

## Out of Tribulation.

Doest thou feel the slings and arrows  
By outrageous fortune cast?  
Do they cloud thy sky with scrowls,  
And embitter all thy past?

Art thou growing weary-hearted  
With the strife that will not cease?  
Doest thou think the soul hath parted,  
For all time with joy and peace?

Think not thus. Though tempests environ,  
Others have the same withstood;  
'Tis by constant blows that iron  
Grows more powerful for good.

Every tree is fuller fruited  
For the wound of pruning shears;  
Every tree is firmer rooted  
For the tempests of the years.

If the fire that burns thee sorely  
Be indeed a fiery orcas,  
It refines thee, slowly, surely,  
Cleansing all thy gold of dross.

And the perfect man is builded  
Faster in the evil day;  
Every loss a cornucopious gilded,  
Every care a stronger stay.

So that, though the world grows colder,  
And thy bosom friends be less,  
Thou to every true beholder,  
Shalt increase in comeliness.

So that, out of tribulation,  
Thou shalt have more perfect light,  
And a fuller compensation  
For the darkness of the night.

—The Quiver.

## Starting for Heaven.

BY SAM JONES,

I was looking at a locomotive one day in Atlanta. I admire locomotives—always did. While I was walking around the locomotive the engineer looked round and said to the fireman, "Have you got steam enough to start with?" "Yes," he says. I walked round and looked up at the gauge and saw the locomotive had about 70 or 80 pounds of steam. I knew the locomotive carried 160 pounds, and I said to myself, "that's not enough steam to carry so heavy a train as this is so far as Chattanooga, a distance of 170 miles." However, the train started, and before we got to the Chattahoochee River, a distance of only seven miles, we came to a stop, and putting my head out of the window I found that they were blowing off steam. They had more than they wanted. "Well, well," said I; "the engineer didn't want to know if there was steam enough to go to Chattanooga, but only if there was steam enough to start with." The engine generated steam faster running than standing still. Now if the engineer had stayed there in the station and kept his valve down until he had steam enough to take him to Chattanooga, his boiler would have been blown into ten thousand pieces. All the fellow wanted was enough to start with. There's a fellow says, "Oh, if I could get religion enough in my soul to take me to heaven." Why, you poor little fellow, if you were to get religion enough in you to take you to heaven before you commenced getting there it would blow your poor little soul into ten thousand pieces. The question is, "Have I got enough to start? Just enough to say wrong is wrong, and I will quit it; right is right, and I will do it?" And you won't have got ten miles before you will be blowing off steam and shouting "Glory to God, I'm a saved man."

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

## A Heroic Band.

EARLY in the summer of last year a little band of eleven young persons assembled in the lecture-room of Berkeley St. church, Toronto, of which Rev. J. E. Starr is pastor, at the usual Monday evening meeting established for their spiritual benefit. After waiting for some time in vain for the appearance of a leader, one of their number took the platform and conducted a short service, before the close of which the conversation turned upon the prospects of the meetings for the summer months. The result of this conversation was a pledge from all present to do all that they could to promote the regularity and efficiency of this Monday evening service, and to give effect to this pledge a regular system of visitation was arranged for, each person undertaking to visit a certain number during the week. From week to week thereafter the attendance was largely increased until from one hundred to a hundred and fifty were regularly present. The plan adopted for the meetings was the consecutive study of the lives of distinguished Bible characters, with a view to drawing such lessons from their history as would be helpful to piety and usefulness—a plan which they found to be increasingly interesting and instructive, and in the prosecution of which they became more earnest in their desire to work for the Master in the winning of souls from sin. A call having been made upon them to assist in mission work in the neglected portions of the east end of the city, they united with Brother Fowler, a student for the ministry, in holding cottage meetings which proved so successful that very soon five or six meetings were held at various points every week.

It was not long, however, before the numbers attending these cottage meetings became so large that the rooms available could not accommodate them, and this led to open-air meetings on a vacant lot on St. Lawrence, where with rough timbers arranged for seats our young friends gathered about them hundreds of men and women, and boys and girls who had usually spent the Sabbath evenings lounging about the banks of the Don, to which they preached the blessed gospel of Christ. About the end of August the number of workers had so increased that it was decided to divide into two bands, one continuing to occupy the lot on St. Lawrence Street and the other taking its position at the corner of The and Water Streets, where they encountered such opposition and persecution as would have utterly discouraged and disheartened them if they had not possessed the genuine spirit of Christian heroism. The chair was pulled from under the speaker, kittens were put upon his shoulders to disconcert him, and showers of mud were thrown upon him and his associates. Sometimes the speaker was treated to a dipper of cold water square in the face, was pelted with apple cores, soft tomatoes or rotten eggs, and sometimes interrupted by the singing of songs and the pelting of old tin pails and kettles; but such was the spirit of this noble band of young heroes that upon one occasion when it was proposed to take a safer or less exposed position, one of the young women said that if she had stood the preceding Sunday evening would again be occupied, and it was. They were often beaten, roughly handled and in some instances their clothes were ruined, but they were made of too stern

