AT NIGHTFALL.

The day is done, dear Lord, the weary day; And I have tried so hard to do Thy will, And faithfully the tasks Thou gav'st' fulfill!

The little ones are sleeping; all the day
The restless feet have hurried to and fro,
The childish voices ceaseless in their flow.

Thou knowest, dear Lord, Thy work I try to To train these treasures Thou has lent to me Till Thine ownimage in their hearts may be.

I strive to guard from harm my garden fair; The sweet home garden with its tender Its promised fruitage, and love's rich per-

But spi e of all my care, the hedge is poor; The crafty foxes creep in unaware, And little sins despoil my garden fair

So all the day I've labored, watched, and prayed, To lead the little souls to Thy dear feet, And guard lest sin should dim their white

Now they are nestled 'neath Thy wings to But I am tired, so tire I, dear Lord, to-night, Too spent and weary e'en to pray aright.

To-morrow's tasks arise before my sight; But oh, my Lord they are so heavy grown, I faint, and fall; I cannot wak alone!

Bear Thou my burdens, be in weakness strength;
Take in Thy arms the children of my care,
So that Thy bessing all their lives may

I lay me down to sleep with peaceful heart; Strength will be given for all the morrow brings,
Till, by and by, cur earthly souls shall find

"PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE."

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place." said Mr. Morton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop. "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard; I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could, only in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on

It is useless talking, I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Mor on, selves in the unfortunate one's as he turned to his desk and con- place and appreciate difficulties,

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sally out of Mr. Morton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, Mr. Morton had waited one year, when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, and during that time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him, and given him over to the tender mercies of the wick-

After he had left the office, Mr. Morton could not drive away from his thoughts the nemark to which the poor man in his grief gave utterance, "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine." In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place," in-

truded. Once, after it had crossed his mind, he laid down his pen, say-ing: "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon and see how it fares with his family; that man has roused my curios-

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig, and some old east off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, wearylooking woman, opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rout awhile, saying he was very tired of his long journey, for he had walke! many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She than John "such news as I never hened began to make preparations for for, or ever dreamed of."

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for she forced a cheerfulness into her I shall have it."

her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and but-ter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying: "We have not much to offer you; but a cup of tea will refresh you

He accepted their hospitality. and as they discussed the frugal meal, led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of dand," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and instead of waiting, as I ought to have done, until I saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred deliars. The interest on the money would not be as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expenses left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Morton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and, of course, when pay day comes round—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet

the demand." "But." said the stranger, "will not Mr. Morton wait another year if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose." "He must be very hard hearted," remarked the traveler.

"Not necessarily so," remark. ed Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and purses would be opened. You know it has passed into a poor." The reason is obvious, motions by it." Christian Obserpoverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart of man, and (to use my favorite expression) they can at once place themand are, therefore, always ready to render assistance as far as they are able. If Mr. Morton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait se eral years for his money rather than

to distres us." With whatemotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being open to him. He was passing through an expersence that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said, " will tre-pass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much further on my journey."

Mr. Morton did not sleep much that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisite and fashionable

butterflies of the day. The next day a boy called at the cuttage and left a package, in a large blue envelope addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought it boded ne good. She put it away until ner husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him. He opened it in silence, and

read its contents, and said, frequently, "Thank Meaven." "What is it, John?" inquired

his anxious wife. "Good news, wife," replied

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick! I want to hear it if it is anything good."

"Morton has cancelled the

choe furness she did not feel. for come over Mr. Morton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange, after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Morton's and tell him how happy he has made

He found Mr. Morton in and expressed his gratitude in glowing

"What could have induced you." he asked, "to show so much kind-

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Morton, "and put myself in your place. I expect that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself." "Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Morton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfaring man—hal hal ha!" laughed Mr.

