EVENING PRAYER

I come to thee to-night In my lone closet where no eye can see, And dare to crave an interview with thee, Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine On the -till branches of the shadowy trees While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gay st the calm repose That rests on all: the air, the birds, the flower, The human spirit in its weary hour Now at the bright day's close.

'T is nature's time for prayer; The silent praises of the glorious sky, And the earth's orisons profound and high, To heave their breathings bear. With them my soul would bend

In humble reverence at thy holy throne, Trusting the merits of thy Son alone Thy sceptre to extend. If I this day have striven

With thy bless'd Spirit, or have bowed the To aught of earth in weak idolatry, I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been An unforgiving thought, or word, or look, Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,

Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away From grief or suffering which I might relieve, Careless the cun of water e'en to give, Forgive me, Lord, I pray. And teach me how to feel

My sinful wandering- with a deeper smart; And more of mercy and of grace impart, My sintulness to heal. Father, my soul would be

Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew -And as the stars whose nightly course is true Not for myself alone

Would I these blessings of thy love implore : But for each penitent the wide earth o'er Whom thou hast called thy own : And for my heart's best friends.

Whose stead ast kindness o'er my painful years Has watched to soothe affliction's grief and tears My warmest prayer ascends. Should o'er their path decline

The light of gladness, or of hope, or health, Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth As they have long been mine

And now, O Father, take The heart I cast with humble faith on thee. And cleanse its depths from each impurity, For my Redeemer's sake.

-Hymns of the Ages.

THEATHEIST'S TORN BIBLE.

John Moulton was the proprietor of a "general" store in a small village in the County of New London, Connecticut. He had the re- door, putation of being shrewd and close in all his business transactions, and people who knew him well said he had a peculiar faculty for turning everything into good solid money

He was considered to be an honest man, especially when he was obliged to be, but he was an avowed atheist, and regarded himself as law. He despised the counsels and commands of God, and ridiculed the Christian religion, and its prefessors as well.

He would secretly open his store on the Sabbath for the benefit of a godless, reckless set among the villagers who met therein behind the closed shutters to drink, smoke, play cards and generally profane the Lord's day. Consequently it was not surprising, when his father died and left him, among other things, a handsome family Bible, that he should at once declare his intention of using its sacred leaves as wrapping paper.

"In the first place," said he. "father made a fool of himself in buying that old Bible, and in the second place in giving it to me. He gave ten dollars for it. It

has never been read-none of any consequence—and it isn't of any account now surely in a literary or religious way. I couldn't sell it in the lump for more than a dollar it I should try, but it will bring me in much more than that if I retail other papers; and smoothing it out Her home was a pure and quiet parcels.'

use the old family Bible in that | thought now, way, John," said his wife. "It seems, somehow, as if it would be wicked. Besides it would make horrified that eld fellow. I never Saviour and live the Christian life talk among the go-to-meeting folks, did read a word of the trash in my But she became perplexed. When and some of them are your custo- life, and I den't think it will affect her father was at home, they always mers, you know."

"Let the soft-headed hypocrites got to trade with me," and this open reviler of God's Word stripped off the handsome, substantial cover from the old family keepsake, and putting the mass of heavy leaves under his arm, strode across the street to the store.

It did, indeed, "make talk" in every house in town, when small and stand in thy lot at the end of the talk about the Church and the in- der with top and bottom discs. parcels were brought home from John Moulton's store wrapped with the awful utterances of Jehovah and the inspired words of Moses and the like coals burning into his heart. tion would turn upon their families, tentacles or arms are provided each prophets. But no one wanted to get into a useless and unprofit able controversy with the man, pondering upon them until his wife church on Sundays, and did not stone after the gelatinous organic up to the skill of his playmates, her mothet noticed it and wondered present even when they observed tap gently at the locked door, and it was everywhere else. The men the sly winks which passed between opening it, drew her in.

him and his godlers associates when such parcels were put up.

