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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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"THE FOOL'S PENCE."

SEVERAL years ago, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin-shop, called "The Punch-bowl;" sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbour.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant paperings! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens!—all so bright and fresh. Then, the elegant stone copings to your windows, and those beautiful French window-frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteel boarding-school; your shop is the best furnished, and your cellars are the best filled in all this part of London. Where can you find the needful for all these grand things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of smiling contempt through the half-open door, into the shop filled with drouthy customers. "The fool's pence!—'tis the FOOL'S PENCE that does it for us," she said. And her voice rose more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ear of one customer, George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he

looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano; and he thought to himself, how strange it was—how curious—that all the wretchedness on his left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on his right!

“Well, Sir, and what’s for you?” said the shrill voice which had made “the fool’s pence,” ring in his ears.

“A glass of gin, ma’am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I have paid the last ‘fool’s pence,’ that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day.”

Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would have been struck by the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

“Your eyes are weak to-night, wife,” said George, “or else you have been crying. I’m afraid you work too much by candle-light.”

His wife smiled, and said, “Working does not hurt my eyes,” and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner, evidently as a culprit.

“Why, John, what’s this I see?” said his father; “Come and tell me what you have been doing.”

John was a plain-spoken boy, and had a straight-forward way. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said, “The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he

was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying, till I saw the tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring; "I said you were a bad man! I said, bad father!"

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said his mother: "but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife; and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up; and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children had gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength,—he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the "Punch-bowl," was walking with her daughters to the tea-gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; and had become at last half-drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from others

near it. Its good-natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to dry and wipe away the rain-drops and mud-splashes from the ladies' fine silk gowns, all draggled and soiled, and to repair, as far as possible, every mischief done to their dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and, as Miss Lucy said, they "began to look themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a large arm-chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and every thing in the room, suddenly started forward, and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Bible and whose face had just caught her eye, "Why, good man, we are old friends! I know your face, I'm certain: still there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manly, smiling: "now, thank God, I am comfortably clad, and in excellent health."

"But how is it," says Mrs. Crowder, "that we never catch a sight of you now?"

"Madam," says he, "I'm sure I wish you well; nay, I have reason to thank you; for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked, and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now; for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of your's last year, 'tis the 'Fool's Pence,' that has done all this for us. The fool's pence!—I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

Mrs. Crowder, never recovered the customer she had lost; and she was careful in the future never to let any of her customers overhear her telling that her riches were acquired by the "fool's pence."

JUST OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

I READ of a lovelier clime
Than earth with its summer array—
Beyond the dark mountains of time,
It stretcheth in beauty away :
The smile of our God is the light
That giveth the hue of its flowers,
And mantles each beauty-crowned height
With sunlight more tranquil than ours.
Just over the mountain it lies,
The sweet summer land of the soul ;
And O 'neath those beautiful skies,
No storm cloud ever shall roll.

A pilgrim and stranger I roam,
In search of that country afar ;
I read of a mansion, my home,
For beauty as bright as a star ;
The city prepared of our God
Hath dwellers within it I know—
Familiar its streets are now trod,
By those I have loved here below.
Just over the mountain it lies
And often in vision I see
The house of my Father arise—
The home of my kindred and me.

I journey by faith o'er the hills,
I wind through the valleys below,
Sing 'mid the storms and the ills
Which pilgrims must suffer and know ;
O shall I, some bright sunny morn,
Look down from the summit of bliss,
A pilgrim to angelhood born,
Escaped to that country from this ?
Just over the mountain it lies,
And there is the home of my heart ;
The sight of it gladdens my eyes,
And biddeth my sorrows depart.
And shall I that city behold,
Whose builder and maker is God ;

Whose walls are of jasper and gold,
 Whose streets by the angels are trod ?
 Shall I through the emerald gate,
 From earth and its desert of sin;
 Pass on to my angel estate,
 With Jesus forever shut in !
 Just over the mountain it lies,
 My home is the valley below ;
 And O what a joyful surprise
 To catch the first sight of its glow.

A pilgrim and stranger confessed,
 I look to the mountain of light,
 From whence the dear land of the blest,
 The Canaan I seek is in sight.
 O, Jesus, my Saviour and guide,
 I follow thy rough thorny road,
 Till with Thee I safely abide,
 At home in the land of our God.
 Just over the mountain it lies ;
 Contented and happy I roam,
 Till dropping this frail mortal guise
 I stand in the light of my home.

