

ground nearest him and sobbed—"Oh, mother! Vera!—this, your hero!" Then, motionless almost as one dead, he long lay utterly broken and prostrate. Presently came the villagers, singly and in groups, wending their way to the evening service, and, all unconscious of the prostrate form so near them, entered the gate and passed on into the church. A little while, and the music of the organ and choir swelled and floated out through the open window upon the quiet air, and then died away into silence, and in the hush that followed rose the voice of one reading.

The deep and earnest cadence of the speaker's voice had something familiar in it that caught the ear of the prostrate man, until, scarce consciously, he roused himself enough to listen.

With something even of interest that grow as he listened, he heard again the story of how the Master in the Temple stooped and wrote with His finger in the dust, while the clamorous Pharisees—a weeping woman in their midst—crowded about Him, and seeking to entrap Him, asked what they should do with her, whom the law, for her crime, declared worthy of death. And he heard the answer come, when at length, looking up with a calm and penetrating glance that swept the circle and searched each heart, the Master spoke: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." And when at length the accusers, conscience-stricken and abashed, one by one had slunk away, he heard the gentle words addressed to the erring woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Then the reading ceased, and the other portions of the evening's service succeeded. But the prostrate man was oblivious of all save those words of the Master—"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." With distinctness he heard them uttered, as though spoken to him from the air above, and from the graves beside him seemed to come the whisper, "Sin no more."

Long hours after, when the worshippers in the church had dispersed to their homes, and were unconsciously sleeping, a man penitent and broken-hearted, kneeled in the churchyard by those three graves and prayed, long, pleadingly, earnestly, while only the stars looked down, and that pitying God who mercifully judgeth the repentant sinner and with infinite tenderness bindeth up the broken heart.

Then once more the scene changed. Around the same bend in the road, down which had trudged the traveller with the bundle slung to a stick, the old schoolmaster in his vision saw, walking wearily, the same man who had been present in all the visions that had passed in review before him. For a whole fortnight, by day and by night, by rail, by stage, on foot, without a stop, ever westward from that spot where those three graves lay in the quiet churchyard, had he travelled to where, then almost on the frontier of western civilization, lay the secluded village. He saw the stranger approach and enter the inn. Then, in quickly shifting panorama, the scene of over twenty years passed before him. He saw the man, his system unstrung and broken by the want of its accustomed stimulant, tossing in the delirium of fever. He saw him slowly recovering. He saw him an attentive listener at church. He saw him working in the Sabbath-school. He saw him at the door of the gin-shop rescuing the drunkard from

the very mouth of the pit that yawned to engulf him, and afterward with gentle hand helping to unbind the chains which strong drink had forged. He saw him organizing and leading the crusade which finally drove from the village every rum-shop which had polluted it. He saw him ministering at the bedside of the sick and comforting the dying. He saw him alone in his room kneeling in earnest prayer. He saw him a guide to the young, a counsellor to the old. He saw him enshrined in the hearts and the love of all. He saw him ever earnest, ever zealous, ever striving in the cause of the Master. He saw him for years a faithful teacher in the village school. And, as the vision passed and came nearer, the old man, even as he gazed, felt himself to merge into and become identical with the man whom he had seen, and to step into and become a part of the scenes that had passed before him.

Then again, with the swift transition of a dream, came back the picture of the child by his mother's knee, in that pleasant sitting-room, long years ago; and then of the bed in that darkened room, with the face upon it lightened with a kind of glory, and the hand pointing heavenward.

With a bursting cry—half spoken, half whispered—the old man buried his face in his arms upon the desk before him and wept.

The sun, sinking behind the western hills, shot through the open windows a parting golden beam, that for a little rested upon the bowed head like a halo of glory, and then faded.

The twilight came and deepened into night, but the old man still sat motionless in the same attitude. The moon rose, and her pale beams stealing in among the shadows crept to where he sat. But he noted it not. He had won the fight. He had entered the City.

Even as the parting sunbeam crowned his head with its dying glory, then had been placed upon his brow, mid the acclaim of angels, the crown that fadeth not away, laid up for him who ever cometh.

SUSSEX, N.B.

"Mother, I'm Coming."

BY JOHN FOWKS.

[These were the last words of a dear child, in Birmingham, Eng., whose affectionate mother died about two years before.]

"ENTER softly," a sister said,
"For she is dying."
Gently I approached the bed,
As friends were sighing.
I looked upon the lovely face,
And could in every feature trace
The workings of the Saviour's grace,
Grim death defying.

Her frame was weak, her voice was low,
And death was near;
And yet this lov'd one seemed as tho'
A friend was there:
She mov'd as if she wished to fly,
Her face illumined with sacred joy;
We heard her spirit's gentle sigh,
"Mother, I'm coming."

"I come to you, my dearest mother,
O give me wings!
And take me to my angel brother,
Where cherub sings."
We dwell on the last words she said,
And though we've laid her little head
Among the silent and the dead,
Her voice still rings.

Though severed we may meet above,
Mid angels bright,
And sing in bliss with those we love
Who've won the fight.

Christ praise shall then our powers employ
In that eternal world of joy,
Where none can e'er our bliss annoy
In realms of light.

AVONMORE, ONT.

