by it from corruption. It is a tide of glorious madness, of impossible ideals, of vast unreasoning enthusiasms, hopes, purposes, desires, which streams across the stagnant wastes of life, and keeps the moral atmosphere buoyant and unvitiated. All the saviours of the world have been young men. We cannot conceive of an elderly Hamlet. Most of the great poetry of the world has been written by young men; or, what is the same thing, by men who began to be poets in youth. If they had waited till they had made their fortunes, they would never have been poets. That young Carpenter of Nazareth did not wait till He had saved enough money to be beyond all peril of want in His great mission, or He would never have saved the world. Nothing great is done by the man who is not ready to risk all for an ideal, and that

form of madness must be acquired in youth, or not at all.

The youth who does not know how to be mad will never be worth much to this world. There is nothing more contemptible than caution in youth. I have read the lives of great men with some care, and I have come to the distinct conclusion that their greatness was the precise measure of their madness. No one did a madder thing than Johnson when he tramped off to London to get his bread, how he could, by literature; or Carlyle, when he took to "plain living and high thinking" at *Craigenputtock*; or Wordsworth, when he went to live in a cottage at *Grasmere*; or Browning, when he deliberately refused all common ways of getting on in life, and went on writing poetry which no one bought for thirty years, because he felt that poetry was his real mission. They dared all for a belief, and that is clearly madness. They refused chances of making money with supreme contempt, and what evidence of insanity can be more cogent than that? Coleridge was even more utterly mad than they. When he was offered \$7,500 per annum to edit a paper, he replied that he did not think any man ought to have more than \$1,500, and he dared not be encumbered with more. Yet I fancy these five names shine like fixed stars in the firmament of fame, and are not the least in the galaxy of greatness. We love them to-day for what the world jeered at then. If they had not been mad enough to dare everything on an impulse, Carlyle would have died an unknown schoolmaster, Browning a bank official, Coleridge a nameless journalist. If a youth should tell me that he finds he has a vocation in literature, I should at once ask him, "Are you mad enough for it? Are you willing to starve with Otway and Chatterton, and toil for bread in a dreary garret with Goldsmith, and write for thirty years without recognition with Browning? If you want a fixed salary before you enter on a literary vocation, you will never enter it. You are not mad enough. We shall be sorry to miss you, and will try to think of you as 'a mute, inglorious Milton'; but that is the honest truth, you are not mad enough for the position. Go, cautious brother, and be sleek and insignificant; you are not needed here."—*W. F. Dawson.*

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

WE do not realize how much influence a kind word from us may have in other people's lives.

The story is told of how a young man found himself far from home, and without friends, one Christmas time, and had at last yielded to temptation and drink.

Christmas morning he had a message to deliver to one of the great publishers in the city. As the young man spoke this gentleman saw the lines of hard living in his face, and then holding out his hand said: "I wish you a merry Christmas, my lad."

Taking up a book composed of brief sketches of great English, French, and German authors, he handed it to the young man. "Let these noble friends," he said, "be your companions in the lonely hour; you cannot have better."

The young man took the gift, overcome with gratitude at the publisher's unexpected kindness.

"Not long ago this young man died, after having lived a long and useful life. During his last sickness the newspapers eulogized his life in these words;

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child; a journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end."

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life I owe to him and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripen'd field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stay'd
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and clothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that, revives and springs again;
And early call'd, how blest are they
Who wait in Heav'n their harvest day.

—J. G. Whittier.

TREATING FOR TRADE.

TREATING in general is wrong. It is a perversion, a misconception of the social feelings. It is a radical mistake that sociability and good feeling can be best expressed through the fumes of a glass of liquor. I heard the other day of a man who had struggled with himself to overcome the habit of drink; and a large circle of resident friends, knowing his weakness, aided him by not putting temptation in his way. He kept straight for nearly three years and was congratulating himself that he had conquered, when an old college friend, who had not seen him for years, met him by chance, and knowing of no better channel to revive old memories and express his feeling of good fellowship, proposed that they drink to the memory of old times in the old college. This struggling man, who had resisted all other forms of temptation, yielded to this one. The result was his downfall and the undoing of all that had been done. He never got on his feet again. Rather a bad way to express good feeling.

Treating for trade is especially pernicious, unnecessary, and productive of bad results on the principle of the two-edged sword. First, merchandise commends itself for what it is when honestly and intelligently presented by seller to buyer, and the transfer from one to the other should be the result of the combination of the qualities of the merchandise and intelligent presentation. And it is subversive of the elementary principles of sound business to endeavour to obscure or cover up defects in the merchandise by the cheap operation of bribing the buyer with one or more drinks. Second, the buyer who will lay himself open to such a charge, whether the same be more or less applicable, does not properly represent the true interests of his employers, because, as buyer, he is the channel for the investment of their capital in merchandise, to the proper and intelligent selection of which he is supposed to give technical knowledge the result of training and experience. This knowledge he should not permit at any time or in any way to become clouded or dimmed with the fumes of liquor purchased by the salesman, the acceptance of which, in addition to the above business reasons, must dull his sense of honour and independence. Entirely apart from this, moreover, no man has a right, for self-

ish reasons, to lead another man into what may be his worst temptation.

