

THE MONKISH SCRIBE

"Fear Pacificus," in the Scriptorium of the convent, copying an ancient MS. of the Scriptures.

It is growing dark! yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause a while, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and spot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Near'y through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book.
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision Divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Iest my part too, should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it!
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf,
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospel in letters of gold!
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter,
Saint Ulric hims—lf never made a better,
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail;
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All a-blaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of Thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee!
(He looks from the window.)
How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscape and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and
breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.
LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

DOES GOD HEAR LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS?

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

A LITTLE more than twenty-five years ago the writer of this was quite young, full of vigour and delight in a missionary's life in the back woods. He used often to visit a pinery where lived a pious couple with three children. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was then about seven; the next a daughter whose name I have forgotten, about five; with their brother Johnny, a chubby faced baby-boy growing towards three years old. Although there was no Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, no PLEASANT HOURS or Sabbath-school papers to read, Mr. and Mrs. A—, the parents, loved God and taught their children many beautiful little hymns. They told them how Jesus loved children and died for them; they taught their children to pray and to believe that God delights to hear children's prayers, and to answer us when we believe the promises of His word. Elizabeth and her sister believed in Jesus, and rejoiced to know their sins forgiven; and few

children with all the luxuries of the city were so happy as these dear little ones in the wilderness, to whom God had revealed Himself by His Holy Spirit. Their home was a house of pine logs, quite small, only one room—no parlour or bed rooms—with one window of four small panes of glass, nailed fast into a rude frame in a hole cut through the wall. The door opened outwards, and was fastened by a wooden latch on the outside. A hole was bored through the door, and a leather string ran through this, so that those within the house lifted the latch by pulling the string.

One day in the winter Mr. A. and his wife went away on business and left the children in the house. The baby went outside and a cold wind blew the door shut. It became very stormy, and the baby-boy began to cry to get in, when Elizabeth and her sister found, to their horror, that by some accident the string had been pulled out, and they inside could not open the door. The loud winds blow, the tall pines sighed, the blinding snow fell in thick flakes, while poor little Johnny's cries were pitifully heard above the wild raging storm. Johnny was not tall enough to reach up to the latch, even if he knew enough to raise it. Elizabeth and her sister, fastened up in what was now their prison, cried bitterly to think of poor little Johnny perishing, and of their loving parents upon their return finding his corpse stiff and cold on the door sill!

Then Elizabeth's sister thought of their nightly prayer,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee,"

and Elizabeth said, "Our father has often told us that God hears the prayers of even little children when they cry to Him," so she and her sister knelt down and said "Lord Jesus, save little Johnny from dying in the cold. Lord Jesus send an angel to open the door before Johnny dies with the cold." While on their knees, the door which they had tried in vain to force, flew open, while no hand was seen, no person appeared, and little Johnny toddled to the fire and was soon warm and snug in his sisters' arms. God answered the prayers of these children. How it was done we know not, but God still hears prayer. Let all your readers, young and old, love God and trust Him.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More crime and sin is committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantments; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open: the mills of destruction are grinding health, honour, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be. "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of this city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—*Boston Globe.*

A STRANGE, STRONG LETTER.

THE following letter, taken from the *Covington Commonwealth*, was evidently written by a father to a son of dissipated habits:

"My Dear Son,—What would you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, wakening us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing; and that is just why I am up here a little after midnight writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out with turning from side to side, and with sighing because you won't let her sleep. That mother, who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked with pride and joy upon you as you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

"We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the Oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the body in small pieces—slowly cutting off the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing, you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs that are appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her dear face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are prearing her toward it with very rapid steps.

"Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet

with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say 'joy,' for that is a word we have long ago ceased to use, because you have taken it away from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

"And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches, whom you meet every day on the streets, and see in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom! For the Bible says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Where, then, will you be? If not in the kingdom of God you must be somewhere else.

"Will not these considerations induce you to quit at once, and for all time! And may God help you, for he can and he will, if you earnestly ask him.

"Your affectionate, but sorrow-stricken father."

ABOUT CHAUTAUQUA.

IN a sermon of unusual excellence and power, preached at Chautauqua by Bishop Wiley, of Cincinnati, on the first Sunday in last August, he closed with these words; the stenographer caught them:

I tell you, Brother Vincent, I have never felt happier as to this outlook of Christianity, than I have done here at Chautauqua. I was thinking over this, my theme, to-day, and then I stepped out and looked around; and I thought, here in the nineteenth century, this is the progressive age; this is the most advanced period of the world; here is the head and topmost stone of civilization; here we are, away off toward the end of this great century that is to accomplish such mighty things. Well, where are we this Sunday afternoon? Why, here at Chautauqua. What is Chautauqua? A Christian light, a Christian power, a Christian centre; one of the most hopeful, one of the most powerful, one of the most promising things for the outlook of Christianity; and far in advance of any one institution of all the past. I say I felt happy standing here to-day. Why, Chautauqua is big enough to save the Gospel if there were nothing else left. There is power enough here, here in this line of study, in this co-operation, in this movement, reaching out through the country and being felt in the world; there is something here that shows the Gospel to be imperishable. Why does Chautauqua live? Because Christianity is its life; Christianity is its power and its spirit. And the same power, the same life, the same spirit, is more intense to-day and more workful to-day than in all the history of the past.

A NEW YORK court imposed a fine of \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe, and fined a bar-tender \$5 for selling whisky to children. So much are giraffes more valued than the children of men.