

pocket. There were seven to share the eatables, which were divided into equal portions, and dealt out to each one.

A tall, grey-haired miner read a few words from his Bible, and prayed to God to save and deliver them, even as he had delivered his people, the Jews, when they were fastbound in misery and iron. 'Deliver us, O our God!' he cried, as the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks, 'and save us, for thy Son's sake, for we have no hope but in thy mercy!'

Two days and a night went by. The men in the mine watched and waited and prayed and hoped. Their lights went out, their courage almost failed; they heard the sound of pickaxes outside, but how long it might be before their comrades could get to them! Two of the men sank down and died from exhaustion and hunger. It seemed as though Grant would be the next; he was gasping for air, his breath came quick and short. Then suddenly a faint little flicker was seen, not bigger than a man's hand. The men knew deliverance was at hand. They rushed to the spot; they kneeled down and thanked God, who had not turned away his face from their cries, but had heard and delivered them in their trouble!

'Here's old Dobbin, lad!' cried William Berryman, as Grant was carried out of the living tomb and laid at the pit's mouth. 'I'll lift thee up on him, and thou shalt have thy ride at last.'

A faint smile came over Grant's face. He felt the fresh air on his face. It was like being in a new world, come out of death into life! Why, here he was riding down from the pit, with William's strong, kind arms round him! And his father was safe, too! He could hear the church bells ringing, and a voice sang in his ears: 'This thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

The Juniors Alone.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon; not a common, every-day rain, either, but a hard storm, with thunder and lightning. The time came for the Junior meeting, and, in spite of the storm, fifteen Juniors had gathered in the Endeavor room of Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church. The big clock on the wall ticked away, till five minutes of the hour for meeting had gone, and no superintendent came. Both superintendents had been unavoidably detained in another portion of the city, where they had been helping with the music at another meeting.

At last the Juniors decided they could not wait any longer, so the little president, a boy of twelve, took the chair, and called the meeting to order; another little boy of twelve offered his services as pianist, and then what a fine time they had singing! One little fellow said to the superintendent afterwards, 'We sang almost through the book.'

The pastor lives next door to the church, and, hearing such lusty singing on this stormy afternoon, he thought he would peep in on the Juniors and have a part in that bright meeting. Just as he reached the church door, there was a pause in the music, a solemn, quiet hush had fallen on that little band of fifteen, then a little voice broke the stillness, lifted in earnest prayer. One prayer after another followed, and in nearly every one there was an earnest petition for the wife of that dear pastor, who was lying so sick. There is no need to say how that pastor felt, as he stood at the door, unseen by the Juniors, and lifted his heart with theirs. He had never loved them quite so much before.

At the close of the prayer he entered the room, and sat in the midst of the little band.

The meeting went on after many bright smiles of welcome had been exchanged. Nobody was abashed at the presence of the minister; he was one of them. Other hymns were sung, Scripture verses recited, and then the little president, with a great deal of dignity, invited the pastor to make them a little talk, and pray with them. Of course he gladly consented, and never had pastor and Juniors felt so close to one another as on that rainy Sunday afternoon.

After his talk and prayer they sang another hymn, and then with bowed heads and softened voices together they said their beautiful Mizpah benediction, and quietly passed out into the beautiful summer sunlight, for lo! the rain was over and gone, and the sun was shining.

When the superintendents heard of this successful meeting their hearts were made glad, for they felt that their Juniors could be all 'counted on.'—May M. Holderby, in the 'C.E. World.'

The Story of Ezekiel.

Lucy Elliot Keele tells in the 'Congregationalist,' how she studied the Book of Ezekiel.

I read the fifty chapters through at one sitting, rapidly, for the story and the general effect. What did it all mean? I asked myself. Why those anvil strokes of 'Son of Man, Son of Man'; 'appease my fury, appease my fury.' Fury? God's? Why was Ezekiel forbidden to shed one tear for the dear wife who was suddenly taken from him? Why the detailing of most revolting situations? What dirges! what wheels within wheels, and omniscient eyes! and what a hush over my heart with those last four words! I could hardly wait for a new day to open that I might begin again upon this strange story.

At the second reading I counted the phrases, 'Son of Man.' There were ninety. I made notes of the chronology. I perceived that the beautiful description of Tyre, under the symbol of a gallant ship moored in the seas, was literal history, perhaps the most remarkable description of Tyre's glory extant.

All this was a mere beginning. Sitting up with a friend waiting for a belated train, I proposed to read Ezekiel aloud to her, and her comments elicited fresh wonders from the text. I began mentioning Ezekiel in talk and in letters. Some one sent back a 'Traveller's text,' which after all my perusal of Ezekiel had hitherto escaped my notice. Picked out so from its lurid setting, and handed me by a friend, the verse became a treasured possession, catching trains with me, and walking strange streets, and settling many a question of holiday procedure: 'Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in all the countries where I shall come.'

More than one correspondent wrote back that she had asked her minister to preach a sermon on Ezekiel; one was reading the book in German; another called my attention to the artists who had portrayed Ezekiel, notably Raphael and Sargent; and the poets who, like Whittier, had sought to bring him into human relationship.

'To drink we may refer almost all the crimes by which this country is disgraced. Drink has wrecked more homes than ever fell beneath the crowbar brigade in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and has made more widows and orphans than did the famine, and it has broken more hearts and blighted more hopes and rent asunder family ties more recklessly than the enforced exile of emigrants.'—Joint pastoral letter from the Catholic bishops of Ireland.

Gems of the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

'A crowd is an opportunity. Crowds ought never to appal the saint, but ought rather to appeal to the saint.'

'Every time I take up one of these modern books that is going to save men, by the evolution of the human mind, I want to put the writer and his book down in the slums, and bid him prove it.'

'God is not going to work a miracle to make up for the Church's laziness.'

'The kind of a man God can't work with is a coward.'

'God wins great fights with small bands.'

'The Church is beginning to believe that God can save a man in the summer.'

'The man who is trembling himself can never make another tremble. It is the man who is unafraid who makes the other man afraid.'

'A fearful man creates a panic. Fear is contagious.'

'We want the strenuous life, not merely in business and politics, but in the Church.'

'God can only work with courageous and consecrated persons.'

'It is a sin to shut a church in the summer.'

'Any service that has no suffering in it is barren.'

'Oh, the soft dilettantism! It is so awfully cheap to hang a picture of the cross in your room, or to wear the cross round your neck. We do not want to possess mere sentiment. The cross waits for you this summer in the slums of your city, in the homes of the poor and outcast.'

'If the Church will suffer with the Son, you can shake the city to its foundations in one year—but never till you are ready to suffer.—Selected.

What is That to Thee?

Peter, seeing him, saith unto Jesus, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' Jesus saith unto him, 'if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.'—St. John xxi., 21, 22.

'Lord, and what shall this man do?'
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end,
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of Him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed at his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stray,
Or with love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way;
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love for Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Grant us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow Thee.
—Keble.