

The Bar.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence derived
This name for a depot of spirits of evil?
Was the name of some sly friend of virtue
contrived,
Or like the thing named, did it come from
the devil?

I'll tell you its meaning—'tis a bar to all
good,
And a constant promoter of everything
evil;
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that's well under-
stood—
A bar to the right and a door for the
devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence, and
wealth;
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;
A bar to clear thought, and a bar to sound
health;
A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and
to piety;

A bar to the sending of children to school;
To clothing and giving them good educa-
tion;
A bar to the observance of every good rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and nation;

A bar to the hallowed enjoyment of home;
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous
ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor, and fame,
To friendship and peace and connubial
love,
To the purest delights that on earth we
may claim,
A bar to salvation and heaven above!

Bearing Another's Burdens.

Willie Sands was a very little boy.
He was so small that, if you were to
judge from his size, you would call
him about six years of age. Yet if you
saw his face you would be quite puzzled,
for that would make you think him
nearly twice as old. And he had
indeed just passed his eleventh birth-
day.

When Willie was only four years
old, he had a very severe fall, and he
had never grown much since then. His
parents did not notice this at first. It
was nearly a year after, that his mother
said, "Why, Willie has not changed
at all."

Then they began to watch him more
closely, and at last there came the
dreadful suspicion, followed by the
more dreadful certainty that their
darling son was becoming deformed.

Willie himself did not realize this
for a long time. It was very hard for
the little fellow to understand that he
could never be like other boys. When
at last he could not help seeing what
had been plain to everybody else long
ago, he thought he could never again
have a happy moment. For weeks,
he refused to be comforted, and his
constant thought was how God had
afflicted him.

But the dear Lord never gives us
more than we can bear, and by degrees
Willie's heart grew more cheerful, un-
til he would forget by days at a time
that he had any thing to trouble him,
and he was often as merry and jolly
as one could wish to see.

Still this was his great cross after all
and it sometimes grew very heavy.
On the day of which I write, Willie
felt that his burden was almost too
heavy to carry. It was in the early
spring, and the children were begin-
ning to start their outdoor sport. It
was baseball today, and Willie was as
interested as any of them.

"But you can't play, Willie Sands,
you are too little," cried one of the
boys.

"Oh, let him try," said another
kind-hearted.

So Willie tried his best, but he was
not strong enough to bat well, or tall
enough to catch well, and his back was
weak that he could not run half as
fast as the rest.

Willie saw this himself, and when
the first speaker called out roughly,
"What's the use of keeping this up?
You are only spoiling the game for
everybody but yourself." Willie laid
down the bat and walked quietly away.

He seated himself under an old elm
tree, some distance off, and there he
could no longer restrain the tears that
came fast and hot down his cheeks.

"It is not so much the baseball I
am for," he said to himself, "but it's
being to be this way all my life long.
I shall always be 'spoiling the game'
for other people."

Willie was crying very softly; so soft-
ly that you couldn't have heard him
if you stood close by, so his own
sobs did not prevent his being startled
by the sound of some one else in dis-
tance.

Starting up to see whence it came,
soon made up his mind that the
sound was from the cottage of Mary,
the washerwoman, just across the way.

He inside the door, sat her little
daughter, Jennie, crying and sob-
bing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said
he hastening to her.
"She is crying for what can never be
lost," said Mary, "replied Mary,
the Lord has taken away her sight,"

and I wish she would make up her
mind to bear it bravely. But she
nearly breaks my heart with her moan-
ing and weeping, and I am sometimes
afraid she will wear her life away sor-
rowing."

"It is so hard to be lame too," re-
turned Willie thoughtfully, thinking
of his own hard lot.

"Lameness is not half as bad as
blindness," cried Jennie passionately.
"Perhaps you can't run and play as
much as you like, but I can't run and
play at all, and I can't work a bit to
help my poor mother. You can see
the grass and the trees and the faces
of those you love, but I have to sit all
alone in the dark; I can't see anything
but darkness!"

Willie opened his blue eyes wide. It
was a new idea to him that his trial
was a light one, yet surely it was not
to be compared to the one this poor
child had.

