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MY WORK.

" All members have not the same office." I could not do the work the reapers did, Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell;
But I could follow by my Master's side,
And watch the marred facethat I love so well.

Right in my p. th lay many a ripened car, Which I would stoop and gather joyfully; I do not know the Master placed them there— " Handfuls of purpose" that he left for me.

I could not east the heavy fisher net,
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet, I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and fast, I pl aded for the Master's blessing where My brethren toile I upon the wide-world sea; Or ever that I knew, his smile so fair Came shedding all its radiancy on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band, I never heard the ringing battle cry, The work allotted by the Master's hand Kept me at home, while others went to die And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long, And spoils were homeward brought, both

rich and rare, He let me help to chant the triumph song, And bade me in the gold and jewels share

O. Master, dear! the tiniest work for thee Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that work but tremblingly

The richest colors in the fabric wrought. We are content to take what thou shalt give, To work or suffer as thy cooice shall be; Forsaking what thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing

-London Christian.

THE MODERN APOLLOS HIS RECEPTION AT CRŒSUSVILLE

"What sort of a scrimmage was that you had in the official meeting, last night?" asked Mrs. Boynton, a member of the Church. She is a clear-headed woman of culture and refinement, as well as of earnest, unostentatious 'piety. I happened to meet her on a quiet street, near her home, on the morning after the meeting that voted "a unanimous call to the Rev. Modern Apollos."

"Scrimmage?" I repeated. "How do you know we had a scrimmage?"

"Oh, a little bird told me, of course, and I want to know what it was all about."

"Ah, that's telling," I answered, wishing to tell her the whole story, with a vague sort of hope that she might mend matters, if she knew. But I felt I had no right to tell, so I kept my own counsel.

"Do you know?" she went on, "I believe it is a movement to get rid of brother Williams. And let me tell you something, since you arrears. You may not believe it, but I tell you it's so. I am president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and Mrs. Professor Andrews and myself have been canvassing the entire membership. Six hundred and twenty-five dollars is the very utmost we can secure, even in subscriptions, and you very well know what a shrinkage there'll be, when it comes to the last. He has only had about five hundred dollars, so far; and you know, with his sick wife and big family, his expenses are heavy. There's my subscription list," she continued, drawing it from her satchel; and there is Crœsus's name down for ten dollars. He said he had paid fifty dollars already, and he could not give another cent. Sixty dollars from a what it is, brother Aquila, I don't want to be factious, but I am going to join the 'new' Church!"

"What new Church?" "Have n't you heard? Why, if the present highflying style of the vocate. First Church is kept up, we propose to have a 'little church around the corner,' where 'the poor may have the Gospel preached unto them, and where all the people may praise God. If such a man as Mr. Apollos should be sent here, with his elegant nothings, and all the parade and show kept up that they have now, no Church at all. So we are going to organize a society of our own, and you would better join us."

be right," I answered, as we separated. "There are more churches to stay together and make the best | gives.'

of what we have."

contented themselves with the protest they had made at the official

affair as brilliant as could be desired. Brother Crossus, who was noted for the elegance of his entertainments, spared no expense to make it as imposing as possible. Good judges estimated the cost of the floral decorations alone at fifty work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for at any time. But his answer was dollars, and the collation at more him. He said the other night to "No, with this to my lips, nothing than twice as much. Professor Haydn, with his trained quartet, ing his Bible more than usual lately. the very finest in the city, was to Maybe he read about the rich young be in attendance. But the great man who went away sorrowfal, and except the debut of the pastor himself.

At first the intention was to make the occasion "select," extending invitations only to the more wealthy members of the Church and community, but this was overruled by brother Pott's practical financial genius, who thought that any exclusiveness might increase the disaffection and lessen the subscriptions for current expenses. Special invitations were, however, sent to Mr. Johnson, the sugar broker, and to Mr. Jones, the brewer, and I was invited to grace the occasion with prayer.

The reception was all that could be expected, from the elaborate preparations. It was not, to be sure,

The "good judges," of whom I am | before he felt sure that he could ship not one, said "she looked perfectly the product of his mill as the best lovely."

