

ing her own lifetime, she told Miss Purday that her opportune arrival on that night, which they both so well remembered, had saved her from the sin of suicide. When she heard Miss Purday's knock at the front door, she had just locked up the whole house carefully and was about to leave it on the other side to drown herself in the sea. She was a Christian woman, but the great enemy of souls had so worked upon her mind as to induce despair, and she had decided to take her own life. She had always from that time cherished feelings of very tender regard for the one whom the Lord used to save her life, and she now entrusted her with the story.

The promise was faithfully kept until the subject of it died, when it was told as one more incident of the watchful care of the Heavenly Father, who can use the most untoward circumstances to deliver his own children in times of difficulty and danger.

My father, who knew Miss Purday well, and who succeeded her in the library business at Sandgate, often told me the story in my childhood while going to and fro to chapel from Sandgate to Folkestone, even to pointing out the spot on the road where Miss Purday was frightened by the rude men, and afterwards gave me the book in which the story was published originally, by the Religious Tract Society. Miss Purday died about 1866; I remember her well, and shall remember her story, I expect, as long as I have a memory.

### The Solitary Way.

Editor Michigan 'Advocate':—The accompanying beautiful poem, author unknown, sent to cheer and comfort one aged saint in sickness and suffering, is so replete with blessing that it seemed to me that its message ought to be repeated to many others in similar circumstances. I therefore send it to you for such use as you think best.

Truly yours, HELEN L. DUNNING.

There is a mystery in our human hearts,  
And though we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,  
To everyone of us, from time to time,  
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,  
And cannot realize our bitterness.  
'There is not one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all I feel.'  
Such is the cry of each of us in turn;  
We wander in a solitary way.

No matter what or where our lot may be,  
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,  
Must live its inner life in solitude.  
And would you know the reason why this is?  
It is because the Lord desires our love;  
In every heart He wishes to be first.  
He therefore keeps the secret key Himself,  
To open all its chambers, and to bless  
With perfect sympathy and holy peace.  
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.

So when we feel this loneliness, it is  
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me,'  
And every time we are not understood,  
It is a call to us to come again;  
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,  
And those who walk with Him from day  
to day  
Can never have a solitary way.

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,  
And say, 'I cannot bear this cross alone,'  
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely  
So heavy that you must return to Him.  
The bitter grief which 'no one understands,'  
Conveys a secret message from the King,  
Entreating you to come to Him again.  
The 'Man of Sorrows' understands it well.  
'In all points tempted,' He can feel with  
you;  
You cannot come too often or too near.  
The Son of God is infinite in grace;  
His presence satisfies the longing soul;  
And they who walk with Him from day  
to day  
Can never have a solitary way.

### Hampton Normal Institute.

It was a bright day, with a touch of spring in the air, and the sun shining on Hampton Roads, as we entered the gate and walked between grassy lawns to visit Hampton Institute. Dr. Frissell was writing in his little office which was surrounded by may-flowers in bloom, and under his guidance, and that of other friends, we made an interesting tour of the building.

Everywhere the students were busily at work, and evidences of what they had accomplished were shown us: handsome beadwork and finely-woven stuffs, made by the Indian girls, and carvings and drawings, showing great ability. In one building architecture is taught practically, from the drawing of simple forms and plans to the actual building and plastering of miniature houses. To this branch of work the Institution owes the pulpit in its fine church, which was made by the students. Entering another bright room, the whirr of machinery met our ears. Here were the workers in iron; their fires burning brightly, while the mechanics seemed intent upon the occupation so well suited to their strong physiques. In still another

the sacred service. Following it they sing their own favorites: 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' and the rest; and still again in the evening they gather to sing the plantation melodies that all love so much. Music is one of the chief delights in the busy life of the Hampton students.

### Scatter The Books.

('Observer' in 'Faithful Witness.')

Who can estimate the good that has resulted from such books as 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and many others of a somewhat similar character, and who can calculate what the widespread circulation of such works among the unsaved would accomplish? Some of the men who have done a great deal for the extension of the Gospel were converted through the reading of a book or pamphlet. Let us all remember that while the circulation of good literature should not take the place of verbal testimony, it nevertheless is one of the most important means to bring sinners to the knowledge of the truth.

H. L. Hastings, of Boston, is the author

*Grace before Meat at Hampton.*

Thou art great and Thou art good. And we thank Thee for this food.

By Thy hand must we be fed. Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen

department furniture was made, and delicate scrolls and ornaments carved for decoration.

Everywhere quiet and industry prevailed and faces were full of intelligence and interest. When the hour arrived for the mid-day meal, all the men assembled on the green, and marched to the music of their band, past the old manor house, which is Dr. Frissell's home, while he, standing on the piazza, acknowledged the salute of each well-drilled line. The girls had already gathered at the dining hall, and all quickly found their places. A bell was touched, and there followed complete silence, while the students stood with bowed head behind their chair.

Softly at first, but gradually swelling as the tones of an organ, rose their voices in this beautiful 'Grace before meat.'

The music was composed by Robert H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton in 1877. He was one of the original band of Hampton singers, and for some years instructor of vocal music at Hampton and then at Tuskegee. He died from heart trouble while travelling with the Hampton Quartette, but his 'Grace' has lived through the years, and the singing of it is a beautiful and impressive custom.

On Sunday afternoon there is dress parade, while the band plays, and Dr. Frissell inspects the lines. Later, all march to the church, where the service is held. There is no organ—none is needed. Those full, deep voices chant in perfect unison their part of

of the following article on 'Scatter the Books,' which appeared not long ago in the columns of 'The Christian':

'A good book carries the Gospel into a home. It may remain there for a life-time. Who can measure the power of a good book over parents, children, visitors, and strangers, who may pick it up to while away an idle moment? A good book may be a life-long missionary in a home.

'Can you not get good books into homes where they are needed? While the writer was standing in the railway station in Allentown, Pa., with a bundle of tracts in his hand, a stranger accosted him:

"Is this Mr. Hastings?" "That is my name."

"I thought so from the tracts you carried. I read 'The Guiding Hand' a dozen years ago and it was a great blessing to my soul." He went on to tell how he had learned the lessons of trust in God. He was now a preacher of the Gospel and had scattered hundreds of dollars' worth of the publications of the Tract Repository.

'A tract may save a soul. A book may change a life. Who will help by scattering light and truth in this way? Every tract or book bought or paid for helps to print one or two more, and so keeps the work going; and so the stream of blessing widens and deepens and spreads far and near.

'Buy books, and persuade others to buy them; and if you fail to do this, loan them or give them, and they may be made useful to many, and bring to your own soul a great reward.'