"But Jennie," he asked, after a
pause, "you have been blind a long
time. What makes you cry so hard
today?"

"It is a present from her Uncle John
in New York," replied Mary. "He
meant it kindly enough, I am sure,
but he sent her a fine book, full of
stories, and it only serves to remind
her that she can't read them."

"Can't some one read them to her?"
said Willie.

"Well, you see how busy I have to
work all day. I told her to be patient
till night, and when my work is done
I'll try to read a bit to her, though it's
but poor work I make of reading, in-
deed. The school children used to
come in at times to amuse her, but
they are all busy with baseball, now-
adays."

"If you'll only stop crying, Jennie, I'll
come in every day and read to you un-
til the whole book is finished."

"The Lord bless and reward you,
Master Willie!" cried the poor mother
in gratitude, while Jennie thanked
him by drying her tears as fast as she
could.

Nor did Willie forget his promise.
Every day, when the ball players were
to be seen on the green, Willie could
be found at Widow Mary's house.
After Uncle John's book was finished,
there were plenty more to be read,
and Willie found enough to last all
summer.

I think the sight of little Jennie's
sufferings did him a great deal of good.
In trying to make her burden easier,
his own grew so much lighter that he
often forgot he had any.

"I think," said his mother one day,
"that Willie has the Lord's peace in
his heart. Nothing but that could
change our poor little cripple into the
happy, cheerful boy he now is."

Frank's Victory.

"You did!" said Joe.
"No, I did not," quietly answered
Frank.

"I say you did, and if you say you
didn't, that is the same as calling me
a liar, and nobody shall call me a liar."

Joe was a splendid looking fellow,
the envy of all the boys, for he was
the best cricket player in the school.
But he had a quick temper, and it was
very easy for him to get into a fight
when he was angry. Some of the
boys hinted that he didn't try to con-
trol his temper because he was the
best fighter in the school.

"He always manages to keep cool
when Frank is around," said big Tom.
"Frank is his match; so we'll never see
that fight," he added, sneeringly.

But it looked as if we should see it
now. Frank stood in the bowler's
position, his black, curly hair thrown
back from his forehead, his fair face
looking almost white as he tried to
control himself. Joe, slinging his bat
away, came toward him, walking on
tip-toe and slightly sideways, with his
fists doubled. We knew what was
coming next. Everybody had run in
as soon as we saw there was going to
be a fight. There he stood, with his
hands by his side, saying, as Joe
rushed at him, "I never call a boy a
liar—"

But Joe had struck him a blow
on the face that had sent him reeling
past some of the little boys who had
got there. Frank recovered himself
in time to take another blow then
another and another, saying merely,
"I did not call you a liar."

"Shame, to hit a fellow who won't
hit back," cried some one of the big
boys, and then caught Joe's arm and
held him, struggling. And there
stood Frank, his face all bruised and
bleeding, a sight I shall never forget.

"Why on earth didn't you fight him?
You are his match any day."

"No; I am trying to be a Christian,"
replied Frank, "and I don't think it
right to fight."

"You are a fool, that's what you
are!" said big Tom. "Are you going
to let your face be battered up in that
way by every bully that comes along?"

"I can't help that; but I have made
up my mind never to strike back as
long as I live."

That evening in Frank's room might
have been seen a sight that none of us
would have thought possible—Joe
kneeling to Frank, begging pardon for
what he had done.

"Why, Joe! Get up this instant!
Of course it's all right between us;
and Frank lifted Joe. As they shook
hands, Joe said:

"But can I ever forgive myself for
striking you as I did?"

"Joe is conquered for once," said
one of the boys at supper.

"I always said Frank was his match,"
replied big Tom, "but I didn't think
he was going to take that way to con-
quer him."

Boys, do you think Frank was a
coward and a milk-sop? Why, we
thought him the bravest fellow in the
school!

Joe never struck a boy after that.
And what's more, it came to be con-
sidered a disgrace to get into a fight!
And all because Frank believed in
taking the words of our Savior liter-
ally: "Whosoever shall smite thee on
thy right cheek, turn to him the other
also."—*Sunday School Times.*

Long Sleep of Some Creatures.

