

escape for her, in very desperation, becomes wholly abandoned, without self-respect, with no faith in either God or man, utterly hopeless, a ruined life, a lost soul, behind her a blighted home! I will leave that picture, with only this thought: What would you or I do, if such a one should happen to be our child?

"We will not look for the other picture in the city, but will betake ourselves to a sparsely-settled country district, and stop at a small cottage; it is a very small one, indeed, but upon entering it, we see at once, that the inmates are thrifty and cleanly. The family consists of an invalid mother and her two daughters. Karin, the older of the two, is now eighteen, the very picture of health, and goodness, and contentment. She is the right arm of that household, its main dependence. During the winter, she spins the flax for some neighbor; and during the summer, she weaves it into cloth, and takes an honest pride in both the quantity and the quality of her handiwork. The younger sister devotes herself to their invalid mother and household duties, while that mother is priestess in the family; and I doubt if you could find, in the most Gospel-favored community with its prayer-meetings, its 'Y. P. S. C. E.', its Sunday-school and Bible-classes, a family of three more thoroughly settled in the doctrines of the Bible, more deeply grounded in the Christian faith, more obedient to the will of God, as they read His Holy Word. Their days are spent in quiet contentment and implicit confidence in God. Into this family also a stranger intrudes, if not the same one that we saw in the city, a servant of the same master. This unsophisticated family feels itself honored by being sought out, in their secluded home, by one of God's own chosen ones, as he sanctimoniously claims to be; and they listen eagerly to his teachings, which he confirms with many proof-texts from the Bible. And when the fond mother seems to shrink from the thought of any one leaving home, in order to serve God in a foreign land, then he brings to bear the familiar passage: 'Every one that hath forsaken father or mother, for My Name's sake shall receive an hundred-fold, and inherit eternal life.' Having aimed at and overcome the mother's conscientious scruples, he has gained his point. It only remains now to entrap Karin, whom he has selected as his prey; and this is easily done, by holding before her such glowing prospects and fair promises as none but the father of lies can invent; and when he assures Karin that she will be able to support mother and sister much more easily, that she can soon send for them to come to her, that she is only going to prepare the way for them, he has captured his fair victim. The mother stills her heart's anguish with the thought of her child's welfare: 'Karin has had to work so hard, to earn their bread; now she will have an easier lot.' And at last, with many promises and reassurances between mother and daughter, the last farewell is spoken, and Karin, brave, pure and true, is on her way to Utah.

"Lead-footed the days and nights pass by, in that lowly cottage. We will not try to look into the mother's heart. At last comes the day when they expect a letter, but it does not come; mother and sister find ready excuses for Karin; not a thought of blame for her enters their minds. The weeks merge into months, the months become many; but, even then, confidence in Karin is still unshaken as the hills about them. The Christmas-tide is approaching—that time so sacred to the Swedes; surely Karin will remember them then, and the frail mother, whose strength has failed greatly since her daughter's departure, summoning all her energy to quiet the tempestuous emotions of her heart, bravely awaits the Christmas-tide. The day arrives, but it brings no word from Karin. The strain is too great, the mother's heart breaks, and her spirit is set free.

"Now, let us see why Karin did not write to those who were so dear to her. Arriving in Utah, she was exhibited, with a number of other women, and, being young and comely, she was at once selected by one of the leading saints, who had grown gray in iniquity and crime. On being informed that this vile, repulsive creature was to be

her husband, she could not believe it possible; but when she was compelled to face the awful fact, she at first pleaded against it as for her life. This proving to be of no avail, she rebelled against and fought the monster; when they found that she would not yield herself a ready victim to their practices, they tried every persuasive art to win her over to their faith; and when they failed in that, then they resorted to cruel punishment and threats, but our noble Karin did not yield. At last, after two weeks of disappointment and despair, reason forsook her, and one morning she was observed casting herself into a lake, whose cold waves quickly shielded her from her tormentors. No doubt the saints were glad that she had taken herself out of the way, relieving them of further trouble with so incorrigible a person. No wonder the mother waited, in vain, for news.

"Now, friends, do you ask who these strangers were that caused such a destruction of hopes, lives, and souls? They were Mormon missionaries, who could show you certificates to the fact that they had permission to go wherever they chose and spread the pernicious influence of Mormonism far and wide. I think I hear some one say: 'But that happened so long ago it is an old story.' What I have told you happened about eighteen years ago. It has happened every year since then; it happens to-day."

#### THE PRICE OF A FEATHER.

It was only a little feather!  
But it looked so nice and bright,  
As it lay in the fine shop-window  
All under the flaring light,  
That of all the things around it  
Young Fanny had fixed on that—  
A sweet little crimson feather,  
To put in her winter hat.