THE MISSIONARY CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A CHRISTIAN chimney-sweeper went to sweep the chimneys in a grand house in one of the West End squares in London. It was his first visit to this house. As usual he politely left a tract for the mistress, desiring the servant to say the sweep would be glad if the lady would kindly accept of it from him. This lady was a noted votary of fashion, and constantly surrounded with gay company. The tract was brought up by the servant on a silver salver at the breakfast time, when the lady and her friends were assembled. Being naturally of a genial disposition, she received the tract with a hearty laugh, which was joined in by the other guests, the lady remarking, "I should like to see the fellow the next time he comes to sweep the chimneys. Tell him I want to see him. I will have some fun out of him."

Not long after, the interview took place, when instead of making "fun" of the worthy man, the lady was evidently impressed with his simple but striking testimony, and especially with the following words which he used:—"I am a very happy man, and can look forward to the end of my life with joy, for I know I have a rest above." The lady bade the sweep good-bye.

Years passed over, when one evening, to the surprise of the sweep, a footman in livery came to his door, and said, "My mistress is dying, and she asks if you will come and pray for her." The good man quickly washed and cleaned himself and accompanied the servant to the house. On arriving, he was at once ushered up into a magnificent bed-room. The lady instantly recognized his face, and said:

"Seven years ago, when I wanted to make fun of you, you told me that you were a happy man, and had no fear of death. I am dying now, and I want you to tell me how it is that the fear of death can be taken away."

This humble home missionary, in reply, repeated slowly and distinctly the never-to-be-forgotten words of our Lord's, which are found in the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of St. John: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He then in simple but forcible words explained how a poor sinner, when seeking for pardon, has only to *accept* the proffered salvation. He then prayed with the dying lady; and He who has promised to hear and answer prayer was graciously pleased to vouchsafe His blessing. During the night the messenger of death arrived, but not before the dying lady expressed her trust in our precious Saviour.

THE FORGIVEN SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER, whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England, was about to be brought before his command-

ing officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said:

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" was the inquiry.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" said the colonel, surprised at the suggestion.

He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying: "Well, we have resolved to forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired—to be the old refractory; incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and forgiven, ever afterwards feared to offend.

Shall the goodness and grace of God have less effect

on us? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. Let the forgiven fear.

THE USE OF CONSCIENCE.

THERE is a story told of a certain prince which gives us a good illustration of the use of conscience. It is said that this prince had a ring given him to wear on his finger. This ring had the strange power of contracting and squeezing his finger whenever he was going to do anything wrong. It was given him to be a help to him in doing what is right; and he was told that so long as he wore it and minded it, he would be happy and prosper. At first he felt very glad to have the ring, and thought a great deal of it. But after a while he began to feel vexed at it, because it pinched him so often, and prevented him from doing what he wanted to do. One day he had set his heart on doing something that he knew was wrong. His faithful ring warned him not to do it. Then the ring pinched him so hard that he got angry with it, plucked it off his finger, and threw it away; and then, like a horse that has broken its reins and run off, he soon found himself in great trouble.

During the reign of Queen Mary, in England, good Bishop Latimer was brought to trial for his religion. In the room in which his trial took place was a curtain, and behind this curtain was a man writing. Whenever he answered a question he could hear the sound of this man's pen, as he wrote down every word that was spoken. The Bishop said that the sound of that pen made him feel very careful to say nothing but what he knew was true. And this is just the way we should feel all the time. Conscience, God's secretary, is writing down everything that we do, whether it be good or bad. And the book in which all this is written is, no doubt, "the book of God's remembrance," that the Bible

tells us about, and out of which we are to be judged at last.

Some time ago two young men went to a livery stable to hire a horse and carriage. They told the keeper of the stable that they only wanted to go to a village seven miles off. When they came back, the man thought the horse looked as though he had been driven much farther than that. He asked them how much farther they had been. They said they had only been to the next village. Then he opened a box that was fastened to the side of the carriage. In this box was a little thing almost like a clock. This had the power of keeping a correct account of every turn made by the wheels of the carriage. It did this by pointing with a finger to the figures on a dial-plate. The man knew how many turns of the wheel it took to make a mile; and so when he saw the figure at which the finger pointed, he knew in a moment how many miles the carriage had been. As soon as he opened his box he saw that the carriage had travelled thirty miles, instead of fourteen. Those young men didn't know that they were carrying with them a silent witness against themselves. They didn't know that that little instrument was keeping a correct account of every yard of ground they went over. And just so it is with conscience. It is busy all the time; and at last it will give a correct account of all that we have done.

