

trouble at the mills broke out. He had just come back from the hall where he had now been going every Tuesday evening, and where he had spoken on his favourite theme, "the meaning and responsibility of power, both financial and moral." He had treated the subject from the Christian point of view entirely. He had several times roused his rude audience to enthusiasm. Moved by this theme and his surroundings he had denounced, with even more than usual vigour, those men of ease and wealth who did nothing with their money to help their brothers. He had mentioned, as he went along, what great responsibility any great power puts on a man, and had dealt in a broad way with the whole subject of power in men as a thing to be used, and always used, for the common good.

He did not recall his exact statements, but felt a little uneasy as he walked home, for fear he might possibly have influenced his particular audience against the rich as a class. He had not intended anything of the kind, but had a vague idea that possibly he ought to have guarded some words or sentences more carefully,

He had gone up into his study to finish some work, when the bell

rang sharply, and he came down to open the door just as Mrs. Strong came in from the other room, where she had been giving directions to the girl, who had gone upstairs through the kitchen.

The minister and his wife opened the door together, and one of the neighbours rushed into the hall so excited he could hardly speak.

"Oh, Mr. Strong, won't you go right down to Mr. Winter's house at once? You have more influence with those men than any one around here!"

"What men?"

"The men who are going to kill him if some one doesn't stop it!"

"What!" cried Phillip, turning pale, not from fear, but from self-reproach to think he might have made a mistake. "Who is trying to kill him,—the mill-men?"

"Yes! No! I do not, cannot tell. But he is in great danger, and you are the only man in this town who can help to save him. Come!"

Phillip turned to his wife. "Sarah, it is my duty. If anything should happen to me, you know my soul will meet yours at the gates of Paradise."

He kissed her, and rushed out into the night.

THE HIDDEN LIGHT.

The snowflakes fall across the misty sky,
And hide the hills whereon I love to gaze,
Such dreams they bring of long expected days.
And through the pale gloom my strained eye
Looks for the light, and watches hopefully
To catch a glimpse of soul-reviving rays;
Because I know that far behind the haze
The sunlight shines to bless and beautify.

Dear God, the shadows fall twixt heav'n and me—
Those shades of sin that dim the sinner's view—
Yet can I see Thy glory shining through,
And though to-day all pale and faint it be,
I know there glows for all the pure and true
The light and lustre of eternity!

—Rev. Wm. Livingston.