

PLEASE THE LORD AT ANY COST.

NEVER mind—the world will hate you,  
Never mind its frowns or smiles;  
Never mind what griefs await you,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

See! He reigns supreme above us;  
See! His favour's light itself:  
'Tis our all that He approves us,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Listen to His still small voice,  
Act upon it while He speaks;  
Give thyself no time for choice,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Perfect love will dictate to you,  
Though severe the mandate be,  
Only good His will can do you,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Please the Lord in lonely hours,  
With your friends or with the world;  
Spend for Him your gifts and powers,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Think His eye is on you ever,  
Think—He heareth all you say,  
Marks each *motive* and endeavour,  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Where's the friend would die to save you?  
Who would bear with you all day?  
Who but He would care to have you?  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Have no object but 't obey Him,  
Single-eyed to do His will,  
Your whole life could ne'er repay Him,  
Please Him, then, at any cost!

Work in faith of future glory,  
Nothing's lost you do for Him;  
All recorded, your life's story,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Living always in His presence,  
You will realize His "peace,"  
Aye! this forms its very essence,  
Please the Lord at any cost!

Then there follows sweet communion,  
Such as worldlings never know;  
One with Christ,—a growing union,  
Please him, then, at any cost!

Oh! His love is never dying,  
Still preparing bliss for you;  
It is worth all self-denying;  
Please the Lord at any cost!

CARRIE'S DECISION.

"H dear, it's pleasant, and it will be just perfectly elegant this evening," said Carrie Leonard, turning away from her window with a sigh and a very, very long face. There was to be a con-

cert in Madison that evening, a remarkably fine one by the best talent, and Ned Wilmer had invited her to go. Given the prospect of a "perfectly elegant" evening, full moon, capital sleighing, a four-mile ride in excellent company, with a rare musical treat at the end of it, and can you possibly imagine what one could find to sigh and look doleful about? But you see it was Thursday:

"Prayer and conference meeting as usual on Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock."

That was the notice read on Sunday, and therein lay the secret of Carrie's sigh. It was only a few weeks before that she had publicly confessed her love for Christ, and her earnest desire and purpose to please Him in all things. It had slipped her mind what evening it was, when she had accepted the invitation. And now, what should she do?

She knew just how Ned would look, how sarcastically he would smile when she told him why she could not go. And yet how many, many times in the olden days they two had commented on the inconsistencies of Christians. Ned had been away; she did not know whether he had been told of her change or not. Somehow she had not had courage to speak of it herself, though they had compared notes on all other topics. Oh, dear, what should she do? "If Ned knows I profess to be a Christian, I'm very sure that though he may be vexed, still, after all, clear down in his heart, he will think I ought to stay at home and be in my place."

But how could she give up the treat? And how could she tell him? Her face grew hot at the very thought of his mocking smile. She had hoped it would be stormy, so that it would be impossible to go. She had felt that she should look upon her sickest sick-headache as a positive godsend; anything, in fact, she thought, would be welcome that would decide the question for her. But never had she felt better in her life, and not a cloud was to be seen. She must decide herself whether she would confess her Saviour, or deny Him.

"But," she thought, brightening up, "I do not see why I need worry and fret so. It cannot be wrong, after all, to go; for Deacon Smith and his wife are going; and Mame Trask, Will Sheldon, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisk too, and every one of them church members. The idea of my being so foolish as to think it wrong." And banishing all her scruples, she went about setting her room to rights—her face bright with pleasant anticipations for the evening's enjoyment.

But when she came to sit down to her morning's reading, her expression changed; for this was the very first verse her eyes rested up: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." After all, what was it to her whether every one else went or not—she was to follow Him, not others. But how she did hate to give it up!

Then, too, there was Ned. If he was not a Christian—she pleaded—she wanted to influence him to be. Would it not prejudice him against religion, if she should excuse herself from going on account of prayer-meeting? "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!" The words fairly rang in her ears. It was not anything to her; her part was to follow Christ. He would take care of the rest.

"The—dickens!" exclaimed Ned Wilmer in surprise, as he let fall a dainty little note from his hands that noon. "Plague take it!" he said impatiently, as he picked it up again.

An hour afterwards, he added to himself, over his books and papers: "But it was plucky in her, after all, and I respect her for it. I always said, if I was a Christian, I would be up to the mark. I hate half-way work—but—I wish she'd let me alone!" And then Ned tried to put all his thoughts upon his work. But there was an earnest little plea in the note he had thrown so impatiently aside, that would not be forgotten. In fact, the harder he tried to forget about it, the more persistently he remembered; and at last he gave it up in despair.