A boy once stole a half sovereign. No one saw him except God and his conscience. Nobody suspected him. But he felt so unhappy, so uneasy, and ashamed of himself, that he could not have a moment's peace or comfort night or day. He said to himself, "Why, this is dreadful. I can't stand this for all the sovereigns in the Bank of England." So he brought the money back to the person from whom he had stolen it. He confessed his sin and asked to be forgiven; then he felt relieved.

and happy again. It was conscience that made this boy feel so unhappy, and compelled him to come and confess his sin. Conscience found it out.

Some years ago a gentleman who lived on the island of Barbadoes, owned a large plantation and a great number of slaves. One time a sum of money was stolen from his office. He believed it had been stolen by one of the slaves, but was at a loss how to find out the man who did it. His slaves, he knew, were poor, ignorant creatures. They had never had any Christian instruction. They thought of God as a great serpent who lived in the woods near their plantation; and they stood in great fear of this serpent. So he thought he would make use of the power of conscience to find out the thief. Having called his slaves together, he spoke to them thus: "My boys, the great serpent appeared to me last night, and told me that the person who stole my money would have a parrot's feather grow out of the end of his nose as soon as I snapped my fingers three times." Then he deliberately snapped his fingers, keeping an eye on the men as he did so. Just as he gave the third snap, he saw one of the men put his hand to his nose, to feel if the feather was coming. He charged him with being the thief, and found the lost money hidden away in his cabin. It was the power of conscience in that poor slave which made him feel for the feather.

God uses conscience as a guide to keep us from doing wrong; as a clerk or secretary, to keep an account of what we do; and as a detective, to find out sin when it has been committed.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

Life's a sea, on which the sunshine
Struggles with the deepest gloom,
Peering sometimes through the cloud-rifts,
Lights our journey to the tomb.

Wave on wave, with careless rolling,
 Urge us on the restless tide,
 While the fitful winds of fortune
 Toss our barque from side to side.

Sometimes, as our fellow voyagers
 Pass us to the mystic shore,
 We, as shadows deepen round us,
 Wish that we were safely o'er.

But the time draws ever nearer,
 When no gloom, or cloud, or night,
 Ever more shall cross the sunshine,
 Ever more shall dim the light.

When the sea's rough waves shall never
 Toss and threaten to destroy ;
 But the presence of our Saviour
 Give eternal peace and joy.

THE RECEIPT.

SOME time ago, I was standing with a commercial gentleman in his office, conversing with him about his eternal prospects. He was one who manifested some anxiety as to the great question of his soul's salvation, and I had frequently spoken to him before. On the occasion to which I now refer, we were speaking about the ground of a sinner's peace in the presence of God. There were some files hanging up in a corner of the office, and pointing to them, I said, "What have you got upon those files?"

"Receipts," said he.

"Well," I said, "are you not anxious about the amount of the various bills?"

"Not in the least," he replied; "they are all receipted and stamped."

"Are you not afraid," I continued, "lest those persons from whom you received the bills should come down upon you for the amount?"

"By no means. They are all legally settled, and do not cost me a single thought."

"Now, then," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "Will you tell me what is God's receipt to us for all that we as sinners ever owed to Him as a righteous Judge?"

He paused to consider, and then replied, "I suppose it is the grace of God in the heart."

"Nay; that would never do. God's grace in my heart is no receipt for all I ever owed Him."

My friend paused again, and then said, "It must be the knowledge of salvation."

"No; you have not laid hold of it yet. You cannot but see the difference between your knowledge that these bills are paid, and the receipts which you have on your file. You might know they were paid, and yet, if you had no receipt, your mind would not be at ease."

"Well," said he, "it must be faith."

"Not right yet," said I. "Faith is no receipt."

At length feeling assured that he had the true answer, he exclaimed,—

"It is the blood of Christ."

He seemed a good deal disappointed when I still demurred, and quite gave up the attempt at further reply.

