

a trial of his faith, for this had no reference to him, but to reprove him for his unguarded words concerning my crazy head. Did you do well to be angry, brother, and tell him, in the class meeting, no wonder the Devil would like to pull you down, when you are trying to serve the Lord. No use trying for God is in it. Then I must tell the friends of the borrowed money : "Go to Toronto on Thursday, M. I. L., and how will I say that my word has gone forth, till in the family you will get the money!" Oh, what a struggle with self! Another Tuesday the command came; and rather than grieve the Holy Spirit, I with much fear and trembling got out the words, I'll get the money; but I trusted and wept and prayed for this money. Mind, friends, the money is all the Lord's. This money was to buy clothes; but it was more, it was the Lord's money to teach me a lesson of faith. It was got, but it was borrowed; and this was another knock to put me down; but this blow was from the world more than the Church: lovers of the world more than lovers of God. It's no use trying for God is in it.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

In the crowded street I met her,
Just as twilight veiled the sky,
Never, never to forget her,
And the tear-drops in her eye.

Fair as summer's fairest blossom,
Played the curls upon her brow,
While beneath them heaved a bosom,
Whose deep anguish thrills me now.

"Father, father!" spake she mildly,
"Mother prayed you would not stay;"
"Father, father!" cried she wildly,
"Come, oh, come with me away."