## NOW.

Rise ! for the day is passing, And you lic dreaming on;
The othors have buckled their remor, And forth to tho fight are gone; $\Lambda$ place in the ranks awaits you, Each man has some part to playI'he past and the future are nothing Rise! from your dircans of the futur Of gaining some hard fought field, Of storming some niry fortress, Or bidding some giant yicid; Your future has deeds of glory; Of honor, God grant it maty; l3ut your arm will never be stronger Or the nced so great as to-day
Riso! if the past detain you, Her sunshine and storms forget; No claims so unworthy to hold you Sad or brieht sho is lifeles Cort her phantom she ifecss forever, Cast her phantom arms away, Of a nobler strife to-day.
Rise ! for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear Is the onemy marching to battleArise! for the foc is here! Stay not to sharpen your weapons, Or the hour will striko at last, When from dreams of a coming battle, You may wake to find it past. -Adelaide Ann Proctor:

## A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

 by helen jay.Sadie Bush was the prettiest girl in Camden. Every one said so. Even old Mr. Brown, who was supposed never to think of anything earthly, had been known to relax under the influence of her bomny face. She was stytish, too, and always wore the daintiest gowns and the most bewitching hats.
Her embroidery was the admiratim and desparir of her friends. Quaint bits of china decolated with artistic conceits gave evidence of more than usual ability in design and execution ; and, to crownall, she sang divinely.
Mrs. Browning, the sexton's wife, confided to her particular friend and crony, Mrs. Stevens, that to hear that girl sing in church made her heart shivet' 'till she hadn't al dry eye in her hend. And Mrs. Stevens had beon hand to reply that it made her think of "The Cherubim and Seraphim continually."
Judge Bush was the richest, most influential man in his native town. For generations his ancestors had been the lawyers of that section of the country. It was the universal verclict that the Bushes wore a brave, clean race. There were no blotted pages in their family recorcl. Siuls, in honor, they were head and shoulders ibove their fellows, and yet, they were not Christheir fellows, and yet, they were not Chiris-
tians. Pather and son lived and died tians. Father and son lived and died
serenely righteous, doing good, yet never serenely righteous, doing good, yet never
confessing faith in the Lordand Sariour of confes
men.
men. Clergyman after clergyman had argued, entreated and agonized in viin. Tho polishod courtesy of the gentleman nover failed. The lovable traits of chanacter were never so manifest as in their denling with the ministry; yet they would have nuthing to do with "Jesus of Nazareth." "They did not need him."
The present pastor of the church, Dr. Ruston, felt completely discouraged. He said to his wife, "If I could only broik through thati dend wall of voiceless opposithrough that dend wall of voiceless opposi-
tion to Chist, I might hopo for this church." His wife looked surprised. "What dead His wifo looked
"The Bush fanily," he replied, gravely. "They have done more to injure the causo of Christ here in Camden than all the liquor stores and infidels the place has over known."
Mrs. Ruston's sweet face wore a troubled
look. "That is an awful thing to say, John, about such nice people.
Her husband made an impationt gesture. "Stop, Clara. That's just it ; they 'are such nice people. It is becauso they are so good, so lovable, that they are doing such immeasurable harm. Their lives and records give such value to their words that
if they would only speak for Christ they if thay would only spank an bafled, --that
could Iad many. But I am bat is just the word, to use. There are no sins is just the word to use. Thero are no sins
to take hold of, no irregularities of thought
nor peculiarities of mental make-up; bofore such polished perfect indifference I an helpless and hopeless. Look at Sadic The very sweetest girl, always doing some-
thing kind and thoughtful. .I asked her thing kind and thoughtful. .I asked her this morning to come into our Chistian
Endeavor Society, telling her what is really the fact, that many girls were waiting for her to take that step. Sho looked at ine with those heavenly oyes, and said, would like to do everything in my powe to plense you, Mr. Ruston, but, as I understand it, joining the Christian Endeavo Society means uniting with the church and that I cimmotdo.' 'Why not?' Inot
unmaturally asked. With the most lovely childike expression on her pretty face, she stid, deiiberately, "I do not feel any need of such in step. I am perfectly contented just ns I am.'
"Didn't you reason with her, John ?" asked the little wife, anxiously.
"No, dear : I was simply appalled. I have talked with her for the ast time. Gor knows I have tried."
Sadie Bush looked a trifle annoyedas she entered her pretty blue room. "I wish Mr. Ruston wais not so peculiar," she thought, as she laid aside her hat and
gloves. "He was really angry because I gloves. "He was really angry because
would not promise to join the church. My father never loses his temper like that. am sure there is not a better man in this place, and he does not believe in professing and praying inpublicand makingsucha fuss. You can be just as good without advertising yourself as a suint." The ruffled plumage was smooth again. The slight mental uncertainty caused by Mr. Ruston's earnest words rippled into peace. Her father was the rock upon which she built. He must be right.
