

The Life-clock.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
All silent and alone,
It ticks, a tick, the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh! wondrous is that work of art,
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived
The life-clock's magic power

Nor set in gold nor decked with gems
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each hears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid budding flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen strokes of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

Miss Chapin's Experiment.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

"NEENAH, are you ready to come out?"

No answer.

"Neenah, Neenah, do you hear?"

A rustling noise as of some one moving about was the only sound.

Sadly Miss Chapin turned from the closed door, and went slowly to the study.

Once admitted, she said dismally:

"I have come to see you about Neenah. She still refuses to yield, and there is but one penalty left."

"Well, well," Mr. Allen replied, a little impatiently, "I can't see why that should not be resorted to, if she remain surly and disobedient."

"This is her second day of confinement in her own room without communication, and she is as hard as ever," Miss Chapin went on. "If the poor girl were not an Indian, having had no mother's teaching to help her, I should not feel so badly."

"But you would have her obey, surely? I see no way left now but the 'solitary confinement' with bread and water diet and the hard bed—yes, Miss Chapin, that above all," Mr. Allen urged. "A wholesome use of both will be beneficial to Miss Neenah Crow Wing. At all events we'll try it."

Seeing that all discussion was useless, the teacher again returned to her wilful pupil. This time she entered without the permission which she had asked in vain.

Seating herself beside the girl, she took one of Neenah's tawny hands in her own, and tried to win her to a right mind by gentle argument. Now and then the dull red of the Indian girl's cheek grew a shade more bright, but by neither word or sign did she reply.

After half an hour spent so fruitlessly, Miss Chapin left her. With a

light step she hastened once more to the study.

"Mr. Allen, at the risk of being unwelcome, I have to trouble you again upon the same business. Will you let me try an experiment in Neenah's case?"

Mr. Allen hesitated. "You must not let this girl off scot free," he said at length.

"But may I not choose her punishment?"

"Well, if you will really inflict a punishment—yes. I think I can trust your discretion. Will you tell me what it is?"

"If you insist, certainly; but I would rather not. Will you not wait to see the result?"

"I would like to know beforehand."

"Very well, then," and the bright flush rose to Miss Chapin's cheek, but she spoke very quietly; "I am going to bear Neenah's penalty for her."

"You will do no such thing, madam," he exclaimed excitedly. "The person who commits an offence in this school must bear the consequences."

"That was not our Lord's way in dealing with us," she answered softly. "It surely must be safe to follow His example. I beg you to permit me to stand in this poor girl's place this once," she pleaded. "That nothing else can conquer her I am sure; this may not, but let me try."

The Principal was all out of patience.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" he exclaimed. "Have we returned to the times of knight-errantry?" Then seeing Miss Chapin's disappointment in her face, he added, pleasantly, "But do as you please. Send for me in time to make your will, however, for you are sure to end your days in the 'dark chamber' if you wait for Neenah's repentance."

Miss Chapin went straight to the culprit.

"Neenah," she said kindly, "Mr. Allen has sentenced you to the 'dark chamber' until you are willing to do what is right, and you know only too well, poor girl, what that means."

Neenah's face only grew more dogged.

"I grieve to think of you, dear, shut up in that lonely room so dark and bare, with such a hard bed to lie upon, and only your own naughty heart for companionship. So I have asked Mr. Allen to forgive you freely, and I am going to bear your punishment for you."

The girl started and looked at Miss Chapin, then fell into her state of dull indifference again.

"When you wish my forgiveness, Neenah, come to me and I will give it to you. I shall not see you again till you come to seek me."

So saying the teacher closed the door after her, and immediately gave herself up, a prisoner in the "dark chamber."

Neenah could hear the key distinctly as it turned upon her friend, but she also felt a keen sense of her own freedom.

In her stolid way she tried to enjoy her liberty.

It was Saturday, and in the general bustle of a holiday Miss Chapin was scarcely missed.

The affair was known only to a few, and no explanations were necessary.

Sunday evening found her still a prisoner. That night the chapel was crowded, for a stranger addressed the

students, and the singing was especially attractive.

