

## What Time is it?

What time is it?  
 Time to do well,  
 Time to live better,  
 Give up that grudge,  
 Answer that letter,  
 Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,  
 Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard  
 In the new situation,  
 Time to build upon  
 A solid foundation;  
 Giving up needless changing and drifting,  
 Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?  
 Time to be in earnest,  
 Laying up treasures;  
 Time to be thoughtful,  
 Choosing true pleasures,  
 Loving stern justice of truth being fond,  
 Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,  
 Doing your best;  
 Time to be trustful,  
 Leaving the rest;

Knowing in whatever country or clime  
 Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.  
 —'Liverpool Mail.'

## Hope—and no Hope.

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in 'Wellspring'.)

In February, 1823, a company of travellers were on their way from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Albany, New York. They were packed in a sleigh whose driver soon lost his wits through visits to the bar-rooms by the roadside. The weather changed, and rain began to fall in torrents. The open sleigh afforded slight protection to its occupants. Two of these attracted the attention of a fellow-passenger, who afterwards wrote of them.

One was a young girl of seventeen, who was returning from school to her home. A slight little thing, and one who shrank from every discomfort. The other was a young man, a New York law student. He monopolized the conversation; 'spoke long and loud about the priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at the worst, was only a leap in the dark, which no one should fear.'

A few minutes after this speech of the braggart, the drunken driver declared that the rain had ruined the sleighing, and he proposed to take to the river. The passengers remonstrated, but their pleas were unavailing. When near Newburgh, the drunken man took to the ice, which was covered with water to a depth of two feet. The wind was blowing a gale, 'and the waves rolled as if no ice were under.' The passengers all trembled. At any moment they might run into an airhole. To make matters worse, the rain changed to snow. The driver could no longer see even the heads of his horses. The banks were steep, and it was useless to attempt a landing for a mile or more. Hardened travellers blanched with fear.

The young man who had just spoken the boastful words attracted the attention of his companions. 'Ten minutes before he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi, on the right hand of the great Bonaparte; but now he sat in dismay,

and trembled in every limb. He was like one without hope.'

The young girl, on the contrary, was quiet. When she realized her danger, 'she took from her basket a little red book, in which she read about a minute. As she replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face toward the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. As she opened her eyes, the hue of fear, which for a moment had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a showery cloud on the side of a green hill on an April morning. During the remainder of the perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not.'

After the danger had been safely passed, the passenger who later told the tale asked the young woman what there was in her little book which had helped her so. She answered that she had merely read the text for the day in her copy of Daily Food: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about his people.' In order to draw her out, her interlocutor remarked: 'Miss, there be many who say this book is all delusion.' The answer is worthy of note: 'They may call it what they please—but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life.'

In telling the incident, the traveller said: 'I thought I saw before me hope and no hope: hope in the person of this young woman who could not so much as set her foot upon the ground for very delicacy, yet she did neither scream nor wring her hand, but was strong in her faith; and no hope, in the person of the young man, who from strength of body and vigor of mind might have passed for one of the very lords of the earth—but he sat unstrung and feeble as a child.'

That contrast is as old as the world. Men and women have passed their lives in idle gratification of self, laughing at the faith of those who believe in God, only to shrink in terror at the approach of death. But how many there are whose feet are firmly planted on the promises of God, and they cannot be moved when danger threatens. Theirs is the faith which sings:

'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose;  
 I will not—I will not—desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.'

It was Browning who tells, in *Instans Tyrarnus*, of a ruler who, for some unexplained reason, hated one of his subjects and attempted his undoing. He punished him, but did not succeed in making him cringe. He sought to break his heart by pursuing his relatives, but was balked in this. Finally he determined that he would not be defeated in his purpose, even if the cost of success were half his kingdom. In his own words:

'So I soberly laid my last plan  
 To extinguish the man.  
 Round his creep-hole, with never a break,  
 Ran my fires for his sake;  
 Overhead did my thunder combine  
 With my underground mine:  
 Till I looked from my labor content  
 To enjoy the event.

'When sudden—how think ye the end?

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,  
 The man sprang to his feet,  
 Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and  
 prayed!

—So, I was afraid.'

## 'Am I My Brother's Keeper?'

(Helen H. Blake, in the 'New York Observer'.)

The sun was just dropping behind a huge bank of clouds in the west. It was late in the fall, and in the region of country northwest of us, which an Arctic climate hold benumbed for four or five months of the year, every sunny day that comes at that season is one more reprieve from the dreaded winter. Ranch life in winter in any of our northwestern states involves hardships that few people who have not experienced them ever dreamed of. Those who have had such trial can sympathize to a great extent with the Pilgrims in their first experience on the inhospitable shores of New England.

'Seems to me, John, I can just see them poor creatures gettin' out o' the boat in that freezin' cold weather, an' nowhere on earth to go—had to build a log hut to live in. I think they were a dreadful brave people.'

'Who're you talkin' about, Hannah?'

'I was just thinkin' about the Pilgrims.'

'Oh, them people that settled Massachusetts? P'rhaps 'twasn't a cold day when they landed. Besides, they came over here to get their own way; lots of people are brave enough for that.'

'You're always runnin' people down, John. I'm sure I'd like to know why you come out here to this forlorn place—it's like the last end of nowhere—unless 'twas to have your own way. And you had a good business in the East, too. Folks might say hard things of you if they tried.'

'What's that to me, I'd like to know? I'll go where I can run the business I want to without being meddled with all the time.'

'But there's no law in Connecticut against keepin' a saloon if you kept your license paid up.'

'No more there isn't, but I'd rather fight the law than have a dozen o' those women cranks naggin' me all the time.'

'I don't know sometimes but they're right, though, if they are cranky,' said the woman a little sullenly. 'It don't seem to me, when I think of it, as though we had any right to sell stuff to people that's almost sure death to 'em in the long run.'

She ended rather defiantly, like a person who acts from a resolve to do something totally at variance with his whole previous line of conduct, and who feels at the same time a little ashamed to let his change of opinion be known. Her husband turned to look at her curiously. She went on with her work without heeding him. Presently he walked across the room and stood before her.

'Seems to me,' he said slowly, 'you're changin' your mind rather late; you never used to have no objections to sellin' folks what they wanted. An' I'll jest warn ye that them airs won't do no good. I'm sellin' liquor, an' I'm goin' to do it spite of any one. Other people an' their chilrun kin take care o' themselves.'

'Other people's children, yes; but how about your own? Maybe you'd better be lookin' after yours.'

'What d'ye mean by that?' demanded the man fiercely. 'I ain't got but one, an' d'ye think Mary Ann 'll take to drink? Not much; she's too much like her old father for that.'

His face softened as he spoke of his child. Then he turned away, went out of the door and down towards the barns where some of the stock was housed for the winter. Far away above the prairie he saw a horseman