"And only to think," said Carrie afterwards, "the very thing I was

afraid would prejudice him, influenced him most of all, he says. I believe, after all, it was Satan put that thought into my head; for I do believe if only I follow Christ closely, everything will end right."—*Christian Intelligencer*

LIFE PICTURES.

BY E. M. MORPHY.

GRINDING YOUNG.

TIM O'Shaughnessy kept a tavern on one of the back streets of Dublin. Over the door hung a signboard on which was painted a mill; at the hopper stood the miller in the act of throwing an old and decrepit man in, to be ground young, underneath you notice a young man coming out.

The idea Tim wished to convey was, that thirsty and weary souls passing through his whiskey mill would become so refreshed and invigorated with the poteen, and they went in old and came out young. The very reverse being the truth, as witness our fast young men who become prematurely old by passing "through the mill," Byron, Burns, Shelly, Sheridan, and others, to wit.

THE KINGS, LORDS, AND COMMONS,

was the name given to a fashionable saloon opened by two celebrated and retired prize-fighters in one of the chief cities in England. The building was divided into three compartments. The King's was a gorgeously fitted up chamber, and furnished with the choicest brands of liquors and all "the luxuries of the season." Here was every attraction, "men singers, women singers, musical instruments, and that of all sorts," and to this place the bloods with long purses and short brains were politely shown in.

"The House of Lords" had its attractions also, but not equal to the other, being second-class. Here the Lords "got as drunk as lords," and in their cups imagined themselves "the Lords of creation."

"The House of Commons" was well named, being the resort of the common and unwashed of the city. This chamber was the cellar or ground floor, and carpeted with saw-dust. The amusements consisted of fiddling, dancing, comic songs, coarse jests, smoking and drinking common liquors.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

When the purse of "The Kings," like their brains, became short, they were handed into "the House of Lords." Here they visited for a time, till their habiliments becoming so shabby, and general appearance so besotted, that they were no longer fit company for the Lords, and were run in to the House of Commons. In this poisonous atmosphere, they mixed up with the boozers—and when the last shilling was spent, they were summarily ejected. Their next companions were the police, then the criminals in the lock-up.

By the above humorous anecdotes we have tried to illustrate the downward course of the tippling and drinking system, a strange congruity for a Christian Government, to license the vendor and punish the consumer.

"Friends of Temperance, Christian workers, Let your glorious standard wave, Up and arm yourselves for conflict, Fired with zeal and courage brave.

Touch not, taste not, be your motto,  
And your watchword in the fight;  
God will give you strength to conquer,  
He'll protect you in the right."

"Do not then stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do,  
Lo! the fields are white to harvest,  
And the labourers are few;  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere."

HOW TO MAKE ALL THE WORLD TEETOTALERS.

"I SAY, Bill, you ought to have been at the lecture last night," shouted a sprightly Band of Hope boy to a companion, whom he recognized coming down the street.

"Of course, I know I ought to have been there if I could; but I couldn't; don't you see that? Father had a special job to finish, and I stayed at home to help him."

"Well, you should have been; it was jolly fun. And didn't he tell a crammer, that's all!"

"Who?" asked Bill.

"Why, the lecturer, certainly," said the first. "What do you think he said. Why, he said if there was only one teetotaler in the world now, and he was to get one man to sign the pledge in a year, and then both of them got one each the next year, and so on, each getting one a year, everybody in the world would be a teetotaler in thirty years."

"Did he say that?" asked Bill.

"He just did," said the first speaker, laughing; "and if that isn't a crammer, I don't know what is."

"But," said Bill, after a pause, "perhaps it is true."

"True! It can't be true! Why, look here. At the end of the first year there would be only two, wouldn't there? Then the second only four; third year only eight. Why, it would be a thousand years making the world teetotal at that rate."

"Stop a minute while I run home after my slate," said Bill. "I'll soon work it out."

In a little time the boy returned, and sitting down on a block of stone, he carefully wrote figures on his slate, and kept on multiplying, while his companion stood watching the passers-by.

"The lecturer was right enough!" exclaimed Bill. Just look here. I read the other day that the people in all the world were reckoned to be a thousand millions; and in thirty years, according to the lecturer's way of making them, there would be a thousand and seventy-three millions, seven hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-four teetotalers; and that's more than there would be people."

"Nonsense, Bill!"

"Yes, there would; just look at the figures—1,073,741,824."

"Well, said the first, after looking at the slate a long while, "I declare if it isn't right. I certainly thought it was a crammer; but it isn't, after all."

"Then don't be in a hurry next time to doubt what lecturers say," said Bill; and off the two young folks trotted in search of amusement till school-time. The same rule would in twenty years make all the world Christians.

The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.