

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

PSALM CXXI.

The Lord preserve thy going out,
The Lord preserve thy coming in;
God send His angels round about
To keep thy soul from every sin.

And when thy going out is done,
And when thy coming in is o'er;
When in death's darkness all alone,
Thy feet can come and go no more.

The Lord preserve thy going out
From this dark world of grief and sin,
Whilst angels standing round about
Sing 'God preserve thy coming in.

—Elizabeth H. Mitchell.

It will pay all our readers to peruse very carefully the article elsewhere copied from the *Scientific American*, addressed to that dispassionate paper, and reproduced herein because it is of very great value to everyone, containing some important scientific facts very plainly put.

STRAIGHTWAY.

"Come, Ailsie, I have to see the workwoman who has just come. I have left Baby with his bricks in the drawing-room; will you go and take care of him while Nurse is at tea?"

Ailsie was sitting in her own room, with pencil and paper and open Bible, preparing the lesson for her Sunday-school class.

"Very well, mother."

Interruptions were things she hated. When she began a thing, she liked to finish it off before going to the next thing.

"Baby and his bricks will take care of themselves for a few minutes," she reflected, as she stopped to jot down the notes which would make her preparatory paper complete. She then hastened to the drawing-room, and arrived just in time to find Baby (who was two years old) tugging at a bright-colored ball of worsted which was on a table within his reach. It had become entangled with a vase of flowers, which fell with a crash, and lay in broken bits on the floor.

"A few minutes earlier might have saved all!" thought Ailsie, when she saw the vexation of her mother at the destruction of her favorite vase, and the hopeless tangle of her piece of knitting.

Half-past ten struck when Ailsie was engrossed in an interesting book. It wanted only a chapter or two to the end. She stayed by the fireside to finish it, smothering a voice which seemed to tell her it was time to go to bed.

"How late you are!" murmured the sister whose room she shared. "I am already in bed!" Ailsie shaded the candle, and hurried through her undressing and her prayers, conscious, although her sister said no more, that it was all very disturbing to her.

Not long after this Ailsie went to stay with friends who lived in a garrison town. She learnt a great deal while there by watching the soldiers. At an early hour she was awakened by the sound of a gun fired. Then came a distant bugle. Ailsie turned round to go to sleep again, thankful she had not to obey the call, and thinking of the prompt obedience required of the soldiers to get ready for early parade.

How often she had let a quarter of an hour slip by after the maid and her conscience had sounded her *reveille*!

Profiting by this thought, she raised herself on her elbow when, much later, she was informed by the servant who brought her hot water that it was eight o'clock, to look at her own watch, not because she had any doubt of the hour, but as a means of preventing herself from being over-powered afresh by sleep. Then, not exceeding the few minutes she allowed herself for rousing up, she sprang out of bed.

All through her morning toilette she could hear the short, quick commands shouted by a sergeant who was drilling his men in the barrack-square below.

Every morning Ailsie loved to look out on that sight. She admired the instant precision with which the soldiers executed each fresh order. All

down the lines arms were flashed in perfect unison—their posture changing as promptly as the order changed. No hesitation, no faltering there. To the moment, with one accord, all were ready.

Resting on the garden-seat one day, after a merry game of ball, she fell a-thinking, and pictured herself as a soldier looking the other way when the order was given, and excusing herself by "Oh, I did not quite have what was said! I was not quite ready just then!"

Ailsie talked that day with an officer's wife whose husband had not yet returned from the war in Egypt. Ailsie was entranced by an account the lady gave of how her husband had been the means of saving the life of a brother officer who was attacked by two Arabs. He was disabling one of them, but the other was on the point of falling on him when the friend swept up to the rescue and laid the enemy low. There was but a single moment in which the work could be done, and that moment was saved.

The same thought Ailsie found manifested in the story of our Lord's call to the Apostles Peter and Andrew, James and John, and Matthew.

"Follow Me. And they straightway left their nets and followed Him."

"He called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."

"He saith unto him, Follow Me. And he arose and followed Him."

"They did not stay to mend one more hole in their nets," reflected Ailsie. "Matthew did not wait to settle his money accounts. They were all very unlike me!" And she sighed, and added to herself, "I am afraid I am more like these others," and she read:

"He said unto another, Follow Me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." "And another also said, Lord, I will follow Thee; but let me go first and bid them farewell, which are at home at my house."