"Now," said I, "it is most blessedly true that the blood of Christ has paid the debt which I, as a guilty sinner, owed to divine justice; yet you must admit there is a difference between the payment of a debt and the receipt. For, even though you had seen the full amount paid down, yet until you were in possession of the receipt, your mind would not be at ease, inasmuch as there was no legal settlement of the transaction. You must have a receipt. What, therefore, is God's receipt for that heavy debt which we owed him? Blessed be

His name, it is a risen Christ, at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. The death of Christ paid my debt; His resurrection is a receipt in full, signed and sealed by the hand of Eternal Justice. Jesus 'was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.' Hence, the believer owes not a fraction to divine justice, on the score of guilt, but he owes an eternity of worship to divine love, on the score of free pardon, and complete justification. The blood of Christ has blotted out his heavy debit; and he has a risen Christ to his credit.

"How marvellous that a poor guilty creature should be able to stand as free from all charge of guilt as the risen and glorified Saviour! And yet so it is, through the grace of God, and by the blood of Christ. Jesus has paid all our debts, discharged all our liabilities, cancelled all our guilt, and has become, in resurrection, our life and our righteousness: If it be true that, 'If Christ be not raised, we are yet in our sins,' it is equally true that, if He be raised, we who believe in Him are not in our sins."

THE ENGLISH GIRL AND THE SENTINEL.

AN INCIDENT OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The tocsin boomed at dead of night, to arms the murderers flew;
Ere dawned the beams of morning light they had a deed to do,
Within the cruel realm of France the Huguenots to slay,
To smite with sword and spear and lance the young, the fair, the
gay;

To kill the brave Coligny too; and dye his hoary head
With many a stain of crimson hue, and cast him forth when dead.
King Charles has seized a loaded gun, like cheetah scenting blood;
There at the dawning of the sun within a niche he stood,
And shot the wretched Huguenots, who sought their lives to save,
By flying their pursuers' shots across the Seine's blue wave.

"Slay, slay them all!" the tyrant cries; "behold them, how they
fly!"

"Let not one Huguenot arise, strike home and let them die!"

While laughed the wicked Catherine, and cruel Prince of Guise,
To see the carnage and the sin which followed their decrees.

Just two short weeks before the fray some joyous girls were seen,
Upon a burning August day, with lightsome step and mien;
Passing within an ancient street they heard a feeble moan,
And saw upon an old stone seat a sentinel alone.

He raised his weary aching eyes: "Kind ladies, help!" he cried;
"No one had pity on my sighs, I thought I should have died;
Ill and athirst for hours like years, I dared not leave my post;
If one a cup of water bears the deed shall not be lost."

All turned from him with scorn save one, a gentle English girl;
'Though of her school the pride and sun, and of her friends the
pearl,

She brought the fainting sentinel the boon so humbly craved,
And words of pity softly fell as his hot brow he laved.

He asked her where she made her home, and what they called her
name;

She told him o'er the salt sea's foam to *la belle France* she "came,"
And where she dwelt,—then hastened on nor heeded scoff or jest;
Full little cared she for their scorn, her happy heart at rest,
She thought of One who ever hears the cry of want or pain;
And as she thought her grateful tears fell down like summer rain.

When in the dreadful massacre of Saint Bartholomew
To fill their ghastly sepulchre those girlish forms they slew,
Not one escaped from deadly harm save that fair English maid,
Protected by a soldier's arm from glittering sword and blade.
She looked in her deliver's face, she saw the sentinel,
Regardless of the time or place her grateful accents swell.
He whispered, "Hush! if for thy aid thy life I now have given;
Thank thy own kindly act, fair maid, and thank protecting Heaven,
For of the souls that slept last night there now remain but few
To gaze unscathed upon the light of Saint Bartholomew."

THE HOT SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

Away up in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia there
are many wonderful mineral springs—the White and
the Red Sulphur, the Warm and Hot springs, the Healing
springs, and many others, too numerous to mention.

But the Warm and the Hot springs are the most wonderful of all.

The largest of the warm water springs is said to throw up forty-five thousand gallons of water every hour; and the water, which is slightly tinged with blue, is so clear that you could easily see a pin at the bottom, although it is five feet deep. Gases are constantly bubbling up, some of the bubbles of the size of a tiny pebble, and others as large as a hen's egg: they come racing up from the bottom of the spring, chasing one another, and looking so merry and full of life.

There is something very curious about one of the Hot springs: you can stand up to your chin in water so hot that it almost scalds you, and at the same time put your foot on a particular spot and feel the cold water coming up through the pebbly bottom.