"I wanted to tell you, Mr. Apollos," she said, clasping her jeweled hands, "how delighted we all were that this always occurred just as with your sermon on the "Temple Mr, Dunning was out of work. of Truth." If you will always preach such sermons as that I will attend church regularly."

"Thank you. I shall do my best to keep you faithful to your Church privileges; and I shall certainly miss you, if you stay away," he replied, with an admiring glance at the fair beauty before him.

This conversation-which, being wedged into a corner I was forced to hear—was interrupted by Crœwill tell me nothing. They are sus, who, as master of ceremonies, going to let brother Williams go announced that the address of welaway nearly a thousand dollars in come would now be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Scott, pastor of the Congregational Church. The address was gushing and fulsome, as such addresses usually are, and it closed as follows: "We have heard, sir, of your brilliant Sunday evening sermons on the 'Berlin Congress,' on 'Buddhism,' on the "Challenger Expedition," on the 'Phonographs,' and on the 'Trial of Guikar, of Boroda,' we have also heard of your celebrated lecture on 'Evolution.' I congratulate the First Church on having so great a man for its pastor. The Church, sir, is to be envied. The entire community of Crossusville is to be congratulated on the acquisition of yourself to our society. It is with the utmost satisfaction, sir, that we welcome you." After the response man like that Crossus! I tell you of Apollos-which to my surprise and pleasure, was very brief and modest-I was called on to pray. I had not been in sympathy with the was sure to hold the weight of an occasion, and must confess that I had not much liberty.—Western Ad-

WHO GIVE.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's

As the session of Conference ap- Deacon Daniel after we got home written these words, "For my sake or 120,000 in forty. I have written proached it came to be generally un- from church the day pledges were use no more intoxicating drink," on an average more than five colderstood that we were to have a new taken for contributions to foreign signing her name. The young man umns each week for forty years, pastor. Brother Williams was to missions. He was reading them was much affected on reading her or 10,000 columns in all; at least be superseded by the Rev. Mr. off, and I way taking down the simple request, and resolved in the 100 volumes of 400 pages each." Apollos. Cræsus had seen the bishop | items, to find the aggregate. (The | strength of her love, never to drink about it. The minority of the board | deacon said he had so much more | another glass of liquor. confidence in my knowledge of arithmetic than he had in his own.) meeting, not caring to appear at the | He went on; "There's Maria Hill, Conference in the light of a discon- she's put down \$5; she teaches in tented faction. During the week of Conference those who supported but \$20 a month, and pays her the congratulations and encourage-the "unanimous call" bestirred board; and she has to help support ments he received from his old themselves to prepare a grand re- her mother. But when she told friends. During the last summer ception for the new pastor. It was her experience the time she joined in August he was relating to an old

prayer-meeting that he'd been read- in the world can move me.'

event of the evening was to be the didn't want to be in his company."

debut of Mrs. Nightingale, unless be So the deacon went on making his comments to the end of the list. Now, I wouldn't have you think for a moment that the good deacon was finding fault with his neighbors, or was too critical in his remarks; for I assure you that he had the most Christlike spirit of any one I ever knew. But he was jealous for the Lord's cause in every department of it, and very shrewd in noting inconsistencies in giving. He wouldn't have spoken so freely to every one:

but I was in the family, and I am not sure but he intended to give me a lesson. * * * * * * * * * * Lest some of my readers, after all I have said, should get a wrong impression of the deacon, I will tell you more of him and his acts. He was not only interested in the Booin the least Methodistic; but that, roo-gahs of Africa, or the Chooperhaps, was not to be expected or hing-Foos of China, but his heart desired. Professor Haydn's quartet went out to every cause that had gave us arias from "Faust" and for its object the advancement of "Fra Diavolo" and "Robert Le Christ's kingdom. He delighted in Diable," and I know not what else; having those give who possessed while Mrs. Nightingale, whose very small means, and he had a white satin and brocade lay three very peculiar way of helping them yards on the floor, gave us songs without making them feel as if unwhich savored fully as much of der obligation to him. Mrs. Brown "the world, the flesh, and the was known to be an excellent breaddevil," as did those of the quartet. | maker, and he occasionally sent her Miss Crossus was in her glory. a sack of flour to test its quality grade. He suddenly discovered, too, that some of his buildings needed new paint, and it was curious

> The deacon, as you have discovered, was not an educated man. He knew nothing of grammar "to speak of," he used to say, and when he conducted the prayer-meeting, as face with God, and we knew a bles sing would come to the meeting.

