

watchful care of her mother, and in gratitude for that love she tries to do the same for other little girls, who like her have been separated from their parents. There are now under her charge over sixty children, some orphans, and some like herself, the children of lepers. She has been, like her namesake, Phoebe of Cencherea, 'a succorer of many.'

Come to Church, Papa.

'Won't you please come to church with me this morning, papa?'

It was a sweet, childish voice that asked this question of the father, who sat in the large easy chair almost enveloped in the voluminous pages of a Sunday newspaper. He looked up into the bright, earnest face of his little daughter, but made no reply.

'Flossie's papa always goes with her, and it must be so nice to sit right up next to a papa in church! Do, please, papa dear, just this once?'

The little daughter wound her arms around his neck and kissed him.

'That kiss settles the matter, my pet, I will go with you.'

What a beaming face the little girl had as she walked to church that Sunday morning, with her small white hand lovingly clasped in papa's large one. Mamma, too, was happy as she walked at her husband's side. With what a triumphant look the child walked down the aisle with papa, and then seated herself beside him as he took his place at the head of the pew. It was a long time since the head of the family had been to church. He paid for a pew, gave his wife money for the offering to the Lord's work, was very particular to see that his little daughter had pennies for Sunday-school, and that no trivial excuse kept her away from its influences. But the worshipping in the house of the Lord was left to his wife and daughter; he did not seem to think it necessary to honor the Lord with his presence. It seemed a strange coincidence that his mother's hymn was the first one the minister gave out, 'Oh, for a closer walk with God.' There is nothing at times that takes hold of our hearts like the hymns that mother sang, especially if her voice has long ceased to be heard in her earthly home. How well it brought to that son's mind the old church in the country town where he used to live; the pew in the middle aisle where the dear mother passed in first and took her place in the corner, the line of children that followed, and the father who stood at the pew door and marshalled his family in with solemnity and dignity, and then took his place at the head of the pew. As the hymn went on he almost imagined he could hear his mother's voice again, as if she had left the heavenly choir for a short time to meet her child once more with the old hymn in the earthly house of the Lord.

And more and more as the service went on was it borne in upon his soul how far he had journeyed from the faith in Christ which the dear consecrated father and mother had taught him. His mother had walked very close to God the son knew, and yet she was daily singing that hymn, which showed that she longed for even a closer walk with him.

He had forgotten all this in the strife for 'the gold that perisheth,' and the mother's teachings about the things that are unseen and eternal had been laid aside for those that are seen and temporal. His little child's hand had led him back that Sunday morning, to the holy influences of his boyhood days.

'Didn't you think it was nice in church this morning, papa?' said the little daughter as they walked home together hand in hand.

'Yes, darling, I did, and it made you so happy and did me so much good, that I think you can count on your papa as an escort after this.'

'Oh, papa, I'm just as happy as I can be. I must tell Flossie. She knows how lonesome I used to feel when I sat in the pew without my papa, and saw her cuddled right up to hers.'—American Messenger.

The Call Obeyed.

Not long ago a workingman received a letter from his master, saying: 'Come to me in my office to-morrow at six o'clock. I wish to speak to you.'

Thomas D— was rather puzzled as to this especial call; he was not aware of any omission of duty on his part, but being rather of a morbid temperament, he could not keep his thoughts from continually recurring to the unexpected summons he had received, and fearing he was going to be discharged.

As soon as the working-hours were over he hastened home, dressed in his best and with the letter in his hand presented himself at the office door. His timid knock was followed by the order to come in. Mr. B— was seated at his writing-desk, evidently very much engaged. He took no notice whatever of Thomas D—'s entrance, but continued looking over papers and writing busily. At last he looked up, apparently accidentally, and said, 'What do you want, my man?' as if in a hurry for a reply.

Thomas D— looked down and up, and then said uncertainly, 'You told me to call, sir; here is the letter.'

'Oh,' said Mr. B—, 'then you thought you ought to come because I wrote to tell you to do so?'

'Yes, sir, please sir,' said the poor man, bewildered.