An experience of over twenty-five years as an active salesman in the wholesale dry-goods business in New York city and on the road, justifies this expression of views, and I unhesitatingly place myself on record as saying that *it is not necessary to treat a man in order to sell him goods*. And I have known many young men gifted by divine Providence with intelligence and activity, who started their business career with firm determination to become men useful to themselves their trade, and the community, whose lives have been wrecked, whose business opportunities have vanished, because of the existence of this baneful and needless custom. Whatever we may think of moderate drinking in general, I can say from experience that no young man on the road, away from the good influences and restraints of a home, and subject to all sorts of new temptations, can afford to touch liquor in any form whatsoever, on any occasion, or for any reason.

"How, then, can I get a hearing and secure trade?" Work hard, tell the truth, don't be easily rebuffed. I don't mean to be "cheeky" and to make yourself a bore, but be persistent, patient, gentlemanly, and impress the buyer by repeated calls, characterized as above, with the idea that you mean to obtain his acquaintance, secure his confidence and make a customer of him. Only lazy or incompetent men, or those who inwardly feel that their goods are not just right, need to resort to treating in order to secure trade. All others can rely on push, tact, open eyes, square dealing, clear consciences, and keeping everlastingly at it.—*John P. Faure in St. Andrew's Cross.*

THE RESTFUL YOKE.

MARK GUY PEARCE tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden:—

"I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said, 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about; I could have told you something.'

"'Well, my friend,' I said, 'it is very good of you. May I have it still?'

"'Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you.'

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he exclaimed, shaking his head; "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke, and the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said." (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing).

"He went on triumphantly: 'Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than on the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the strong one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder.'

"Then his face lit up as he said: 'That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light—because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder.'"

"So shall ye find rest to your soul."
—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

DRESS SIMPLY FOR CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

In several European countries it is not considered a mark of good breeding to wear handsome clothes to church. The wealthiest and high-born, as well as the middle classes and wage-workers, dress simply and inconspicuously. It is yet to be proved that a rich dress, a costly bonnet, and a display of gold and precious stones are an aid to one's devotion. It is well known (at least by the clergy and the poor and struggling working woman) that they are stumbling blocks to the devotion of others. And "that charity which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own," would decree, if it were heeded, a change in the Sunday fashions which would be of untold benefit to religion, the Church, and the souls of the plainly-clad masses.—*The Diocese of Springfield.*

THE HUMAN HAND.

THE human hand is the most wonderful tool in any workshop. It is a profound study. No instrument devised by man compares with it for complication. It is a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spring, a weight; it pushes, it draws in; and the fingers alone con-

tain elements of chisels, gouges, and all the tools a sculptor requires in modelling. From the elbow to the digital extremities its movements are produced by nearly fifty muscles. So complicated is the cordage of a human hand, that expert anatomists can hardly keep in remembrance its intricate mechanism. With it all the emotions of the mind may be both manifested and intensified. How could a Frenchman talk with his hands tied? The hand is the prime minister of the brain. It is the soul's agent in the accomplishment of its designer. It is a wonder of wonders.—*Churchman's Magazine.*

HOLD THE TRAIN.

"MADAM, we miss the train at B—,"

"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.

"Impossible, it leaves at three,

And we are due a quarter past."

"Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then,

Are you a Christian?" "I am not."

"Are there none among the men

Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—

I think the fellow over here,

Oiling the engine, claims to be."

She threw upon the engineer

A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."

"Then, oh, sir, won't you pray with me,

All the long way that God will stay,

That God will hold the train at B—?"

"Twill do no good: it's due at three,

And"—"Yes, but God can hold the train;

My dying child is calling me,

And I must see her face again—

Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod

Emphatic, as he takes his place.

When Christians grasp the arm of God,

They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train

On time, swept past wood and lea;

The engineer with cheeks aflame,

Prayed, "Oh, Lord hold the train at B—!"

Then flung the throttles wide, and like

Some giant monster of the plain,

With panting sides, and mighty strides,

Past hill and valley swept the train.

A halt, a minute, two are gained;

Along these burnished lines of steel

His glances lean, each nerve is strained,

And still he prays with fervent zeal;

Heart, hand and brain, with one accord

Work while his prayer ascends to Heaven,

"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,

And I'll make up the other seven,"

With rush and roar through meadow lands,

Past cottage home and green hillsides,

The panting thing obeys his hands,

And speeds along with giant strides,

They say an accident delayed

The train a little while; but He

Who listened while His children prayed,

In answer held the train at B—.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

JOY IN SORROW.

If none were sick and none were sad,

What service could we render?

I think if we were always glad

We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need

Our patient ministrations,

Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed

Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,

And every wish were granted,

Patience would die and hope depart—

Life would be disenchanting.

—*Scrapbook.*

SIX GRAVE-DIGGERS.

HENRY MUELLER, a pious German, used to say: "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave-diggers. The first is called 'Drunkenness.' How many kill themselves by excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much water. Therefore, young man, if you wish to live, give up drinking.

"The second is called 'Lust.' How many have thereby hastened death! By unbridled appetite the body is weakened and loses its strength. Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed?

"The third is called 'Wrath.' Sirach says, 'Jealousy and anger shorten life,' and Paul in the book to the Galatians places next to each other wrath, strife, and murder. Wrath brings on strife; strife is often the cause of murder.

"The fourth is called 'Disobedience to parents.' We know what a blessing the fifth commandment proclaims, Who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break.

"The fifth one is called 'Bad company.' How many who thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living being cannot bring the dead body to life, yet the contaminating odour of the corpse will ultimately kill the living.

