

the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've see'd the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-crying like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great, hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth, and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable, and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be, and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be going below, so I just wish yer good-night.—*Selected.*

### WAITING PATIENTLY.

I sometimes pause, and wonder why,  
And feel perplexed, and give a sigh,  
Yet clinging to Thy Word—  
I ask, how long shall wrong prevail,  
And on my heart distress entail?  
I humbly ask Thee, Lord.

Thy cause is very dear to me,  
Thy truth must have the victory,  
Hence, for Thy Church I pray;  
The Church, bought by Christ's precious  
blood,  
Which boldly Satan hath withstood—  
Standing in fierce array.

I know that if I calmly wait  
The crooked things Thou canst make  
straight,  
The hidden things reveal;  
Thou canst give grace to conquer sin,  
Thou canst renew my heart within—  
The broken spirit heal.

My heart shall not indulge a doubt,  
That Thou wilt compass me about—  
Help me to pray, and stand;  
Wait patiently, with faith's bright shield,  
Be firm—nor waver—never yield—  
Upheld by Thy strong hand.

—*Rev. Charles Collins, D.D.*

### THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

Confession must come before pardon, and pardon before power. Dr. Chapman, the famous evangelist, gives a bit of experience to prove this.

In a western city, a gentleman approached the evangelist laboring in the city with this question: "Can you tell me why it is that I have no power in my Christian life? I have a class of men in the Sunday-school, and have had for three years, and have never been able to lead one of them to Christ."

The evangelist replied: "It may be because your heart is not right with God, and that you are hiding some sin."

The man's face became pale, and then in the secrecy of the minister's room he made his confession: "Twelve years ago I was a clerk in a mercantile establishment in the city of P—. One night in balancing my books, I had two hundred dollars for which I could not account; my books were balanced, but the money was there. The books balanced the next day, and the next week, and the money was still not accounted for. Then the devil came to me to say, 'Use it; no one will ever know it, and you can put it back.' God pity me! I took it, and all these years I have had it. Here it is," he said, handing it to the evangelist.

"I cannot take it," he said, "you will have to make restitution."

The man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I can never do it. I have a position now worth twenty thousand dollars a year to me, and I should lose it if I were ever suspected of being dishonest in the past."

"It is either restitution or no power," said the evangelist.

The man was still for a moment; then, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, "I will do it if I die."

He made his way to the city where the wrong had been committed, into the private office of the man against whom he had sinned, and made confession.

The Christian merchant listened to his words; then, rising, he closed the door of the office, and said, "Let us pray about it."

They fell on their knees, and, when the prayer was offered, the merchant said to him: "Go back to your work, and God's blessing go with you. I forgive you just as freely as He does."

The man came back to his home with his face shining. The next Sunday he sat down before his class to tell them of Christ. He said to them: "I never knew till this week why it was that I could not get you for Christ. I have now found out. It was because I was not right myself." Then, turning to his class, he made such a plea as he had never made before, and with the result that every member of his class accepted Christ as Saviour, and a few Sundays after joined the church of which he was a member.

It is very easy to understand why. He had simply gotten right with God, and then the Spirit, who had been abiding in him all the time, used him; and that is always the Spirit's way.—*Golden Rule.*

### GETTING RICH.

It is a good thing to be rich, my boy; but money is not the best thing in the world. I doubt sometimes whether it is even one of the best things. I know that men do the wickedest things in the world for the sake of it. Get rich if you can, honestly and fairly and unselfishly; but do not be in a hurry about it. It is a curse of the age into which you have been born—the greedy haste to be rich; this branding every thought and every plan and every hope and aspiration with the dollar-mark, until the man's soul must look to the angels who can see it, like a show-window at a reduction sale, with everything in it tagged with a price. And the price is frequently a lie in the window and the soul. Men want to be rich; there is no great wickedness in that; but they want to be rich right away; and there is an evil in that.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

### SHALL I SPEAK, OR SHALL I NOT?

A Christian worker felt that he ought to speak to a young man who was living in utter neglect of spirit-