

### The Clanging Bells of Time.

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
Night and day they never cease;  
We are wearied with their chime,  
For they do not bring us peace;  
And we hush our breath to hear,  
And we strain our eyes to see,  
If thy shores are drawing near,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
How their changes rise and fall;  
But in undertone sublime,  
Sounding clearly through them all  
In a voice that must be heard,  
As our moments onward flee;  
And it speaketh aye one word,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time  
To their voices, loud and low,  
In a long, unresting line  
We are marching to and fro:  
And we yearn for sight or sound  
Of the life that is to be,  
For thy breath doth wrap us round—  
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
Soon their notes will all be dumb,  
And in joy and peace sublime  
We shall feel the silence come;  
And our souls their thirst will slake,  
And our eyes the King will see,  
When thy glorious morn shall break—  
Eternity! Eternity!

### Humbled and Rebuked.

MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER.

MOSES, the meekest of men, and called most unequivocally to be God's mouth-piece amongst men, made one mistake in his ministry. He gave not God the glory at the smiting of Horeb. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the same tempting form of error creeps occasionally into the ministry now-a-days. I listened recently to a narrative illustrating, amongst other points, this one:—

The Rev. Mr. P—— had been labouring for several evenings in the pulpit of a church in the outskirts of M——. The membership was weak—the community hardened. No regular minister could be sustained there; and the Rev. Mr. P——, being a fearless preacher and an ardent orator, had been invited to come there and "get up a revival."

The house each night was full to overflowing. The minister preached with power, and the brethren prayed, but the desired outpouring of the Spirit did not follow. Amongst the congregation sat, night after night, Colonel McClean, a noted and dangerous infidel; dangerous, because he was wealthy and agreeable, and exercised a pernicious influence over many minds in that community. The Rev. Mr. P—— came to the conclusion that the people came to be entertained, and for the gratification of a very unspiritual curiosity.

"I will make a tremendous effort this once more to shake them out of their stupidity," thought he, as he again ascended the pulpit stair.

It was really a tremendous effort. He finched not from portraying a true picture of the sinner, and the doom that awaited his rejection of

Christ's mediatorial offer of salvation. He tossed infidelity hither and thither like a football. It did seem to the speaker, and to the brothers in the front seats, that many in that course must be electrified and forced to yield.

The minister came down and stood within the altar at the close of his appeal, while the brothers and sisters struck up, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," with unusual unction.

At the commencement of the second stanza, a boy of about twelve years hurried forward, and fairly tumbled on his knees at the altar. All bent forward to see him—many ungodly ones tittered—and, in spite of themselves, the singers lost a little of their unction. The minister, at one hasty glance, saw an immense shock of black hair, that looked as though it had never known a comb; a face grimy and tear-stained, and clothes tattered and uncouth. At the close of the fifth stanza, two little girls, Sunday-school scholars, who had, perhaps, never consciously committed a sin, came timidly and knelt at the same bench.

With assumed fortitude the minister said, "Let us pray," and called upon Brother Sampson to lead in prayer. Brother Sampson, although the most gifted in devotion of all the brethren, seemed at this time shorn of his strength. The Rev. Mr. P—— occasionally, during the good brother's prayer, ejaculated, "Lord, grant it!" "God have mercy!" and one or two feeble "Amens" came from another quarter. In the meantime, in spite of himself, the minister kept ruminating in this wise: "The mountain hath laboured, and brought forth this mouse."

But the boy was all this time terribly in earnest. He saw nothing—felt nothing—but the peril of remaining unsaved. He pounded the bench with his fists, and flung himself wildly about, while his prayer for mercy grew louder and louder. Brother Wright plucked the minister by the sleeve, and said, hastily and somewhat reproachfully, "Here! we must put a stop to this ridiculous scene, or it will kill the church, sure!"

"Who is the boy?" whispered the minister uneasily.

"Why, its Ben Slemmons; belongs down here at the coal diggins, and is one of the dirtiest ruffians and vagabonds in the country. They all know him. Can't you stop him?" "You set him agoing," it seemed to the minister he wished to add.

"I'll not undertake to stop him," replied he calmly, although in some perturbation of mind.

"I will then," said Brother Wright, and leaning over to where the young sinner was pounding away, he caught him by the shoulder and gave him a shake. But Ben, if he felt it at all, considered it a grasp of encouragement from a friend, and vociferated all the louder. Bro. Sampson's wan-

dering, prayer—for what he lacked in unction he made up in length—now came to an end; but just a moment before he said "Amen," young Ben's vigorous manifestations suddenly ceased, and as they all arose from their knees the silence was fairly oppressive. But Ben sat on the bench, and looked about him in a bewildered, half-laughing sort of a way, that disgusted some of the members more than his previous conduct.

