

and as for usefulness, milestones have their duties as well as stage-coaches. If yours are to carry passengers from place to place, mine are to afford travellers information on the way; besides, boast as you may, I have sometimes heard of coaches upsetting, and breaking down, wearing out and being stopped and robbed, but I never heard of such things happening to milestones.

"Therefore, friend, taking all into consideration, I fancy I am the safer if the quieter of the two; and if you are happy in running, I am content in staying humbly to do the duties of my station, and perhaps as honorably as yourself, although you are a Fast Coach, and myself am but a poor Milestone on the road."

All have their places in the world, and duties to perform, and

"Tazzy also serve that on'y stand and wait."

—*Christian Standard.*



### Christ Under the Pavement.

BY L. G. BINGHAM.

"CAN you tell me where I can find a clergyman?" said a female in the shadows of the old church. She was speaking to a kind-hearted man. She continued, "I thought there might be a clergyman living near the church."

"No, no," answered the man, "the churches have all gone up town, and the clergymen have gone up with them, and there are no resident ministers down here. Why do you wish to see a clergyman?"

"My husband is sick, sir, in a basement near by. He is in great distress of mind because death is coming, and he says he is not ready."

The man addressed was a kind man, and told the poor wife he would bring a clergyman the first thing in the morning.

This woman was young, of prepossessing appearance, but her conversation showed she did not appreciate the moral necessity which was upon her husband, though she sympathized in his deep distress.

Early the next morning the clergyman and the strange friend were at the designated street and number. The room was entirely below the sidewalk. Going down

the grimy steps, they inquired if there was a sick man there. The front of the room was dimly lighted from the street, but the back of the room was in darkness. Two men were drinking at the bar. Two or three were at a table playing cards, and further on in the distance were four or five straw mattresses scattered upon the floor. No attention had been paid to the inquiry for the sick man, which was now repeated, and a rough man gruffly answered, "No, no, don't know of any sick man. We don't keep such." "No such man here," said another. "Yes, yes," another spoke up, "there is a poor fellow lying back yonder in the dark. Is it him ye are after?"

At this moment the poor wife came forward with a tallow candle in her hand, and led the way to her husband. He lay in one corner of that damp, miserable cellar, on a hard bed. He was about thirty years of age. In a few words this was his story: Seven or eight years ago he came from the "old country" to try his fortune in the new world. He was a sober, industrious man, well educated, moral, but not religious. About one year ago he married and went to work on a farm on Long Island. He labored till he was stricken with sickness. Still he labored on, relying on his strong constitution to bring him out all right. He sunk lower and lower, till he found himself where he lay. He had spent all his money on physicians, who had done him no good; and sinking lower and lower, here he found himself on the very verge of eternity, and knew he was not prepared for the great change which was just before him. "I cannot get any better," said he, "and what am I to do to be prepared to die! O! if I had my dear praying mother here now, or my good old father, they could tell me what to do. I have no hope of living. Life is not my trouble. I want eternal life begun in my soul. That is what I want, and I don't know how to get it. How shall a poor sinner like me get eternal life? That is the great question. I drop every other to have that answered. O! what shall I do to be saved?"

The clergyman hitherto had not said a word, while all the time the sobs of the poor wife could be distinctly heard. The