During the services Mr. Allen received the urgent message that Miss Chapin desired to see him immediately.

She had been conscious for an hour some one was stealthily moving outside her door, and at last a paper had been thrust under it. She had sent for Mr. Allen to ask that this paper might be examined as soon as possible, as she had no light.

It was from Neenah. In rude, unformed letters the poor child told how she had lain awake all the long night thinking of her teacher, and what she was suffering for her sake. She could bear it no longer, and she humbly begged to be forgiven, promising to be a good girl always.

Even Mr. Allen's heart was touched, and Miss Chapin wept for joy. They went together to Neenah's little room, and found her crying bitterly. Nor was she ashamed of her tears. She repeated her promise of obedience most gladly.

Ignorant and unreasoning, Neenah faithfully kept her word. And in this, as well as in her tender love for her teacher, this Indian girl put many a follower of the blessed Jesus to shame; for we often forget who bore our punishment because he first loved us.—*S. S. Times.*

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON X.

Alcohol in Business—Continued.

QUESTION. What department of business is among the next to railroads in the number of persons employed and the wages paid?

ANSWER. Trade.

Q. What is trade?

A. Trade is the exchanging of one kind of goods for another kind, or the purchase or sale of goods for money.

Q. Do merchants employ persons as agents, accountants, salesmen, or saleswomen who are known to be in the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

A. Rarely, and then only from necessity.

Q. Why not?

A. Because no person can be depended upon to do business wisely and well with alcohol in the brain.

Q. What business ranks with trade in the number of persons employed?

A. Manufacture.

Q. What is manufacture?

A. Manufacture is converting raw material of any kind into something suitable for use, either by the hand or machinery.

Q. Do manufacturers employ persons as agents, superintendents overseers, or in any other responsible positions who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

A. They do not, if others can be obtained.

Q. Do persons who employ others to do work on labor, choose those who use, habitually, alcoholic drinks, in preference to those of equal ability who never use them?

A. They do not. The preference is given to persons of equal ability who are sober.

Q. Are there any among the commonest occupations in which the habitual use of alcoholic drinks is a help?

A. There are none. On the contrary, their use is always a hindrance, and generally prevents employment.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

35.—Per-me-ate.

36.—Winnipiseogoe.

37.—

NAME
A T O P
M O R O
E P O S

NEW PUZZLER.

38.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to scatter; the end; radiote; petroleum; that which widens; a vessel; a gas; a letter.

39.—CHARADE.

Skill; a pronoun; to stop the wind-pipe; a garden vegetable.

"Scraps."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at the age of thirty-four, was a great drinker. He offered prizes to those of his soldiers who could drink the most wine, and nearly forty of them drank so much as to kill them at once or within a few days. He, himself, drank so much as to bring on a fever which proved speedily fatal.

DRINKING TO DROWN CARE.—This is a common reason or excuse for resorting to drink; business losses, the death of a relative, anything with which the individual does not feel competent to grapple. Cases for which the Christian finds help and strength in God, the drinker resorts to the cup that brings oblivion and keeps him away from God.

DR. JOHN HALL says the great secret for getting money for missions is to "inform the people." He is right. Good church literature in the family helps wonderfully. A tract containing a short statement of our mission work and other schemes is a good thing. Any plan that will "inform the people" and increase their interest is good.

WHAT is the problem before the Church to-day? It is this: There are more than eight hundred million souls in the darkness of heathenism. How can these be reached and saved? . . . More men, more women, more means, more prayer, more faith, more appreciation of the value of a soul; more for Christ, less for self, and we may expect to see daylight through this question.—*Rev. J. H. Gill, in Heathen Women's Friend.*

THE well-known Methodist, Bishop Peck, says: "It requires but little political sagacity to see that the next uprising of a great people in this country will be against the traffic in intoxicating liquors." The people are carefully measuring the dimensions and strength of their cruel enemy, and preparing against him a war of extermination. It will probably be the most terrific struggle ever seen on this continent. The people have waited for one crisis after another to pass, and have been put off and defrauded upon one pretext or another, but at length they have determined to wait no longer. The true patriots of this great Republic will now pass to the front and take the control of their own affairs."