

even seemingly innocent attentions, and even unimportant gifts from an employer, or a fellow associate in the business house. To the girl, weary with the routine of the office, it looks like a pleasant break when a dignified or agreeable masculine friend, whom she sees every day, invites her to go to luncheon with him, or suggests an afternoon excursion on a half-holiday. The thing, however, is not justifiable, and often indulgence in what is apparently a perfectly innocent pleasure leads to misunderstanding and unhappiness. It is a good rule for the business girl never to go anywhere or do anything in any company concerning which secrecy is enjoined or tacitly implied. Let the young woman keep the line of her friendships and intimacies as a separate matter, known and approved of by her home friends, and not mix up with the duties and obligations of her office or her store.

The young girl coming from a village, where she has known and been on good terms with every one, to a great city, where necessarily she meets a host of strangers, should take special care to let her business life be that of a thoughtful, self-respecting woman.

All this is quite consistent with cheerful manners and pleasant ways. One does not need to label herself as unapproachable, or, above everything, as suspicious and ready to stand on the defensive. Every requirement of the position is met by deportment which is regulated according to common-sense and self-respect. A girl in business should put herself behind her work and allow absorption in that to be her sufficient shield.—Margaret E. Sangster.

I Don't Believe It.

Fire! Fire! In the middle of the night the cry echoed through the quiet streets, and in a short space of time a crowd of aroused sleepers had gathered to the spot. Ere long, fire-engines arrived at the blazing house at full speed and these were followed by the fire-escape. Every face was now turned towards the upper windows; and loud hurrahs of excited applause greeted the firemen, as, scorched and half stifled, they came down the ladders with their human burdens.

'Stop! stop!' shouted a spectator, who had just arrived, and was pushing his way through the crowd; 'Firemen, have you got out a young man—tall—dark hair?'

'No!' answered the firemen; 'whereabouts does he sleep?'

'Top garret, back.'

'Then the Lord have mercy on him,' said the fireman, and pointing to the column of smoke, and hissing tongues of flame, which darted through the lower windows.

'Stand back!' cried the brave young man; 'he is my dearest friend,' and he sprang up the ladder. Battling with smoke and flame, he reached the garret, which was as yet untouched, and burst the door open; there lay his friend in a drunken sleep.

'George,' cried he, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'wake up; the house is on fire.'

No answer.

'George!' cried he again, violently shaking him, 'you'll be a dead man in two minutes; come away—the house is burning.'

The sleeping man stirred, opened his eyes for a moment, and murmuring, 'I don't believe it,' turned on his side and closed his eyes in stupid insensibility. His would-be deliverer had but just time to drop into the fire-escape to save his own life.

Reader, those words, 'I don't believe it,' have destroyed thousands of souls and may destroy yours. We try to arouse you; we

cry to you, 'Awake, thou that sleepest;' and you say, 'Get you gone.' We tell you of the lake of fire; you say, 'I don't believe it.'

'O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening stage be run.
—Friendly Greetings.'

Let Us be Friends.

'Among my earliest recollections,' says an English writer, 'is a pillar which was set up as a mark of the borough bounds. As we passed it one day, I remember my father told me a story of the pillar. "Some years ago," he said, "a writ was about to be served upon a man for debt; but the debtor, upon seeing the officer, started off and ran as hard as he could for this point, fully three miles distant. The officer, though in full chase, could not overtake the man, who ran till he reached the pillar, and then feeling safe, because beyond the bounds of the officer's jurisdiction, stopped. The latter, knowing he had no authority to seize him, appeared to submit; but he held out his hand, saying, "Let us be friends at any rate." The debtor, thrown off his guard, took the proffered hand, when the officer, with a desperate effort, pulled him within the boundary, and clapping the other hand on his shoulder, shouted, "You are my prisoner!"'

