COMPENSATION. She folded up the worn and mended frock, And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee, Then through the soft web of a wee red She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully,
"Can this be all? The great world is so

fair, I hunger for its green and pleasant ways, A cripple prisoned in her restless chair,

Looks from her window with a wistful

"The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet, The paths forbidden are both green and O, God there is no boon to helpless feet So altogether sweet as paths denied. Home is most fair; bright are my house-hold fires,

And children are a gift without alloy:
But who would bound the field of their de-By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy?

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro, Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand
would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too,
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom,
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
"How sweet it is within this little room! "God puts my strongest comfort here to

When thirst is great, and common wells Your pure desire is my unerring law; Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I? Home is the pasture where my soul may

This room a paradise use grown to be; And only where these patient feet shall I Can it be 'nome for these dear ones and

Me touched with reverent hand the helpless The children crowded close and kissed her hair.

"Our mother is so good, and kind, and There's not another like her anywhere!" The baby in her low bed opened wide The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes, And viewed the group about the cradle

With smiles of glad and innocent sur-

The mother drew the baby to her knee, to-night; My world is fair; its hedges sweet to me And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!' - Congregationalist

THE THEATRE.

I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such that I determined at all risks to study for an actor's profession. 1 | ing from illness?" was but thirteen when I first ap-So I began as a stage-boy ready to do any service required ly home!" of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

my text-book!

to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, tian counsel. never was a blasphemer. God panions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was J. A-, a fine fellow, in a convivial sense; he died a mlserable F.L. O yes! a host of them; | face of an angel. I can recall their faces, but they are gone! Where? The drunk- length no longer an actor by pro-

However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame.

ment with L-, I began to notice, sitting in the pit, a fair-hair- me, and an expression I could not on that placid face. ed boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to what loathing and passion. ever I did or said, gratified and

peared in the boxes with a lady; ners, give me back what I have lost-my soul !" but more often he made his ap-

pearance alone. My attention was always directed toward him now, from the fact he interrupted methere was a change gradually takgrown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; about me—here—prayerless—then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

about me—here—prayerless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thralled by

But God had not forgotten me. It chanced that, in a new play, termined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day enquiry I found the good man ed soon. As I was ushered into saved, and that I should be lost?" side room for the purpose of waiting until he returned, a young in an agony of spirit! "Deeping; but she requested me to rereturn in a few minutes.

as I had never met with before; alone can wash away all our sins. and as with the candor of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me out of the fullness of her heart, simply and fervent- his thin hands over his face, and ly, of the arduous duties in which ber father was engaged, and of And smiling, said: "The stars shine soft | the good he was daily doing, my a visit to the bed of the dying actions of this excellent man in heaving chest and tears heavily the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and de- on the power for life or death man sirous of finding some excuse to wields over his fellow man. leave, "Have you not been suffer-

plied to a manager, who was evi- played along her features, as she years. But I am going to the dently favorably impressed, and exclaimed, "O, I have many who told me that if I was willing | months ago given up the hope of to come for small pay 'I might life! I have been very ill, I shall And lying here, day after day, I now; and I so long for my heaven

There was no acting in that rev-Night and day I studied. Eve- of the hands, the flitting tremor yes, I have cursed you." ry motion of my superiors was of the delicate lips. I felt as if a watched; every gesture criticised. sword had cut me to the heart. ply. "I need this humbling re- ever forget you." O how often I have thought since The pure, sweet presence smote proof; but, O, I cannot bear to then, "Had my Bible but been me with a powerful conviction. I I was not inclined to dissipa- of God; and when the good old tion, but was fearful of offending pastor returned, I told him tremb- will point you to the Lamb of by a denial when I was tempted ling, for what I had come, and God; I will tell you that vile as now for what I remained—Chris-

This part of my experience was good to me while I thought seems so wonderful to me as I look not of Him. Many of my com- back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere death. There was J. M ____, and | that gave to that dying girl the