John Moulton was sadly disappointed. He fully expected that in sacriligiously using the Bible for wrapping paper he would speedily provoke the expostulations and censure of the minister and the deacons and sundry devout women in the parish, and thus have a fine opportunity of airing his infidel ideas that he had imbibed from his various readings from Thomas Paine down to the latest scientific and pantheistic diatribe against the Bible and the Christian religion. He felt himself to be sately intrenched in his position and fully able to defend it-

But the few Christian believers in the vicinity all followed the advice given them by the minister when they first heard that a declared infidel was coming to take charge of the village store.

to him by our lives as shaped and quickened by the precepts, teach. them. ings and commandments of the New Testament, and the abiding presence could wish to follow me," said the of the Holy Spirit. The Lord will husband. "That is one great proof have a sextlement with him in good to me that it is wrong to lead such time.

alone so far as any controversy with If what little we have now read of words was concerned, until one the Bible be true, and we should die evening a God-fearing old man from as we are, should we not be among the outskirts of the town, and be- those mentioned here on the second longing to another parish, ran into the store to get an ounce of nutmegs. After the store-keeper had placed a leaf from the old Bible on the scales, and, having weighed out the nut- do believe this is God's holy word, megs, was proceeding to do them up, and even in what there is left of it. the farmer called out in an abrupt we can find out how to live so that manner characteristic of him;

"No, no, Moulton, no, no! Don't use that to wrap up anything I buy here. That won't do at all for my nutmegs.'

"I've nothing else handy," replied the store-keeper, with a contemptuous laugh and a coarse jest.

"Hand them right over here, then; I'll put them loose into my coat pocket," and suiting the action to the word, with a grieved sorrowful look towards the store-keeper The precious Bible was studied, and the torn Bible lying on the first the old, torn one, and then counter, he turned towards the a new and perfect copy, until the

He had proceeded but a few steps when John Moulton, standing with the rejected leaf in his hand, and exchanging sly glances with a few of his cronies who were in the store at the time, called after him.

"A good many of your brethren and sisters in this vicinity, sir, have had their parcels done up in amenable to none other than human that kind of paper, and you are the that providential protest of the who is laid aside in sickness or in old And folding the leaf into a small

> his waistcoast pocket. Did John Moulton intend to read it out of a sudden feeling of curios- "ARE THERE NO CHRISity at some future time, or was this action prompted by his innate love of petty saving which had grown into a confirmed habit, making it seem a sort of second nature to way? Or did the blessed Spirit inspire that stranger customer to say what he did on the occasion of that er investigations of their parents. few blunt but earnest words of pro- article a child's question that I latetest, with that grieved, reproachful ly heard. It was an honest queslook, gone to the heart of that bit- tion, and one that caused no small

> er-on had left the little store for stirred up some sharp thinking in the night, and John Moulton had the women who occasioned it. if finished posting his books and was they had known it at the time. arranging his various memoranda

me much new." zling to him.

He read these words over and over until he seemed to feel them

to stand up from the crumpled voice and blanched face, "What shall my lot be at the end of the

"Alas, my husband, that you

should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you!" she replied, bending in turn over the leaf. "This verse has marginal references, I see, to Isaiah and to the Psalms and to Revelation. Let us look them up," and she turned to the coverless mutilated old Bible. He knew nothing, and she very little, of the order of the books, but after considerable search they found that the two first-named books were missing. Presently they came to Revelation and eagerly read the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from "Let him alone in the way of henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit. argument. We will preach Christ that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow

"I have done no works that I a life as we do. I believe that the from the men by silence on the John Moulton was studiously let scales are dropping from my eyes. verse on this page, 'some to shame and everlasting contempt?"

"I do not know," said the wife again, and weeping now, "But I we may know how to die."

"We will, indeed, seek for it then," said John Moulton, "and we will never stop studying this Bible until we have found out the true way to live and to die." And carefully placing the remnant of the soiled, mutilated book into a basket in which were a few little articles for their own household use, he carried it back again to their dwelling.

He was as good as his word. way of life and salvation was found; and his wife was now only too glad to join him in the now sweet exercise of prayer, that privilege of mortals which the Bible so plainly points out and enjoins, and in walking in the heavenly way.

