

occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasure to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on it with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jewelled hand above his head and exclaimed, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames!" All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more and defiance to the flames!" burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering of footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine! Fly! fly for your lives!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as those ill-fated revellers—yea, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak of death, the grave, judgment and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for pleasure, but soon dash into the world and forgetfulness as before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry is heard, "Prepare to meet thy God!" but soon, like Carnot, they say, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," and hurry on. The Spirit of the living God speaks powerfully home to their hearts, and they shake, tremble, and are amazed; but earth casts its spell around them and sings to them songs, and with the cry, "Time enough by-and-by," they speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere days or months have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost forever.

#### FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Two ladies were one day shewn into my office, and I only learned from the announcement that one of them, without it being precisely designated which, was Miss Havergal. Alas! for anything like instinct in these affairs, for I advanced to the wrong lady. I had, on the instant, mistakenly connected the serious, solemn-strained poems with the elder, graver-looking of the two visitors.

"No," said the lady, "I am not Miss Havergal; this is she;" indicating her companion.

I then clearly saw, smiling at my mistake, a bright, fair face, framed in a profusion of golden hair, the eyes positively glittering with intelligence and good humour. The owner of this pleasant face was of not more than middle stature and slight in figure. I may add that, as soon as the lips opened, you were struck with the unusual soft clearness of her voice. Always she was the same unaffected, transparently sincere lady; welcome in every circle as its ornament and grace.

There were at times lengthened intervals between receiving contributions from her, and then again one manuscript would follow upon another with rapidity. I recollect a conversation in which I chanced to make some allusion to this fitfulness of her muse, and she at once gave her explanation of it; and if it should seem to some minds, those of the harder, common-sense type, to border on a gentle superstition, they would, had they seen the unhesitating earnestness with which it was stated, at least have known that it was a real faith with the speaker.

"I cannot," she said, "write just when I would. Indeed, the poems are not mine, but my Master's. I just put down what He tells me; and I have to wait until He tells me. I do not understand what people mean when they speak of 'making' poetry. I have somehow to live mine before I write it. Then, a thought in my mind seems all at once to shoot out into a musical line, which I write like a child learning

a lesson, and look up for more. It is in that way anything of mine which does any good comes, and I have been left quite silent for months at a time, and even longer."—*Day of Rest.*

#### UNREST.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"One heart is restless till it rest in thee."

—*St. Augustine.*

There is a strange, wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,  
A moaning in the music with echoes unconfessed,  
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,  
And deep, low shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,  
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands rich and broad;  
Grave thought explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,  
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,  
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,  
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,  
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wait and wander in vain and still in vain,  
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very pain;  
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,  
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near.  
Arise, go forth to meet Him! Bow down, for He is here!  
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and blessed tryst,  
For He waiteth to reveal Himself the very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,  
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,  
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,  
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

#### DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

A well-to-do farmer in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the farmer, "I have the wood and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied: "I will pay you for it, on the condition that you read the first three verses of the 41st Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The farmer consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the new enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

#### MINISTERS AND HIRED PREACHERS.

The Church of Jesus Christ cannot make ministers; she is the spiritual corporation of God; all that she can do is to recognize the ministers that are already made by the Spirit of God, having gifts, and graces, and fruits. It follows, of course, that universities, colleges and seminaries cannot make ministers. They can recognize their gifts. Then the Church comes forward to give them orders—that is, to ordain them and make them recognized by its members and by the world outside, as far as the world cares about it. At present I notice there is a great deal of complaint all over the land as to the comparative influence which prevails in relation to spiritual things. I think one of the causes is in the mistaken esteem that the Church has come to cherish in regard to the ministry. Stated supplies are arranged for months and sometimes for years. What can a man expect to do in this way who comes for three or six months with the people, having no expectation of seeing, forming no links of sympathy with the people? Those metallic links of mutual sym-

pathy and confidence along which the electric fire is wont to glide never have a chance to be constructed. Instead of there being a healthy, continuous work, there is the sensuous feeling of excitement. The churches must needs have one who has established a reputation elsewhere. They say: "Now we have got the man; he is very intellectual, profoundly metaphysical, or remarkably original or poetic; everybody must needs go where now we shall have an impression made." Where is it said in the Scriptures that a power shall be made of poetry or intellectuality? When the Church forgets this she robs herself, and we ought to pray that she have the right impression about the ministry. In the next place, what are these men to do? They are to teach men what God teaches them. There is no such thing as apostolical succession beyond that of teaching. The Church of Rome, that aims to be logical—though it has led her into many a dangerous error—has not been willing to throw away the idea of miraculous power. The Protestant Church has abandoned the idea, and it is logical that we should do so. Because an apostle has had a hand laid on his head, has he therefore a right to lay his hand upon the head of another? There is no statement in the Bible that this was a law.—*Dr. John Hall.*

#### THE ONE NAME.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life; filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God; Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exalting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thine own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.

#### WONDERS OF THE CREATION.

The following paragraph is from the eloquent Chalmers:

About the time of the invention of the telescope another instrument was formed, which laid open a scheme no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other led me to see a world in every atom. The one taught that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand of the high immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. One told the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest and the waters of every rivulet there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament.

The one has suggested to me that, beyond and above all that is visible to a man, there may be fields of creation that sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles, and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to include all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all the attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of His glory.