"The sixth and last is called 'Idleness.' It kills man though he seems alive. 'Is an idle more use than a dead body?' When the tree will not bear any more fruit it is cut down and thrown into the fire. Ye who have a desire to live, consider this, and leave these grave-diggers and pall-bearers alone."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A murre with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:

"Ain't you 'shamed you sleepy-head."

—*K. L. Stevenson.*

Mrs. Scarrow's Mistake.

At the top of the first flight of stairs Mrs. Scarrow put down her basket and leaned against the wall. She was large and stout, and her basket was heavy—so heavy, indeed, that she had brought it to the corner of the block on the street car.

Such an expressive basket! There was a great roast of pork at the bottom and a sack of flour at one side. This paper contained sugar, that cornmeal.

"Corn-bread's good enough for me," said Mrs. Scarrow, "and if I can eat it I reckon they can." Therefore a generous supply of cornmeal was never lacking in her numerous baskets.

There were links of sausage, a roll of pudding, a kettle of lard, what not?—in this capacious receptacle.

Mrs. Scarrow was a district visitor of the Ladies' Charitable Organization. She tried to be just in all her dealings; an angel of mercy to the deserving, a terror to the deceiving poor.

"Three more flights," she said. "Last floor, first door to the right. It beats my time! What makes people live in perches like this? Not but what folks live where they must, not where they please. I suppose if we all had our way, Mount Vernon Place wouldn't accommodate us."

She reached the last landing and paused for breath, leaning as usual against the wall. The place was very still—so still that from the first room to the right there came distinctly the sound of knives and forks in rapid motion, and then—oh, the depravity of these people!—these words came to Mrs. Scarrow's ears:

"Have another piece o' turkey, a big piece, do! I cut this a-purpose for you. Reach over your plate now."

"I had so much already I can't hardly breathe," answered a voice, as if the repletion of the feast had affected its utterance.

"Turkey," thought Mrs. Scarrow, holding up her hands, "at this time of the year! Never less'n twenty-two cents and a half a pound. Turkey!" To think that she had carried that basket up all those steps for this!

She resolved to wait and listen, and report the case to the Board.

"You have another piece o' turkey, Miss Ganz, an' some more pertatoes an' gravy an' stuffin' an' things."

"Me-a-ow!"

There was a shrill laugh, followed by a sound of disapproval.

"Miss Ganz don't perfer no more. Keep right where you are till I bring the plum-puddin'."

Plum-pudding, indeed! There were people of Mrs. Scarrow's acquaintance, well-to-do at that, who thought themselves lucky if they got plum-pudding at Thanksgiving and Christmas, with some left over to be warmed for next day.

"This here plum-puddin's good," said a critical voice in gruffest tones.

"Give me some more of the gravy."

"Taint gravy."

"What then?"

There was a moment's pause. Then the answer came doubtfully: "Sauce, seems to me, like. Don't you want some more, Miss Ganz?"

"Me-a-o-w!" followed by the same shrill laughter and reproach.

"Now I'll get the ice-cream, Jinny, if you and Lucy's had enough. There's as much as ever you can eat."

Ice-cream! Ice-cream of a week-day! Mrs. Scarrow could scarcely restrain her anger. And not satisfied with one plate, not two plates even, but as much as ever they can eat! The Board should know of this!

"Then we'll have the oranges an' nuts an' candies. Them oranges ought to be sweet—they cost enough, goodness knows! Miss Ganz don't eat oranges, poor thing! Well, I can't help that."

Mrs. Scarrow's patience could endure no more. She picked up her basket and marched down stairs.

Midway of the first flight she met a woman coming in from the street—a small, thin woman, in a faded shawl and a shabby black hat, who smiled feebly when she recognized the visitor.

It was a chill October day. A blast of wind swept down the staircase, and closed the door at the foot with a loud noise.

"Mrs. Ruggles," said Mrs. Scarrow, severely, "I've just been up to your room, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Ruggles, regarding the basket with anxious eyes. She had had a previous acquaintance with that generous basket, and although she inwardly rebelled against cornmeal, she was grateful for assistance.

"Yes, ma'am, I've just been up to your room."

"Dear me, Mrs. Scarrow, I'm awful sorry you've had all that trouble for nothin'. An' you such a weight, too, to get up all them steps, let alone the basket. I says to Judy this mornin', 'Judy,' says I, 'don't you leave the room by no means.' An' she said she wouldn't. I hope you'll excuse me for mentionin' it, but are you sure you knocked loud enough, Mrs. Scarrow?"

"I didn't knock at all! Mrs. Ruggles, this has gone far enough! You can't deceive me any longer! Can you stand there, knowing what is going on up-stairs in your room, and look me in the eye?"

Now Mrs. Ruggles had been looking straight into her visitor's eyes, but immediately upon being asked if she could do so, she found it impossible to continue. She shifted her gaze uneasily, and clasped her hard little hands under her shawl, too much astonished to know what else to do.

"Turkey!" said Mrs. Scarrow. "And not only turkey, but potatoes and gravy and cranberries and things. Celery, too, no doubt. And if this isn't enough, what more?"

"Mrs. Scarrow!" Mrs. Ruggles struggled to protest.

"Plum-pudding," went on Mrs. Scarrow, raising her hand and her voice, "and to-day neither Christmas nor yet Thanksgiving day. Not even pancake day! Plum-pudding and ice-cream, ma'am!"

"Mrs. Scarrow!"