"Well, it is a good joke," said did. This year I was for seven Mr. Bishep; "good in more ways months unable to work at my than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," Mr. Morton said, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. 1 supposed I had greatly the advantage ever you in means and education; yet, how cramped and narrow minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman; and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you Mr. Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich-rich beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world; what I learned at your house is worth more than all you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as proverb, "When apper man needs my motto, 'put yourself in his assistance he should apply to the place, and try to regulate my

A DRAPED LOCOMOTIVE.

pressibly mournful in a draped ocomotive; and especially so when it is draped in mourning for a dead engineer. The president of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine anourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part of the engine's life. who spurred her up the long, steep, climbing mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long level stretches with the flight of an arrow; who knew how to humor all her caprices, and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless nights, and blistering heat and stinging cold, until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence—then, when this man at last gets his final orders, and crosses the dark river alone, with only the fadeless target lights of sure and say sometimes. She knows more there is a new man on the right- | Scripture with more tender enun- | before you marry him. hand side, and a new face looks eiation. To put it in plain words, out of the engineer's window, then she prays better. I remember I think I can see profound and my father's praying morning by sincere sorrow in the panting morning and night by night; but spirit of power standing in the when he was absent from home station, draped with fluttering em- and my mother prayed it was blems of woe, waiting for the ca- very different. Though sometimes ressing touches of the dead hands when father prayed we were listthat it will never feel again. And | less and indifferent, we were none engineers tell me that for days of us listless and indifferent when and days the engine is fretful under the new bands; it is restless and moody, starts off nervously with her hands to her brow as and impatiently sometimes, then drops into a sullen gait and loses time; that no man gets so much out of an engine as its own engi-

" Do you remember only a year or two ago," the jester said, "only last summer, I believe it was, an engineer on the Chicago, Burlingten and Quincy, running west from Chicago, died on his engine? Died right in his place, running between Galesburg and Monhand on the lever, and his sightless eyes staring glassily down her began to steal into his heart; buth interest and principal-and fireman looked up to see why he and saying, "Lord take care of furness she did not feel, for come over Mr. Morten?"

Barlington Hawkeye.

The come over Mr. Morten?"

Barlington Hawkeye.

THEN AND NOW.

When first I heard of Jesna It seemed some mystic tale, No fragrance could exhale; Eut as I came to know Him, His precious name grew sweet and like a perfumed rainbow Love arched the Mercy Seat.

At first I saw no beauty, No captivating spell,
Felt no Divine emotion
In my cold bosom swell; But when through beams of glory
God shone in Jesus' face,
All other objects tarnished
Before His matchless grace.

I read that he was wounded, And bruised upon the tree, Yet felt no thrilling wonder, As though He died for me. But since -oh, since I knew it And saw Him bear my load I cannot cease from praising My great Redeeming God!

O Rose of rarest ocor! O Lily white and pure!
O chiefe t of ten thousand, Whose glory must endure; The more I see I'hy beauty, The more I know Thy grace, The more I long, unhindered, To gaze upon I'hy face!

CONSECRATED CHEER-FULNESS.

Downright cheerfulness (not of the thoughtless, but of the consecrated kind) is a real element of missionary power. Lugubriousness is only pardonable where the nerves are broken and out of joint by toil and disease. We quote below from a letter recently recerved from a young lady missionary in China. The letter was enly thought of as private by the writer, but it is so fresh, and so full of "joy in the Lord," that we quote, for the possible help of other missionaries, and as a rebuke to those Christians who look npon this work only as a stupid self immolation:

" I was amused at what you said about my health and one way to keep it. I never felt as well as have since I left America. And will try to take very good care of myself, for I am desirous of spending many years here in rap.-Exchange.

