

glower step, se, and sup- His face was looking beyond their of the elder's his eye fell said aloud: is morning; or Bob didn't finishing." drift of this ghts running it can be poss- the elder he t. elder could kers all say; things about her sent me. I took a and some way irstly I was; felt so stupid e bushes and k it was the work again I that I was so ght; all the ranken man; vly drunk!" sigh, "it is a ood drinking to a taste for supposed that or indeed a aking enough Mr. Stuart hol in color afraid some- you boys a do do you sup- on mother's it," returned her and moth- believe that the Bob's accident. ming we shall wine. The er intended to Neither she a jag that lay meadow, nor g horror of e long row of f wine bottles now how that ner own room, attle. It was conscience and g beliefs and know of the ed, nor of the Mrs. Fleming ristians in that arely a ray of m the stupor r. Fleming, his ratching beside y waited, there the eyes of the ctor had left medicine and add rouse from gle Mrs. Flem- y forever her idea of discar- ot occurred to marked to the if you should d; not be answer- for the conse- leologic stimu- believe it to be great. In the e, I prescribed ot it came to my least one young ve. Since that (anything of the old wine, you down the gutter " inclined to be a time when asked God that be their friend al of wine or hand to pour leaning when he or at any time

Hereafter was it found necessary. To be sure, friends and neighbors were certain that he ought to have it; and Mrs. Fleming herself doubted the possibility of his recovery without it; and had not Dr. Richards been a physician of great reputation in that section, alcohol in some form would have been given in spite of the doctor's orders. But Mr. Fleming insisted that the directions should be obeyed, and Bob himself, as soon as he was able to say anything about it, declared he would die rather than touch it. Very slowly he came back on the road to recovery. Perfectly well he could never be.

"You'll have to find something besides farming for your son as an occupation," said Dr. Richards, "and be thankful that he is left to you, broken in health, as he will be, for it was one of the narrowest chances for life that ever came under my observation." Summer had slipped away, and autumn was lengthening out the evenings, and shortening the days, before Bob was able to walk about, even with the help of the cane, which would for the future be his constant companion.

(To be Continued.)

"WHAT PRAYER CAN DO."

It seemed as if the whole village had turned out to attend Margaret Mason's funeral. Every one mourned as for a friend. Margaret, though a poor woman, was an important person in the village. Wherever there was a sick neighbor to nurse or a mourner to be comforted, there this hard-working woman might be found. No wonder therefore, that the tears which fell on the day of her burial were tears of true and abundant sorrow.

When the funeral had dispersed a stranger still lingered near the grave, and when it was filled up and the hillock smoothed, she took a young rose-tree from beneath her cloak and planted it on the grave. With a quickened step she then passed down the village, stopped for an instant at the gate of Margaret's little garden, plucked a little branch of sweet-brier and a bit of the flower which our villagers call "everlasting," and was about to walk away.

"Dear me!" said one of the old people, "if that isn't Mrs. Stainton, the pawnbroker's wife, who used to live at the end of the village. Why it must be well nigh five-and-twenty years since she and her husband gave up business and left the place."

"Nay, nay," said an elderly person, "it isn't her." Sally Stainton was a hard, grinding woman, and never had a tear to spare for the living or the dead."

I heard no more for I hastened to overtake the stranger.

"Are you a relation of Mrs. Mason's?"

"No, ma'am, at least not the sort of kin which you mean, though in heaven I believe it will come out that we are very nearly related," and the woman wept like a child. "I believe," she continued, "that it is owing to the prayers of that dear saint whose body has been put into the grave this afternoon that my soul was ever snatched from the wrath to come and brought to Christ."

After a few minutes the old woman entered into a fuller narrative. "Late one evening," said she, "long after the shop was closed, Frank Mason (Margaret's unworthy husband) came to our side door with a bundle of wearing apparel to put into pawn. At first I refused to have anything to say to him out of business hours, but he said he must have money on any terms. So my greediness of gain prevailed as usual. I advanced the money and took the things. In those days my heart was hard as flint, yet when I turned over the carefully mended clothes, that cloak which had faced so many a storm, those shoes which had trodden so many a rough mile in duty's path, those coarse petticoats always tidy, yet worn so threadbare, somehow my heart misgave me. I tried to fight it out with conscience, but it would not do. So in the morning I rose earlier than usual, tied up the clothes in a bundle, and hurried with them, and some breakfast, to the cottage.

Hearing Margaret Mason's voice I waited and listened a minute at the window. I expected to hear reproaches and complainings, but the words I heard were: "Forgive him, Lord. Thou who clothe the lilies, wilt thou not much more clothe me also? Thou knowest I have need of these things. Yet though the fig-tree shall not blossom neither fruit be on the vine: I will rejoice in the

Lord I will joy in the God of my salvation." I heard no more; but after giving Margaret the things—I hardly knew how it was—but something within me prompted me to say, as I was turning away, "Mrs. Mason speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers"—Till that hour I had never cared for prayer and felt no reverence for it, and no need of it.

