

what the character of the motives that govern your life?"

"I don't, and I don't see how I can," urged the lady.

The clergyman hesitated. What could he say? How could he shed light upon this groping soul?

Then an inspiration came to him.

"Do you think you could find any interest in visiting the poor? Are you accustomed to help people? Would you care to give a little time to charitable work?"

The lady considered a moment; then she said:

"I think I should like to try; only I don't know whether I'm good enough."

"Never mind about that. Let others decide it for you. I will call to-morrow morning and give you a little outline of what you can do for one or two needy families, if you are willing to see me."

In a short time the lady was at work among the poor and unhappy. Her old friends spoke of her enthusiasm as a 'fad,' but her new friends, the humble ones who felt her kindness, began to call her 'our angel.' Even the indifferent and worthless learned to value her motherly interest in their neglected little ones, and give her gratitude.

To a visitor who was once a lady of fashion, but who has been, like herself, for the last six years a lady of relief, she said:

"On the street I sometimes pick up children whose parents have thrust them out to beg, and bring them into my home. There I feed them, and teach them how to read and sing. To be loved and cared for opens a new world to the poor things. Mine is no doubt often the only kiss these unfortunate waifs ever receive."

A part of the weekly work she has taken upon herself to do is the teaching of poor mothers to cook and sew, and the supervising of the schooling of their children. In every practicable way she employs her time and wealth for the benefit of the friendless.

Her former fashionable friends think she is following a foolish hobby. Her pastor speaks of her as one who has 'found herself.'

Probably no one will ever contradict him. She, at least, is too busy, in her new-found content, to stop and find a name for it. It may be that her self-effacement and active Christian love have made her feel, if she cannot hear, the answer to the question that once perplexed her: 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

Many now living in 'amiable idleness' might cure their moral unrest by following her example. — 'Youth's Companion.'

Who Is Responsible?

Many in the church unite, it is true, in demanding a prohibitory law, but they do not agree in support of men to enact it. They readily declare in favor of total abstinence for the individual and legal prohibition for the state, but after so declaring, a large portion of them go to the polls and vote the ticket that insists the saloon shall be licensed. They petition earnestly for prohibitory legislation, and in most cases perhaps vote local option and constitutional prohibitory amendments, but when urged to support a man who declares for prohibition and its strict enforcement, large numbers of them find some reason for declining.

For illustration, here is Dr. Williamson's church of eight hundred members, of which Judge Grant, and the Hon. Chas. Smith are leading officials. The board meeting is in session. The Hon. Mr. Smith, member of the Legislature, has the floor, and is saying in reply to those who advocate prohibition, 'I for one do not understand what more they

want. Our church as a church has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a—'

Just then there was a sharp knock on the door.

'Come in,' responded the double bass voice of Mr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

'Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing.'

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak.

'Have you given up the saloon business?'

'No, sir,' replied the saloon-keeper.

'Are you going to?'

'No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place and I see no reason why I should.'

'W-e-l-l,' slowly replied the Doctor, 'our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you.'

'Oh,' said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, 'I was not aware of that. On what grounds does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?'

'On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell,' replied Dr. Williamson. 'The bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard-maker can. More than that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor-traffic cannot be legalized without sin.'

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone, he asked, 'Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?'

'I have heard that some were,' said Dr. Williamson.

'Do you know that two of this official board now in this room are among my regular customers?'

No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

'Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?'

'Hold on,' said Judge Grant, 'you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible.'

'Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith, there and others like him.'

'You can't place the responsibility on me,' said Mr. Smith. 'I carried out the wishes of those who elected me.'

'I understand that fully,' said the saloon-keeper, 'but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the great majority of the voters in this church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant here to give me a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whisky business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps while I am to suffer the torments of the damned! Gentlemen, if your bible is true, and I go to hell for selling

whisky, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. Good-night.'

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their Christian duty. But the saloon-keeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

'Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean, nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light.'—American Paper.

How He Got His Buggy.

'Life is short; time is money, and speech should be to the point. Circumlocution is the thief of time, and often takes away opportunities and repeals effort. An eminent pastor recently gave his experience in dealing with this mental defect in a sincere but wordy missionary, who had asked permission to make a personal appeal to his congregation. In a roundabout way the good man referred to his need of an 'aid to locomotion,' and the fatigues attending 'pedestrianism.' Finally the pastor, knowing that the matter-of-fact, direct way of appealing to his people would be the most effective, said, somewhat bluntly: 'Our friend wants a buggy; give him one.' The missionary got his buggy. He also got a lesson in direct speech.

Who knows, but some long windy, wordy prayers might be similarly shortened, and bring greater results? Most of the prayers recorded in the bible were short ones; and a short prayer will often reach farther than a long one.—Safeguard.

A Little History.

(By Mary F. Butts.)

'So narrow is my dwelling-place,
A morning glory said,
The holly-hocks look proudly down,
Upon my humble head,
Far off I hear the happy birds
That to each other call,
Alas, if I could only look,
Beyond the garden wall!

Said gentle pansy, standing near,
Contented to be low:
'Waste not your strength in grieving;
Just go, to work and grow.
You were not meant to be like me,
A little lowly flower.
You'll soon outstrip the holly-hock,
If you but use your power.'

The morning glory longed no more;
But, looking to the light,
She quite forgot her doubts and fears,
And grew with all her might;
And soon beyond the prisoning wall
The blossoming stems had grown,
And all that morning glories love,
Became her very own.
—'Golden Rule.'

The restive ox but chafes his own neck,
and makes his burden no easier. The one that bears the yoke in calmness finds that it is designed for his own comfort, to make lighter the load that he draws. All of Christ's yokes are easy if we will but take them upon us.—'Forward.'