

THE NOBLEMAN'S OFFER.

Lord Congleton, one of the band of earnest Christian workers, among whom Lord Shaftesbury was perhaps the most widely known—men who would be noble without hereditary titles, and who share that exceptional grace to which not many mighty or noble are called—had thrown himself heartily into evangelical work both among the London poor and upon his own estates. Not being gifted with all that persuasiveness of speech which some possessed, he found that few believed his report, and grieved that the message of God's love which he bore was rejected and neglected by so many. Pondering the matter in his mind, he sought to teach his tenants a lesson of faith which they could not well forget, and which might incline them to believe the testimony concerning Christ and his great salvation.

The session of Parliament was over and he started for his country-seat. The morning after his arrival he had the following notice posted in various conspicuous places about the village that lay upon his estate, and on the great gate of his private grounds:

NOTICE.

"Lord Congleton will be present, with his steward, at his office in the village, between the hours of 9 a.m., and 12 noon, — day of —, and will then and there pay freely all accounts and debts, to whomsoever owing, of any of his tenants who cannot discharge their obligations. To avail themselves of this offer, the applicants must present their account in the form of separate bills, containing the exact amount and nature of the debts owing to each creditor. They must give also a statement of their own means and whatsoever property they may have. CONGLETON."

Soon around each placard a crowd began to gather. Curiosity, astonishment, possessed the villagers. "What does it mean?" Crowds gathered around the office. To one and all the steward gave only one answer: "That is Lord Congleton's signature: the notice speaks for itself." Further explanation of his master's motives he refused; nor would he answer any questions. "He was simply ordered to fix up those placards. That was all he knew."

The day drew on, with an increasing excitement on the part of the poor. Some looked at the latter clause. It seemed to intimate they must surrender all they had to claim the benefit. They were not insolvents, and so they concluded not to apply. Others had accounts of a nature they did not like to expose to his lordship. Others had little faith in the whole matter. 'Twas some new, unaccountable whim of Lord Congleton's. "But there's his own signature; he'll never dishonor that," said a neighbor. And so discussion ran high.

Many gathered up their accounts, and made out the required statements, resolving to see how others fared, and if they succeeded, present their list of hopeless debts. Some planned how to keep back part of their assets, and some again, deterred by arguments or ridicule, gave up all thought of the matter.

The day came, and the crowd of tenants and lookers-on were gathered near the office. All efforts to gather any further information were fruitless. A little before the hour Lord Congleton's carriage drove up, and he stepped hastily into the office, and the door was closed and locked after him. Precisely at nine a step came from the inner room, and they heard the bolt thrown back.

Men looked at each other. None were willing to go first, fearing either the confession of poverty or the ridicule that would meet an unsuccessful application. "You go and try, Jones," said a man to his neighbor. "I'm not so poor as you think for," was the reply, albeit each had shown friends their lists, and consulted with them about the debts they meant to present. So the minutes wore by, while men looked upon each other and waited.

It was near ten o'clock when an old couple, who, for two or three years had been inmates of the poorhouse, entered the group before the office. "Is it true," they said, "Lord Congleton has offered to pay all our debts?" "Don't know; he has paid none yet." "But has any one been in?" "Not yet." Just then the notice hanging outside the office-door caught the old man's eyes. It was faded by sun and

rain. "Why, wife," said he, "this has been there for days, and I know his lordship's signature. Thank God! we can die at least free of debt," and they started for the door. "Ay, ay; you go first, old man, and tell us how you fare." "I don't think you are out of the poorhouse yet." "Guess he'll be fooled." So their neighbors' comments fell about their ears as they entered.

Within the inner office they found Lord Congleton and his steward. The old man laid his statement and bills upon the table, saying: "These are my debts, My Lord. I have nothing, but live in the poorhouse. This, however, matters little if I die debt free."

"Why should I pay your debts?" asked the nobleman.

"I cannot tell why except that you say you will. I know your signature, and I believe your promise."

"That is enough," said Lord Congleton.

The steward then made up the account, and drew a cheque, which he handed to his master. He looked at it, compared it with the statement and passed it with his signature to the old man. He earnestly thanked his benefactor, and then started to the door saying:

"I must tell my neighbors." "No, you must not," said Lord Congleton, "they must trust my word."