> Once, when asked after the welfare of his family, he said his wife "enjoyed very poor health," but if any one could enjoy poor health, I think she must; for his kind, tender ministrations were such as to make the condition of receiving them an enjoyment.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about the aggregate of that list of pledges. It was \$68, but the printed statement of receipts in the Herald gave it \$100. I know where the rest came from, and the deacon was not a rich man either.—Advance.

WILL IT HOLD IN A STORMS

An old sea captain, selecting a chain-cable for an anchor, was assured by the manufacturer that it anchor, and if found insufficient could be returned at the seller's ex-

"But," said the captain, "I know it will hold the weight of the anchor, but will it hold in a storm?"

Several years ago a young man who for many years had been addicted to drink, and by his drunken habits had reduced himself to pen- The New York Observer was printed Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5; I ury, lost friends and fortune, posidon't believe she's had a new gown tion and character, found himself in that time to this, about forty-three some of us feel as if we would have in two years, and her bonnet ain't the station house, after a two weeks none of the newest, and she's them debauch. His friends obtained his three grandchildren to support release by paying a fine and saved since her son was killed in the him from being committed for thir-"I question whether that would army; and she's nothing but her ty days. While recovering from pension to live on. Well, she'll his drunken spree, a young lady have to scrimp on butter and tea friend called on him at his boardin this place now than can be decent- for a while, but she'll pay it. She ing-place, and after encouraging ly supported; and I think we ought just loves the cause; that's why she him to hope for deliverance from These were the utterances of a slip of paper on which she had

For over ten months this resolve was faithfully kept-his health, business and friends soon returned, and he again bade fair to become a ly such as labored no further than decided to hold this reception at the the church, I knew the Lord had residence of brother Cræsus, whose elegant conservatory, grand piano, and imposing array of silver and imposing array of silver and could not fail to make the Baker. He's put down one dollar,

affair as brilliant as could be de- and he'll chew more'n that worth His friend, after hearing him

A few days after the accident at the Ashtabula Bridge, the Christian man said to his friend, "What if the young lady whose talisman is so sacred, so strong, should have perished in the fall and burning of the Ashtabula Bridge, what would be the effect of your resolutions? Might it not weaken them, and in the excitement and anguish at her death be fatal to all your resolves?

The answer: "Never: her death would only bind me stronger to my

resolutions."

On the last Sunday in December this young man might be seen in one of the Sunday schools of a suburban town, in the presence of the young Christian girl, presenting to the school a handsome melodeon and large Bible. He looked well, spoke feelingly, as he gave the gifts to the school. On the first of January, when making his calls, he was informed of the engagement of marriage of the young lady to one of the teachers in the Sabbath school. The news came upon him like a blow of death. He made no more calls that day and retired to bed early, saying he felt very unwell. On Tuesday he took the train for Chicago, went to the bank and drew'a sum of money, and before the setting of the sun of that day was a lost man. Soon after he was sobered up at the Armory, and what a sight ! ... Almost naked, clothes all gone-money all gone-those that witnessed his agony could do nothing could say nothing, and their

"No, it won't "hold in a storm."

DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snow-flakes on her brow, billowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but is she not sweet and he sometimes did in the absence of beautiful now? The lips are thin the pastor, he mis-pronounced words and sunken, but those are lips that one evening when he said, at the childish cheeks, and they are the she is she will go further, and reach upon earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot can be felt has fallen over the woods. mount a scaffold too high for her to The stars begin to fade. A softer reach, in order to kiss and bless you in evidence of her undying love. When the world shall despise and forsake, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul was disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.- Waltham Re-

Dr. Prime's little granddaughter got into his lap about New Year's time, and after taking the pen out of his hand, asked him, demurely: "Grandpa, how long have you been writing in this way? Ever since I was a little dot, you have been writing, writing, every time I come; did you always write just so?" Then her grandfather told her how he has been writing for other people's pleasure and profit. "The first piece that I ever wrote for in that paper April 7, 1838. From years, with a brief interval, I have been writing every week, and almost every day, for The Observer. It is curious to see how much one writes in such steady work. Suppose a minister writes sixty pages every week in making his sermons (less than ten pages a day, and he can easily write ten pages in an his sinful appetites, handed to him hour or two), he will write 3,000 pages in a year, 30,000 in ten years,

> A celebrated author says: "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainto make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them."

" TILL HE COME."

(1 Cor. xi: 26.) "Till he come:" O! let the words Linger on the trembling chords; Let the little while between In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heaven and home Lie beyond that "Till he come."

When the weary ones we love Enter on their rest above, me the earth so poor and vast, lush! be every murmur dumb It is only-" Till he come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press; Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss, Death and darkness and the tomb, Only whisper, " Till he come."

See, the feast of love is spread: Drink the wine, and break the bread-Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round his heavenly board: Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only—" Till he com-." -E. H. Bickersteth.

NIGHT IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.

So we talked and yawned till ! grew sleepy and dozed off, somewhat against my will, for the nights are too lovely to waste in sleep. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these northern nights, a beauty so calm, grand, majestic, almost awful in its majesty, that there exists not a man, I believe, on the face of this earth with a spirit so dulled, or a mind so harrassed, that he could withstand its peace-giving power. Day by day his troubles may be too heavy for him, but the night is more potent than any drug, than any excitement, to steep the soul in forgetfulness. You cannot bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, nor resist the soothing touch of mother Nature, when she reveals herself in the calm watches of the night, and powers were weakened by want of her presence filters through all the worldly covering of care, down to the naked soul of man. It is a wonderful and strange experience to lie out under the stars in the solemn. silent darkness of the forest, to watch the constellations rise and set, to lie there gazing up through the branches of the grand old trees, which have seen another race dwell beneath their boughs and pass away, whose age makes the little fretful in the reading of the hymns, and have kissed many a hot tear from life of man insignificantly small; gazing up at planet after planet, sun beginning of the meeting, "We sweetest lips in all the world. The beyond sun, into the profoundity of will read for instruction the 25th eye is dim, yet it ever glows with space, till this tiny speck in the chapter of Psalms," a smile passed the soft radiance of holy love which over some faces; but when he prayed, every one was awed; for he dear old mother! The sands of life wrangling races, its murmuring prayed as one who talked face to are nearly run out, but feeble as millions of men, dwindles into nothing, and the mind looks out so fa down lower for you than any other | beyond that it falls back, stunned with the vastness of the vision which

> The earth sleeps. A silence that and stronger light wells up and flows over the scene as the broad moon slowly floats above the tree tops, shining white upon the birch trees, throwing into black shadow the sombre pines, dimly lighting up the barren, and revealing grotesque, ghost-like forms of stunted fir and grey rock. The tree trunks stand out distinct in the lessening gloom: the dark pine boughs overhead seem | though now and then an humble to stoop caressingly towards you. Amid the stillness that is terrifying, man is not afraid. Surrounded by a | witty person needs to have the grace majesty that is appalling, he shrinks of a very, very kindly heart, or he not, nor is he dismayed. In a scene | will make many wounds hard to of utter loneliness he feels himself heal. Would not you prefer a very hard accidental blow to a very little not to be alone. A sense of companionship, a sensation of satisfacridicule? faction, creeps over him. He feels at one with Nature, at rest in her strong, protecting arms.

looms overwhelmingly before it.

Our Young Folks.

SAVED FOR GREAT PUR POSES.