'You did right,' said his master; 'and now listen to me. I sent for you for a purpose. You think my letter sufficient warrant for you to come to my office; you have no doubt I wrote it; you take me at my word. Why not do the same with your Master in heaven? You have his word for it: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You know it is his command to you; you do not doubt it; yet you will not take him at his word. For long you have delayed to settle this momentous question. As he has said, "Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life."

'Delay no longer. Is my written word more to be obeyed and trusted than the written word of your God? Shame on you, Thomas D—!'

The man left his master's presence ashamed and convicted. He went home. This last of many attempts on Mr. B—'s part was blessed to him. He took God at his word; he came to him and found it all true. He never regretted this step, but often after thanked his master for his faithful yet strange summons that day.

May you do likewise; you now hear the call, 'Come unto me.'

Obey and you will never regret it, but will rejoice throughout eternity.

'Come unto me ye weary,
And I will give you rest,
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.'

—American Messenger.

A Temperance Resolution.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT, DR. MARSH,
TO HIS PASTOR, REV. HENRY
MAXWELL, ON THE EVE OF
AN ELECTION.

(From 'In His Steps,' by Chas. M. Sheldon.)

'The call has come to me so plainly that I cannot escape: "Donald Marsh, follow me. Do your duty as a citizen of Raymond at the point where your citizenship will cost you something. Help to cleanse this great municipal stable, even if you do have to soil your aristocratic feelings a little." Maxwell, this is my cross, I must take it up or deny my Lord.'

'You have spoken for me also,' replied Maxwell, with a sad smile. 'With you I have been unable to shake off my responsibility. The answer to the question, "What would Jesus do?" in this case leaves me no peace except when I say, "Jesus would have me act the part of a Christian citizen." Marsh, as you say, we professional men, ministers, professors, artists, literary men, scholars, have almost invariably been political cowards. We have avoided the sacred duties of citizenship, either ignorantly or selfishly. Certainly Jesus, in our age, would not do that. We can do no less than take up this cross and follow him.'

These two men walked on in silence for a while. Finally, President Marsh said: 'We do not need to act alone in this matter. With all the men who have made the promise to do as Jesus would we certainly can have companionship and strength, even of numbers. Let us organize the Christian forces of Raymond for the battle against rum and corruption. We certainly ought to enter the primaries with a force that will be able to do more than utter a protest. It is a fact that the saloon element is cowardly and easily frightened, in spite of its lawlessness and corruption. Let us plan a campaign that will mean something, because it is organized righteousness. Jesus would use great wisdom in this matter. He would employ means. He would make large plans. Let us do so. If we bear this cross, let us do it bravely, like men.'

The 'Evening News,' in its Saturday edition, gave a full account of the primaries, and in the editorial column Edward Norman spoke with directness and conviction that the Christian people of Raymond were learning to respect deeply, because it was so evidently sincere and unselfish. The closing paragraph of the editorial ran thus:

'The 'News' is positively and without restriction, on the side of the new movement. We shall henceforth do all in our power to drive out the saloon and destroy its political strength. We shall advocate the election of men nominated by the majority of the citizens in the first primary, and we call upon all Christians, church members, and lovers of right, purity, temperance and home, to stand by President Marsh and the rest of the citizens, who have thus begun a long-needed reform in our city.'

President Marsh read this editorial and thanked God for Edward Norman and the 'News.' At the same time he understood well enough that every other paper in Raymond was on the other side. He did not misunderstand the importance and seriousness of the fight which was only just begun. It was no secret that the 'News' had lost enormously since it had been governed by the standard of, "What would Jesus do?" The question now was, 'Would the Christian people of Raymond stand by it?' would they make it possible for Norman to conduct a daily Christian paper? Or would their desire for what is called 'news,' in the way of crime, scandal, political partisanship of the regular sort, and a dislike to champion so remarkable a reform in journalism, influence them to drop the paper and refuse to give it their financial support? That was, in fact, the question Edward Norman was asking, even while he wrote the Saturday editorial. He knew well enough that his action expressed in that editorial would cost him very dearly from the hands of many business men of Raymond. And still, as he drove his pen over the paper, he asked another question, 'What would Jesus do?' That question had become a part of his whole life now. It was greater than any other.