Then she found the Collect for Saint Andrew's Day, and read it on her knees:

"Almighty God, who didst give such grace unto Thy holy Apostle Saint Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him without delay; grant unto us all that we, being called by Thy Holy Word, may forthwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfil Thy holy commandments; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

Scarcely had she said the "Amen" for herself, when there came a knock at her door, and a tangled curly head was poked in, followed presently by the whole of its owner, and Poppie, one of her younger sisters, put a little sugar-sticky hand in hers with a message that a visitor was in the drawing-room—would she come down, as their mother was out?

Ailsie groaned in self-pity, particularly when she learned that the visitor was a certain prosy old lady who never knew when to leave off talking. Then suddenly she recognized that the unwelcome little intruder before her was a messenger of the Lord Jesus Christ, sent to call her; she realized that He Himself was there, saying to her, "Follow Me."

She called to mind the soldier-motto, "Ready, aye ready!"—the last words of General Fordyce on the battle-field.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It was but a trivial "hardness," but not too trivial to be ennobled by this command.

"I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

So, shouldering her arms, as it were, Ailsie put down the Bible and Prayer-book she had been studying, and ran down stairs to do her best to entertain the visitor.

"Leaving Christ for Christ." It means that we must sometimes leave the worship of Christ, and give up our time for direct communion with Him, to find him in the hospital and on the battle-field, in the persons of the sick and dying. . . . "When I am doing some little necessary but homely bit of work, I constantly feel impatient, and desirous that I may get it over, and do 'some work for God,' as I fancy. 'Perhaps never thinking that the 'work for God,' as you call it, being dictated by your own will, would not be half so dear to Him as the patient fulfilment of the little task he set you.'"

Together with these thoughts Ailsie called to mind with fresh appreciation Longfellow's poem of "The Legend Beautiful."

"Do Thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy God the rest."

And she learned to look upon unavoidable interruptions in the same light as a servant or a soldier would look upon orders or counter-orders. "Stay here" or "Go there"—all alike being work appointed by God.

—Eleanor L. de Butts.

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Says Bishop Huntington:—"I ministered once in a Church where many a pew stood for a million dollars. There were generous men and saintly women among them, not a few. But it only happened once in the nine years that, after I had announced an offering for the following Sunday, a person stopped after the service to say, 'I must be absent next Sunday and wish you to take my gift now.' She was not a Samaritan, but she was a cook, and she was to be absent to cook a rich man's dinner, and I had some reason to suspect that her gift was larger than his." The Rector has met with several similar experiences. Such forethought is certainly to be commended.

DIED FOR ME.

Among the war records of America, one incident is told which is worth repeating.

After the battle of Chickamanga a man, roughly dressed, was seen standing by a grave in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Nashville. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, but every now and then he wiped them away, and looked steadily at the painted board which stood at the head of the grave.

"Your son, sir?" a sympathetic bystander asked.

"No, not mine. He lived in our town, though, and I came to find his grave."

"A relation, then—a friend, perhaps?"

"My neighbour's son," said the farmer. Then, seeing the interested look on the questioner's face, he added, "I'd like to tell you all. I'm a poor man with seven small children and a sickly wife. I was drafted for this war. I couldn't hire a substitute. I was in great trouble, for that meant starvation for the poor things at home, none of whom could work for their living, not to speak of carrying on the farm. The morning I ought to have left them my neighbour's son came and offered to go in my stead. Said he, 'I've no one depending on me, and you have.' So he went, and was killed in action. This is his grave. I felt I must come and put those words over his head."

On the painted head-board "Died for me" was roughly traced under the name of the sleeping soldier. The tears and distress of the survivor testified to his gratitude, but most of all he showed his appreciation of the act of love by taking a long and weary journey to set up this outward mark of his feelings.

Reader, was it too much, think you, to do for a fellow man? You are indignant at the bare idea. Why, he died for him, you answer. And has not the Perfect Man died for you? What have you done to show your gratitude to Him? Have you confessed before the world your thankfulness to Him?

Have you kept holy the day of His death? Have you regularly commemorated the sacrifice at His altar, as he bade men do?

Oh! if you have done none of these things, you are surely most ungrateful, forgetful, and neglectful of One who died for you.

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the well-known Baptist preacher, tells this story on himself: "When in London, a few weeks ago, I visited a market, and asked the name of a peculiarly ugly fish that lay on the counter." "We call them Baptists," replied the dealer. "Baptists!" I rejoined; "why Baptists?" "Because," he answered, "they go to the bad so soon after they come out of the water."