I do not know any more fearful or vivid picture than that of the way in which we may sometimes be drawn back into evil ways after a long struggle against temptation and the pride and overconfidence that may follow victory. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!' Let the officer in the story represent the bad influence, the special temptation that is to-day besetting you or me. We have resisted bravely and think we are safe. 'Let us be friends at any rate,' says the sin in its soft, fair voice; and an instant later the terrible words ring out, 'You are my prisoner!'

How can we help it? What safety is there for us? In this, and this only: 'God is our father!' When we resist, his strength helps ours. When we throw ourselves, panting, beyond the clutch of sin, we are not left alone, with only an enemy hovering near. Our Father is by our side, and already stronger for the good fight we have fought, we may take his hand and be safe. —'Wellspring.'

Sent Home to a Dying Wife.

In January, 1894, a man by the name of Theobald, nearly seventy years old, a good Christian, and a member of the church to which I then ministered, sent for me to preach at his wife's funeral. When I reached his house he told me the following story: 'I am engaged every day in soliciting orders for a large grocery house in this city. I live in the West End, some three miles from the place of my business. I travel about the city in a buggy. Yesterday morning I kissed my dear wife good-bye as usual, leaving her in better health and spirits than usual for her. I drove to the southern part of the city, some five miles from home. I at once took my horse to the smith's for shoeing. All at once, while waiting, I was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to go home immediately. I thought it a foolish impression and tried to throw it off, but in vain. I went across the street to solicit orders while waiting on the smith, but I was so agitated over the impulse to go home that I could not take an order. Something seemed

to say to me that I ought to go at once. I could not possibly banish the impression.

'I left my horse at the shop and took the first electric car for home, feeling a little foolish that I had yielded to a mere impression, and was going home without being able to give myself a reason for doing so. It seemed that the cars would never reach my home, so urgent was the feeling that I ought to be there immediately. On reaching my home which I had so recently left in such a happy state of mind, I found my wife so nearly dead that I was just in time to be recognized by her, and to see her pass away in a moment.'

Some may attempt to explain this on scientific principles, but to my mind it is clear that the Lord in this way sent this faithful brother to the bedside of his dying wife.—J. L. Parsons, in Boston 'Christian.'

One Woman's Prayers.

(D. L. Moody in New York.)

When I was in London in 1872 I went to the Old Bailey where Sunday-school teachers and ministers used to meet to pray. I was asked to preach in a church in the north end of London. It was an independent church and in the morning service the people seemed cold, formal and stiff. In the evening, while I spoke a hush seemed to fall over the people and it was then God got in his work.

I determined to ask for an expression of feeling. It's pretty hard to get an English audience to give an expression. I asked all who wanted to be Christians to stand up. They rose like one. Then I asked all who wished to become Christians to come into the inquiry room. They filled it and there were hundreds of converts.

I couldn't understand it. It was something I had never seen before. It seemed like a miracle. During the following week there were four hundred persons taken into that church on profession of faith.

Later on I found out all about it. The work was done by a bed-ridden woman. Her prayers, and not my preaching, brought down the fires from heaven.

She belonged to that church, and when she was taken sick and confined to her bed she put in her time praying that something would happen to cause a great revival of faith in her church and build it up. She saw my name in a newspaper and something about my work in America.

Then she set herself to pray that the American preacher should preach in her chapel. Her sister came home that Sunday and said: 'Who do you suppose preached this morning?'

She guessed a number of names.

'No,' said her sister to each one, 'it was Mr. Moody from America.'

The woman's dinner came up just then, but she sent it away saying: 'No, I don't eat to-day, I spend my time in prayer and fasting, I know what this means.'

That evening, all the time I was preaching, that soul was appealing to God for me. I know that in eternity it will be found that her prayers brought those people to salvation.

And, it was because of her prayers that Mr. Sankoy and I went to Europe the next year, and through her prayers that tens of thousands of souls were saved over there. It's the real prayer of faith God wants and he'll answer it.

A wealthy widow of Cleveland, Ohio, supports thirteen missionaries, and is now making a missionary tour of the world to show her interest in the work.—'Spirit of Missions.'