"And so you think I ought to be 'jolly and cheerful' and have some fun and recreation as a means of preserving health? I agree with you thoroughly, and | ble. her Christ and her God-a have tried to put your recommen- man that tramples the law of her from you once, but I am a Chrisdations in practice. I know I God under his feet? What right tian now, and I want to bring it. said. "there is something inex- bave succeeded to some extent, has a Christian man to become back."—Kind for by the time I had reached Shanghai the verdict of the missionaries was, 'that they had everything, and always looked on Yet the moment you touch this the bright as I did.' The natives question they throw up their speak of it often. One woman heads and say, "I will marry who lives outside of the city told whom I please." Well, we give Mrs. — that she had heard that a young lady who was cheerful' had come. List evening the school girls informed me that I laughed a good share of the time. Naturally I have a cheerful disposition, and when I decided to come to China, I asked God to help me scatter sunshine constantly, and so lighten other persons' troubles. He has belped me; so all the honor is His, not mine."-Foreign Missionary.

THESE MOTHERS.

I think sometimes it is the mother's duty to lead in prayer. I mother prayed; for we remember just how she looked on the floor she said. "I ask not for my children riches or honor or fame; but I ask that they all become sub-

iects of Thy converting grace." Why," you say, "I never could forget that;" neither could you. There are exceptions to this rule; but they are only exceptions. The father and mother loving God, their children are almost certain a wide curve from the straight mouth, and sat there with his path; but he will almost be sure greet you. One thing remember man as pure, kindly, and simple to curve back again after awhile. God remembers the prayers, and mortgage released me from debt, the track, unnoticed, until the brings the son back on the right are you have forgotten the smile next generation could find much when her hu-band entered, her says any time I need further as- did not whistle for Monmouth sta- | times after the parents are gone. features relaxer into a sinile, and sistance, if I wilk let him know, sion. And how many miles that How often we hear it said, "Ob, train had thundered along with he was a wild young man until happy, it is remembered by them, and his unfaltering, childlike faith manner. The traveler noted it I am so glad; it puts new life the dead engineer looking out of his father's death; since that and after you are asleep they will in God. With his last breath he ally and he was forced to admired into me." and the new happy the esh window into eternity, no has been very different. He talk about it, and thank God for took his aged wife by the

Christian." The fact is that the lid of the father's casket is often the altar of repentance for a wandering boy. The marble pillar of the tomb is the point at which many a young man has been revolutionized .- Frank Leslie's Sunday Mag.

SLEEPY CONGREG ATIONS In old times many pious indi- dow and see the stars, and God viduals have considered it a good seems to me looking down with work to set apart of their worldly all his eyes, nurse." worth for keeping the congregation awake. On the 17th of April, "but God up in the sky is a great 1725, John Rudge bequeathed to way off." the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the sermon and keep the people awake. A bequest of Richard Dovep, of Farmcote, dated 1659, had in view the payment of 8s. annually to a poor man for the believing child. - Youth's Delight. performance of the same duties in the church at Claverly, Shropshire. At Acton church, in Cheshire, about thirty years ago, one of the church wardens or the apparitor used to go round the Away off in India. Rev. Mr. church during the service with a Craven, a missionary there, wrote large wand in his hand; and if a letter to a certain Sabbathany of the congregation were school in America, and among asleep they were instantly awoke other good things in it, he paid a by a tap on the head. At Dun- compliment to the boys in the church, in Warwickshire, a simi- mission school at Lucknow. lar custom existed; a person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a Mr. Craven one day that he liked hay-fork at the end, stepped steal- to get his clerks from the mission thily upand down the knave sisles, school, because they were honest and whenever he saw an indivi and truthful. And a railroad man dual asleep he touched him so ef- told him there was one thing about fectually that the spell was bro- Christian boys that he liked ; you ken; this being sometimes done by could trust them. fitting the fork to the nape of the Ah! but it costs something to neck. A more playful method is be a Christian boy in Lucknow. said to have been used in another What would you think of seeing church, where the beadle went a crowd in the street following a round the edifice during service young man, hooting at him. throwcarrying a long staff, on the end of ing stones, and among them his which was a fox's brush, and at own mother? What ! throwing the other a knob. With the for- stones? Yes; just that you might mer he gently tickled the faces of have seen in Lucknow one day the female sleepers, while on the last year. What had the young heads of their male compeers he man been doing? Why he was bestowed with the knob a sensible on his way to be baptized, and to

