

But then fathers and mothers are usually the last to know what is going on among their own young people.

"W-would you be so kind, sir, as to tell us what time it is?" asked Nellie, in a meek little voice, while her companion tittered and looked out of the window.

The next move was made by the gentleman. He took from his pocket a photograph, and looked at it sadly.

The two young ladies did not see the photograph, or recognize whether it was man or woman, but they te-he'd, and even speculated in a low voice as to who it might be—wife or sweet-heart.

The commercial traveller heard what they said, and, turning and holding the photograph so that the young ladies could see it, he said, quietly but sternly:—

"That is the picture of my little daughter, a child of six years; she is very ill, and I am summoned home, perhaps to see her die. But let me tell you that I would rather a thousand times know, at this moment, that she must now be laid in her grave, than to think she could ever grow up into a silly, dishonest woman, tempting and toying with souls to feed her own wicked vanity."

The two girls sank back out of sight, mortified and angry, yet conscious that they had found, in one travelling man, an honest-minded friend who had dared to give them a word of needful warning.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

DR. J. R. MILLER of Philadelphia, in his "Silent Times," gives the following incident, which illustrates the power of unconscious influence:—

A young man, away from home, slept in the same room with another young man, a stranger. Before retiring for the night, he knelt down, as was his wont, and silently prayed. His companion had long resisted the grace of God, but this noble example aroused him and was the means of his awakening. In old age he testified, after a life of rare usefulness, "Nearly half a century has rolled away, with all its multitudinous events, since then; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that silent, praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten amid the splendours of heaven and through the ages of eternity." It was but a simple act of common faithfulness, unostentatious, and without thought or pur-

pose of doing good, save as the prayer would bless his own soul; yet there went out from it an unconscious influence, which gave to the world a ministry of rare power and value.

We do not realize the importance of this unconscious part of our life-ministry. It goes on continually. In every greeting we give to another on the street, in every moment's conversation, in every letter we write, in every contact with other lives, there is a subtle influence that goes from us that often reaches farther, and leaves a deeper impression, than the things themselves that we are doing at the time. After all, it is life itself, sanctified life, that is God's holiest and most effective ministry in this world—pure, sweet, patient, earnest, unselfish, loving life. It is not so much what we do in this world, as what we are, that tells in spiritual results and impressions. A good life is like a flower, which, though it neither toil nor spin, yet ever pours out a rich perfume, and thus performs a holy ministry.

THE CALL THROUGH MUSIC.

A YOUNG sergeant belonging to a regiment of Scottish Highlanders, on being reprimanded by a superior officer, received some real or fancied insult; and while the anger yet caused by this incident had control of his proud spirit, the youth deserted his colors, and fled from the country. After many trials and adventures, the runaway soldier finally landed in New York, and found himself without money, friends, or respectable clothing. While wandering along Broadway in this most forlorn and dejected condition, he happened to pass a small court where a crowd had collected around a street musician. Being ready for anything that might afford diversion from his naturally unpleasant thoughts, the disconsolate Scotchman turned in and joined the group that were listening to melodies produced by an ancient piper.

The old man proved an excellent performer, and knew how to display the qualities of his stirring instrument to the very best advantage. The first sounds that greeted the soldier's ear as he approached were the notes of that inspiring martial anthem, "The Campbells are Coming,"—a tune to which our Highlander had often listened while manfully performing his duty. As heard under such circumstances, the effect of the noble music upon his naturally ardent nature was nothing less than electric. Instantly the gloomy present vanished from sight, and the lad was back among his com-