"What is it," said I to myself, "that makes her to differ from me. She talks to the great God as a friend and calls him the God of her salvation. I know nothing about the God of this Christian woman."

When I came home I went upstairs to an old lumber-room and there I sat down by myself. There was a heavy weight upon my heart. I groaned aloud, though I hardly knew what I wanted. Presently I said to myself, I wonder if I can pray; but no word would come. At last I fairly smote upon my breast and cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I knew afterwards, but not for a good while, that God by His Holy Spirit had put those words in my heart; though I believe I had not heard them since I was a child at Sunday-school. Well I rummaged out the only Bible we held in pawn (for we scarcely ever took Bibles) and turned over its leaves. I was as ignorant as a child where to find the places. You will hardly believe it, but I searched all through Genesis to try to find that story about the publican from which I had drawn my first prayer.

I knew our business was not a good one for a body to be in who wanted to be a Christian and I urged Davie (that's my husband) to give up the pawn-shop, whatever it might cost us. At first he flew into a passion and declared he was not going to be hen-pecked out of a good business by any woman. So, then, God showed me that it was my place to wait a bit, and be patient, and to put the difficulty in Christ's hands.

"Well, to make a long story short, Davie soon felt much the same as I did. So we gave up the business, left the place and settled in a neighborhood where my husband had relations, who might help us, we thought, into some honest calling."

"There was one desire, one little prayer, which would always slip in, like a whisper between my petitions, and this was that I might see Margaret Mason's face once again and tell her of the change. I could not afford the journey, so I put it off from year to year, always hoping the time would come. Now and then I sent her a little token of love; some flower seeds, a silk handkerchief or a few yards of black 'love ribbon.' It was all I could afford, and she never knew from whom they came. I thought I would tell her all when we met. I had managed to save a few shillings and had fixed to come this very summer. But Margaret's Lord had called her home to Himself before I could see her. So she never knew on earth that her prayers for the pawnbroker's wife had been heard and answered. And yet I think she knows all about it in that place where there is 'joy over one sinner that repenteth.'"—*Sunday School World.*

STORMY SUNDAYS.

S. G. BLANCHARD.

A well person can do few things more dull than to immerse himself in the house from morning till night, and especially to try to observe the Sabbath in that way. Some of the day may be passed in profitable reading or conversation, but something else must usually be introduced before the day is gone, to break the tediousness and make the crawling hours tolerable. The only question is, "What shall it be?" Sleeping? eating? visiting? writing? Often something inconsistent, unclean, objectionable, or because a part of the day was not spent in going to church.

All things carefully considered, the very best thing to do on a stormy Sunday is to go to church. To sit in the house in the morning, and, looking out, say, "What a dreadful day!" is often to draw too strongly upon the imagination; while to have the elements would be not only to find the experience less "dreadful" than at first supposed, but frequently not unpleasant, and nearly always really gratifying to look back upon. A blessing is very apt to follow such heroism.

A word here to preachers. They often help to discourage effort in getting to church on stormy Sundays by failing to make the

service as interesting as they might to the few who do come. They have a good sermon prepared, but they will put it aside and take another, on which they have bestowed less thought, or none, and save the one they had designed for that day for more propitious weather and a larger congregation; or will decline to preach at all, and turn the services into a prayer meeting.

Dr. Perrine once made a remark to the writer which furnished him with a hint he has from that time endeavored to profit by. Said he: "When I have a stormy Sunday, and but few at church, I give them the best I have. I say to myself: 'If these people will leave their homes to come out to hear me preach such a day as this, they shall have something worth while, if I have got it; and I always ask God to help me to do my best.' I do not know that I ever heard the dear Doctor preach a stormy Sunday sermon, though I have heard him preach some very good ones; but I never forgot the suggestion, and regard it as a most excellent one. Let it be a rule to have the house of God as comfortable, as attractive and interesting as it can possibly be made on a stormy Sunday."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

June 21.—2 Pet. 1: 1-11.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

A brief account of the apostle Peter. The Second Epistle of Peter; when and where written, etc.

Subject.—Progress in the Christian life. I. Progress through the knowledge of Jesus (vers. 1-3). Bring out the points in vers. 1 and 2, and specially note that we are to add the virtues (ver. 5), and God will multiply to us grace and peace. God gives all that is needed for the Christian life,—His Word, the Saviour, forgiveness, new hearts and motives, wonderful hopes, and the Holy Spirit. We make progress by means of these, through the knowledge of Jesus Christ, because all of them come through him, and his glorious, lovable character attracts us to know more of him and love him better.