SEARCHING QUESTIONS. What right has a Christian lady to give herself away to a skeptical scoffer-a man that hates her Bilinked with a scoffing, swearing woman that has no faith in God and the Bible ? "Be ye not unyou the word of God, and if you go against that you must reap what you sow. There are hundreds of men and women in this country weeping, and they are reaning bitter fruit. Oh how many times I have had a mother come to me with a broken heart and say, "I want you to pray for my drunken son." " How came your son to be a drunkard?" "Well, my husband set a bad example. He insisted upon having it upon the table." "How long have you him. been a Christian? Were you a Christian before you married him?" Yes." Did you know he was a scoffer before you married him ?" " Yes, but I thought I might save him." You had cternal promise gleaming bright- of God, she knows more about better save him before you marry ly on the other side; and when family wants, she can read the him, better see him converted

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

THE SUNBEAM.

beams; don't forget it, and when tism, John?" he said to one, and mother is tire land weary, or fath- remembered that another had lateer comes home from his day's ly lost his son. work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them, and do what gentleman?" asked a curious you can to help them. Very oft- traveller of the steward. en you can help them most by more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself. "Will this help "He is a drummer who sell mamma?" or "Will this please fancy soaps." papa?" There is something inside Good men have good mothers, of you that will always answer just died, was noted and feared in and tell you how to act. It won't public life for the massive force take a minute, either, to decide, of his intellect. "Every blow when you do this, and you will be kills!" said a listener to one of his repaid for waiting by the ear- arguments. On the other side, as to love G.d. The son may make nestness of the smile or the sin- old farmer neighbor wrote of him, cerity of the kiss which will then "We shall never have another always—the effect of what you do among us." lingers after you are gone. Long The boys who will make up our road after awhile again, some or heerful word which you gave to study in the massive nature of your father or mother, or the little this old man, with his powerful which you did to make them brain, his simple, direct manner,

GOD IS THERE TOO

Nurse came in and found Bes. sie wide awake, lying very still in her little bed.

"All alone in the dark," said nurse, "and not atraid at all, Besie, are you?"

"No, indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't alone. God is here; and I look out of the win-

"To be sure," said the nurse:

"No," spoke little Bessie, "God is here, too, because he seems semetimes hugging me to his heart; then I am so happy."

O, how sweet to feel God near -to be resting on his bosom, like a little child in its father's arm ! This is the blessed privilege of a

GOOD NEWS FROM LUCK. NOW

Do you know where that is?

A rich heathen merchant told

confess that he meant to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

It takes another kind of courage too. One day a boy came to Mr.

Craven and said :-"Here is a dollar and fifty cents: it is all the money I have. I stole two dollars and fifty cents.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A few years ago a young man fashionably dressed took his seat. at the table of the Girard House, in Philadelphia. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth which attracted general attention. He read the menu with smothered disgust, gave his orders with a tone of lofty condescension, and when his neighbor civilly handed him the pepperbox stared at him for his presumption as though he had tendered him an insult. In short, a person of the blood could not have regarded a mob of serfs with more arrogant hauteur than did this lad the respectable travellers about

Presently a tall, powerfully built old man entered the room, and seated himself at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was markedly simple, he entered into conversation with his neighbor, who happened to be a poor tradesman, and occasionally during his dinner exchanged ideas with a little lady of five summers who sat beside him. The colored servants spoke to him as an old Children, you are household sun- friend. "How is your rheuma-

"Who is that old-tashioned

"O, that is Judge Jere Black, not doing something; for what the greatest jurist in the counyou would do may only make try!" was the enthusiastic reply. " And the young aristocrat? "He is a drummer who sells

Judge Jeremiah Black, who has

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