

"As I Have Loved You."

BY G. Y. HOLLIDAY.

[It was the communion day in our church, and the service proceeded as usual. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until Mr. E. asked the question nobody ever notices, "Has any one been omitted in the distribution of bread?" And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know Him not, to testify that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup! And they can take it from no hand but ours, and we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now, for whom the body was broken and the blood shed, just as much as for us.]

The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;

Humbly my soul drew near to meet her Lord,
To plead His sacrificial body broken,
His blood for me outpoured.

Confessing all my manifold transgressions,
Weeping to cast myself before His throne,
Praying His spirit to take full possession,
And seal me all His own.

On Him I laid each burden I was bearing,
The anxious mind of strength so oft bereft,
The future dim, the children of my caring—
All on His heart I left.

"How could I live, my Lord," I cried, "without Thee?"

How for a single day this pathway trace,
And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,
No all-sustaining grace!

"O show me how to thank Thee, praise Thee, love Thee,
For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me—
The rainbow hope that spans the sky above me,
The promised rest with Thee!"

As if, indeed, He spoke the answer, fitted
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:
"Let any rise if they have been omitted,
When passeth the bread and cup."

Suddenly before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view,
Sad eyes that said, "For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour too!"

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread;
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, uncomforted.

"Give us," they cry, "your cup of consolation,
Never to our outreaching hands yet passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And O, we die so fast.

"Does He not love us too, this gracious Master?
Thine from your hand alone we can receive
The bounty of His grace; O send it faster,
That we may take and live!"

"Master," I said, as from a dream awaking,
"Is this the service Thou dost show to me?
Dost thou to me intrust Thy bread for breaking
To those who cry for Thee?"

"Dear heart of love, canst Thou forgive the blindness
That let Thy child sit selfish and at ease
By the full table of thy loving-kindness,
And take no thought for these?"

"As Thou hast loved me, let me love; returning
To these dark souls the grace Thou givest me;
And O, to me impart thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to Thee!"

"Nor let me cease to spread Thy glad salvation,
"Till Thou shalt call me to partake above,
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation
Sit at Thy feast of love!"

UNLESS a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—*William Matthews.*

Great Men Playing with Children.

HENRY IV. was passionately fond of children, and delighted in their gambols and caprices.

One day when crawling round his room, on his hands and knees, with the dauphin on his back, and the other children urging the king to gallop just like a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked:

"Have you any children, M. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"In that case, I proceed with the sport," remarked the king.

A great diversion of the Emperor Augustus was to play games with little children, who were brought from all countries for the purpose; Moorish and Syrian children being his chief favourites. There was one little fellow of the name of Nucus, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who, nevertheless, had a wonderful voice; he was an especial favourite.

Cicero, after putting the finishing hand to his speeches, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them.

Keep the Children Happy.

INVENT every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books, pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast, if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone in the water, it goes on and on through a man's life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Thomas or the songs of Nilsson; when you would gladly have dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with them and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his sticks of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a good traveller or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits and chickens and pigeons—and down to the creek-fall to see the flutter-mill in full operation. Have them gather you mosses, and grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is over all the earth. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joy.—*Selected.*

What One Woman did for Japan.

BY MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

IN 1880 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Koshu. Many of them were high in rank and honour among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and is still, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girl's school and home. Eager of heart, alert, wise but wary, her noble presence had won its way with the men and women of Japan in quarters that were inaccessible to others. "More work for Jesus," was her watchword; and this is what happened to her. One day, at morning worship, a gang of prisoners filed into the yard, and began cutting the grass in the inclosure. The girls were just singing their sweet hymns, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "I'm glad I'm in this army," and the unusual words and tones arrested the prisoners' ears, all unaccustomed to such sounds, in their own language. Cautiously they crept nearer and nearer to the piazza, till the teacher stepped forward, asking them all to enter. Eagerly they climb the steps, and are soon within the walls; a strange sight for a girl's school,—the overseer with his lash and sword, and these sad-faced men with their clanking chains. But the songs ring out again their glad welcome, and the organ peals forth its sweet tones; then the old, old story is read from the Gospel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale. We would like to hear more of it," say they, slowly filing out.

"Come again, come again! you are welcome," responds the bright-eyed woman, with a silent prayer. So, as the men were brought for two or three days into the same vicinity, the scene was repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, brave woman went forth fearlessly under guard of an officer of law, if not to preach, at least to speak to those souls in prison. Once only, but mark the result. Months after, when some of these men were released and returned to their homes in Koshu, they carried the precious seed dropped into their hearts from the girl's school; and, by and by there came a pleading call for a missionary to be sent, who, responding to the call, found a church, all but in name,—a waiting company of believers hungering to be taught of the Lord.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that!"

Does not "what this woman hath done" deserve to be told as a memorial of her in all lands?—*S. S. Times.*

A YOUNG city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in a most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"

Wesley's Student Life.

AT the age of eleven John Wesley was sent to the Charter-House School, London. And he tells us himself that he here lost his religion and began to lead a sinful life; he however made such progress in his studies that he was qualified to enter Christ Church College, Oxford, when only sixteen. Here he was shocked at the foolish and wicked habits of the young men who were preparing to be clergymen. Instead of attending to their studies they wasted their time and injured their bodies and souls by reckless and immoral living.

Bishop Burnet complained that many of the young men that came to him for ordination seemed never to have read the scriptures, and were unable to give a tolerable account even of the Catechism; "and then they think it hard if they are told that they must know the Scriptures and the body of divinity better before they can be trusted with the care of souls."

John Wesley was naturally serious and steady, and his training, excellent as it had been, was backed up by the pious and affectionate letters from both parents. He did not allow himself to be led into gross sin, nor did he fall into idle habits, but he was not converted; and as the time for his ordination drew nigh, his mother urged him most earnestly to seek religion for himself before he undertook to teach it to others, well knowing that an unconverted parson was never likely to raise a converted church. She greatly dreaded lest her son should be added to the number of unprofitable clergy.

He was elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and removed to that college at once; but in consequence of his father's failing health he went in 1727 to Epworth as his father's curate.

His religious views at this time were very unsatisfactory; he had not realized that doctrine of justification by faith which he was destined to proclaim through the length and breadth of the land. In 1729 he yielded to his own wishes and the request of the authorities of his college, and once more settled at Oxford as a tutor. John Wesley at once joined with his brother Charles and several other young men, who had formed themselves into a society, binding themselves to keep all the rules of the college, and to diligently attend to their studies and to the services of the Church. For this they were nicknamed the "Holy Club" by the other students, and later on they were called "Methodists" because of the orderly and methodical manner of life they adopted.

"Naked, and Ye Clothed Me."

WE HAVE met with a beautiful story, how a Russian soldier one very cold, piercing night kept duty between one sentry-box and another. A poor workman, moved with pity, took off his coat and gave it to the poor soldier to keep him warm, saying that he should soon reach home while the soldier would be exposed out of doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterward the poor man was laid upon his death-bed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear unto him. "You have my coat on," said the man. "Yes, it is the coat you loaned me that cold night when I was on duty and you passed by. 'I was naked and you clothed me.'"