

"Forget you, lass," he said, "I never can." Moved, perhaps by the thought of what might have been, he leaned down and gently pressed his lips to her forehead.

"But if giving you up, lass," he proceeded, huskily, "will make you happy, why Jen"—there was an agonizing ring in his voice—"why, I give you up."

When she looked around again he was gone. All that night it froze hard, and the calm sea lay moaning like a dog on its chain. Shelah heard it as he stood in the lonely sentry box of the lifeboat lookout.

As usual, Shelah called at the "Ship" for Tom Reeks. He had barely entered when he heard a horse's hoofs on the hard road. A horseman reined up at the inn, and Shelah drew back into the shadow.

"Shelah!" It was Jenny who spoke. She stood, white and trembling, on the cellar steps. "Will—you take him this?"

Strangely fascinated at being called upon for such an act, Shelah took from her the measure of sparkling ale, and like a man in a dream, carried it to the door. With his head down he walked up to the rider.

A loud "Hem!" caused him to start and look up. Instead of the young brewer, he was facing the old one.

"No, my man," he said, "I don't care for anything as early as this. If you'll have the goodness to hold my horse while I dismount—I want to see the landlord. Is he in?"

Rivington, Sr., was a pleasant, chatty old gentleman, and he soon disclosed the object of his visit. A ball was going to be held at Herringbourne town hall, and he was distributing invitations to such of his tenants as chose to attend. As he was passing—quite by accident, he assured them—he felt he ought not to miss the landlord of the "Ship." There were the tickets, and he hoped that Reeks and his daughter would attend.

"I forgot to mention," he said blandly, as Reeks, after expressing his thanks, took them up, "that this ball is to be held in honor of my son Cyril's marriage. He is to be married this week to the daughter of a very old friend of mine—a man of Kent."

As he finished, a low, sobbing cry startled all but Shelah. A beer warmer had rattled to the floor, and Jenny stood vacantly staring into a little lake of the spilled liquid at her feet.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"How Wonderful."

He answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought.
With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free,
I stood amazed, and whispered: "Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!"
O, faithless heart! He said that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

The Secret of Success in Prayer.

Prayer is, without doubt, the great means of advance in personal religion and the spiritual life. But it is surprising, and most disheartening, how very little proportion the progress of religious persons bears to their prayers. Were the prayers formal—that is, were they said without seriousness and attention, and without any corresponding effort to amend the life—of course the reason of this barrenness would be plain. But this is by no means the case. The petitioner, in the case which we are supposing, seriously and earnestly desires spiritual blessings. He gives serious and close attention to the words which he employs in prayer. He strives to realize, when he employs them, the awful Presence of God. Yet, somehow or other, the prayer is not so successful

Word a wonderful clearing up of things which had been dark before, and a lucid apprehension of Divine Truth, they would be inwardly surprised, from the mental habit of disconnecting prayer with its effect, and would say: "What do I owe this to?" Now, what would this surprise argue? What does the want of expectation that good will result to us from our prayers prove respecting our state of mind? Surely, that we have no definite belief that the blessing will be granted—in a word, no faith in God's promise which connects prayer with the answer to prayer, the word with the power (St. Mark, XI., 22, 23).

Something like this is too often the secret process of our hearts when we kneel down to pray. Now, I am not going to plead for a fanatical view of answers to prayer. Growth in Grace, as in nature, may be so rapid as to be unhealthily rapid, as to indicate shallowness and want of depth. But one thing I do believe—to disbelieve which were the most unreasonable of all follies, to believe which is the dictate of the calmest, soberest, highest reason. I do believe that God is true. I do believe that whenever God makes a promise, He will assuredly fulfill it. I do believe that if you or I come under the terms of the promise, He will fulfill it to us. I see that he has promised the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him; and it were blasphemous not to believe that the Holy Spirit is able to surmount any and every difficulty.

It is no marvel that God withholds the blessing if we never seriously believed that He could or would bestow it. Having prayed, "Show me a token for



AURORA.

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" said Reeks, "you look as white as a ghost."

"Nothing, father," she answered, faintly; "nothing only the heat of the fire."

Shelah Baxter came out of the "Ship" and walked aimlessly down to his boat. The surf was boiling on the Scroby, and great rollers with foaming crests were racing in and tumbling upon the sunlit beach.

He stood awhile absently watching the little fountains which their recoil left bubbling in the sand, then mounted the tall hillock to look for Reeks. On the top he started, and his tan cheeks grew pale.

At the base of the mound by a dwarf clump of furze sat a girl, sobbing violently. She was Jenny Reeks. He descended the side she was on and gently touched her shoulder.

Through her tear-brimmed eyes she looked into his face. Not a word of reproach. Only in his eyes was the love that had been so constant and true.

With a little catching of her breath, Jenny rose and drew back. Then, with a convulsive cry, she flung her arms wildly around his neck, and there she sobbed until she could sob no more. When they went back to the "Ship" Reeks met them at the door. Something in their attitude made him softly whistle. It seemed as if Shelah had taken his advice and plucked up at last.—Chambers' Journal.

A Tramp (Very Much) Abroad.

A vagrant, carrying spurious papers, was arrested by the gendarmes, who were not prepared to stand any nonsense. They asked him to produce his papers. The tramp showed them a passport which he had stolen, the bearer of which was described as having a wooden leg.

"Why, that is a false passport you have got there!" said one of the policemen; "where is your wooden leg?"

"Confusion of tramp, who was not prepared for this emergency. After a moment's hesitation he replied—

"—Monsieur le gendarme, I never went to sea, I'm travelling!"—L'Evenement.

ful as it should be. It may calm his mind, quiet his spirit, spread a general sensation of happiness over his soul—these are what may be called the natural influences of prayer—but it does not seem that he is substantially the better for it. There is a great mass of prayer, and very little sensible improvement—very little growth in grace. Years roll on, and his character is still very stagnant, in any spiritual view of it; excellent, upright and devout, as far as man can mark, he has not made much progress in Divine things. The many, many words of prayer seem spoken in the air; they are sent forth into the vast world of spirits, like Noah's raven from the Ark, never to return again.

Is this true as a general description, if not to the full extent, of any one who reads these lines? Then, let me invite such a person to consider the secret of successful prayer, as explained by our Lord Himself (St. Luke, XI., 13). May it not be that your words are not of power, because they are not words of Faith? You pray rather as a duty than in the definite expectation of anything to be gained by it. You pray attentively, seriously, devoutly, and go your way with a feeling of satisfaction that you have done well upon the whole, and there the matter ends. In the ancient augury by birds, as soon as the augur had made the preliminary arrangements—covered his head, marked out the heavens with his staff, and uttered his prayer—he stayed on the spot, watching for the first appearance of the birds; he was on the lookout for the result. But this is just what many Christians fail to do in regard to their prayers; they have no expectation of being benefited by them; they do not look for the blessing to which the prayer entitles them. If, some day, after praying for the light of God's Spirit, they were to find in the study of His

good," let us wait, like the augurs, looking up to Heaven until the token comes. "Though it tarry, wait for it: because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Strive to acquire the habit of asking definitely for particular graces of which you stand in need, and if expecting a definite result, do not forget the petition; always have it in your mind's eye; try to expect an answer—to assure yourself, on grounds of simple reason, that, as you have sown, so you will, in due season, reap.—Selected from Thoughts on Personal Religion.

"He shall give thee the desires of thy heart."—Psalms, XXXVII., 4.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word:
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Little Things.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go.
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare.
After the toil of the day,
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,
And lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind.
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress.
We like, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some souls to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till it is bitter, and hard to live.