

the pony's ear, and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand; but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony; but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said: "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken; instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, and she stroked and patted softly his neck with the childlike hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-chiding, but in a tender voice as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment and started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day.

The stranger remarked to the farmer: "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was: "Oh, she's good! Everybody and everything loves her."—*S. S. Advocate.*

GENERAL JOHN D. IMBODEN, whose battery bore the brunt of the artillery charge at Bull Run, relates some of the incidents of the battle in the *May Century*, from which we take the following: "Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them. The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket, and began to bind it up, 'Only a scratch—a mere scratch,' and galloped away along his line. General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm-house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the

night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: 'Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave.'"

We met a professed Christian the other day, who was actually relying for future salvation upon an experience already twenty years old. At that time, he said, he gave up all. But judging from his outward life, the most of what he then gave up had since come back to him. No giving up, such as we refer to, is really effectual only as it is persisted in. You "gave up all" twenty years ago? That is excellent. But unless you have also given up all every day since and continue to do so each day to come, you can finally hope for little from that twenty years old act. Consecration is not an act to be once attended to and then left forever to take care of itself. It includes all time as well as all possessions—everything placed on the altar forever, and kept there. Do not risk your eternal possessions by relying upon an old title deed that may long since have become invalid.—*Morning Star.*

It is strange that any poor sinner is foolish enough to suppose that he can deceive the Lord. It is still more strange that he can think to gratify the Lord by making an offering in a vain-glorious or boastful spirit. But there is a great deal of this folly in the world. There are rich men who buy costly seats in a fashionable church, or drop money into the contribution box, or make subscriptions to some religious cause, feeling that they are doing the handsome thing by the Lord, and that it must be pleasant for Him to receive their help. And there are pastors and evangelists, and Sunday-school teachers, and Young Men's Christian Association workers, and writers for the religious press, who seem to have an idea that the Lord would greatly miss their labours if they should be intermitted. When there is a new opening for work in their line, they seize their swinging censer, or tuck their Bagster's Bible under their arm, and push to the temple front, to show the Lord how much they think of Him, and how much they can do in His behalf. They have no special sense of dependence on the Lord; but they bear themselves as if the Lord were quite dependent on them.—*S. S. Times.*