And so the old family Bible finally accomplished its mission, and all there was left of it, up to the time of first person who has objected to it." stranger customer, lies to this day age, but is precious for the sake of under a newer and handsomer copy compass, he put it carefully into on John Moulton's parlor table. Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

TIAN WOMEN?"

BY DR. W. N. CLARKE.

A child's questions are worth replace this loose leaf out of harm's garding, and it often happens that they go to the heart of matters much more directly than the slowinsignificant purchase, and had those I have placed at the head of this ter enemy of Christ and his follow- perplexity to the child who meditated long upon it. Extravagant as After every customer and hang- the question was, it might have

The story is this, as the lady herhe found that folded leaf among self told it to me a few weeks ago. it out by the ounce and pound. Its very carefully upon his desk, he Christian home, and both parents thick, heavy paper is just the thing | read it over slowly and attentively. | were members of a Christian church. to weigh up for small and costly Had there been any one present he She was a thoughtful child, and could not have been induced to do many of her thoughts were turned "I don't believe I should dare to this by any human agency, but he towards Christ and his religion. She listened on the Subbath, and "I might as well read this one watched at home, and began to feel leaf, my designed use of which so that she must some time accept the gathered about the family altar for The leaf apread out before him prayers; but when he was absent mind their own business," snapped happened to be the last chapter of the family went to its various work out John Moulton. "Mine is the the book of Daniel. The hardened without praying. When he was at that they build like ants and bees and may God support me in my reonly store in these parts, and they've infidel read it over more than once, home, God's blessing was asked up- do, and when they are alarmed they solution. but he did not understand it. His on their food at every meal; but disappear into their little barrows. life-long wilful ignorance of God's when he was absent no thanks were and these reefs are accumulations word made this portion of it all the returned to the Giver, and no blessing of millions of these little insects in fied the conduct and confidence of more wonderful, profound and puz- was invoked. The neighbors were generation after generation. The his Christian friend. The last verse, in particular, im- often come in at evening; and at belonging to the group of radiatia; pressed him: "But go thou thy way such times the men would form a that it consists of limestone depostill the end be; for thou shalt rest group on one side of the room and its in the shape of a hollow cylin-He sat on the high accountant's and their work, and the affairs of with a mouth for the absorption of stool at his desk with bowed head, the neighborhood. She went to food. The coral is coraline limeso many who felt shocked and became alarmed, and crossed over wonder that the preacher was a man; envelope is decayed and removed. began to swear roundly. aggrieved considered it the wisest the street to the store to see what but she went also to the prayer. The animals which build reets are A Sunday-school boy promptly told her all about it; and it made

where," thought the poor child; come to pass.

her mother and the other women gradually wear away a wall of gra- to the command of God.—Presbywhom she knew: but was it a strange nite. The four kinds of coral reefs terian. question, and could they have ex- found in the Pacific ocean are fringe pected her not to have such reefs, barrier reefs, circular reefs. thoughts? There are many ways inclosing lagoons in the ocean, and of showing a Christian heart, and small lagoonless coral islands. doubtless this child's life at home was very different from what it would have been if her mother had had no love for the Saviour. But no one can say that her perplexity was to be wondered at. If the women were marked off as separate subject, and by the omission of religion from the household when they were left alone, how could the child fail to wonder whether the religion was not all with the men?

If the child could have fallen in-

to the high and honorable company that is mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of Romans, she would not have wondered whether there were any Christian women. It is a company of Paul's friends, and among them she would see women of whom she could have no doubt. Here is "Phæbe our sister," of whom the Great Apostle says; "she hath been a succorer of many and of myself also." At some time, and in some way, she has done noble service in helping Paul. There too is Priscilla, the wife of Aquila. This noble pair Paul calls "my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks." This wo man has not only taught the eloquent Apollos the way of the Lord, but has risked her own life to preserve a life that she esteems more precious for Christ's sake than her own. Here is Mary, otherwise unknown, "who bestowed much labor on us." Here are Tryphena and Tryphosa, "who labor in the Lord." Here is "the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord, "-who labored, but who is not laboring now, as Tryphena and Tryphosa arewhat she has done. Here is Julia, unknown to us, and the sister of Nereus, whose name is not written, and here is an aged saint so dear to Paul that he calls her his mother,-"Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord and his mother and mine." A noble company of Christian women is this who will not leave Aquila and Rufus and the other men to talk of Jesus and His love, and who will not let the fire go out upon the altar either of the heart or of the house-

