*The Lord's Prayer in Acrostic.

Make known thy Gospel truths, *our* father king,
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father* from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of love."
Assuage our grief, *in* love *for* Christ, we pray
Since the bright prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display
Infant *being*, first a man *and* then wa crucified,
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* made known,
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice.
New labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own;
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *Thy*self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will* we live *for* vanity.
Loathing thy very *being*, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done*, *from* earth to heaven
Reclining *on* the Gospel, let *us* live
In *earth* from sin *deliver* and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *its* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe
Carnal *in* mind we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven* in *us* hope bestow,
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way,
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us stay.
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespasses* may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, "*and we*" will bless thy name,
In thy *forgiveness* we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son *our* Saviour—bled on Calvary.

*The *acrostic*. "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ" The words in *italics*, read from top to bottom—left—and from bottom to top—right—form the Lord's Prayer. By experts this is thought to be one of the most remarkable compositions on record.

A Strange But True Story.

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pasture manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas!. no. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine, rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briers and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they then been idle? Some had. But larger numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor too but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interferred with his neighbor. And a vast amount of labor, too, had been lost in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet. The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital expended according to his direction would have brought the whole demense into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various but all reclaimable soil barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary! They were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well! they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the whole property to order. But they did not do it. Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that; but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves. They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely; not wise men? Traitors, not true servants of their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know that the Master said, "Go ye into all *the world*, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and 1,895 years after, they had *not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one half of the world!*—*Mrs. Grattan Guinness.*

Home Duties.

"It is very seldom now that we are all at home together at evening," said a mother, not long since. "There are so many calls upon our young folks nowadays that home duties seem oftentimes of minor consequence. So many meetings, societies, and clubs take the children away from me that I really see but little of them."

There was a wearied, disappointed look on that mother's face, and probably there were loving duties her children owed to her which outside claims upon their time and strength had made them lose sight of. All these efforts to help others are praiseworthy, and the good accomplished can not be estimated. Never before have the ways and means of carrying out Christ's injunction to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and care for the stranger and the sick ones been so practical and Christ-like as they are now. But we must all remember, first of all, our duties to those who are our dearest and nearest friends; those who have given us so much of their love and strength; those who have made many sacrifices for us.

"You were not at the King's Daughters meeting yesterday," said a young girl to her friend, whom she met on the street.

"No, I fully intended going, and was so sorry to be disappointed, but when I got home from school I found mother had a severe headache. She did not ask me to stay at home, but I felt that I ought to help her. I hope to be there next meeting."

The dear, good mothers, who work so hard to have the home happy and bright, feel as if their effort had been wasted, when the children always seem to prefer some other place rather than their own home. You do not know how much they value the companionship of their children, and how much of sweetness fills their lives when the young folks give up some pleasure for the mother's comfort and help.

We have all seen boys and girls, who just as soon as they get into the house begin to tease to go somewhere else. They can not content themselves to stay, even for a little while, in their own homes. The poor mother wonders why the home is not more attractive to her children, so she doubles her energies to make it more so. It is not the mother's fault, it is because of the growing restlessness of this age to be doing something different all the time. As you all grow older you will find that there is no place like the dear old home which you left when you went out into the world to take care of yourselves as men and women.

Make your home as bright and happy and loving as you can. Do all the good you can outside of it, but be sure to do all the good you can to the dear ones inside of it.

"Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord, the King, shall appoint" Take hat for your motto. If you have planned some work elsewhere, and circumstances arise which show you that your duty is at home, don't be put out and go about the work you know you ought to do with a protesting look or a martyr-like expression on your face. Such service is not true or loving service.

Miss Havergal says: "If we are really, and always, and equally ready to do whatsoever the King appoints, all the trials and vexations arising from any change in his appointments great or small, simply do not exist. If he appoints me to work indoors to-day, am I to be annoyed because I am not to work out of doors?"

The years will soon come when the home will be necessarily broken in many ways. Thank God that you can help now to make it the sweetest place on earth to all who live in it.—*Evangelist.*

The Story of a Testament.

Inhabiting a beautiful valley at the foot of the Sufed Koh range, half-way between Bannu and Cabul, is the Afghan tribe Turis. Unlike their Sunni neighbors, they belong to the Sheak sect of Mohammedans, and so have always remained separate and apart from the surrounding tribes.

