

confidence, were busy with their ledgers instead of buckling on their swords! And alas for the hapless women and children who already filled the streets, flying they knew not whither, for death met them at every turn!

The corner house was now full; packed from garret to cellar with trembling fugitives—men and women armed with the courage of despair, and little children too frightened to cry.

When no more could be admitted, the master of the house locked and barred the door, and, taking the kid his wife held in readiness, he cuts its throat and suffered the blood to stream beneath the door.

Not a moment too soon. The tread of armed men was heard; the great square resounded to the clash of steel and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men and women.

Now the assassins reached the corner house, and, pausing in their dread work, glanced up at the broken windows. Here was a house they had not desolated, yet upon the white doorstep was ample evidence of slaughter! The blood seemed to cry, 'Enough! Here the work of destruction is complete. Pass on!'

So on they sped, carrying death and ruin in their train; while from the House of Refuge arose a deep, voiceless burst of thanksgiving to Him who had granted success to the simple strategem.

In the peaceful Rotterdam of to-day the old Dutch mansion still stands—the time-worn monument of a bygone day of woe. Above its ancient doorway it bears the well-earned title, 'The House of a Thousand Terrors.'

Jemmie's Country Week.

(S. V. Du Bois in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I reckon heaven can't be much finer than this.'

It was poor little Jemmie Allen who gave expression to this thought as he stood upon farmer Brown's broad verandah, gazing across the broad fields of rolling grass and grain. He was sick, poor child, and had never known any one of the comforts peculiar to most of us. When farmer Brown handed him out of the waggon to his wife, a surprised and grieved look greeted him. 'Why, father,' she said aside, 'he looks fit to die. I think they might have sent us a healthier one than this.'

'It appears like they must have known that you were a powerful nurse, mother,' was father's cheery answer. 'I calculate the little fellow's real patient-like, and he has never been used to giving much trouble, I reckon.'

It was Jemmie's first outing, perhaps it would be his last one; there seemed everything to indicate such a result. But the fresh country air and appetizing food, such as he had never known, acted upon him as no other tonic could have done, and the kind lady who sent him to farmer Brown's home instead of the Children's Ward in the hospital, must have had a premonition of the truth.

He gained strength every day, and so quaint and many were his remarks about all that he saw, that it shortly became the pleasure of the farmer's leisure hour to draw the wee mite out. Then they learned that he was alone in the world. Auntie Bowers, who wasn't an Auntie, let him sleep in a corner of her cellar at night, providing he wouldn't trouble her in the daytime. Sometimes he got food and sometimes he didn't, for of late he had been too sick to work, and he couldn't beg or steal. Often when he laid on his little whisp of straw at night he prayed that Jesus would send an angel and take him to heaven. But instead

a kind lady connected with the Country Week Fund found him and sent him to farmer Brown's, and the little fellow's eyes fairly grew bright with joy as he spoke: 'I'm glad I saw this anyway before I went,' he cried, looking into the good man's face.

When the last day of the week came the farmer and his wife held a tearful consultation. There was but one agreement between them: Jemmie could not be allowed to go back to the city slums to die. He had gathered his belongings together, a few little ferns and flowers, and some pretty pebbles in his pockets. He had just returned from taking his last look when they gathered him in and told him he was to go no more from them. Then there was a glad cry of surprise and joy, and Jemmie, who had never before known the pleasure experienced from Breathing God's pure air, and the strength derived from nourishing food, had found a home, where, if God willed it so, he might live to grow into broad, expansive manhood.

What Jesus is.

He is a path if any be misled;
He is a robe if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he sets free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth,
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth. —Selected.

'Like as a Father.'

(Mary Jewett Telford, in the 'Union Signal.')

It was no new thing for Marion to travel among the mountains, and she was unusually dis-spirited that day, at the best, so the wonders of gulch and rock and dancing brook did not fix her mind. But the face of a child just before her attracted her singularly. Not an uncommon child at all; just a little girl in somewhat ill-sorted attire, trying to get the attention of her father. On his part, the President's message proved too engrossing to allow a thought of his daughter. She bore but illy the tossing of the car around from the sharp curves of a new roadbed, and half pettishly she undertoned a cry, as grown children would like to do, for some one to tell her what was the matter.

Marion's own childhood had been a pain which she never cared to recall. A selfish father, ignoring the very needs of his family, the joys and sorrows of his own children gave him little thought. A wall of indifference gradually grew between them, and as the father had left her to shift for herself since the death of the mild mother, Marion purposely refrained from answering his infrequent letters. Worse than this, the young woman put off God's repeated calls to her to give Him her heart, on the ground that fatherhood was only tyranny. Didn't she know by bitter experience what a father was? She would own no being as the one Father, then.

Her little travelling friend grew more sick and almost wailed. The unconscious father read on. Marion's heart was moved more to anger towards the father than sorrow for the child. 'As a father pitieth,' she said to herself scornfully. 'No father pities. It's a farce, this stuff called paternal love.' And again her rebellious thoughts pushed the Father-God far away.

Then the travelling heroine before her put her little head between the father's paper and his face, saying sweetly: 'I know my papa loves me, and I know he doesn't love that old

newspaper! I'm so sick, papa; sicker than I ever was.'

Marion was keenly expectant of a sharp rebuke. But she did not hear it. The pre-occupied look left the father's face instantly. He tossed the paper on the seat opposite, gathered his child closely in his arms with tender words, deprecating his lack of thought and murmuring comfort and cheer till the white face took on color again and the eyelids drooped and closed. For a long time she lay thus, her father's thought manifestly of her alone. Then he laid the sleeper carefully down on the seat before him, and forgetting all the other world, his face showed what his soul felt toward the precious life lying there.

Marion could but see it all. She must have changed her seat in the now full coach not to see it. Was there not, too, a special word for her soul in the inner voice and outer vision? Since her gentle mother's death no human being had given her such a look as that. No, not one. But persistently and with a widely different meaning the words of holy writ came again, 'Like as a father pitieth his children,' and she knew as she had never before realized the personal fatherhood of God.

Time passed without heed till the porter of the tourist car came to arrange berths for the night. Marion early ensconced herself for rest that a busy morrow would make imperative. Unconsciousness was just claiming her when the distinct articulation of the child aroused her. It was not her father to whom she talked; he had gone to a better light to finish the President's message after kissing his child good night.

She was in the middle of her talk to an invisible friend when Marion caught the first sentence. 'And if you have to take my father up to you, dear God, before you get ready for me, please do keep close to him, so he won't get lonesome. I guess he won't have to go for a long time yet. I hope not—but I'm sure, God, you won't forget. He'll miss me so.'

The first apprehension of filial relationship came to poor Marion's understanding as she lay that night in the tourist sleeper. The beautiful surprise of self-forgetting love—self lost in another dearer than self. Why had her eyes been so blinded by her own personal loss of parental love as not to have found it in others? And why had this child, with so common a face and so rare a heart, been put within her sight and touch all these hours?

Over and over, before sleep sealed her eyes on that night, did Marion murmur, 'O our Father who art in heaven.' Again and again she repeated the words which had held no meaning in her life before; repeated them simply, as if the wisdom of her soul were in those six words and she had no petition beyond them. And God the Father knew.

That was four years ago. Marion's face has lost its hardening lines, for the peace of the Father is in her soul. Her own earthly father, defeated and earth-hurt, has appealed to her for help and not in vain.

She has never seen the unconscious agent God sent her since that journey in the tourist car, and never may. But some day a bright star will shine in the little one's coronet, and father and child may wonder together that heaven's infinite purposes can be worked out through the holy relationships of earth.

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