"Yes, and oranges, too,—sweet ones,—and goodness knows what all. Now, Mrs. Ruggles, what I want to know is, who pays for all this? How many charitable organizations do you belong to, ma'am? I'll go this minute and report this case to the Board, and you'll get no more help from me. Good morning, Mrs. Ruggles. I hope you'll enjoy your dinner! It's a better one than I shall sit down to!"

She was as good as her word. Worse still, she carried away that ample basket, leaving nothing but a spicy odour of groceries in its place.

Worse than all, an order for wood and coals, enough to keep poor, chilled Mrs. Ruggles warm for a month, went away with the district visitor. Mrs. Ruggles looked after her in dismay.

"She wouldn't listen to nothin' from me," she said, "not one word. Turkey! Who's got turkey, I'd like to know? An' plum-puddin'! Folks don't

get such like on washin' an' ironin' two days in the week at seventy-five cents a day, an' sick in the bargain; let alone them Chinese. Ice-cream and oranges! H'm!"

She started up-stairs, but paused, arrested by a thought.

"Upon my word an' honour," she said, as if she were about to cry, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Judy ain't been at it again! An' me so good to her! Now if this is what it comes to, bein' good to people when you ain't got anything for yourself, I give up."

She closed her lips crossly, and went slowly up the staircase. A few seconds later a lean gray cat sprang down and sought refuge in flight.

That august body was in session which was known to Mrs. Scarrow as "the Board." The president, with an expression of severe disapproval on her face, was summing up an eloquent report. The secretary, treasurer and lady managers—with one exception—also wore expressions of severe disapproval, and paid strict attention.

The one exception was a young lady, who suggested, with a great deal of energy, the possibility of a mistake. She had recently been elected to fill her mother's place, and was at once the admiration and distraction of her associates.

Miss Erroll insisted upon investigating the reports of the district visitors, sometimes bringing to light impositions, but oftener making deserving cases known. Despite much opposition, she was gradually making the service of the Ladies' Charitable Organization efficient and far-reaching.

While she did not doubt Mrs. Scarrow in the least, she was quite sure there had been a mistake.

"Mrs. Bradley, ma'am," Mrs. Scarrow said to the president, "I served the Board in Miss Erroll's mother's time—I was appointed at its first meeting, and never before have I been accused of neglecting my duty, not to speak of misrepresenting facts. It's about time I was handing in my resignation.

"I hope, I'm sure, you'll find an honest woman to take my place; but this I'll say, if it's my very last word,—turkey—and potatoes—and gravy—and cranberries—and plum-pudding—and ice-cream—and oranges and things was what I heard."

"Yes, but did you see?" persisted Miss Erroll.

"My dear Miss Erroll!" chided the president.

Mrs. Scarrow put her handkerchief to her face and remained silent.—*The Youth's Companion.*

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

The following may suggest to some mothers a pretty way of amusing children:—

After reading the "Three Golden Apples" by Hawthorne, to the little ones, they seemed so impressed with it that for many days they lived it over and over again.

One morning after a walk we came home with a quantity of soft, green moss, and some one suggested that we make a little garden indoors, for the weather was quite cool. We laid the moss upon a plate, smoothed and fitted it close. With an evergreen twig for a tree, some shells and ferns and pebbles, too, it was quite complete. And best of all, some one brought out a little piece of looking-glass, which we put away down in the bottom with the mossy banks built up around it so that it looked just like a little lake.

When it was completed some one said we should call it the "Garden of the Hesperides," for we had been talking all the morning of the hard time Hercules had in getting the three golden apples. It was a fine idea and we were all very glad to name it so. But we must have the apples of gold on our tree! So with a little clay brought from Kindergarten we rolled the three apples and with a thread fastened inside so that they could hang out a little for stems, we tied them on the tree. We also painted them yellow and dusted them with a little gold powder and they looked pretty enough for any king.

We cut out of paper a dragon and put it under the tree and made Hercules, also Atlas, with the world on his shoulders. The three fairies who told Hercules how to get Atlas to help him, and several other little things we added to make the story real.

The lovely garden lasted for a long time, and we watered it and told over it the wonderful story which we shall always remember.—*M. C. B. in The Kindergarten.*

THE WORLD AS WE MAKE IT.

"The world is even as we take it
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spake a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day,
Of what she heard her grandame say.
Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,
Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame;

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
She cleared her brow; and smiling, thought,
"Tis even as dear grandma taught!

"And half my woes thus quickly cured.
And other half may be endured."
No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.
A little child in love and trust,
She took the world as—we too, must—
In happy mood; and lo! it grew—
Brighter and Brighter to her view!
She made of life—as we, too, should
A joy; and lo! all things were good.

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said, "Let there be light."
—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

THERE are very few men or women with character stalwart enough to endure continuous idleness, writes Dr. Talmage. I see a pool of water in the country and I say "Thou slimy, fetid thing—what does all this mean?" "Oh," says the pool of water, "I am just stopping here." I say: "Didn't you drop like a beautiful gem into a casket of other gems as you tumbled over the rock?" "Oh, yes, I sang all the way down from the cliffs to the meadow." I say again: "Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes, I used to earn my living." I say again: "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die, accursed of God because I have nothing to do." Sin is an oldurate that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping in the wind. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and week days, thank God for plenty to do.

To dare is great. To bear is greater. Bravery we share with the brutes; fortitude with saints.—*Charles F. Deems.*

Parish and Home.