"I don't know but I'll give that young scapegrace a thrashing before all's over, for coming here and spoiling the meeting," whispered Bro. Wright to Bro. Sampson.

The minister was making some remark that nobody seemed to heed, for many an amused glance was directed towards the boy, who was facing the pews. He hardly knew himself what he was saying; but in the meantime he gave poor Ben a scrutinizing glance, and saw what none others saw in that dirty, absurd-looking visage. Said he suddenly, "If any one here wishes to speak a word we will give an opportunity." There was silence. Then the boy looked inquiringly up at the minister, and said, in an anxious whisper:—

"Mr. P——, may I speak?"

"Certainly, my lad," he replied.

He then arose awkwardly to his feet, looked around him in a dazed sort of a way, and then, while some of the fun-loving again commenced to titter, and the brethren to squirm uneasily in their seats, he said:—

"When I came here to-night everybody looked so different. I never was to meetin' but once afore in my life. I came in here to-night an awful bad one, but I didn't think about it till the preacher here pointed it out to me. *What!* God a-willin' and anxious to have me, from down in the coal diggins, a-saved and livin' with him in glory! An' his Son died for to lift me up there, and I a-cursin' his holy name, and won't let him. No! No! No! I rushed for him, for fear my chance would slip, and I clung to him till he swept out my black heart; and now everything looks so different and queer and pleasant that it don't seem as though this is me and them's you'uns. Oh, glory! glory! glory! I never was so happy in my life like this, and I expect to be happy till I die and get there."

More than one heart warmed towards him as he sat down. The benediction was pronounced, and Brother Sampson whispered, "You didn't appoint another meeting; suppose you think it not worth while. My! such a grand sermon! How could they take it with such indifference!"

"They needn't tell me it's the fine preaching does the work after this," whispered another.

These remarks served to kindle the ministerial pride, and he said, in a low tone, "I'll try to redeem myself here;" and then, halting the departing congregation a moment, he an-

nounced preaching on the ensuing night. He then turned to shake hands with the young convert, but he was gone.

The next night the church was again crowded. Colonel McClean and his coterie were there in full force. The brethren noted this, but sorrowfully shook their heads. No hope of moving him or any of his friends since the burlesque scene last night. The comic recollection of the coal-digger's performance would effectively keep them from seeking the anxious seat. Ben Slemmons was there too, or—was it he? They had to look again to be sure of it. His face was clean as soap and water could make it; his hair was unnaturally sleek; a ban. clean gingham did duty for a collar above a coat much larger, but much cleaner and more whole than the one he had worn before. He sat modestly in a side slip near the front; and a pink-faced, flurried little woman, in very old-fashioned bonnet and scanty shawl, sat beside him. It was his mother—but few had ever seen the poor broken-down little creature before. She was a slave—slave to Dan Slemmons' slow tyrannical rule; and he, in turn, was a slave to drink.

Well, the preacher preached, and it proved to be his grandest effort. "Surely stubborn wills must bend before such a gale," thought he, and the brethren's trust in the revivalist began to grow stronger. They may have thought their trust was in the Lord, but it was not. And, sure enough, before the invitation was fairly given, the tall form of Colonel McClean made its way down the crowded aisle, and, with a blanched face and compressed lip, he bowed at the altar.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the preacher warmly; mentally adding, "I've brought down the lion!" A dozen persons, who had been restraining their convictions for fear of the Colonel's ridicule, now followed; but before they did so, young Ben had taken his poor, timid, little mother by the hand, and led her to the very spot he had occupied the night previous. The prayer-meeting now began, and there was no lack of fervour and directness in the petitions now. The pastor and the brothers never experienced a warmer glow of feeling. They were jointly and singly, however, to receive a lesson. After several seasons of prayer, an opportunity was given to any who wished to speak. Up rose the Colonel. "I am a saved man," were the words which fell like an electric shock upon every ear. He paused a moment, overcome with strong emotion, and all was still as death. He then continued, in a firm and unbroken tone:—

"I have heard many sermons, and have scoffed at the religion of the Nazarene for forty years. Last night there was a powerful discourse preached here, but it rolled off me like water off a duck's back. But I saw the boy go forward. I saw him struggling as