

And that which defiled, He o'erthrew—He
o'er turned,
While anger within His holy soul burned.

Ensamples to Christians—to others ye live.
Ye are His servants—His message ye give;
As ye study His word, or seek guidance in
prayer,
Do you need a cigar for His work to pre-
pare?

Mr. Martin, like John, never uttered a sound,
But sat with bent head, his eyes on the
ground,
While repenting—shamed thoughts flashed
through his brain,
But his better self rose in the midst of his
pain.

A gentle tap then was heard at the door,
It opened, and honest John stood on the
floor;
A look to Katie, the next at the minister's
face,
Who said, as he rose, with his own ready
grace—

'A mother in Israel your wife is to be,
Thank God for the sermon she has preached
to me;
Now a promise I'll make, and to it I'll stand,
Will you join with me, John?' John gave
him his hand.

'An' that wi' ma heart, sir; the sermon's
been plain,
The application's at hand, we'll no seek it in
vain!
'No, John, we'll apply it, and none of the
folks
From this time will say that the minister
smokes.'

The Will That Found a Way

(By Frances J. Maley, in 'Baptist Union'.)

The sexton of Harrison Street Church was sick. It was prayer meeting evening; he had managed to go over awhile in the afternoon and start the fire, but now it was nearly time to open the church for evening service, and try hard as he might, he could not sit up long enough to attend to his duties.

As his daughter Bessie came in, fresh and sweet from her brisk walk in the crisp winter air, she was greeted with the remark: 'I wish you were a boy, at least, for awhile, to-night.'

'Why?' returned Bessie. 'What do you want me to be a boy for? I have always wanted a brother, but I don't want to be my own brother. If it's all the same to you, I would rather be myself.'

'Yes; I could not do without my Bessie, but I was wishing for some one to attend to the church. I am too sick to go.'

'Well, why can't I do it?' replied Bessie. 'Don't you worry. I will go and get Ruth and we will show you that girls are good for something as well as boys.'

Without waiting for any objection, Bessie whisked out of the room to tell her mother where she was going, and then ran over to Ruth Lee's, for these two were inseparables, and one never thought of having anything without sharing it with the other. So if Bessie was to play sexton, Ruth must, too.

A light was soon streaming out from the windows of the church, and the girls settled themselves in a comfortable seat for a cozy chat.

Their eyes rested upon a pleasant picture as they scanned the room. It was not a costly church, for it was in a far western town. Indeed, it was a little old-fashioned, but it was neat and tasteful in every detail. The autumn tints in the carpet were reliev-

ed by the rich crimson of the pulpit hangings. Two of the stained-glass windows bore emblematic designs, while others were 'in memory of' some dear one who had joined the Church Triumphant. One large chandelier in the centre gave all the light needed, for the building was not large. It contained no parlors or Sunday-school rooms, nor conveniences for socials and suppers, but to this people it was 'our church,' and Ruth only expressed the feelings of many others when she said: 'I love every nook and corner of this dear old place.'

'So do I,' said Bessie. 'It was here we found the Saviour, and the last years have been best of all because we have tried to serve him. I do pity young people who have no church home to remember. Just think what it would be to have no place of our own where we could gather to have Sunday service and prayer-meetings, but to have to go to an old school-house or hall, when they could be had. I have been wondering ever since that home missionary was here if we could not think up some plan to help build a chapel in that little town where, instead of a church, they had to meet in a hall, that was used for theatres, dances, and everything else.'

'Yes, dear,' answered Ruth. 'I shall never forget that talk we had lately at the Young People's meeting on, "Freely ye have received, freely give." An idea came to me yesterday. Aunt Mary was boasting about the number of dimes she had saved in her dime bank during the last three months. She said she had filled it once—and you know it holds five dollars—and was filling it the second time. She was so surprised at the result, because, you know, she doesn't have much money.'

'Why, Ruth,' exclaimed Bessie, 'couldn't we do something that way? Why not have a dime bank ourselves, and get the other young people, and the older ones as well, to do the same?'

'It seems as though we don't have many dimes,' answered Ruth.