Illustration. The Persian prince, according to Xenophon, had for their teachers the wisest man, the bravest man, the most temperate man, and the most just man in the kingdom. We have all four in the most perfect degree in our one teacher, Jesus Christ.

II. Progress by means of the promises of God (ver. 4). What these are; how they help us in the Christian life which is to partake of the divine nature. Note the two ways of seeking to be like God: (1) Satan's way, as in Gen. 3: 5, which is continually being tried, and is a failure now, as it was then; (2) God's way, as is taught in these verses. It is the only true way.

Illustration. We escape corruption by having implanted in us the divine nature. As plants in the house often become unthrifty, drop their leaves, and are eaten by insects, but revive when put out of doors, in fresh air and bright spring sunshine. The new life gives them the victory over the enemies which were killing them.

"Thy life, not death, for which we pant; Thy life, not death, for which we want;—More life, and truer, that we want."

III. Progress by cultivating the virtues (vers. 5-7). Mark and impress each of the virtues. Show how by means of one we can gain others. Not always in the order, but in the school of life, God gives us special lessons now in one, and now in another, by his providence and his Spirit. Mark the power gained by having many virtues rather than one or two.

Illustration. Each virtue is like a beautiful melody. All the virtues together make an anthem full of wonderful harmonies, and give a beauty and a power that no number of melodies alone can give. Seven times one are many more than seven.

Illustration. The same truth illustrated by the seven colors of the rainbow, all together forming pure white light, our daily comfort and help, and ready to reflect any one of the colors from its appropriate object.

IV. The four results (vers. 8-11). (1) Fruitfulness (Gal. 5: 22, 23); usefulness for Christ's kingdom; (2) insight; (3) assurance of hope; (4) entrance into God's kingdom.

"YOU MUST TAKE SOME PORTER."

A gentleman had been visiting a number of cholera patients in a low neighborhood, when he was taken ill. As he became convalescent his medical man told him he must buy some bottles of porter.

"What for?" said he.

"Oh, to set you up, of course."

"Well, if I get a dozen bottles of porter, do you know what will be in them?"

"No."

"Then, doctor, I decline taking medicine of which you know nothing." Nor did he order the porter, and he soon recovered his health and strength in perfection, and has ever since been remarkable for his robust constitution. Porter is not the elixir of life.

—*Rev. George W. McCree, in Union Signal.*

A NICE DESSERT.—Squeeze the juice of the lemon or orange into the glass dish into which it is to be sent to the table. Sweeten one pint of thick cream, put into a farina kettle and bring to a boil. Then while boiling hot, pour into a china teapot, and, holding it some distance from the glass dish containing the juice, pour the boiling cream on to it, so as by the distance from which you pour it, to make it froth up. Set in a cold place, and when quite cold, stick it over with blanched almonds. It is well, when the cream is just ready to boil, to take it from the under-kettle of hot water and set over the fire long enough to bring it to the real boiling point, but not long enough to risk scorching. The juice of any kind of fruit—pineapples, peaches or berries, can be prepared in the same manner, although lemon, orange and pineapple are considered the best.

CORN FRITTERS are delicious when made from green corn; but few housekeepers know that canned corn can be used in this way with satisfactory results. To two eggs, well beaten, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt and pepper, and the contents of a can of corn. Drop large spoonfuls of the batter into very hot lard, and fry a light brown.

Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

The town of which we now speak was a small one, belonging to the tribe of Issachar. Little is heard of it, except in the reign of one king, who made it his dwelling-place. At the same time he made it the seat of idolatrous worship, setting up in or near the town a temple to a heathen god. Besides the temple he maintained a great number of priests or prophets. His wickedness reached its height when he allowed his wife to compass the death of a townsman whose land he wanted. A distinguished prophet pronounced upon him a terrible doom, and the fulfillment was not long in coming. The vengeance of God overtook his wife and son also. The son had returned home to recover from a wound, when he was startled by the news that one of his captains was seen approaching the city. He went to meet him, saw that there was treachery, turned to flee, and was shot from behind. His mother after hearing the news, dared to face the destroyer; but her attendants, fearing the man who had slain their king, lent themselves to bring about her death. This captain proved to be a man anointed by the prophet, for the express purpose of cutting off the whole family and uprooting the worship they had established.

This narrative leads to the following questions:

1. What is the name of the place?
2. Who made it his residence?
3. What was the worship he set up?
4. What was his wife's and his son's name?
5. What crime did his wife commit?
6. Who threatened him with God's wrath?
7. How was the threat fulfilled?
8. In what manner did the wife die?
9. What was the captain's name?
10. By what prophet's command was he appointed?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 8.

BIBLE SCENE.—Uzziah. 2 Chron. 26.

ACHISTICH.—Dorcas, E-kranan, B. Alaham, O-baldiah, K-utub, A-bna, H-or, Dehoran.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse, French, H. E. Greene, Lillie A. Greene, and Theodore W. Gregory.