Near this spring is a cave, whose farthest extent has not yet been reached, and still further on is the "sunken chimney." This is a large hole in the ground or rock, over which the road lies. How deep this hole is, no one knows, for the rocks that have been thrown into it have never been heard to strike the bottom; they go bounding down, down, until the sound is lost, and they are hid from view by the heavy cloud of vapor which arises.

No one has yet discovered where this immense body of hot water comes from. Just think, how much fuel it takes to warm one little kettle of water, and then think of this hot water pouring itself night and day out of the ground! Does it not seem very wonderful?

Some persons tell the little boys and girls who visit the springs with their parents, that they keep an old woman up in the mountain, and pay her to heat the water. This is wrong: they should tell them that it is one of the works of our Creator, and thus lead them to praise and to love Him who has made all things so wonderful and so very beautiful.

THE OLD CLOAK.

SOME soldiers, passing during a time of war through a certain village, asked for a guide. A poor old day laborer offered himself. It was bitter cold and snowing fast. The old man asked several of the farmers to give him a cloak, but no one paid any attention to him. Now there was an aged soldier, who, wishing to get money enough to take him home, was working with the blacksmith: he saw the poor, shivering old man, and gave him an old cloak of his own.

The soldiers went on their way, and toward evening a fine young officer, richly dressed in elegant uniform, came into the village and inquired for the man who had given the guide a cloak. The moment the tender-hearted old man saw the officer, he cried, "Oh, mercy! that is my son, Rudolf," and rushing forward, pressed him to his bosom.

Rudolf had been in the army for several years, and had, by his bravery and good conduct, risen to a high rank. He had sought in vain for his father, and little thought to find him at work in a small village smithy. But he had caught a glimpse of the old cloak on the guide, and learned the whole story. He knew it was his father's cloak, and, as soon as he could, hastened back to the village. Father and son wept for joy, and all the people who stood around wept with them. Rudolf remained all night with his father, and in the morning left him a purse of gold, and promised for the future to take care of him.

Every one said, "Had the old soldier not been so kind hearted, and helped the poor old laborer, God had not taken pity on him and sent him back his son."

BLIND AND DEAF.

THE Bible tells us that woman is to be a helpmate to man, and the man is to be the support of the woman.

To make married life a source of happiness, affection must rule the hearts of both. The married pair must be mutual helpers, one to the other. The conjugal state becomes a smooth and pleasant road, fringed with fragrant flowers, which bloom even in the depth of the winter of adversity and sorrow!

"I have read," says the author of a recent work, "a beautiful illustration of this point: A lady, travelling in Europe, visited, with her brother, a town in Germany, and took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and woman. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping-rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the persons, says:—'When we knocked at the door for admittance, the two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, the husband and wife invariably came, side by side. And our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, having arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance. When the time to retire came, the lady was surprised to see both the husband and wife attending her to her chamber, and on looking, with some seriousness, toward the husband, the wife, noticing her embarrassment, said to her, 'No offence is intended, madam; my husband is stone blind.' The lady began to sympathize with the aged matron on the great misfortune of having a husband quite blind. The blind man exclaimed—'It is useless for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and hears not a word you say.' Says the lady boarder—'Here was an exemplification of the divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better matched? They were indeed 'one flesh.' He saw

through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after it was most interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their complete inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and this made their deprivation as nothing." This beautiful domestic incident would only suffer from any words of comment.

WHICH TRACK?

YES, mother, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings only last half a jiffy."

So said my boy to me last evening, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to switch off a locomotive on to the wrong track? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right track, and the cars will go on safely.

"So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, 'Lord, save me.' It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart, 'Lord, give me the Holy Spirit; make me thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave thee.'

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care.' It takes but a moment to say, 'I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be switched on to the right track, or on to the wrong track, in a moment of time,

and either run safely to the end of life, by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Dear reader, is your soul on the right or wrong track?

WHY ARE YOU NOT A CHRISTIAN?

THE following questions and Scriptural answers are applicable to those who have not as yet become real professing Christians:

1. Is it because you are afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of you? "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians? "Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because you are not willing to give up all to Christ? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because you are afraid that you shall not be accepted? "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because you fear you are too great a sinner? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because you are afraid you shall not "hold out"? "He hath begun a good work in you will perform it, unto the day of Christ Jesus."

7. Is it because that you are thinking you will do as well as you can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that? "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because you are postponing the matter without any definite reason? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

WHAT KINGDOM DO YOU BELONG TO?