All animals have their time for
sleeping. We sleep at night; so do
most of the insects and birds. But
there are some little creatures that
take very long sleeps. When they
are all through their summer work
they crawl into winter quarters. There
they stay until the cold weather is
over. Large numbers of frogs, bats,
flies, and spiders do this. If they were
only to sleep for the night, the blood
would keep moving in their veins, and
they would breathe. But in this win-
ter sleep they do not appear to breathe,
or the blood to move. Yet they are
alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The
warm sun will wake them up again.
They will come out, one by one, from
their hiding places.

However, there are some kinds of
animals that hide away in the winter
that are not wholly asleep all the time.
The blood moves a little, and once in
a while they take a breath. If the
weather is at all mild they wake up
enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know
all this beforehand. Such animals al-
ways lay up something to eat, just by
their side, when they go into their
winter sleeping places. But those
that do not wake up never lay up any
food; for it would not be used if they
did.

The bat does not need to do this;
for the same warmth that wakes him
wakes all the insects on which he feeds.
He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot,
does not wake, yet he lays up dried
grass near his hole. What is it for do
you think? On purpose to have it
ready the first moment he awakes in
the spring. Then he can eat and be
strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that this sleep lasts
all winter. But with some animals it
often lasts much longer than that.

Frogs have been known to sleep sev-
eral years! When they were brought in-
to the warm air they came to life, and
hopped as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found
in the middle of a tree, fast asleep.
No one knew how he came there. The
tree had kept on growing until there
were sixty rings in the trunk. As a
tree adds a ring every year, the poor
creature had been there all that time!

What do you think of that for a long
sleep? And yet he woke up all right,
and acted just like any other toad!

How many things are sleeping in
winter? Plants, too, as well as animals.
What a busy time they do have in
waking up, and how little we think
about it.

A Little Sermon.

Children who read my lay,
Thus much I have to say:
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right!

Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars, and all,
You shall have light!

This further I would say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true!

True things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Do not forget a kind word to each
member of the family on parting at
night or a pleasant greeting on meet-
ing in the morning.

NO.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father
of the famous Maria Edgeworth, often
declared that he owed the greater part
of his success and influence in his own
immediate circle, through remember-
ing and profiting by his father's dying
words to him:

"Richard, learn to say no."

One day last summer I passed a group
of boys on my way to church, and
chanced to overhear the following con-
versation:

"Charley, won't you come fishing
with us down the river?"

The answer did not come immedi-
ately, and it was weak and hesitating,
"N-o."

"You don't think it right, do you?"
sneered one of the boys.

"No," this time it was stronger and
there was no hesitation.

"Well, are you coming? Yes or no?"
"No." It came out with an honest,
manly ring, and the little fellow turn-
ed on his heel and walked off with the
air of a conqueror.

He had learned a lesson that morn-
ing—not an easy lesson either, one
that took courage and determination—
he had learned to say no.—*Selected.*

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O V E R
N E W S
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5, 9 is what many will do at this sea-
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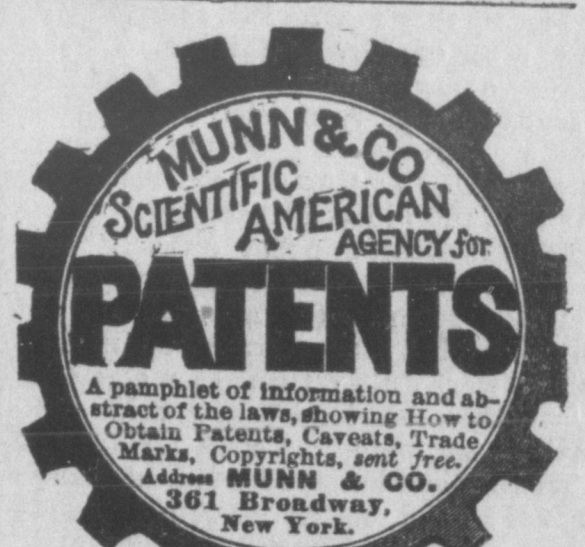
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