material to give way, and persistently held their ground. At the same time regular stations were taken up at other places where the crowds were better behaved and more attentive. It is estimated that these services reached at least 1,500 persons who never stately attended any church. When the weather became too cold for open-air services, a hall was rented, which during the previous winter had been occupied as a dance house of the lowest description, and there amidst continued and, in some cases, brutal persecution, they carried on their work through the winter, and not without gracious results, among a crowd who, when they began their meetings, were probably the roughest audience ever gathered at a religious service in Toronto. But when the gospel of the grace of God takes possession of human hearts it effects a transformation in the outward appearance as well as in the character. At the last meeting held in the hall, which was finally abandoned because not suitable for further occupancy, many of this same crowd assisted in the decorations and came to the meeting clean and tidy in dress and appearance, conducted themselves with the utmost decorum, and formed part of the full chorus of one hundred voices which sang of the Saviour's redeeming love.

We have given this brief description of the devoted service of the young people of Berkeley St. church, not only because it is worthy of all honour, but also that our readers may know something of what the young people of one of our Toronto churches are doing, and in the hope that it may stimulate others to like heroic endeavors in behalf of those for whom Christ died, but who, in the midst of a city of churches, are living in almost heathen ignorance of this salvation.—Guardian.

## Obey Your Mother.

ONE among the most distinguished men that our country has produced, Hon. Thomas H. Benton, who for the long period of thirty years held a seat in the United States Senate, was addressing a public meeting, when he turned to the ladies present, and spoke of his mother as follows: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that day to this. She asked me never to gamble, and I never learned to gamble. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink. I made a resolution of total abstinence. That resolution I have never broken. And now, whatever honor I may have gained, I owe it to my mother." Here is a noble example for all my readers to imitate. The good counsels of parents heeded are wisdom, health, purity, and honour.

## Applying the Test.

HAVE you ever been in a manufactory where bells are made? The preparations for casting some of the great church-bells are made upon an immense scale. But not all the bells that are cast are perfect when they come out of the mould. Sometimes, though the best care has been taken, there will be some serious flaw that will entirely unfit the bell for further service. It may be a crack that the eye will not detect, or a defect of some other kind. To discover whether all is right, the workmen now make a vigorous application of heavy hammers. They repeat their hard blows until they are satisfied all is right.

After the bell has been sent to the finishers, and before it is sent out to be placed in the church-tower, it is again tested by repeated heavy blows, until the workmen are convinced it is perfect. After this the bell may be put in its position in the lofty spire, to send out from Sabbath to Sabbath its rich musical tones to invite the people to the house of God.

In some such way as this God tries His children. He applies to them tests—sometimes very severe ones. If they stand the trial He appoints. He may then successfully use them for His service and glory.

## Well Frightened.

YEARS ago, in the State of New York, there was an evening party, to which a fashionable young man was invited. He was dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, lavender pantaloons and gloves, with a white vest and button-hole bouquet.

It was fashionable to drink wine. The young man drank to excess, became very hilarious, and left on account of it rather early in the evening. On his way home he stumbled into several saloons, and by drinking became quite intoxicated; and not finding his way home, he crawled into a barn and slept on the thrashing-fl or.

About four o'clock the next morning a gentleman passing that way heard a terrible moan. He stopped and listened, and then distinctly heard:

"Oh, don't kill me! For heaven's sake, let me live! Oh—ah! oh—ah!" The gentleman listening certainly thought some one was being murdered. He proceeded cautiously to the barn, lighted a match, held it over his head, and saw, lying in a corner, the young man with the white vest and lavender gloves, almost exhausted; for close to him, down on their knees, were two calves, sucking his ears.—Youth's Companion.

## Root up the Weeds.

Two boys, John and Willie were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weed-d. John contented himself with taking off the tops of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path," and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots; and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day; and when the gentleman went a few days afterward to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly; and very tired he would have been had not Will good-natured helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of cutting them. Will you remember this!

WHEN you attempt anything that is right, go through with it. Be not easily discouraged. Form habits of perseverance. Yield not to sloth and sleep and fickleness. To resist all these will not be easy; but you will feel that you have done right when your undertaking is finished.