And the price, it was so tempting!  
A shilling was all, she knew,  
And yet the shillings this winter  
Were hard to earn, and few.  
But she often stopped at the window,  
And counted her pence once more,  
Till at last she had got the dozen,  
And came to the big shop door.

Now close to the very entrance,  
As the rain swept down the street,  
A ragged and shivering beggar  
Was standing with weary feet;  
And she looked with silent anguish  
At the people hurrying by—  
She was helpless, friendless, homeless,  
There under the bitter sky.

And never a word was uttered,  
Yet somehow Fanny soon guessed  
The story of want and suffering  
The hollow eyes confessed.  
And the feather lay unheeded  
All under the brilliant light,  
For Fanny had spent her money  
On something else that night.

Only the price of a feather!  
'Twas little enough, to be sure;  
But it fed a hungry beggar,  
And helped her with hope once more.  
And I know, when the mighty angel  
The deeds of the day had told,  
The story of Fanny's shilling  
Was written in words of gold.

—F. L. Henderson.

#### NEGLECT OF HOLY COMMUNION.

There are many who do believe in Christ as their God and Saviour, and who pray and try earnestly to live a godly, righteous, and sober life, who pray daily, and are regular churchgoers, yet they never come where their Saviour calls them, but turn away Sunday after Sunday, from His great sacrament of Love and seem to feel no shame, no sorrow, at doing so! That is what I cannot understand. I can quite understand those who do not care for Christ and who live in wilful sin keeping away. I would not urge them to come, for our Saviour charged us not to cast pearls before swine nor to give that which is holy unto dogs. But I cannot understand why so many honest christian people, believing that christian creed, and, to some

extent though imperfectly, living a life of christian principle, come regularly to church, and yet just as regularly turn away from holy communion. What do they come to church for? Do they come to worship? Then why walk out just as the greatest act of christian worship is going to begin? Our blessed Lord did not institute morning and evening prayer and litany. They are very good and right, but our Lord did not institute them. He did institute the sacrament of holy communion. That is the one only christian service which our Lord Himself instituted. And yet that is just the one they neglect and avoid! Do they come to church to hear sermons? Well, what is the good of preaching if it does not lead to sacraments? One object of preaching is to lead people to accept the gospel; and how can they receive the gospel and yet neglect the great sacrament of the gospel? Another object of preaching is to teach people their privileges as christians, and their duty as christians. But what good is done if when people are taught their duties they will not do them; and when they are taught their privileges, they will neglect the greatest of them? Sermons are good if Christ is preached, but sacraments are better where Christ is received.

It is good to hear about a friend, it is better to be in company with him.

#### HEROIC CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

In a sermon to the students of Cornell University, on the words, "Ye are the light of the world," Bishop Huntington referred as follows to some notably modern illustrations of heroic Christian service: "You must be struck with dismay, as I am, at the growth of great iniquities, the recklessness of material ambition, the rivalries of gain, the excess of pleasure, the terrible prevalence of intemperance and lust, the prostitution of law, the abuses of the press, the frightful disproportion of waste and charity in wealth. Where, my brother students, do we take our place? On which side do our uncompromising will and our unflinching courage and our cheerful self-sacrifice tell?"

"As I took my text I laid down a famous biography—that of an intellectual English girl, passing in her early years with honor the most advanced mathematical examinations by the papers of Oxford and Cambridge, rapidly mastering many sciences and many languages; a type of our eager modern culture, too, in this, that while these conquests for awhile satisfied her mind, they left her heart hungry with unbelief; yet gradually, rationally confronting all the problems fairly on either side, she rose to a clear vision of the truth as it is in Christ crucified and risen, brought her splendid learning an offering at His altar, and in South Africa, with the heroic love of a missionary to the natives, died 'in the confidence of a certain faith.' Far northward, a volunteer of the Cross from Scotland, vigorous in every attribute of manliness, makes his solitary way into the hiding-places of that Ethiopian idolatry with the burden of its salvation on his conscience, and now the Kingdom of Heaven is pressing in after him to seek two hundred million souls. Just before he died alone there, he wrote in his journal, 'My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! Accept me and grant that before this year ends I may finish my task!' Later still, all over England, on a week-day morning, throngs of worshippers of every class, from the university and the palace to the digger in the ground, gave humble and hearty thanks to God for their grandest soldier, dead, who in those far quarters of the earth fought, commanded, suffered, prayed, and made peace, in the name of the Lord of Hosts. These are not signs, my friends, of a spent force, a decaying worship, or an eclipsed faith."

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