

## Making Money for God.

The Hon. Alpheus Hardy, the princely benefactor of countless good causes, who educated the great Japanese Christian, Dr. Joseph Hardy Nesima, once told the following thrilling story of his experiences to the Psi Upsilon society at Amherst college, of which he had just been made an honorary member.

'I am not a college man, and it was the bitter disappointment of my life that I could not be one. I wanted to go to college and become a minister; went to Phillips academy to fit. My health broke down, and, in spite of my determined hope of being able to go on, at last the truth was forced upon me that I could not.

'To tell my disappointment is impossible. It seemed as if all my hope and purpose in life were defeated. "I cannot be God's minister," was the sentence that kept rolling through my mind.

When that fact at last became certain to me one morning—alone in my room—my distress was so great that I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was: "Oh, God, I cannot be thy minister!" Then there came to me as I lay, a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service and its nature as a sacred ministry were so clear and joyous that I rose to my feet, and with new hope in my heart exclaimed aloud: "Oh God, I can be thy minister! I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry."

'From that time I have felt myself as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan and had been ordained to preach the gospel. I am God's man, and the ministry to which God has called me is to make and administer money for him, and I consider myself responsible to discharge this ministry and to give an account to him.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

## How a Young Girl Wrote a Famous Hymn.

More than half a century ago a young girl was preparing for a grand ball to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out one day to her dressmaker, to have a fine dress fitted for the occasion. On her way she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and in the greetings that passed between them he learned her errand. He reasoned and expostulated, and finally pleaded with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, 'I wish you would mind your own business!' and went on her wayward course.

In due time the ball came off; and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed; but, after dancing all night, laying her weary head on her pillow only with returning light, she was far from happy. In all the pleasures there had been a thorn, and now conscience made her wretched. The pastor had always been a loving, cherished friend, and her rudeness to him rankled in her breast. More than all, the truth of his words came to her heart, and would give her no rest. After three days of misery, during which life grew almost insupportable, she went to the minister with her trouble, saying:

'For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh that I were a Christian! I want to be happy. What must I do?'

We need not be told that the pastor freely

forgave her for her rudeness to himself, nor that he joyfully directed her to the true source of peace.

'Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God, just as you are.'

This was a new Gospel to her; she had never comprehended it before.

'What! Just as I am?' she asked. 'Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me just as I am?'

'That is exactly what you must believe,' was the answer. 'You must come to him just as you are.'

The young girl felt overwhelmed as the simple truth took possession of her mind. She went to her room, knelt down, and offered God her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for his own indwelling. As she knelt, peace—full, overflowing—filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn beginning:

'Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.'

Little did Charlotte Elliot think of fame, or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her own heart on paper; and, therefore, the hymn, born of a mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.

Charlotte was possessed of literary gifts, and when the editor of the 'Literary Remembrancer' died, she took charge. In making up her first number, she inserted several of her own poems anonymously; among them was 'Just as I Am.' It immediately attracted attention, and was widely copied, and passed into the hymnology of the Christian Church.—'Christian Globe.'

## The Dog Adrift.

A German oil-tank steamer was wrecked some time ago. The crew for several days drifted about, flying flags of distress above them. When they were seen by a passing steamer, all the crew were taken from the boat except the big Newfoundland dog, who seemed as much a part of the crew as the men, but the small boat could not take the dog. When the crew were rescued, it was thought that the barque would sink at any moment and the dog go down with it. The last that was seen of him he stood on the bow of the boat, the highest point out of the water, with his fore paws on the rail and howling dismally. The poor sailors felt very unhappy about him, but there was no choice. The signals of distress were still flying and the waterlogged vessel was in the path of vessels bound for New York. The sailors were taken aboard of the steamer that rescued them, still looking toward their old friend on the sinking boat.

Before night another steamer came in sight and the dog barked and barked with all his might. The captain of the steamer saw the signals of distress and turned down toward the barque. This time the captain went round and round the sinking ship, blowing his whistles for some sign of life, but the only thing in sight was the big black dog, who kept prancing up and down and barking with all his might. The captain decided to rescue the dog. A boat was lowered and a mate and several of the men started for the animal. He seemed to know what was meant. The mate went on board where he examined the boat as well as he could, and saw that the only thing alive on it was the dog, which jumped about him with so much delight as to seriously embarrass his

movements. He went back to his boat and called the dog after him. The dog gladly followed and after he was safely in the boat the mate set fire to the vessel, for it was dangerous to leave it in the position in which he had found it. It is quite possible that the dog and some of the crew will again meet.—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

## Bad Company.

We do not need to join in the low conduct of bad associates to get harm from their company. There is harm in listening to them, in seeing them do wrong.

A boy came to breakfast one morning with a badly swollen face.

'You have had hold of dog wood,' said his father.

'I have not put my hand to anything, that I know of,' said the poor fellow. 'What does dogwood look like?'

'At this season you can tell it by its red berries. Have you noticed bushes with red berries lately?'

'Why, yes; I walked along a path through the woods yesterday where red berries grew, but did not touch one of them.'

They poisoned you while you were where they grew. The air around them is full of poison.

Bad company is like those poisonous trees.—Selected.

## How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.

(L. T. Meade, in the 'Sunday Magazine'.)

### CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

As they walked back to the little village, more than half a mile away, neither rescuer nor the rescued spoke; indeed, the nearly drowned man had no strength left for words. He found it almost impossible to walk, and reserved his fast-failing energies for this necessary exercise.

When at last they neared the little cabin Nora danced from his side, flew in, and up to her mother's side.

Oh, mother, mother! I've saved a man me own self! I have indeed!

### CHAPTER III.

The man whom Nora had saved from the wreck of the 'New York' was an American by birth. He had made a large fortune in his native country, and was on his way to England to spend it. All he possessed was on board the ill-fated 'New York,' and he now found himself in the cabin of the O'Neales absolutely penniless, poorer even than his own peasant entertainers. He had, however, escaped with his life, whereas all his companions were dead. For many days after his escape he could think of nothing but the wonderful deliverance that had been granted to him. Indeed, for a time he was too weak and ill to be able to give many thoughts to his altered worldly prospects. His violent efforts on that dreadful night, and his long immersion in the sea, had brought on low fever, and it was a week and more before he was well enough to rise from the rude bed where Mrs. O'Neale had placed him. During this time he had many visitors, not only among the poor inhabitants of Armeskillig, but also from the richer people of the place. One and all of these better-off people wanted to serve him, and one and all offered to take him in, and make him more comfortable than he could be at Mrs. O'Neale's. Hudson, however—for that was his name—had taken a fancy to kind