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THE world's estimate of a blessed state and Christ's are vastly different. Blessed are the rich, the noble, the powerful, says the world. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the mourning, says Christ. As Mr. Spurgeon put it, "I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary that you should drivel down into a king." It is sad to see many who might have taken a high place in God's kingdom "driveling down" into only wanting to get a foothold in "good society," and the emptiness and bitterness of it when it is reached! Do not drivel down, but climb high with this ideal before you, that he is noblest who serves God most.

WE worship what we desire most. Of course men will not say that they worship what they desire most, for then what funny idolatries there would be. Fancy worshipping a new house, or a fine picture, or a bank account with the balance on the right side! Or fancy a woman worshipping a ball dress finer than any one else's, or a diamond bracelet, or a sealskin jacket! But it is true we worship what we desire most. Next Sunday, when you hear the *Venite* in church, look into the face of that hard business man who sits in the next pew and see if he does not mean something of this kind: "O come, let us sing unto money. For money is a great god and a great king, above all gods. In his hands are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his also. O come, let us worship and fall down and kneel before money, our maker."

THE first place in which a man's religion must exercise itself is not the market place or the pulpit, but the home. Nearly every one is living with others about him, and in that sense has a home. We put on our best manners when we go into the society of strangers, and in the same way many of us put on our best religion for the public meeting or the Sunday school, and are often conscious that the words which we say away from home would sound incongruous if uttered in the home circle. Is there not in this feeling the evidence that the light is not shining quite as purely in the daily life as it ought? "I know," says Bishop Phillips Brooke, "how often it is hardest to speak about the most sacred things to those who are the nearest and dearest to us. I understand that shrinking which keeps the brother's lips closed from urging on his own brother the truth and the persuasion which he will urge freely on any other man." Yes, all who have tried it know how hard it is to do. But if we watch for opportunities to show little signs of love, the way will be opened for the words which God calls upon us to speak.

QUIETNESS is a preparation for activity, as thought is a preparation for speech. We must learn to be quiet if we would learn to work. "A body cannot be perfectly active until it can be perfectly passive" is one of the sound principles of a new school of deportment. Christians must learn to rest, to shut out the thought of the many things that are on the mind, more numerous as we are more earnest, and to be still with God. We grow, it has been said, in the night. We grow strong in the stillness and rest of communion with God, and then when we open the door and the roar and clamour of life is heard once more, we are fresh and vigorous and can be calm in the tumult, and spend ourselves in His blessed service. Soon again we must come back to God to listen to Him, and we cannot hear the music of His speech until we are ourselves quiet.

INTOXICANTS AND TOBACCO.

I DON'T believe that any man who has any strength needs stimulants of any kind whatever. Intoxicating liquors don't do a healthy man good; they do him harm. It is an absolute fact

that drink interferes with athletic success. Occasionally an ignorant trainer will give a man a drink to get up artificial courage, but it is sure to result disastrously in the end. About smoking I would say the same thing, especially regarding cigarettes and the inhaling of the smoke. The ordinary use of the cigarette is bad enough, but it is not that which kills so many young fellows. It is the inhaling of the smoke that kills them. A cigarette fiend is a man that inhales. It is a habit of appetite that grows. You never hear of a man inhaling a cigar or a pipe. This is lost sight of in the crusade against the cigarette.—*Selected.*

PREACHING CHRIST.

ST. BERNARD once preached an eloquent sermon, which all the great and learned went away applauding. But he walked sadly home, with downcast eyes, while occasional sighs revealed a mind deeply dejected.

The next day he preached a plain but earnest discourse, which touched the hearts of many, but elicited no applause. That day his heart was glad and his countenance glowing. On being questioned why he should be sad when so applauded, and yet so cheerful when he received no praise, he answered:—

"Yesterday I preached Bernard's today Jesus Christ."

So we shall have most comfort ourselves in our teachings, when we have most of Christ in them. Then, too, we shall do most good to the souls of others.—*American.*

A PRAYING PEOPLE

MR. SPURGEON wrote to a young minister: "I wish you much success in winning souls for our Lord; but one great means to that end is a praying people to sustain you. Under God I owe everything to the prayers of my people. On Sabbath morning a little company meets at seven o'clock, just to light the fire early; at ten a larger number will be found pleading for the pastor. In my own vestry, before I go into the pulpit, the deacons and elders come in and pray with me, and this wonderfully sharpens my sword."
* * * I could not preach if the brethren did not pray; I would sooner be a shepherd on the hills."—*Wardlawhill Parish Magazine.*

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST CHILD AND ST. ANTHONY.

LONG ago there lived in the city of Padua, a happy little child whose name was Antonio. He loved birds and flowers and all beautiful things, and he was so gentle to everybody and everything that the white swans sailing on the water would follow at his call; the robins and swallows would come from their homes in the trees to eat out of his hand, and the lambskins in the meadows would even leave the mother sheep to play with the little Antonio.

As he grew older Antonio became a very studious boy, and I think his parents and teachers must have thought that his name was well chosen—for Antonio or Anthony, as we should say, means "worthy of praise." The book this little scholar loved best of all, was the one that tells the story of the dear Lord, who made the sun to shine, the birds to sing, and the trees and plants to grow for His children.

When Antonio became a man, he went far from his home to a country where the people were rough and fierce to try to teach them to be wiser and more gentle in their way of living with each other.