Then the old couple were shown into another room to wait till twelve, and in the meantime the steward told his master their history. Coming down from comparative comfort, their poverty had been misfortune, but not fault. Lord Congleton was interested in them, and ordered the lease

The Hem of His Garment!

"If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole."—MATTHEW ix. 21.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on ly touched the hem of His gar - ment As  
 2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She  
 3. He turned with "Daugh - ter, be of good com - fort, Thy

1. to His side she stole, A mid the crowd that  
 2. knew her, Lord had come, She felt that from Him  
 3. faith hath made thee whole!" And peace that pass eth

1. ga - thered a - round Him; And straight - way she was whole.  
 2. vir - tue had healed her; The - migh - ty deed was done.  
 3. all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment! And thou, too, shalt be - free!

His sav - ing power this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee!

breaking; the enemy were becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns; there was not a moment to be lost. Lieut. Doughty and Sergt. Reese, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long, dark gallery which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrible forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect at which the spark had been arrested, and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach.—Gen. Horace Porter in the Century.

AN INCIDENT FROM NORTHFIELD.

During the last Convention Mr. Moody was speaking upon prayer, and an incident occurred illustrating his subject, which made a profound impression, and came home to everyone. He said true prayer consisted of ten elements, Adoration, Confession, Restitution, Thanksgiving, Unity, or Brotherly Love, the Spirit of Forgiveness, Faith, Ask (with a beggar's importunity, a servant's docility, and a friend's confidence), Perseverance, and, last, Submission. When he came to the third element, Restitution, a man rose in the audience and cried out:—

Mr. Moody, let me cut in here. I went to Texas five years ago, having cheated my creditors of 15,000 dollars. My wife and I thought we were real smart. We settled in one of the cities, bought a nice house and furnished it tip top, grand piano, Brussels carpets, and my wife thought no end of the lace curtains. But we had hardly got settled down when Mr. Moody came along, and, like others, we followed the crowd of "professors" and church members. He preached the same sermon we have so far heard to-night. The Spirit of God convicted me and my wife both of sin, on this head of Restitution; and we went home perfectly miserable. I said, "Loo, what are we to do?" "Do!" says sho; "you know what to do without asking me; repay everybody to the last cent." No sooner said than done; the house was sold and an auction called right away, and, oh, the joy I had in handing up the silverware and the china. The piano and all went, but my wife was so happy at parting with the lace curtains it was really curious. Then we took two little rooms, a bed-room and a kitchen, and the only table we had was the one we had used in the kitchen for chopping meat on; but the Lord filled us with himself, and we had peace and joy, because we had pardon and a clean conscience. The dear Lord has blessed me far above my desert and beyond what the devil led me to steal, and we have come to Northfield to praise the Lord and carry back with us to Texas a fresh baptism of the blessed power which set us free five years ago.

There was hardly a dry eye in the great audience, and to watch Mr. Moody was a study—he did not say a word, but looked over his glasses now on one side, now on the other; all over the house, then, after the pause had had its effect, he quietly went on with the next head of his discourse.—The Christian.

of a little place to be made out in their name, which he added to the cheque.

Outside the time wore away, and as the old people did not come forth, all settled down to the opinion there was nothing in it. Twelve drew near. Men looked at each other, but did not go. Slowly the hour rang out, and with the last stroke the door opened and the old man came out. "Have you got your money?" With that he showed his cheque. "Good as a note of the Bank of England!" There was a rush around Lord Congleton as he entered his carriage, and men shook at him their statements. "My Lord, will you pay my debts?" "Lord Congleton, here's my account."

"Friends, it is past twelve o'clock," said he, as he drove away.

COURAGE OF HIGH ORDER.

When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed and the national troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works, as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach, the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted, and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed, and no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful, and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was

Do NOT WASTE a minute, nor a second, in trying to demonstrate to others the merits of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you can not vindicate it, but you can labor steadily on, to something which needs no advocate but itself. . . . Toughen yourself a little, and accomplish something better. Inscribe over your desk the words of Rivarol: "Genius is only great patience." It was Keats, the most precocious of all great poets who declared that "nothing is finer for purposes of production than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers."

REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.