Mothers, do not let your children ask the terrible question of which I have been writing. Do not allow them to think such thoughts. Make it plain that there are Chris. tian women and that you are of the number. Do not torget that such a question is possible, but put the right answer beyond all doubt. Do not depend upon the inference that you think they ought to draw from your general life. Leave it not to be a matter of inference. Speak and act. Keep religion sweetly before their sight, and give them daily evidence that you belonged to Christ.—From Woman's Work in

CORALS AND CORAL REEFS.

Professor Joseph LeConte, in a a wide-spread misunderstanding respecting corals and coral reefs. The poprlar idea is, says M. Le Conte, that these animals are little insects; of a neighborly kind, and would fact is the coral animal is a polyp terests of religion, while the women surmounted with ter.tacles, containwould make a separate circle on ing a stomach and enveloped with the other side, and their conversa- gelatinous organic matter. The policy to hold their peace for the had detained him. He heard her meetings, and it was there just as not much larger than pinheads.

Reef-building corals will not play with you.' whom she had heard talking of regrow at a depth of over 100 to 120

Pointing to that last verse, the ligion in her father's house spoke feet. There have been reef-build-don't care, and I'll swear as much as letters of which now seemed to him and prayed in the social meetings, ing corals found at a depth of 1000 and other men joined with them; feet, but they were dead-drowned page, he asked her with trembling but the women who had had the by being carried below their depth. swear without me; and picking them to coast lines are his tops he put them to coast lines are his tops he put them to coast lines. separate conversation there were This confines them to coast lines up his tops he put them in his pocksilent here. "It is the same every- and submarine banks. Corals will et and moved on for home. not grow where the temperature is plexing—it was a real stumbling- tropical regions. They will not play, I won't swear any more," block. She desired and hoped to be grow except in clear salt water; a Christian herself, but she found hence there is always a break in "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teach." herself a girl and not a boy; and, reefs opposite the mouth of a river. er says swearing is very wicked though she did not quite think it Finally they demand free exposure and wrong, and I dare not play with would be impossible for her to be to the beating of the waves. The any boy who is wicked, resumed both a woman and a Christian, she more violently the waves beat, the his play. did not quite see how it was to more rapidly the corals grow, be- This was a little hero who was cause the agitation gives them ven- not afraid to stand up like a brave Of course, her question was ask-tilation. Corals will grow in the soldier for the cause of pure speech ed in ignorance, and did injustice to face of waves whose beatings would and right morals, and in obedience

THE UNEXPRESSED.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you All the wonder that his soul received; No true painter ever set on canvas All the glorious vision he conceived

No musician ever held your spirit Charmed and bound in his melodious chains, But be sure he heard, and strove to reader, Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers All his dream; but the diviner part, Midden from all the world, spake to him only In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with love; for love and heart united A e twin mysteries, different, yet the same Poor indeed would be the love of any Who could find its fall and perfect name

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor, All its boundless riches to unfold : Still its tenderest, truest secret lingers Ever in its deepest depths untold.

Things of time have voices, speak and perish Art and love speak, but their words must be Like sighings of illimitable forests And waves of an unfathomable sea.

GEORGE MOORE.

George Moore of London was one of the most successful business men of his age. He began life poor but

with the right principles. he founded—the Commercial Travellers' Schools, the Hospitals for incurables, the Ragged Schoolshe obtained situations for hundreds of poor young men by personal effort, helped scores of young men in the Bible classes to prepare for the ministry, for missionary service and useful Christian work, and he never lost sight of the spiritual in-

terests of any person he befriended. Mr. Moore in early life had been subject to great temptations, and had been delivered from their influ- her sun bonnet. Her father was ence. The recollections of these dead, and as her mother had six perilous times in his own history made him very compassionate to-

wards others. His confidence was sometimes abused by those whom he employed or befriended. In dealing with such cases, when advised to use severe measures, he would refer to the father or mother, wife or child, of the offender, and would usually

"Give him one more chance; one more opportunity."