One night, in a small town in the north of England, a clergyburned so fiercely that there was only time for the family to run for lines, and from that went to help their lives. Some of them were slow Betsey on with her dinner. scorched and burnt as they escaped. to the door, but the fire drove him ing Stella such trouble. back. Then he cried for help. His father heard and tried to get up the stairs to him; but he could not force his way through the fire. The father thought his poor son was lost; he must be burned to death. But he knelt down and prayed to God for him. The little boy ran to the window, mounted a chest and dollars to-day.' stood under it and called to the people below. Somebody saw him day. Stella played off a merry jest and shouted, "Fetch a ladder." But on the loser, but Lucy put forth there was no time for that; the her hand and helped him. Stella's flames had seized the roof, and it jests would all be forgotten as easily was plainly about to fall in. So one as pearls slip off a broken string; but man leaned against the wall, and Lucy's deeds of love and kindness another stood on his shoulders to were like choice seeds, which everyreach the boy down. The boy now where sprang up into flowers. leaped into his arms and was saved, What a bright pathway some hearts

who that little boy was. It was John Wesley. God had a great work for John Wesley to do, and he kept him alive to do it.

Two boys were fencing-that is -pretending to fight with swords as though they were soldiers. They had real swords with a button at the point of each, to prevent their hurting each other. One of the buttons broke, and the sharp sword ran through the side of one of the boys, and nearly killed him. But it just missed the most dangerous place, and the wounded lad by-andby got better. Another time the same boy was swimming in deep water; the ribbon which tied up his hair got loose, and caught his leg. He struggled to free himself, but could not. He was about to sink. when the ribbon loosened itself, and he was saved. Another time, when he had grown up to be a young man, he was swimming in the river Rhine, which is a very broad and rapid river. He did not notice where he was going, and soon got into the midst of its strong current. He said, "The water was extremely rough, and poured along like a galloping horse." It carried him on till it struck against the strong timbers upon which a mill was built. The stream forced him under the mill, and he became quite insensible. When he woke up he found himselt in a piece of smooth water, the other side of the mill. Some men helped him on shore. He had been carried five miles from where he plunged into the water. Yet he was not hurt in the least. The person I have just told you about was John Fletcher, afterward one of the holiest men that ever lived. He became a great friend of John Wesley, did much good as a minister of the gospel, and wrote some very useful books. God had work for John Fletcher to do, so he would not let him die.

Perhaps you have never been in such danger as Moses, and John Wesley, and John Fletcher were. But you must remember that God keeps you alive every day and every hour. Any day an accident might happen to you, or you might be taken ill aid die. God keeps you alive, and guards you from all harm, because He has work for you. Will you ask him "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" And will you try to live so that when you see what He wants you to do, you may be able to do it?" But remember, the very first thing God wishes in those who serve Him, is that they love Him. And then, though He may not give you quite as grand and well-known work as He gave Moses, John Wesley and John Fletcher, you can all be as holy. And God will find you the

work you can do best.

Stella was a bright and handsome school-girl, and had the faculty of saying witty things, which often brought a laugh to the social circle. She was pleased with her gift, and

A PATHWAY OF FLOWERS.

took great pains to cultivate it. Her friends were proud of her talent, one winged a little when one of her bright shafts was aimed at him. A

Stella was welcomed everywhere, was "such good company," and her plain little sister, Lucy, was cast quite in the shade when she was present.

But Lucy was humble and did not mind. She admired her pretty sister along with the rest, and never thought of having any talents of her own. So she quietly sang the baby to sleep-he always loved so to man's house caught fire. The fire nestle on her neck-and then she laid him down, and mended Charlie's

"I declare, Lucy, I can't tell what But one child, not quite six years | I have done with my recorpt-book," old, was left in the house. The light | said her absent-minded father, runfrom the fire woke the little fellow ning frantically from desk to cupup. He jumped out of bed and ran | board. Nobody ever thought of tell-

"Eat your dinner, father," said quiet Lucy, "I'll find the book, if it's in the house.'

And she did find it. She almost always could.

"Thank you, child," said father, heartily; "you saved me twenty

That was the way it was every a "brand plucked from the burn-) make for themselves as they go ing." I dare say most of you know along through this world!

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