

that I ought to do the driving. You hold my horse and give me the goad-stick." The man consented to the arrangement, and with a grin waited to see the parson worsted. At that moment another ox-team was seen approaching from another direction. "Hello, neighbor!" the practical parson shouted to the new-comer. "Lend me your cattle for a moment." "Hold on!" cried the owner of the mired cart. "That's not fair. If you can handle this team better by praying than I can by swearing, I want to see you do it; but no doubling up, mind you; no doubling up." Elder John's robust figure was drawn to its fullest height, and his voice was like the roar of the ocean as he answered: "My friend, the Master I serve is abundantly able to move that load with a single yoke of oxen, or without any oxen at all; but when in direct answer to prayer he sends me an extra pair of cattle, I'm going to hook 'm on!" No further objection was raised, and with the aid of reinforcements the loaded cart was easily drawn out of the mud.—*Lewiston Journal*.

HAVE YOU BEEN LIKE HER?

A lady once besought Mr. Moody to pray for her unconverted husband, and try to lead him to Christ.

"How long have you been married?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Twenty years," she replied.

"What have you done to him to bring him to the Lord yourself?"

"I have talked to him; I have prayed for him; I have tried to get him to join the Church."

"And you have been his wife for twenty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"There must be something wrong somewhere," said the evangelist, shaking his head; "you ought to have got him to the Lord before this time. Have you always lived a Christian life before him?"

"I'm afraid not always."

"Have you ever got out of humor with him, and said spiteful things?"

"Yes, very often."

"And what did you do then? Did you apologize, and tell him you were sorry for it?"

"Oh, no! I never did that; I couldn't."

"Well, then, right there is where the trouble is. It is not your husband that I ought to pray for, but yourself. When

your heart once gets right, and makes your life right, it won't be long until God will get into the heart of your husband."

And it wasn't long afterwards until the prediction was fulfilled. The heart of the wife became full to overflowing with the love of God, and her husband was soon after converted.

WITH ME.

"And He cometh to His disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto them, What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"—Matt. xxvi. 40.

The shadows lay so deep on Olivet,

And silent midnight was on all the land;

One watcher only in the darkness craved

A thought of love, a touch of human hand.

He came at last to seek it, but in vain;

And sadly through the darkness went away.

One tender word, one look of love that night,

Had been how sweet to Jesus, none may say.

But once again He came, and came to thee,

His busy worker in the harvest field;

Canst thou not watch with Me one silent hour?

I crave for more than busy hands can yield.

I want the fervent love that tells itself

In deep, sweet breathing, of a heart at rest

Beneath the shadow of Eternal wing,

Like the beloved disciple on My breast.

Then in the silence let Him speak to thee,

And in the reverent hush look up and tell

The love that He hath kindled in thy heart,

And in that blessed presence seek to dwell.

Yea, "tell it out"—unto thy Father tell

The preciousness of Christ to thine own heart;

Then wait, and listen till He speaks again,

Thou hast in wondrous fellowship a part,

And He hath need of thee; thy love is dear—

Thine uttered love—told waiting at His feet;

And hurry not to service till prepared

By quiet waiting in His presence sweet.

—*Selected.*

Our fallibility and shortness of knowledge should make us peaceable and gentle; because I may be mistaken, I must not be dogmatical and confident, preemptory and imperious. I will not break the certain laws of charity for an uncertain doctrine.—*Whichcote.*