The dimpled hands of Fanny Grint were beating a lively tattoo on Sadie's cloor. Entering, sho kissed the little hostess in
her usual rapturous fashion, and sank in a her usual rapturous fashion, and sank in a
luxurious heap on the sofa. "I can't stay luxuxious heap on the sofa. "I can't stay
but a minute," she panted. "I just want to know if you are going to join the Christian Endeavor Society
"No, of course not. I am not a member of the church.
Fanny's pink cheeks grew pinker and a wave of embarrassment swept over her animated face." "I know, but I thought
maybe you would join both, with the rest maybe you wo
Sadie drew herself up proudly. "I never would take such a step beciuse others did," sho suid, a littlo sharply.
"I know that; but, Sadie, I wish you
would. Why don't you? Is it bocause you do not believe in God?"
Sadic looked shocked. "How can you magine such a thing, Fanny Grant?" she said, indignantly. "Of course I believo in God, and have the highest respect for churches. I always attend the prayermeoting and other servicos, and am a member of the missionary society. I simply do not soe any necessity for making what peonot sec any necessity for makng what peo-
ple call a confession of faith. I am sure ple call a contession of faith. I am sure there are just as good men outside the
church as there are in it ; look at my father church as there are in
and gramdfather, too."
Famy was troubled. This arrument was manswerable. "I know," she said. "Every one says your father is one of the best men that ever lived. Brother Rob says ho is so kind to his clerks that they would do anything for him. Still, Sadic, I wish you would.
For a long time that afternoon the girls talked:Sidio repenting the arguments she hatd often heard her parents make use of unworthy life libelled Christian, and the unworthy life libelled Chtistian, at
sin of lighty assuming awful vows."
Fanny forgot that she was in i hurry, and listened in uneasy fascination to tho dear friend who had been her oracle since she was a tiny child.
Slowly she walled home through the rugr:ance of the June twilight. "Sadie is so lovely," she thought, "she ought to know. If she is not good conough to take such a step, I am not. And sho does so much for the church, too-more than old Mrs. Leonard and those who have been members all their lives."
"What did she say, sis?"
Famy started. Sho had forgotten until that moment that her brother Rob was thinking of going with Clara, tho youger sister, and herself to the preparatory service that ovening and had mamiosted more
than usual intorest in hor seeing and talk-
ing with Sadic. Had ho actually waited for her to learn Sidie's decision? A dim perception diwnned on Finny's mental horizon. She remembered thit from the time they were children Rob had always admired Sadic. He looked very indifferent; but then, boys were so queer! Anyway, it was none of her affair.
"She will not do it, Rob, and do you know, I have half a mind to wait till the next Communion myself."
Rob stid nothing. For a long time he had felt his need of $a$ Saviour. Affectionate and easily influenced, he longed to cast his weakness upon unfailing strength. He had talked with Mr. Ruston, and, born on by enthusiasm, had resolved to take what, in his heart, he called the final step. Still, he leaned upon the earthly friends. How perfect it would be to have Sadie and his sisters with him! They never had had sepirate interests before. Like a film of frost Fanny's words fell upon his hopes. ginls, would not take the step ; even Finny, so much better than himself, drew back at so much better than himseif, drew back at
thie last moment. What a presumptuous the last moment.
fool he had been!
Mr. Ruston missed three faces from among those who, on Sundiry morning, gathered to receive for the first time the bread broken in remembrance of the
Master. Rob Crunt and his sisters were Master. Rob Grunt and his sisters were
not there. "They had chinged thein minds."
Sadio Bush was, as usual, in her father's pew. Through the volume of congregational singing her sweet voice vibrated in the words:
"Oh, belicre and reccive and confess Him,
Peverontly tho erzal
Reverention in heart she thought istical feast. In her heart she thought, "I am better here than there. No one can point
at mo and say, "You are my stumblinght mo ind
Two years Tater the town of Camclen was shocked by the arrest of Rob Grant for forgery. "It is the old story," said Judge Bush, sadly; "ia weak boy and cevil com-, panions. I am so sorry for his parents." Sadic flew to Funy with a heart filled with grief and sympathy, dreadful it is !"
"There is just one comfort," mourned Fanny. "Rob never was a hypocrite; he never pretended to be good.
Rob was her favorite brother, hoarsely Rob was her favorite brother, and love
had opened her cyes. "I wish he had. I never slall forgive myself for not insisting on joining the church two years ago and taking him with me.
Sadie looked shocked. Gxief must have unsettled Clari's mind, she thought.
"What do you mean, den??" she asked gently.
"I mean just this. Rob needed every help he could have. He was weak and could not walk: alone, but he always kept his word, and, if he had once con himself, he would have been sife."
Sadic Bush never knew what she had done. She would havo been unutterably astonished could she have realized that she Was it stumbling-block, one of those of
whom Jesus said: "Woc unto you . . for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven aggainst men; for yo neither so in yourselves,
neither suffer ye them that are entering to neither suffer yo them that are entering to go in."-Golden Pule.

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