'Well, I think that if we really felt that we were doing it "in His name," we would find ourselves ways and means of earning them. We might propose to take care of the church till father gets well and ask him to give us a dime out of every dollar he receives. That will start our banks.'

'That would be splendid,' said Ruth, 'though of course we would do it anyway if he wanted us to.'

'Suppose we form a club of ten and call it a "D club." Each one of the ten must see how much she can raise, and how many others she can get to do the same, and then turn it in at some set time, say three months from now. When I visited Aunt Kate's last spring their church had what they called "Chapel Day," when the young people gave their offering for this very purpose. Suppose we have a Chapel Day at the end of three months, and have a nice programme, and see what we can do. You know the saying: "Where there's a will there's a way." Let's find it.'

'All right,' responded Bessie. 'We'll ask some girls to come to our house to-morrow afternoon, and we'll talk it over.'

By this time people were coming to prayer-meeting, and Ruth, taking her place at the organ, struck up that sweet old hymn: 'I love Thy Church, O God.' The two girls led so heartily in the singing that hearts were uplifted and helped, and all were prepared for the precious hour of prayer that followed.

After the service the girls succeeded in whispering their secret to four others and

gained their promise to 'come to-morrow.'

Parliamentary rules were not once thought of by the merry company of six girls who met at Mr. Wilson's the next afternoon, but Bessie soon told her story and the plans that had occurred to Ruth and herself. Various suggestions were made, and it was finally agreed that the 'D Club' should number ten original members, each one of whom should have a dime bank and save all the dimes she could for an offering to their chapel fund. They were to use their influence to induce as many others in the church as possible to do the same thing. There were to be no fees and only committee meetings of this very original club until Chapel Day. Grace Miles offered to paint some badges, simply a large 'D' on a slip of ribbon, and naively added: 'That will give me a chance at Uncle Frank, and if he offers to fill my bank, I will let him.'

The girls laughed over this, for this same Uncle Frank, although a very wealthy man, was noted for his stinginess.

The next question was, who would be the other four of the original ten. Helen Baker suggested that it would be a good idea to enlist some of the boys.

'Yes,' said Julia Ward, 'it will keep them from spending their money foolishly.'

'On ice-cream soda, candy, etc., for us girls, for instance,' interrupted Grace.

The novelty of the affair, led as it was, by two of the most popular girls, readily enlisted the interest of the boys, and it was not long before the 'D' badges were frequently seen, and the air was full of the mystery of dime banks containing unknown quantities.

As Grace had surmised, the first time she met her Uncle Frank, he asked: 'What that D stood for?'

She told of her plans and asked how many dimes he was going to give.

'Not a cent for any such foolishness,' was his gruff reply.

'Uncle Frank,' said Grace, 'when we succeed you'll be sorry you did not help us.'

'When you succeed, I'll be older than Methuselah. You won't get ten dollars, Grace, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll double any amount you receive, providing the sum reaches fifty dollars or more.'

Before Grace could say a word he was gone, leaving her in a maze of delight and astonishment. But she knew full well what her Uncle Frank thought, and that he was probably at that moment chuckling over his clever method of evasion. But he didn't know Grace Miles. She immediately despatched notes to the original ten of the club, asking them to a committee meeting at her home that evening, to consider an important matter of business.

They came promptly, and after an hour's counsel together, it was very evident that fresh impetus had been given to the club's efforts. As to what they proposed to do, or how, an air of mystery hung over all that, which only served to draw others to them, and enlist them in the work.

Sometimes there was an amusing side to the sacrifices made, as when Harry Scott, in making a small purchase, handed out a two-dollar bill, and the clerk, knowing what his badge meant, and with a desire to annoy him, gave him only dimes in change. Harry made no sign, but quietly drew out his dime bank, and deposited the entire seventeen dimes.

Only the day before he had urged this same young man to join them in their endeavors, but he did not suspect that Fred was visiting upon him the disgust he felt with himself for refusing. Harry couldn't help laughing over it with the girls and warning them to be on the alert.

The dealers in confectionery and other