Antonio himself was so patient in his teaching, so brave and loving in all his work for them, that the people, rude as they were, would always listen to him gladly, and it was not long before many of them had learned a great many lessons of love from him, and they grew wiser too. When he was tired and sad because of all the cruel things he saw, and the cross words that he heard, Antonio would go alone to the shore of the great sea, and there he would talk to the Heavenly Father, and ask him to make the people better. One story tells that the tones of Antonio's voice were so sweet and strong that when he prayed by the seaside the fishes would come in crowds to the shore, just as the birds used to come to him when he was a little boy, and then Antonio would talk to them about the One who made them.

One day as he knelt by his table to pray, dressed in the coarse gown that he always wore, a most beautiful picture seemed to be opened out before him. He seemed to see the Lord Jesus coming to him in the form of a little naked baby. All around the Holy Child floated and hovered a host of

baby angels; but the Christ-child walked on the bright clouds as if he were treading on the earth.

Looking up, waiting and hoping, Antonio stretched out his arms—when, wonder of wonders! the Holy Baby seemed to come down into the good man's arms, and nestle close in his bosom.

Birds flew about the room, pecking at the tall white lilies which Antonio loved to have near him; the little troop of cherubs came and went, but still the child stayed with the man who loved him so much, until it seemed to Antonio that the Mother Mary came from the clouds and beckoned to her son,—and then the vision faded and Antonio was alone again.

But never, through his whole life could he forget the clasp of that baby's arms as they twined about his neck; and he longed more than ever to have the people about him know of the Loving One, who really did come down to the earth one Christmas day to be near his children.—*Alice H. Putman in the Kindergarten Magazine.*

OUR BELOVED SLEEPETH.

John 11. 11.

Oh! empty now my darling's bed
Where oft I laid his nestling head,
And sorrow's tears are vainly shed—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more I'll watch his slumbers light,
No more I'll kiss his wakening bright;
My sorrowing soul is dark as night—
Our little baby sleeps!

Closed, closed, alas! my darling's eyes,
Once sunny as the summer skies,
For death's cold hand upon them lies—
Our little baby sleeps!

Those winning smiles are faded now
That chased dull sorrow from my brow:—
Oh God! 'tis hard to bow,
And let our baby sleep!

No more his prattling words I'll hear—
Heaven's music to a mother's ear—
Oh! silent now his dead lips dear—
Our little baby sleeps.

No more, no more, at set of sun,
When father comes, and labour's done,
His tiny pattering feet shall run—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more his rosy lips I'll press,
No more I'll feel his soft caress:
Would God! would God! I missed him less—
Our little baby sleeps!

It must be! but I cannot still
The stinging pain of sorrow's thrill:
Oh! help me bow to Thy great will,
And let our baby sleep.

—R. A. Scott, M.A.

MONEY AND MORE MONEY.

My advice is that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that, and in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity for being rich.

I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. That he may still get more and more money, he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich," and it is true indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having enough, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang, often so heavily, at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.

I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings; one in Heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart: which Almighty God grant to you and me.—*Izaak Walton.*

In the daily events of our life we mistake the Divine for the human. You may cross a street, and not know the reason why, and in that very crossing you may unconsciously be obeying a Divine suggestion. You may hold over the letter box a letter, and suddenly you may say, "I'll not send it by this post," and your not sending it may occasion you a blessing you never thought of. You cannot account for these things. You say, "I thought just at the last moment I would not do so;" but that is a fool's explanation of

life. I rather believe that God's angels are just overhead, or just by your side, and that we do things by Divine impulse, without always knowing in reality what we are doing. You say, "Yes; but don't let us be superstitious." I answer, "I am more afraid of people losing veneration than I am afraid of their becoming superstitious;" and it is a poor life that does not begin in veneration, and continue in worship to the end.—*Dr. Parker.*

TO CONQUER the world by loving it, to be blessed by ceasing the pursuit of happiness and sacrificing life instead of finding it, to make a hard life easy by submitting to it—this was Christ's Divine philosophy.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Boys and Girls' Corner.

THE RUDDER.

Or what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide
o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass
away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to
seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to
move at the breeze's will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and
melting in distance grey;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the
winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on their
appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with
a staunch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the
will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night, that the
vessel does not feel

The force of the purpose that shapes her course
and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy,
on life's wide treacherous sea,—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to
stand the stress of the gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch
whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God,
shall conquer and prevail.

—*Celia Thaxter in St. Nicholas.*

A FOUR-FOOTED GENTLEMAN.

"OPEN the door, quick, Sybil. Don't you see my hands are full? What a stupid you are! Yes, that'll do. Now you can shut it after me."

And Archie came forward to the table where his aunt was sitting, a large tray, spread over with specimens of seaweed

that he had been drying and arranging, in his hands.

"Since when have 'if you please' and 'thank you,' gone out of fashion, may I ask, Archie?" said his aunt.

The boy grew very red, but he laughed good-humouredly.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "But Sybil doesn't mind. Do you, Sybil?"

"No," replied the little girl. "Archie isn't ever really unkind like some boys. Still, I think it is nice when people thank you and speak politely to each other. But still, of course, Archie is only a boy."

"And can a boy not be a gentleman, do you think, Sybil? What do you say about it yourself, Archie?"

"Oh, I know I should," he replied rather shamefacedly, "but you see, Auntie, I forget, or else even if I don't forget, it doesn't seem worth while."

"Be true to your instincts, my boy. Civility and gentleness are *always* 'worth while.' Above all, from man to woman, or boy to girl. And gratitude even for the smallest service is always the sign of a fine nature. That reminds me—"

"Of what? Do tell us, Auntie;" said both children, picking up their ears.

