

crept upstairs to look for the dents in Bertie's cot, knowing full well that he snatched those few moments from his dinner-hour to wait on God in prayer.

She measured her boy's spiritual life by those dents in his cot. She knew that as long as prayer was a power in his life so would he grow rapidly in grace. Now and again she missed the dents, and grieved in secret over it, but as a rule the little signs were there to comfort her anxious heart.

Are there any dents in your cot, young reader? Do you know what it is to spend a certain time each day on your knees? Then you know the secret of a rejoicing Christian life. Make prayer the habit of your life. Let the 'dents in your cot' be always there—figuratively or in reality.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
—The Christian.

Looking Unto Jesus.

(Margaret Emma Ditto in 'Congregationalist'.)

A poor woman lay ill of a lingering and fatal disease in a hospital. She was homeless and unknown; a cancer was gnawing its way slowly to her vitals, but she was radiantly happy, her face shone.

'I suppose you think of the heaven to which you are so soon to go,' said the minister who had called to see her.

'No, I don't think of that.'

'You feel great consolation in reading your Bible, I suppose,' the minister suggested.

'I can't read.'

'What is it, then? What do you do?'

'I think of Jesus.'

'Read the chapter about his feathers,' said another invalid, a beautiful young lady, who had a long illness bedridden and fatal. She always wanted her pastor to read the 91st Psalm.

'Read it again, the same one you read the last time. I ache so and it rests me, the feathers are so soft. I am so sore, and everything hurts me, but that is such a tender, soft place under his wings.'

An atheist going along a country road saw, in advance of him, a woman poorly clad, who seemed strangely excited, throwing her arms and talking to herself. At last she halted upon the brow of a hill and the man overtook her, anxious to get a glimpse of her face, for he thought she must be insane. A glance, however, satisfied him. She was a negress, but her face was glowing with a calm and radiant joy.

'What were you talking about, aunty, as you walked along?' he asked.

'Laws, massa, I nebber knowed I was talking; 'pears like I didn't notice myself. I was thinkin' as I look on de worl' an' de sky an' took 'em all in dat dey is all mine—all mine, 'cause I is Christ's, and Christ is God's!'

Here was a living witness whom the spectator could neither gainsay nor deny. He was a learned man, but this was a kind of learning he had never heard of; he was a successful man, but here was such triumph as he had never dreamed of. He listened, full of curiosity, to what the woman had to say; he went away, but it was to buy a Bible and seek the cabin of the negress, glad to sit at her feet and be taught Christ.

The soul that feeds on Jesus shall not want any good thing. He meets the necessities of everyone who lives by him, no mat-

ter how young or how old, how wise or how simple.

Dr. Rainsford tells a story of a little girl who, when she knew that death was at hand, wanted to see all the children of his family. She had something special to say to each one. To the youngest, a wee toddler, she said: 'O, I want to tell you how lovely Jesus is! If you could see him you would hug him so, and he would help you dress your doll.'

A boy of fifteen had been taken abroad for the sake of his health, but he grew worse and was dying in London. He gave away his treasures as keepsakes to his brothers and friends, and then told his father to take some of his pocket money which was back in America, and to buy a box of the nicest candy to give to an unconverted young lady of his acquaintance. 'The candy is sweet,' he said, 'but tell her that Jesus is a great deal sweeter.'

Old Uncle Johnson, a devout centenarian of Michigan, was one day heard to shout out, when he thought himself to be alone: 'Glory! Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?'

'What is it, Uncle Johnson?'

'O massa! I was meditating about Jesus bein' de carpenter, so he can make de mansions for his people in glory.' And then, with uplifted face, he cried out, 'O Jesus, will dere be one for me?'

Conquered By Love.

A soldier in the Army of the Potomac was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the ter-

rible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant, and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said: 'Let him go to his quarters.' 'Shall I keep him under guard?' inquired the sergeant. 'Oh, no,' said the captain, quietly. That evening the captain called his sergeant, and said, 'Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him.' 'Shall I bring him up under guard?' inquired the sergeant. 'Oh, no,' said the captain. 'Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him.'

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, brave and daring. 'Take a seat, sir,' said the captain. The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked defiance. The captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said: 'I have heard about you, and thought I would like to see you privately, and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times no doubt justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honor as a soldier that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself.'

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said: 'Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it.'

'Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow,' said the captain. 'I'll trust you.' And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.—'Christianly Work.'



THE SPIRIT OF THE WIND,

Where is your home, ye wanderers free?
In what far land, across what sea?
Live ye in some vast cavern rude,
Some unexplored solitude?

Or dwell ye where no sound is heard,
No voice of man, or beast, or bird?
Had ye your strange mysterious birth
Beyond the narrow bound of earth?

Where ye might mingle with the flight
Of spirits from the world of light—
Bright messengers that sometimes come
From that dear land, the land of home.

All haunts are yours, all forms, all shades,
O'er moorland brown, or woodland glades;
Now toying gently with a flower,
Then rushing on with fiercest power.

Ye ring a melancholy chime,
In the sad pensive autumn-time,
O'er fading flowers that once were bright,
In the resplendent summer's light.

And o'er the leaves with rustling sound,
Drifting so gently to the ground,
Singing o'er withered heaps and sere,
A dirge for the departing year.

In softened light of summer eve,
A gentle touch ye often leave
Upon the weary brow of pain,
That quiet ne'er may know again.

Round mansion hoar and grey with old,
Your carnival is often held,
With hollow shriek or fearful moan,
Anon, with sad mysterious groan.

Ye rush across the restless sea,
In all your wild tumultuous glee;
And stately ship and pennon fair,
Lie buried by your fury, there.

Howe'er ye come, where'er ye go,
Through joyous scenes or haunts of woe,
Ye ever do His bidding still—
Our great Creator's sovereign will.