Time passed, and found me at ard's grave was their last refuge. fession, but a minister of Christ, I dare not say what scenes I Gladly I gave up my lucrative emwitnessed: I might have met men | ployment, and became comparaas reckless in any other profess- tively a poor man. Christ and ion, but I do not think I should. His cross were all my theme; and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house I was very successful in all my and left a message for me. It undertakings; and, finally, for was to the effect that a young genthe sake of a permanent and pro- | tlemen, very ill, residing on ____ fitable salary, I agreed to remain street, wished to see me. I hurwith L-, a popular stage man- ried to the place designated, an ager in one of our largest and elegant mansion in the upper part wealthiest cities, for a term of of the city, and was ushered into vain of my beauty, and of the po- death-like sleep. His brow was pularity I had acquired. Extreme of strange whiteness, and back pride kept me from the fashion- from its broad arch swept masses able vices of the day. I looked of silken, light hair, moist with ing, within which I can truly say, down with contempt on those who sweat. His large eyes moved un the most terrible moments of my indulged in debasing follies. The der the red-veined lids, and a life had been passed. Alas! the same dread of appearances for troubled, grieved, careworn look solemn stillness, the closed blinds bade me to use oaths, or words of gave to features exceedingly told the news. Death had been doubtful meaning; to avoid which youthful the emaciated appearance there. I was led again into that When I commenced my engage- side, thinking him unconscious, brow. The look of age had passed when suddenly he glanced up at away, and the smile now rested

the boy came, though not of the Gospel now! Unloy so frequently. Sometimes he ap- work: before you preach to sta- ed me."-Wesleyan Tract.

"My dear young triend," I said trembling with excitement; but

"Friend! friend! you shall not ing place in his appearance. The call me friend! I say you have pallid cheek was flushed with an ruined me. Here on this sick bed extreme crimson, and the manner -where I have seen spectres was more excited, the eyes having from hell, worse than ever the imagination could paint, stalking your power, I tollowed you like a slave, until I was happy nothe part of an eccentric clergy- where but in the atmosphere man was cast for me; and as of that accursed theatre. Curses there was a living original I de- on it! Curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue, destroyed my soul. Come,' -and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with I walked to his residence; and on horror,-"undo your work! Is it fair, is it fair, I ask you-that was not at home, but was expect. you, my destroyer, should be "O, do not talk thus!" I cried

lady was wheeled in on an inva- ly have I repented my past lid's chair. I immediately arose, life; most sorely conscious am I and was on the point of retreat- that I have led men astray-forgive me : here, on my knees I pray main, saying that her father would | you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will Never shall I forget the appear- only listen to me. Let me beseech ance of this fair girl. She could of you to turn to Christ as I have not have seen more than seventeen | turned. The past 1 cannot blot summers, and I was sure that the out! Would that I could! I seal of death was even then stamp- have repented in abasement and ed upon her brow. There was a humiliation; now let me lead you beauty in her countenance such to that merciful Redeemer who

> He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled; and with a long low groan, he clasped burst into tears.

We wept together. Never had spirit failed me. I had come for seemed so inexpressibly solemn: the purpose of setting forth the his deep drawn, gasping sots, falling over the white face; while in utter self-abasement, I reflected

"O!" he sobbed, "I have lost all that makes men honored. I A flash of light broke over and might have lived years—long grave, a shame and a grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. eager admiration, I followed you, a stranger, and I was at a loss to and learned to love through your know why I was thus favored. representations, the enticements But soon the mystery was solverent glance upwards, the folding of the stage; and I have hated ed.

think that you will die cursing to her eyes, and I felt a little sat there, accused by the Spirit me. I will with God's help, do moisture gathering in my own. my best to restore your soul: I you are in your sight and in the sight of heaven, He will take your sins away, however great they are, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you now there is rejoicing in heaven over one who repents. Jesus came to save the vile, the very vilest. seeker after the peace and holiness O! will you forgive me if I seek to lead you to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world?"

> There was a pause. At length-" Do this—give me hope—hope -a little hope that Heaven will accept me! O! pray for me; and I will forgive and bless you," he to have, and which I wish was in said, holding out one of his pale every home in the land. But I hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. O, to have him die thus! O to feel that his soul would be required at my hands! He, the | said : beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say, words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never wept and prayed before; and the years. I was a general favorite a chamber, where, on a luxurious tears fell yet faster when I heard with the public, and my appear- couch, with all the indications of from his lips before I left him, ance never failed to call forth wealth surrounding him, the suf- that he rested all upon Christ, and great applause, so that I became | ferer lay in what seemed to be a | that he would and did give himself

up to the Redeemer of souls. Early next morning my steps of age. I sat down silently by his room. Serenity was on the noble

interpret passed over his face; it Said his mother, for a moment seemed a mingling of regret, abating her violent grief, "He said "You—you—have—come," he ing to die; that there was a light pleased me exceedingly. Night said, slowly, with difficulty, "to before him." And as I bent over after night he would be in the see—the wreck you have made!" the coffin, I seemed to hear from I was startled-awe-struck. the lips of him who had passed HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun The men had marched all day; And now beside a rippling stream Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jest s,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart, "Come, friend, give us a song.

" I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing For me long years ago."