"Of a little adventure of mine the other day. It is nothing of a story, so don't expect one; for the word 'adventure' had evidently caught their attention. "But it was so pretty and touching, it struck me very much, and made me think how often we might, with benefit, take example by our humble brethren—even in *manners*, children."

"Do you mean poor people?" said Sybil doubtfully. "I know some are very good and nice—some *quite* poor children even. But a good many are very rough and rude, Auntie."

"Yes, and there is much more excuse for them of course, if they are so, for often they have not been taught better. But I was not thinking of people or children at all just then, Sybil. The little 'gentleman' whose manners I admired so much wasa—" She stopped again and smiled, while Archie and Sybil looked up in perplexity.

"A *what*, Auntie?"

"A little *dog*, my dears!—Yes; you may look surprised. Listen and I will tell you all about it. I was going from my own house to a friend's a few days ago, walking leisurely, for I was in no

hurry, and had not far to go. It was a quiet time of the day and not many people were about. I had made my way across our own square, and some short way down a street opening out of it, when my attention was caught by the sight of a little dog wandering along in an uneasy, rather aimless manner. He was alone evidently, for there was no one in sight whom he could be following—an errand boy or two, a postman and I were, I think, the only passers-by at the time. And he was far too aristocratic a little dog to have anything to do with butchers' or bakers' boys. He was very pretty and well cared for; his soft, flossy coat had evidently been recently washed and combed, and there was a general air of healthiness and prosperity about him, though he was neither over-fat nor pampered-looking. But just now he was clearly in trouble. He ran a few steps and then looked around him irresolutely; his bright eyes glanced all about him anxiously. I wondered what was the matter and stopped short, half intending to pat him or speak to him, when suddenly, seeming to catch sight of me for the first time, he made the first advances by trotting up to me and sniffing me in an inquiring manner. He liked what he saw of me; for he gave a little quick friendly bark, and then, wagging his tail, looked up at me appealingly, ran on a few steps and then stopped short, looking back to see if I were following him, and when I did so, again he barked, again he ran on a few steps, and stood looking back wagging his tail. It was as plain as any spoken words; he was asking me to do him a service. And thus he led me down the street, round a corner, and a few steps along another row of houses, where he stopped in front of a door, looking and wagging his tail without going on further. Nobody could have failed to understand him.

"Here is my home, kind lady. I have got shut out, please to ring the bell for me."

"I rang, of course, and very quickly the door was opened, and in he rushed, and, satisfied that he was all right, I was turning away, when—this is the point of my story—I heard a bustle and fuss just inside the closing door, my friend's bark, rather vehement this time, a voice in remonstrance 'what can he want?' then the door opened and out he sprang again. He looked around

eagerly, and as soon as he saw me stood still on the doorstep, gave a quick cheerful little bark, wagging his tail with the greatest energy the while, and with still another 'bow-wow,' turned around and ran in quietly. It was the plainest "thank you ma'am for being so kind" that ever was spoken in dog or any language. Now *don't* you call that behaving like a gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed," said the children heartily; and Archie, whose trayful was ready for some other process by this time, turned to Sybil with deference.

"Please, Sybill, will you kindly open the door?"

She did so and he disappeared, but in a moment his voice was again heard begging for re-admittance.

"I beg your pardon," he said "I have come back again to say 'thank you.' If I *had* a tail to wag I could do so."

But though they got some fun out of it, I don't think Auntie's anecdote did Master Archie any harm.—*Mrs. Molesworth.*

ON TRUTHFULNESS.

"Above all things, tell no untruths, no not in trifels. The custom of yit is naughte, and let yit not satisfie yow that for a time the hearers take it for truth, for after yit will be known as yit is, to your shame."—*From a letter of Sir Henry Sidney to his little Phillippe.*

JENNIE and I were reading together the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and we came to the passage which I have quoted above in a quaint and beautiful letter which was written to Sir Philip when he was a little boy at school, by his father. When I had read to the end of the sentence I paused.

"I wish," said I, "that I could print that sentence in letters of gold upon the walls of every school room in the land. I wish I could tell it to every boy and girl whom I know, and make them feel its force."

"Why," said Jennie in a surprised way. "Do you think boys and girls are so untruthful?"

"I am sorry to say it," I answered, "but I think a good many of them are not perfectly truthful."

"I never told a lie in my life," said Jennie proudly, "and I know plenty of other girls who never did either."

"I am sure, Jennie," I answered, "that if you discovered that you had made a misstatement about anything you would at once correct it, but was it not you who gave Maggie Upjohn no

less than five correct dates in her history examination, and helped her on two examples, and let her copy from your definitions besides?"

"Well," said Jennie, "yes, I did, but I don't call that anything."

"Did Mrs. Annersley know it?" I asked.

"Of course not."

"Would she have allowed Maggie's examination to pass if she had?"

"Certainly not," answered Jennie, "I see what you are aiming at, Miss Margaret; of course I would not accept any help on my examination, but the girls would have thought me awfully mean if I had refused to help Maggie."

"That is where a school girl's code of morals is often defective," said I.

"You helped Maggie to do what you knew to be wrong, and what you would not do yourself, because the girls would think you mean if you didn't. To put it in plain English, you helped Maggie to deceive your teacher, and what is that but untruthfulness? It is not always that one can trace the consequences of such a deceit, but in this case the effect is very plain. Maggie did not gain her promotion by honest work, and therefore she will not be able to keep her position in her class. Mrs. Annersley was speaking to me of her yesterday. She said Maggie had been so idle that she was surprised at her being able to win a promotion, and that she was evidently unable to keep her new position now that she had it, and she should be obliged to put her back where she was before. That will be a just punishment for Maggie; but," said I, pausing and speaking gently, "how will the girl who helped her to commit the fraud be punished?"