One day a new man in his employment, recently from the country, became wildly intoxicated, rushed into the streets, and struck a police- you." man who attempted to arrest him. He was brought to public trial, and the notoriety given to the circumstances seemed likely to bring

discredit upon the firm. George Moore's partners resolved upon the man's dismissal. But George Moore decided differently. "Give him one more opportunity," he said; "one more opportunity.'

When the young man learned Mr. Moore's decision, his heart was softened, and he resolved with all the strength of purpose he could command to begin a temperate life.

"Your behavior to me," wrote to Mr. Moore, "has left a deep impression on my mind which recent lecture on corals, corrected I hope I may never outlive. These, sir, are the considerations which induce me to declare that from this time it is my firm intention to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,

> The young man became an abstainer and a useful man, and justi-

OUR YOUNG POLKS

YOU'LL SWEAR WITH-OUT ME.

New York were playing with their she would try to do better there tops, and one of the number, feeling after. She was such a very good chagrined at his inability to come girl for all the rest of the day that

said, "Johnnie, if you swear I won't her so happy that Bet-y felt amply

Johnnie very eartly answered, "I terian Banner.

I've a mind to.'

Willie said, "Well, you'll

Johnnie saw Willie would do as "the men are Christians, but are lower than 68 degrees at any time he said, and feeling somewhat there no Christian women?" And —that is the ocean, not the air. ashamed at his conduct, called out, the question was worse than per- Therefore they are confined to the "Willie, if you'll come back and

Willie came back, and saying,

GIVING THE HEART.

" Mother," said a little boy who

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had numbered only a tew summers. "what does it mean to give your heart to God?" The mother put down her sewing, and looking at her boy, said, "Charlie do you love any body?" With a look of surprise the child answered, "I love you, I love my father and my sister and Henry." Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me, and you show that love by doing all you can for us and obeying our commands." The child's face looked bright with a new thought. "And you ought," continued the mother. " to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother and all your friends and comforts; and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever .- "I do want to give my heart to him, mother! how shall I do it?" The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the Besides the great charities that best of mother's Friend.

BETSY'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear! Nobody cares for mel Nobody loves me, It's 'Bet, do this,' and 'Bet, do that!' all the livelong

These were the words which proceeded from the mouth of a little girl, apparently about ten years of age, who sat in the shade of a very large tree twisting the strings of children and no hired girl she had more work to do than many little girls of her age. A neighbor had come in for a minute or two; and as her mother had gone into the other room Betsy slipped out of the back door to the old tree, where she had been sitting for five minutes when her mother called out, "Betsy, child, come in the house! Don't be loitering around the e!"

She got up and was going towards the house when her mother said, in a very loud voice: "Hurry in here, quick, or I'll be after

Betsy hurried into the house and set about her daily task of taking care of baby and rocking him to sleep. While she was doing this she thought: "I believe I'll go down to Mrs. Wright's house after the baby goes to sleep, and see if she wants me to take care of her baby. It'll be better than taking care of five children."

So she sung to baby, and finally he went to sleep, and laying him in his crib, she put on her sun-bonnet and hurried down to Mrs. Wright's house on her errand. After she had rested awhile Mrs. Wright heard her story, and then wisely said: "My dear, while your mother has six children and no servant, I have one child and two servants; who needs your help more, your mother or 1? "Mother does, of course," said

"You are more fortunate than many little girls, who have no

brothers and sisters to take care of, added Mrs. Wright.

Betsy did not like the way in which Mrs. Wright had been talking to her, and without one word arose and left the house. When she reached home she went and sat under the old tree. She was thinking of hard work, when all at once she happened to think of what Mrs. Wright had said and went into the Several boys in the upper part of house, resolving on the way that at it, till at last one day Betsy repaid for being so good .- Presby-