Sing one of those," a rough voice cried "There's none but true men here; To every mother's son of us A mother's songs are dear.' Then sweetly rose the singer's voice

Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross A follower of the lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause"-

The very stream was stilled, And hearts that never throbbed with fear With tender thoughts were fitled. Ended the song, the singer said, As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-

God grant us sweet repose.' "Sing us one more," the captain beg ged; The soldier bent his head, Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips, "You'd join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air, Sweet as the bugle call, All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall.'

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell As on the singer sang; Man after man fell into line, And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still, Naught but the stream is heard; But ah! the depths of every soul By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip, In whispers soft and low, Rises the prayer the mother taught The boy long years ago.

-Chicago Inter-Ocean

VALUE OF KIND WORDS.

A pleasant-looking country lady came to my home not long since, and said to me:

" Do you want to buy a jar of

It was very nice, and I asked the price. She informed me, but added:

a pound less."

How was this? She was not | current in this world, or in any work my way up 'if it was in never be better than you see me have thought of you: how, in my one of my parishioners. She was other, for that matter, is that

"You said a kind word to my "I deserve it all," was my re- John, and neither he nor I will

As she said this the tears came

Three months previous to this a young man called to see me. I was in my study preparing my discourse for the next Sabbath. He was a canvasser, and took from his pocket a book. My first impulse was to tell him I was busy, and had not time to spend in that way. But he was a young man, and I at once thought, "If he was my son would I like another man to repel him?"

I took the volume in my hand. It was Gough's "Sunlight and Shadow." I looked it through, and then said to the young man:

"You have a very fine book, just such a book as I would like cannot buy any more books just now. I am a minister, and not a moneyed man."

He looked disappointed, and

" You are a temperance man, and I cannot sell this book in this community unless I have your name."

"Well." I said. "I will give you something better than my name."

So I wrote him a little notice of the book, and commended him and his work to the intelligent and appreciative public. It is true I lost half an hour by this interview. But I was in a better mood to return to my study than if I had rudely driven the stranger from my door. Indeed, I believe the smile of that face, and the pressure of that hand, and the hearty "thank you" coming from those lips, gave my mind and my pen an impetus, and I am not sure, but in reality that young man proved a benefactor to me.-Rev. P. Stryker.

THE UNEARTHLY.

dominating it; never crushed by and I will;" and she sprang up it, but always rising easily above thrown herself and true she had and quietly prevailing over it, thrown herself, and turned a face serenely moving on through its full of cheerful resolution toward more or less swollen and turbulent the room where her mother sat flood much as the waters of a certain European stream are said to teething baby. move along through the turbid bosom of the agitated river into ivory balls, and began to jingle which it pours without intercom. them for the little one. He stop. mingling perceptibly with the ped fretting, and a smile dimpled same—verily, what is so beauti- the corners of his lips. "Couldn't ful as such a life as this—earthly, I take him out to ride in his carand yet unearthly; human, and riage, mother? It's such a nice

write is not in the least ascetic in were brought, and the baby wa its spirit or practices; it is not of soon ready for his ride. "I'll that order which formally with keep him as long as he is good." draws itself from life's cares, re- said Maggie; "and you must lie sponsibilities, labors, and duties, on this sofa and get a nap while I only sallying forth now and then, am gone. You are looking dreadhere and there, sporadically, to have fully tired." The kind words and to do with it, and then straightway the kiss which accompanied them returning to its mysterious and were almost too much for the solemn conclusion. The saintli. mother. The tears rose to her ness of the New Testament is not eyes, and her voice trembled as the kind that advertises itself by she answered: " loank you the fashion of its habits, or of its dearie; it will do me a world of gait, or of its countenance. It good if you can keep him out an does not take kindly to this sort hour; and the air will do him of sanctimoniousness, whether of good, too. My head aches badly tone or of manner. It especially this morning." What a happy eschews a cloistered or conventual heart beatin Maggie's bosom asshe life. Much as there is that is admirably connected with the self- down on the walk! She had done denial and heroism of those who real good. She had given back a devote themselves to monastic pur- little of the help and forbearance suits, the hooded, sombre-suited that had so often been bestowed nun hardly expresses or exempli- upon her. She had made her fies the New Testament idea of mother happy, and given her time the saintly life-the Christian con- to rest. She resolved to rememception of the unearthly in the ber and act on her aunt's good human character. There is some- word: "The very time to be helpthing more normal and wholesome ful and pleasant is when everyconnected with the latter than body is tired and cross." many of our antique symbols of it would suggest.