The Land of Beulah.

A LITTLE while, O beautiful land,
O beautiful land of Beulah!
A little while on thy lovely strand
My weary feet shall resting stand;
A little while in thy meadows fair
I shall wander, untouched by fear or care,
O beautiful land of Beulah!

The trodden ways of earth are rough-hilled,
O beautiful land of Beulah!
But here the air with sweet peace is filled,
The noise and strife of the earth are stilled;
The heart sings softly a pleasant song,
From its fulness of joy thy vales among,
O beautiful land of Beulah!

Through golden mists at the hour of even,
O beautiful land of Beulah!
I see before me the hills of heaven;
For gleams of glory and light are given
To those who dwell on thy border land,
And thy visions and voices understand,
O beautiful land of Beulah!

A little while the King of the land,
O beautiful land of Beulah!
Will send a herald from out the band
Of shining ones that around Him stand,
To bear the token that calls my soul
Where thy bordering waters deeper roll,
O beautiful land of Beulah!

The golden bowl will break at the spring,
O beautiful land of Beulah!
Before the message of my King,
The bells of heaven will sweetly ring,
Its host come down to the river's brink,
In the flowing waters I shall not sink,
O beautiful land of Beulah!

—Selected.

The Curse of a Woman.

"If you want to hear a strange story," said a gentleman to a reporter of the *Alta* the other day, in Golden Gate Park, "engage that gray-haired man in conversation and get him to tell you his history. It will repay you for your time;" and he indicated a prematurely aged man with a sad face, in the sun on one of the benches of the park. The reporter needed no second invitation, and was soon seated by the man with the strange history.

"I am told," said the seeker after facts, "that you have a life story, strange in the extreme, and that you are not averse to relating it."

The eyes of the man were turned on the speaker a moment, and folding his white hands in his lap, he said:

"Yes, it is a strange story; I am a murderer and a reformed gambler; but you need not shrink so from me, for the murder was not intentional. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling parlors in the city of Chicago, and on Saturday nights I dealt out my faro-game, in which business, of course, I made a great deal of money. Many unpleasant incidents grew out of my business, but I always excused it on the ground that men did not have to play games any more than they were obliged to drink poison. I finally got to noticing and expecting one man in particular, who always came when it was my night to deal. At first he played boldly, and, as a consequence, lost heavily; but as he grew more familiar with the game he played carefully, and acted as though life depended on his winning, which, in fact, was the case, as afterward proved. I got acquainted with him, addressing him as Brown, but knowing that was not his true name.

"I think he followed the game for months, winning a little sometimes, but generally losing heavily. At last he came one night, and I saw by his flushed face that he had been drinking, although

he looked apparently cool. He sat down to the table, drew out a small roll of money, and laying it down before him said:

"There is in that pile my fortune, my honor and my life. I either win or lose all this night. Begin your game; I am ready."

"Others joined in at first and played for a while, but finally withdrew from the game and watched the strange man at my right. He played to win, but fate was against him, for he lost, won and lost again, and finally, after two hours of playing, evidently in the most fearful suspense, he lost his last dollar. Leaning back in his chair with compressed lips, and face blanched to a deadly whiteness, he looked me in the eye a moment, and rising, said:

"My money, honor, and happiness, have gone over that table, never to return. I said my life would go with them, and so it shall. Tell my wife I had gone too far to return.' Before we could prevent it he put a derringer to his breast and shot himself through the heart, falling upon the table that had been his ruin and death.

"His wife came, awful in the majesty of her grief, and after satisfying herself that her husband was dead, she asked: 'Where is the keeper of this dreadful place?' I was pointed out, and striding up to me, so that her finger almost touched my face, she exclaimed in tones that are ringing in my ears yet: "Oh, you soulless wretch, with heart of stone! You have lured my husband from me, sent him to perdition, widowed me, and orphaned my children. You are his murderer, and may God's curse rest upon you eternally!' And with a wild scream, 'Oh my husband! my children!' she fell fainting on the lifeless body of her husband.

"I lingered for weeks in a brain fever, that curse seeming always to be the burden of my mind. On my recovery I burned the fixtures of my den, and closed the place, and have devoted most of my time to travel, with the hope of escaping that woman's just curse, but I can't. I believe it is on me forever, and I feel that I was the man's murderer. I am rich, and my first attempt was to get the dead man's wife to accept an annuity from me, but she refused all aid, and tried to support herself by her own labor. I relieved my mind to some extent, however, by settling a certain sum on her and her children, which passes through her father's hands, and ostensibly comes directly from him. Her children are receiving a fine education by this means, and my will, safely locked in her father's office, bequeathes to her and her children my entire wealth, some \$100,000." "My life," he continued, "is devoted largely to visiting gambling dens, where I meet young men who are on the highway to hell, and warn them of their danger. Thanks be to God, I have succeeded in many cases in saving them; and now, young man, remember this story and let it always stand up as a white spectre between you and the gambling table. See to it that the poison does not enter your veins;" and he pulled his hat over his moistened eyes and strode silently away.—Selected.

No; we do not intend to give up the cities to drunkenness. Where the devil masses his forces the friends of God and humanity will do the same; and as God is stronger than Satan they will win the fight.