THE Gorman Emperor, while visiting a village, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After making a speech for them, he took an orange from a plate and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl coloured up deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as she thought she would, lest his majesty might be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or to say an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games of mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable dress.

ADVICE FOR ALL.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do not look for wrong or evil,
 You will find them if you do;
 As you measure to your neighbor
 He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
 You will meet them all the while;
 If you bring a smiling visage
 To the glass, you meet a smile.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

RANCID BUTTER.—This may be restored by melting it in a water bath, with some coarsely powdered animal charcoal (which has been thoroughly sifted from dust), and strained through flannel.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Instead of washing the hands with soap employ oatmeal, and after each washing take a little dry oatmeal, and rub over the hands, so as to absorb any moisture.

LEMONADE.—Powdered sugar four pounds; citric or tartaric acid, one ounce; essence of lemon two drachms; mix well. Two or three teaspoonfuls make a very sweet and agreeable glass of extemporaneous lemonade.

JELLY.—An excellent jelly for the sick room may be made as follows:—Take rice, sago, pearl-barley, hartshorn shavings, each one ounce; simmer with three pints of water to one, and strain it. When cold it will be a jelly, of which give, dissolved in wine, milk, or broth, in change with the other nourishment.

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal is insoluble in water, but absorbs a certain portion of it when fresh. It is also indestructible by fire if air be excluded, but when burnt produces carbonic acid gas, which forms one of the natural constituents of the atmosphere. The diamond is composed of pure charcoal or carbon. Plants obtain charcoal both from the atmosphere and from the soil.

WATER.—Water differs in quality according to the sources from which it is derived. Distilled water is unfit for vegetation owing to its freedom from many substances necessary for plants, such as charcoal, lime, potash, and ammonia. There is sea water, river

water, spring water, well water, and rain water which is the purest. Water acts as a fertilizer by absorbing the gases contained in the atmosphere, and then yielding those gases under certain conditions to become food for plants.

HEALTH IN YOUTH.—Late hours, irregular habits, and want of attention to diet, are common errors with most young men, and these gradually, but at first imperceptibly, undermine the health, and lay the foundation for various forms of disease in after life. It is a very difficult thing to make young persons comprehend this. They frequently sit up as late as twelve, one, or two o'clock, without experiencing any ill effects; they go without a meal to-day, and to-morrow eat to repletion, with only temporary inconvenience. One night they will sleep three or four hours, and the next nine or ten; or one night, in their eagerness to get away into some agreeable company, they will take no food at all; and the next, perhaps, will eat a hearty supper, and go to bed upon it. These, with various other irregularities, are common to the majority of young men, and are, as just stated, the cause of much bad health in mature life. Indeed, nearly all the shattered constitutions with which too many are cursed, are the result of a disregard to the plainest precepts of health in early life.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices; her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; and never, if possible, to have scenes. We doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVII.

An island ;
 A prophet ;
 One of the gospels ;
 A city .

The initials will form the name of the place where St. Paul was imprisoned.

NO. XVIII.

1. The name for bitter thus she called
 Herself when on returning home ;
 A faithful servant old and tried,
 Who for his master's sake did roam.
2. A dweller of that doomed plain,
 Who kept the faith when others fell
 A son of Adam, by whose hand
 His brother's fate refused to tell.
3. Where rose a standard of revolt,
 A city once the place of Kings ;
 A sin for which a house was doomed,
 The news of which a prophet brings.
4. The father of an apostle name,
 A fisherman he was by trade ;
 The wife of one restored from death,
 One of the last with whom Paul prayed.
5. A woman for whom others wept ;
 A prophet taken from the plough ;
 A man whose wife extolled in song ;—
 The riddle can you name it now.

The initials will form the name of a King of Jerusalem.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XV.

Samson.

NO. XVI.

Justification.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 40.—What lesson may be drawn from the parable of the importunate widow ?
- No. 42.—What is the meaning of the name Isaac ?
- No. 43.—Where is the first schism recorded in the New Testament ?
- No. 44.—Which of the prophets was termed "Evangelical" ?
- No. 45.—Why did our Lord reprove the Jews for proselytising ?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

36. Eleven hundred and ninety. 37. Pharisees and Sadducees, by Christ and John the Baptist. 38. A political party in the Jewish Church. 39. Isaiah. 40. Agrippa.