

She stayed that thought and looked at him. "They say he hasn't a very pleasant home," reflected the teacher. "I pity him! I have a great mind to"—

She hesitated again.

There are moments when heaven seems to descend upon our human hearts, and it presses them to action. We should be like iron on the earth side, when it is the tempted side, but toward heaven let there be a door ever ajar, swinging readily on its hinges.

Alice yielded. She stepped up to Charlie, laid her hand upon him, said gently, sympathetically, "Charlie, don't forget the lesson! Do—do—"

Suddenly, she was embarrassed. Why, she expected to find it very easy to make an appeal to Charlie. It had been easy in the class. Then, she talked officially. Now, urged by a profound personal interest in this boy's soul, she was trying to influence him. She continued to stammer, "Do—do—do—"

The next word would not come. Almost saucily, grinning as he spoke, he replied, "Do what?"

His rudeness hurt her feelings. She was in no mood for banter. She was very seriously in earnest. The tears came into her eyes, and with them words came also.

"Charlie—I wanted—to tell you—I wished—you would make—Christ your Refuge."

"Did try once," he sulkily replied.

"Do it—again—"

She was crying now so that she could only sob. "Only—trust—Him."

She could say no more, but hurried out into the storm that seemed to rage harder than ever. She was overwhelmed with too violent emotions to notice any details of the storm, or she would have seen that the river was swollen angrily by a freshet. She would have noticed, too, that Charlie had taken the street leading to the bridge crossing the river.

That very afternoon all the town was violently disturbed by the tidings that the bridge had been swept away. Something else was reported. An older brother of Alice brought the sad news.

"Alice," he said, looking up eagerly as he entered the house, his cheeks flushed, his eyes flashing, "Alice, bad—news! They say Charlie—Ashcroft was—going—across the bridge when it—was carried—away—"

"And he wasn't drowned?"

"They say he—was—rescued—but jammed between the timbers."

"Oh, my poor Charlie! I must go to him now."

Yes, rescued after the fashion of a ship that has reached the shore, but lies not in a harbor, only on the beach, bruised, battered, hopelessly torn by the mangling breakers. Alice could not see her scholar. "She must wait," said the doctor.

When he had his moments of consciousness, Charlie fastened his eyes on his mother and said: "Teacher—told—me to trust—Him."

"Would you like to see her, Charlie?" asked his mother.

He nodded his head.

When Alice came at his bidding she was shocked to see the shadow of the end that was darkening his face.

But there came a light into it.

"Teacher—you—told—me," he spoke slowly, wearily, gasping for breath—"to trust Him—only—trust Him—and I am trying—I—hope—I—do—trust Him." As he spoke he looked up, reached up his hands, smiled, and was gone! He had taken hold of the tender hands wounded for our salvation, and let down alone for our grasping. He had died, clinging.

What was the feeling in Alice Farnham's heart as she recalled the experience of her after-school talk with Charlie?

In that moment when all things human were swept away as a refuge, when the things sure and divine were grasped, did that Sunday-school teacher regret those words of faithful, affectionate pleading?—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Pilgrim Teacher.*

### SALVATION OF A GAMBLER.

See in yonder room a godly mother on her dying bed and hear her pleading tones. She says, "Oh, Thomas, Thomas, the doctor has been here, and says that I am soon to die. If you were only a Christian, Thomas, I could die happy. If you would give up gambling and drink, and repent of your sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved you and died for you, then I should die happy."

"Mother, if you do not stop talking to me in this way, I will throw this knife at your head." She continued to plead with him with tearful tenderness. This only enraged him all the more, and at last in a fit of passion he dashed the knife at her head, and as he flew out of the room he said, "I will never darken your doors again," and went away to the Liverpool docks and was