True saintliness is intensely human; though without weakness, it is not associated necessarily with a pale face, or a solemn one. It is something designed for every-day use. Like the sunlight, it is intended to keep house with. It shines out in the mother oftener than in the sister of charity. It is an attribute wholly of the heart. It has to do chiefly with character. though, to be sure, it is displayed "You shall have it for five cents always in the life. The kind of holiness that will always pass which may be written on the bells of the horses. A passion for usefulness, the habit of doing good, of subordinating self to duty and to benevolence, will always illustrate true sainthood, the essential enough. How much is it and beauty of holiness, whether ex. how. hibited on the part of the humble or the great, in the cottage of the Now come on this minute, or w poor or the palace of the rich; of whether developed in the person of the chambermaid or of the apostle, the lowly slave or the lordly arch-

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

MOTHER'S DEAR COMFORT.

The kitchen is clean and cozy, And bright with the sunshine gay, And "Mother's dear Comfort" for mother's sake, Is busily working away

Paring potatoes, and thinking
"It's humdrum work to do;"
But little Miss Comfort is willing and quick,
And the sunbeams are helping her For mother is sick and is sleeping,

And baby is quiet at last;
And father'll be wanting his dinner soon, The minutes are flying so fast.
Oh, she knows he will kiss her, and her, And call her his "Busy Bee;" But mother's pet name is the truest of all, For "Mother's dear Comfort" is she,

THE TIME TO BE PLEAS-ANT.

who read the following from the Canadian Baptist should "go and do likewise." Wouldn't it help to should have it as long as I deser make many a home a sunshiny ed it; and I hope that you do palace? " Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. The aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful, Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby." Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked offinto the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she; "that would be the time when it would do the most good. What more beautiful than an I remember when I was sick last said Professor Bennet, looking delicate in appearance, with blue Suddenly the features became faaway, instead of the terrible, but live in the world and be not of it, one spoke to me, I could hardly just reproach, "you have ruined but above it; dealing with it more help being cross; and mother was more lattered. The was extremely in was startled—away struck. In his speciacies, you away, instead of the terrible, but live in the world and be not of it, one spoke to me, I could hardly but above it; dealing with it more help being cross; and mother was more lattered. baid. Two years passed "Yo -- you! You a minister me!" the blessed message that I or less intimately, and yet re- never not suggry now out of pa- was more bail-play than personal had been determined but above it; dealing with it more neighbor came the design of the Gospel now! United the less intimately, and yet re- never not suggry now out of pahad longed for, "Christ has say | manifer all the potted by it; tience, but was just as gentle with ance by the rest of the class he er dominated by, but always me! I ought to pay it back now, fear.

Maggie brought out the prett

yet superhuman, saintly, seraphic, morning," she asked. "I should be glad if you would," said her The unearthly life of which we mother. The little hat and sack

> DETERMINED TO SUC CEED.

"Eight times three!" said Willie Wilson, impatiently. "Oh, what is the matter with me? Can't I get that right?"

"Come on, Willie!" shouted the boys at the window; we can't wait finish your lesson afterwards." "Oh yes," said Willie. " 'After ward," I know him ; he has cheated me many a time, and I have no faith in him. Nine times four are thirty-four."

" Bother nine times four. It is time we were off, and we shall have to go without you?"

"I should like to bother it," said Willie; it is giving me bother

"One hundred and seventy nine shall go without you."

"Look here, Harry Jones," said Willie, looking up a minute from his work, "this is the last example in our lesson. I've got all the others, and I shan't have any more time for arithmetic, and I don't mean to stir from this corner till I get this bothering old fellow right. I've gone over him three times now, and it won't come; if I have to do it three hundred times, I mean to have it So there !"

"Bother take the old example any how!" said Harry, in his crossest tone. "Come on, boys, we can't lose all the fun waiting for him;" and away every boy

"Nine times four are thirty four," said Willie, patiently; though of course, it was not right and never will be, he worked and just as steadily; and when found that he was wrong again, he said, talking to himself, "Now, look here! You think you an going to beat me, don't you? We Suppose all the boys and girls you were never more mistakeni your life. My name is Perseven Wilson. My father said I earned that name, and that think I am going to lose my name and place in the class just " please you."

Then he began again slow patiently, each figure careful studied, and at last the examp "proved itself," and Willie will a soft hurrah and a loud ysm got up from his corner. The glimmer of twilight was fading No use to talk of base ball playing now; fun was over for that eve

"I don't care," said Willie, went up to bed; "it will be mon fun for me than for the other when the roll of examples is call to-morrow.

Sure enough! "Master Will

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lowed the ites. The treasured but this di spirits of Twenty ye at the e house of Lord." to have be and to hav out the wi 4, 6.) Ch encourage uel as the doubt faitl pentance tablished 20.) But years beto labors. As soon pentance ed, Samue

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