"Dear me, Miss Margaret," said Jennie, "you do call things by such dreadfully plain names. I suppose now that I cannot rest till I have been to Mrs. Annersley and told her about it."

"You forget that you will be obliged to involve Maggie in your confession," said I. "'Never tell on a schoolmate,' was one maxim of my code when I was a school girl, and it is a rule that I still believe in."

"Mrs. Annersley never wants us to tell on each other," said Jennie quickly. "I will tell her about it but I will not mention Maggie's name. Of course it was a mean thing to do," said Jennie reflectively, "a very mean thing, for Mrs. Annersley always puts us on our

honour during examinations, and then trusts us perfectly. I will never do such a thing again."

Exaggeration is a very prevalent form of untruthfulness, and it is a fact that a person who long indulges in the habit becomes at last incapable of telling the truth. The moral vision becomes so blurred that one is unable to perceive the outlines of any truth clearly and to present it as it is.

Pretnce is only another form of untruthfulness. How many a school girl pretends to be brighter and better than she really is—pretends to a genuine knowledge when she has only a smattering—pretends to qualities which she never possessed, and to virtues which she never practiced.

Ah, if people could realize how useless such things really are, for we are always estimated at our true value in this world. We can deceive no one for long. It is only by being genuinely noble and good and true that we can win love and trust and honour in return, and such a character is not built easily or soon.

Once some One lived in this world for more than thirty years as boy and man, and one of his names was Truth, He felt every temptation that can come to boys and girls, and He resisted them all, and if we watch Him closely and try to model our lives after His, we have His promise that we shall succeed. "We shall be like Him," and there is no other way than this by which we can attain perfect truth and honour.—*Eleanor A. Hunter, in Christian a Work.*

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"PHIL" whispered Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer—"nice for me."

"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes the canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, siree; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, won't your uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact; how about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons: then he looked at Phil and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat to the great man—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir, we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.—*Selected.*

KEY TO SUCCESS.

A FEW years ago, says a New York paper, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them a queer looking fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at the little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said, "Can't take him; places all full. Besides he's too small."

"I know he's small," says the woman, "but he's willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he did not see what they wanted of such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But, after consultation, the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protégé busy scissoring labels.

"I did not tell you to work at night."
"I know you did not tell me to; but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to double that boy's wages, "for he was willing." Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the street, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered in the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkle found himself clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle he was captured. Not only was robbery prevented, but valuable articles stolen from other stores were discovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all the others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

"Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." In 1869 that boy was receiving a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars; and in 1870 he had become a partner in the establishment. The moral of the story is, "Where there's a will there's a way." The key to success is, "willing and faithful." There is a vacant place for all such boys as the hero of this story.—*Selected.*

FREDDY'S PRAYER.

FREDDY is the little son of one of the best ministers in New England. One day, while he was out walking, he saw

for the first time in his life an intoxicated man, reeling from one side of the pavement to the other.

Freddy's nurse hurried him by while the little boy gazed after the man with tears in his blue eyes, he was so shocked and distressed at the sad sight. He asked a great many questions about it, which his nurse answered as well as she was able; but after she told him that men otherwise very good sometimes drank too much liquor, he was silent.

That night his mother, who knew nothing of what her little boy had seen on his afternoon's walk, was greatly astonished when he added this petition to his usual evening prayer:

"Dear Lord, please don't let papa ever get drunk!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLD.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it worth to you."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she did not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we kept an eye on them. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then I said: 'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That is the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald*.

WHAT A FREIGHT-MASTER DID.

AN engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now, get out of here!" he said, thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman."

"What's he been up to, Bill," said a man who was putting freight into the next car,

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected as he limped along by the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

"Hello, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

"The prospect of a little money

brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff, and cramped, and hungry.

"Do you live around here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer.

The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded, handed him twenty-five cents, saying, "We're short of hands in the freight-room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it."

The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight-man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you are cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it's likely that you've got into some scrape, for if you hadn't you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight-cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I am going to ask if you've got a mother?"

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different."

"If I recommend you at the office they'll take you; but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend your evenings and Sundays with me."

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice. "And if it hadn't been for my mother—well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched on the wrong track, I'm very sure, and as you haven't any mother to help you get on the right one, God helping me, I'll do it if you let me."

"Preaching isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is, the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he

would try. He was taken into the freight-yard and was under his new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christian sympathy, worthy any man's emulation.—*Youth's Companion*.

MY FATHER KNOWS.

IN one of the public schools in a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of "fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers also, one of whom, a young lady, actually jumped from the window. Among hundreds of children, with whom the building was crowded, was one girl, among the best in school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The colour, indeed, forsook her cheeks, her lips quivered, the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not.

After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her, how she came to sit so still without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such fright.


"My father," she said, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in school, I must just sit still. My father told me so, and my father knows."


How many of us trust just thus, and obey just thus, our Father in heaven, who has told just how to act in every possible situation, and has told us also how safely we can trust and confide in Him? How many of us are resting in our Father's knowledge?

Far out of sight while sorrow still enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide.
And oft its bliss is bought more wondrous told

us,
Than these few words "I shall be satisfied."


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