

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!

I could not do without Thee!
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee!
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee!
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee!
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

F. R. HAVERGALL.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT BRIGHTACRE.

"If you please, miss, there is some one in the parlour to see you."

"To see me! At this hour!"

Belle Dorset tossed aside the book she had been reading, and flew to her mirror. While she bade Bridget say she would be down in an instant, both hands were busy among the braids of her yellow hair.

"I wonder who it can be," she soliloquized. "If any one intended coming from the city he would certainly have sent a message."

The effect of a red rose pinned at the collar so pleased her, that when she swung her white-robed figure down the stairway there was a smile of supreme satisfaction upon Miss Belle's face. At first, upon entering the parlour, she failed to see the young gentleman; but when her eyes had grown a little accustomed to the light of the room, and his face had grown a little redder, she saw him starting from a dark corner and heard him stumbling over imaginary obstacles, as an awkward boy will.

"I am George Anderson," he began when he had found his voice, blurring out what was evidently a set speech; "and I—that is, we—would like to have you do us a favour."

Miss Dorset was so surprised that she scarcely knew how it came about, but in five minutes she had drawn aside the curtains, let in more of the afternoon's sunlight, and was seated, chatting to her visitor. He seemed to be very much in earnest, and his awkwardness was almost forgotten.

"You see," he was saying, "it is the only afternoon Sunday-school in this whole town, and we ought to have more than thirty scholars and four teachers."

"I should think so."

"I heard that you taught a class in the city while you were there, and I want to ask you if you won't do the same here? He did not pause long enough for her to answer, but went on; "We have not the scholars yet, but me and Frank'll find them if you will promise to come."

"Frank! Who is Frank?" Miss Belle asked, more for the purpose of giving herself time to think than from any desire to know him.

"O, he's a boy. He's waiting around the corner for me. He and I have been elected treasurer and secretary of the Sunday-school. The superintendent used to have all the offices, but

we were elected last Sunday, and we are going to build that Sunday-school up."

"Yes?"

"Somehow he doesn't think much of us. 'Boys' work is of no use,' he says."

"And you propose to show him that it is of some use?"

"Yes, ma'am. The Sunday-school is breaking up, just because nobody will go to work. The teachers and the superintendent and our preacher all have a dozen plans, but they don't try any of them—they just talk about them, and worry and wait, till I'm tired."

"Yes?"

It was evident that Miss Belle was not like some young ladies we have heard of who talk when they have nothing to say, and who would, most probably, have laughed at this earnest country boy.

"And if you will promise to come next Sunday, anyhow, we will be mighty glad."

"But I have not studied the lesson for that day. In fact, I don't know what it is."

"O, I can tell you where it is. Here is our printed lesson slip, and you can soon learn all about it."

"But suppose I say 'no'?"

"Why, then we'll be sorry. If you promise it will make other people promise. I'm sure of that. You see, when we ask some they always say: 'Has any one else promised to come?' and if we can say 'Yes, Miss Dorset will be there,' they will be almost sure to say 'yes' too."

The upshot of the whole matter was that Miss Belle did promise, "Somehow, I could not bear to refuse him," she told her mother a little later: "he seemed so determined to have me come, and I told him I would be there for one Sunday at least. So now the least I can do is to look up the lesson." And taking her garden hat from the rack, she was soon seated in the deepest shade of her father's beautiful grounds reading, and thinking of things very different from what had occupied her attention previously.

"Hurrah! she'll come, Frank," cried George, when he met his bashful friend waiting at the corner.

"Well, you've been long enough," said Frank. "But will she really be there though?"

"Yes, indeed. And now we've got to raise a class for her first, and then get Miss Parkinson and Mr. Shaw and some more to promise, and we'll have that Sunday-school chock full next Sunday."

"But we'll have to work like beavers all the week. I'm good for coaxing boys, but you can bring the girls and teachers."

"All right. Mr. Green will be surprised next Sunday when he finds so many there, I tell you."

And he was.

Three o'clock upon the following Sunday afternoon found such a concourse at the little stone church as was never seen there before. Every seat was full of eager, bright-faced children, and several classes had been formed in the nooks about the pulpit with chairs and the pulpit steps for seats.

After the lesson was ended, Mr. Green, the superintendent, clapped his hands to rouse every one's attention (they had no call-bell) and began a little speech.

"When I was a boy," he began "my mother used to tell me stories of two benevolent old ladies who were in the habit of talking a great deal. Once upon a time they found a very poor family, who were in immediate need of help—the mother was sick, the father was dead, and three little babies

were hungry. But instead of aiding them at once, these good old ladies went home and had a talk about it. One thought it would be better to send them something to eat at once, the other thought no, the house had best be put in order first, and a fire built. And then these two old ladies united in half an hour's discourse about the poverty of this world and the various means of lessening it.

"When night came, the poor family would have been in a very bad plight indeed, had not a little girl who lived near by and who was almost as poor as they, happened in. This little girl had no time for conversation. She went to work—hunted up some chips and built a fire, swept the room, washed the children's faces, and gave them her best loaf of bread. And when the two old ladies at last made up their minds what to do, they were sorely mortified to find that a little girl had been before them and had done a world of good while they were merely arguing."

"As these old ladies were mortified, so am I. I talked and thought and thought and talked about our lack of scholars, and about means for remedying it, but I did nothing, and now I find myself forestalled. Two boys have been before me—I need not name them, we all know who they are—and by one week's hard work have gathered an army which any general might be proud of."

"I want to thank them, and I want to say to them and to you all that I have learned this morning that energetic work is the narrow path leading to success."—Our own S. S.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Harder, deadlier, more varied more prolonged, was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued fierce,—because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xyotus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical *insouciance* did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who refused to witness the games of the amphitheatre, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won.

Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicæa stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers, with the despairing words, "Vicisti Galilæe!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

—F. W. Farrar.

A CONVERTED CHINESE HERO.

The Rev. Sylvester Whitehead spoke at the May anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and he gave the following incident showing what heroic men the converted heathen are: Another man, the keeper of a Confucian temple at Potlan, an ancient town on the Canton East River, received the scripture from a colporteur of the London Missionary Society; he was baptized by Dr. Legge; he at once gave up his employment, and, among his acquaintances and friends, appointed himself as a Scripture-reader; he was a sort of moving conscience among the Chinese. He went about the streets of the city, and into the interior with boards upon his back bearing texts of Holy Scripture, and so abundantly were that man's labours honoured that in about three years a hundred persons were ready to receive Christian baptism. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that in a short time excitement began to appear; and then hostility, and then persecution broke out; Christians were driven from their property and plundered. This man was taken, and twice within forty-eight hours was had up before the mandarins to account for his conduct, and he was called upon to recant. This he sedulously refused to do. They therefore tried what torture would do, and suspended him by the arms through the night. The next morning he was brought forth pale, wan, feeble, almost ready to drop, for a second trial, still resolved to cleave to his Bible and to Christ, and he ventured to express the hope that his persecutors and judges might some day accept the new doctrine. This was too much for them; they rushed upon him, like the judges of Stephen, "with one accord," and killed him on the spot with repeated blows of their side-arms, and throw him into the river. Thus perished one of China's first Protestant martyrs.

It is said that in the city of ancient Rome there stood a golden mile-stone, from which the distances of all other points of the world were measured. The Cross of Jesus is that golden mile-stone of all the Christian's journeyings, and of all his measurements. Just in proportion as he is near this hallowed object or far from it, is he at home spiritually, or far away in the barbarous provinces of sin and folly.