

## THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

'Twas long ago, when Jesus dwelt  
Upon this earth of ours;  
He walked amid its pleasant fields,  
Amid its blushing flowers;  
And then those gentle words He spake,  
So kindly, lovingly—  
"Let all the heavy-laden ones,  
And weary, come to Me!"

Some heard the call, and came to Him,  
With weary, heavy heart;  
And never did a single one,  
Uncomforted, depart:  
One touched his garment in the crowd,  
And found a healing there;  
One washed His feet with joyful tears,  
And wiped them with her hair.

One came, all trembling and afraid—  
She oft had sinned before;  
But when she feared His frown, He said,  
"Go, daughter! sin no more."  
Not e'en the thief upon the cross  
Was turned unheard away,  
For Jesus said, "Thou shalt be with Me  
In Paradise to-day."

And in the ages that have passed  
Since Jesus went to heaven,  
Many in tears have come to Him,  
And each has been forgiven;  
And if we love Him here awhile,  
And serve Him till we die,  
We shall go up at last and dwell  
With Him above the sky.

Come, then, in life's fair morning time;  
Come, children, to His feet;  
Oh, do not wait till years have flown  
Away on footstep fleet!  
But now, in these your earliest hours,  
In these your gladdest days,  
Give your whole heart, and now begin  
To tread His heavenly ways.

## GO AWAY, SATAN! GO AWAY!

A little girl sat upon a large stone doorstep of her father's house, and beside her a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight; then turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new-book, he said:—

"Give me your apple Katie; mine is all gone."

"Not now; wait a little," was the reply.

But the greedy little fellow, not willing to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled it, and then tossed it up lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected his teeth would go into it; but he was too honest for that.

His cry brought the eyes of the little girl upon him. The blood mounted her brow; she was at once upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her. But the hand did not fall; and as she stood, her face and form showing the struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted.

A moment more, and her voice fell on my ear:

"Go away, Satan! go away!"

The mother within the door heard the words too, and, coming

out, asked what they meant. A blush was upon the brow of the child, but it was humility and shame that caused it, while, with drooping head, she answered, "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie; but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms and kissed her, saying, "That's is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation by the help of the Holy Spirit!

Truly the world would be better for it.

## ONE YOUNG MAN'S NO.

Many a weak youth has escaped temptation because a stronger companion said "no"—and many another has fallen because no such help is near. The following "life sketch" (by an eye-witness) details a scene in a hotel billiard room, at a fashionable resort, where half-a-dozen young men were playing for money and the "drinks." An acquaintance, having some errand to one of the players came in, and was boisterously urged to make one of the party in the game and the bibulous indulgence.

"Bring another hot scotch?"

"Not for me," said Harry, peremptorily, and with a bit of extra colour in his face.

"Oh pshaw! You won't play?"

"No; I don't wish to."

"Nor you won't drink a bumper with us?"

"Jack you are going too far. I would drink if I wanted it. You would not force a man to drink who was not thirsty?"

"Oh fudge! Harry, you are afraid to risk a dollar! You'd drink a hot scotch, or a glass of wine with us, if you dared to play. O Hal, I didn't think you had grown so timid!"

And now the young man's face flushed to some purpose. It was a handsome face: and he looked really grand—noble—as he drew himself up to his full, manly height.

"Boys, you have spoken freely to me; let me say a word to you in reply. I am timid—I confess. I am fearful; but you know—you know very well—that I fear not the loss of a dollar. I will tell you, presently, what I do fear. Do you remember D—H—?" naming a young man who, not a year previously, had been apprehended, tried and convicted of forgery and embezzlement to a large amount; and who was at that very time serving his penalty in State Prison. And further, that young man—a trusted book-keeper and cashier—had been intimate with these very youth.

"You remember him, I know," Harry continued, "and you can remember the time when he was as jovial and happy over his billiards, and whiskey, and his gam-

bling, as you are now. Oh, do not wince! I call it by its right name. If it is not gambling what is it? Ah, boys! If Dan had been a little fearful in those days, he might have been differently situated now."

He paused for a moment, looked around upon the players, and presently added in a lower tone, and with deep solemnity:—

"And now, boys, I'll tell you frankly of what I am afraid; I have a mother—you know whether she loves me or not—and I have a dear sister looking to me for joy and comfort in life. I have also a business character; and I trust, a broad, bright future before me. Must I tell you—I am afraid—I shrink in mortal dread from anything that can endanger these sacred interests. Not for all the wealth of all the world would I knowingly and willingly bow my mother's head in sorrow. And since even the appearance of evil may weaken the prop of a sterling character, I will try to avoid that. Now you understand me. Go on, if you will, and enjoy yourselves if you can. It would be misery for me to join you here."

"One word more. If anything of this interview should become known abroad, be sure that I did not tell it, for my lips shall be closed when I go out from you."

He then called aside the young man whom he had come to see, who after a brief conversation with Harry, put up his cue and announcing that he should not go on with the game, quietly went out with his friend.

Two balls remaining on the table were not pocketed. The game was suffered to end where it stood. There was a question asked by one of the five remaining, as to what should be done with the money in the "pot." The chief answered instantly, and without argument, by giving each man back his dollar. Then they put their heads together, and after a brief confab which I could not overhear, they left the place, leaving full one-half the drink in their glass untouched.

Six months later I had occasion to spend another night at the same house, and during my sojourn I spoke to the host of the six young men whom I had seen engaged in that game of pool. He knew what I meant, because I had told him the story at the time.

He answered that three of these youths had not been seen in the billiard room since that evening; two of them had occasionally dropped in together, and played a social game; but had neither put up money nor drank. Of the sixth he would not speak. And then I thought of the personal influence of that young man. And the end is not yet. The end no man can see.

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That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone—  
Or on their diadems.

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The earth a golden ball,  
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