

he was called away to his rest. But I carried the lesson to another pasture, where richly as we are fed, mine always seems to be a Benjamin's portion, for I have learned the secret of the profitable barter, which I would commend to every Christian hearer, namely, instant, affectionate, personal intercession for the minister, in the spirit of faith. When we are faithful to this, we sit profitably under the hearing of divine truth, humbly confident of receiving the assured answer to our prayers in the portion which is divided, and will always be blessed to us."—*Messenger*.

WHY CARRIE DID NOT ENJOY WATCH-MEETING.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

"WELL, Carrie, how did you enjoy the watch-meeting last night?" asked Mrs. Dearborn of her daughter, while at her embroidery on New Year's afternoon.

"I do not want to pain you, mamma; but, to tell the plain truth, I did not enjoy it very well," was the girl's reply.

"I am surprised," said her mother. "I felt quite certain, after the sacrifice you made to go, that you would be greatly blessed. Do you know why you did not enjoy it? Do tell me all about it."

Carrie thoughtfully gazed from the window a long time before replying. The snow was falling fast, "like the seasons upon the life;" the wind chanted a mournful requiem, and the moving branches creaked an accompaniment according with the music; the sun was behind the clouds, and the church spires looked cold and dark. What a dreary day thought the girl—so much like life, cold and cheerless.

"How gloomy it is to-day," she said at last, and seeming to forget the previous conversation.

"It does not seem gloomy to me," was the reply. "I like these days; home seems so comfortable, and we see how much we have to make us happy; and then, when the sunny days come again, how every one appreciates them, and with cheery voices say, 'this is beautiful.' Yes, I really like the gloomy days. But, Carrie, you have not told me about the meeting. Why didn't you enjoy it?"

"Well, in the first place, there was nobody there."

"Do you really mean that Brother Lloyd preached to empty pews?"

"Why no; not exactly that; but only a few of my particular friends were there. Nellie, Hattie, Sarah, Ella Green, and Joe, and lots of the others, had gone to the party, and as soon as I found that they had gone, I felt 'sort of sorry that I had tried to be good,' and Carrie gave a sob and a laugh, so curiously mixed that it was hard to tell which was strongest, the laugh or the cry. "After the sermon an experience meeting and a prayer meeting followed till a few minutes of twelve, when all united in silent prayer until the town clock struck the midnight hour—that was solemn and beautiful."

"Yes, I know how sweet that hour is," said her mother, thoughtfully. "I should have been glad to go, but I had my watch-meeting here with your father, and we enjoyed it very much. But were you unable to enjoy the meeting because your particular friends 'were not there?'"

"That was not all the reason," said Carrie, hesitatingly. "I don't like to hear people speak in meeting whose everyday life is no better than that of those who make no profession of religion, especially if they always tell how much religion they enjoy. I think they must feel about as Mrs. Campden does when she 'enjoys very poor health.' I know that if I lived as they do I should not 'enjoy' much of anything, and it always makes me have a 'bad time,' as aunt Hetty says, when such people talk in meeting."

Mrs. Dearborn made no reply, and the girl felt the silent rebuke; but it only goaded her on.

"Mr. Stephens said he was very happy—hallelujah!" (speaking the last word through her nose, like the brother mentioned; and she looked at her mother in a defiant way, that said, you wanted to hear, and now you shall!) "and he was 'on the mount—hallelujah,' and, you know, mother dear, what a stingy soul he has; he never gives a cent for anything. I've seen that old contribution box put under his eyes for ten years, and I never saw him put a cent into it; he never gives to the Sabbath School, nor missionary, nor worn-out preachers, nor nothin'," said Carrie, forgetting her grammar in her earnestness. "And he hires the cheapest pew; and he is worth more