

thinks about it constantly is sure to incur it. The only safety lies in avoiding it, passing not near it, shunning its fascination and so shunning its spell. And many a reader of the daily press who speaks flippantly of the folly of the young mechanic who went down in Fool-killer No. 3, is preparing himself for a more serious but not less certain death in a perilous game of moral hazard.—*The Interior.*

Heroic Action.

BY NEMO.

IN the days of Dr. T. H. Hagerty's earlier ministry he was pastor in a country town where he had an active church. They were accustomed to have revivals, and thus gather in the people. In that town was a landlord who had a dance-hall

in connection with his hotel, and he would always be ready to open out a series of dances whenever meetings were held, thus keeping young people away, as well as leading, if possible, from the church some who had commenced the religious life. Dr. Hagerty was not long in learning the plan. The pastor and landlord met one day in the street. "Well, how do you do, pastor?" "Quite well." "How do your meetings progress?" "Reasonably well," was the answer. "How do your dances succeed?" was the question by the pastor. "Oh! quite well; we have jolly times, lots of fun. You had better come down and see." "You never gave me an invitation," said the pastor. "Well, that is so," said the landlord, "but the next one we have, I will send you a ticket." "Better not," said the pastor, "for I might come." "I dare you to come," said the landlord; "you would be afraid to meet my jolly crowd."

So they parted. Some days after, the pastor got a complimentary ticket to the ball. He said nothing, but went on and held his meeting as usual, several being at the altar of prayer, seeking salvation. After service he told some of the brethren he was going down to the hotel to the dance, and asked them to pray for him. He told them the conversation he had had with the landlord and what he intended doing. They were much surprised at his purpose, but said, "Go, and the Lord be with you."

Dr. Hagerty went, and met the landlord, in the office. He appeared much nonplussed as the pastor said: "I got your ticket, so here I am." The landlord invited him to sit down. "I want to tell you why I have come," said the pastor. "All right, sir," "I suppose by and by you will have supper; if so, if you will permit me to meet the young people and speak a few words and say grace, I will stay. If not, I will beg to be excused." "All right," said the landlord, "I will see the manager, and if he is favorable, I will be pleased to have you meet the people." In a short time he returned and said, "All right, parson, the manager says he will be glad to meet you." So the parson sat and read and conversed with the landlord till supper-time, when he was led into the dining-room, where was a long table, with probably some fifty persons. Some of them the preacher had seen in the congregation, some were total strangers. Dr. Hagerty said: "Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen. Glad to see you well and in good health. Hope

you may always enjoy the blessings of heaven in this world, and have a bright prospect for life eternal. My life is devoted to the welfare of my fellow men. Being a minister of the gospel, I say, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee; but remember that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'" A few more words were spoken kindly, when he said, "Would it not be well to acknowledge the Giver of all these mercies before we eat? If there is no objection I will ask a blessing."

This was done and a few words were said, when the preacher said he was not in the habit of eating at that hour, and if they would kindly excuse him, he would retire. He bowed a "Good-night to all."

The landlord never sent the parson another ticket, nor did he again attempt to run the opposition dance to the church services. Within a year he died. The parson was removed



SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS, TOYAMA

From "The Heart of Japan."

Rev. W. W. Prudham, Mrs. Prudham and Merrill in background.

by the economy of the Church and settled in an adjoining town. Some years after, a young man met him and said: "Is not your name Hagerty, and are you not the man who attended the dance at the hotel in —?" Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "I thought so. I was one of the young men at that table, and I never forgot your words. I have given up dancing, joined the Church, and have much more enjoyment in the service of God than I ever had in the ways of the world." What further thoughts and actions grew out of this act of the parson is not known, and probably will not be till the books are opened above.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Grace of Kind Listening

THERE is a grace of kind listening, as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention, that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion.—*Frederick Wm. Faber.*