Eight years ago one of their leading men, who had heard about Christianity and desired to know more, received a Pushtu Testament (Loewenthal's) through an officer on duty there, with whom he used occasionally to talk about religion. Then his officer left, and after a lapse of eight years, another officer in the district reported that the man had been diligently reading the book, and was converted to its teaching. That valley having so far been untouched by the efforts of any mission, and the nearest missionary station being Bannu, the Bannu medical missionary undertook the journey, taking with him a supply of Bibles, Testaments, and religious books, in Arabic, Pushtu and Persian, as well as some medicines to insure a welcome.

For several days the guest of the owner of the Testament given eight years before, he was not a little pleased to notice the effect produced through that book on the man's life. Almost every day during those eight years he had read it diligently (as was attested by its well-worn appearance), and he confessed to having found in it the words of eternal life. The people of his village, including their priests and influential men, had been accustomed to gather in his house and hear him read and preach from the wonderful book. As a result many became anxious to read and search for themselves. "For," they said to me, "we see what an effect reading this book has had on his life. From being hard and tyrannical, he has become kind and forebearing and just, and we wish to read for ourselves to see how this has been brought about."

Hence many were the ready applicants for Bibles, and very eagerly and sincerely were many of them read by men who already had a fair idea of the great gospel truths through the preaching of this one man in a land far removed from missionary work, which preaching was an effect of the reading and study of the Holy Word, aided only by the teaching of the Holy Spirit—teaching for which the man had made it his habit to pray daily.

A Poor French Shepherd And His Bible.

In a village in France lived a poor shepherd with his wife and eight children. Although he found it no easy task to get, from his low wages, sufficient food and clothing to supply the wants of ten people, he contrived to save enough money to buy himself a new Bible, his old one being nearly worn out. When I say he bought a new one I mean new to him, for as he could not afford to pay a high price, he got a a second hand Bible; but it was in good condition, and had large, clear print—a very necessary thing, for the shepherd was growing old.

He made good use of his Bible, and spent many a happy evening in reading to his wife and children some of the Psalms or beautiful stories out of the Old or New Testament.

He was reading one Sunday, soon after Christmas, when he came to a place where two leaves were stuck together. He got a knife and cut them carefully apart. What was his surprise to find between them a bank note for twenty dollars. His astonishment was great, but while he sat wondering, his eyes fell upon a strip of paper, upon which these words were written—"This sum of money has been collected with much labor, and as all my relations are rich, people who have no need of it, I leave it to whosoever reads this Bible."

Probably this curious will had been made by some one who had found in God's Word the joy of his life, and who, having no children, and no relations in need of money, wished his savings to fall into the hands of some one to whom they would be of real use, and who also loved his Bible.

How many people would be glad to find a similar treasure in their Bibles! But greater treasures still are to be found in the Word of God, treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt and which thieves can not break through and steal. Seek them there and you are sure to find them.

Look Out For the Rocks.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and not one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but the sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

Defeat and Victory.

At the bloody battle of Marengo the French line fell back in a complete rout, and the officers rushed up to their commander, crying: "The battle is lost!"

"Yes!" exclaimed the general, "One battle is lost, but there is time to win another."

Inspired by his faith and courage, the officers hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won.

So if we are thinking of battles lost during the year, in school or business, or, worse still, in character—lost temper, lost patience, lost spirituality or prayerfulness—let us remember that there is yet time to win another battle. Raise the standard once more, take fresh courage, put on the whole armor, and God will surely give us the victory. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*The Rev. W. H. Pope.*

Manners When at Church.

No, your manners in church are very bad. And shall I tell you to whom you are rude? To God himself. You have no right to saunter lasily up the aisle in the house dedicated to Him.

You have no right to move about, arranging stroking, and straightening your gown; your manners should be quiet and in good order.

You have no right, during the time the hymn is sung, to carefully observe the bonnets and wraps of the congregation.

You have no right to discuss the sermon as you walk down the aisle. The preacher has done his best, and in the name of God, and you have no right to criticise him.

You wonder if you have committed all these sins; and you do not believe you have. My dear, think it over, and you will find one or two may be laid at your door. Only little faults, only little rudenesses, but to the King of kings.

Gentleness Toward the Weak.

With a tender regret for lost opportunities, who has not sometimes seen a mature woman timid, self-conscious, handicapped from youth to gray hairs simply because she was a "backward" child once, and therefore was snubbed and ridiculed and pushed into the back-ground, while her sisters and brothers bore off the honors and were the objects of universal estimation? A wrong for life was done to the little daughter, and her daughter may perhaps suffer from the same old mistake, for wrongs are far-reaching. Be pitiful and just to the backward child in your home.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Permature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

If you do not want to be tempted, keep your thought from all that is evil.

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