

or say about you, my dear, if you are only sure that you do right, and act in a proper sensible manner. If they are good themselves, they will understand and approve what you do, and that, of course, will be gratifying. But if they are so weak and silly as to laugh at your conduct, you needn't fear or worry about it."

Mrs. Robinson was right. Blessed be independence, thought I. Why must we trim and scud and tack about to catch the wind of popular favor, when the honor which cometh from God, and the approbation of a "conscience void of offence" are so much more satisfying? If we have got to go all the way through life with Julia Hathaways at our elbow, to whisper what this one thinks and that one says of us, striving then to cut and contrive and adjust to suit all the Jennie Sampsons around, we may well exclaim—

"I am weary, I am weary  
Of the cares and toils of life."

for suddenly life is bereft at once of all comfort. Blessed be independence and moral courage, said I to myself again drawing a good long breath. Let me get above "folks" where I can breathe a pure atmosphere and exist. The idea of suffocating, literally choking to death, down in the close, vitiated atmosphere of a meddlesome and gossiping world, is to my thinking not at all agreeable.

H. E. B.

### THREE BLASPHEMERS.

When I was pursuing my studies in the University of the city of New York, one of our professors told me the following story. It shows how remarkably God sometimes answers prayer, and deals with the boldest sinners:—

At one time there were three noted young men students in the institution. They were remarkable for their talents, but more for their wickedness. Scarcely any of the ways of vice had been untrod-den by them. One of their favorite sins was blasphemy.

To gratify this, they hired an unoccupied room of the University, and once a week they held in it what they called "a religious service." The object was to ridicule religion, and make a mock of the public service of Almighty God. They

made a sort of pulpit at one end of the room, and arranged benches in the body of it.

They invited students to attend their weekly meeting. They also brought in many others not connected with the University, and sometimes the room would be crowded. Their mock services was conducted as follows:

One of the number would open the meeting by giving out a hymn, which he had previously altered and travestied so as to turn it into horrible Blasphemy. This was sung in a sacred tune. The singing being over, they read a chapter from the Bible, which was altered and travestied in like manner. After this, one of them would take a text from the sacred volume, and address the audience for about the time usually occupied in delivering a sermon, and would conclude with a benediction to match the other proceedings.

The whole affair was unparalleled in wickedness and blasphemy. As may be imagined, some who were induced to attend from curiosity were horror-stricken, and felt as though it would not have been strange if the curse of God had descended upon them, and brought them at once before the judgement-seat.

Pious students of the university knew of the proceedings and made the authors of them the subject of special prayer. One evening they had assembled as usual and had finished the preliminary services, and the time had come for one of their number to preach. He arose, gave out the text; he appeared to be trembling, and commenced as follows:

"My friends. I feel that every one of us is standing on the brink of hell." Here he was interrupted by mock groans and cries of "hear, hear," that's good." He did not laugh, but with apparent fear continued; "Do not mock, I am in earnest. Were it not for the goodness of God we should all be struck down as we deserve. Let us all cry for mercy." They saw that he was sincere, every one was shaking with fear; they fell upon their knees, tears rolled down their cheeks and one after another set up a cry for mercy. The Lord had made his presence felt, and the remainder of the evening was spent in earnest prayer.

Years have passed, and now, while I write, three of those young men are work-