

senior clerk and made a whispered communication. The elder man glanced round, and then said in a tone loud enough to reach Campion: "Oh, you had better take up his name. The governor's always willing to see a parson." The young man recrossed to the curate, and taking his card, disappeared into an inner room. Presently he returned, saying, "Step this way, please."

Campion followed his conductor, and was ushered into a plainly but comfortable furnished office. He saw before him a stout, pompous-looking gentleman, seated at a desk, who glanced up as his visitor entered, but hope died out of the curate's heart as he caught the look of complacency on the florid countenance.

Mr. Pearson pushed his papers on one side, and with a pious look, said:—

"Take a seat, Mr. Campion; I am always glad to see the ministers of God, although I am unusually busy just at present."

"I would not willingly disturb you; I can call some other time."

"By no means, my friend. My work has always been God's work before worldly affairs, and I judge by your garb that you come in His name."

"I trust so," said the curate; then plunging into business, he continued: "I saw your advertisement in yesterday's Telegraph, asking for clerical or lay-workers for your East-end Mission, and I thought perhaps—"

"That we could utilise your services. Indeed we can. There is work enough for all in the Lord's vineyard. Have you an appointment in London?"

"Unfortunately, I have not at present."

"And, naturally, you do not wish to waste time that is so precious and can never be recovered. We will gladly enroll you amongst our workers. The harvest is great, but, alas! the laborers are few," said Mr. Pearson, turning his eyes upwards.

Campion paused, then said, desperately: "I fear you do not quite understand me. I am anxious, most anxious to work, but I have a wife and child to consider. What I therefore seek is employment that will afford at least some slight pecuniary return. I thought you might—"

"What?" interrupted the other, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "What do I hear? Do you come to tell me that you wish to enter our grand cause from mercenary motives?"

"Certainly not, sir, but surely the workman is worthy of his hire."

Alas! that holy text is too often made an excuse for avariciousness," said the other, raising his hand deprecatingly. "But let us not bandy words. If I give my services, surely I have a right to expect others to do the same."

"Truly, sir, but you are wanting the bare necessities of life, would you then be willing to do so?"

"I see," said Pearson, raising his eye-brows superciliously. "I quite misunderstood you. I did not think you were one of those unscrupulous individuals who don the garb of a clergyman as an excuse for begging."

"Sir," said Campion, indignantly, "I am at least entitled to my costume, I am fully ordained, and—"

"Well, well," said the other, "I have neither time nor inclination to listen to your private affairs." Then he struck a bell, and, as his clerk entered, said:—

"Johnson, show this person out."

Campion retired, feeling terribly humiliated. As he opened the office door he heard the clerk, with a laugh, say to his colleague, "I thought he looked too seedy to be up to much."

Utterly dejected, Campion walked back towards London Bridge. It was five o'clock, and the streets were, comparatively speaking, quiet. The snow was still falling, and an east wind drove it fiercely into the faces of the pedestrians. He had tumbled nothing since breakfast, and paused as he came to a confectioner's. The simple cakes looked very tempting to the hungry man, but heroically he moved on, determined not to lessen his small store. Just then an elderly gentleman came out of the shop, and turned up the street in front of the curate. The young man followed aimlessly, and almost unconsciously kept his eyes fixed on the figure before him. Suddenly the stranger placed his hand in his pocket and drew out his handkerchief, apparently to wipe the snow from his face. As he did so, Campion noticed something fall into the snow with a dull thud. He quickened his steps, uttered a feeble "Stop, sir!" but the wind carried away his voice. He stopped and picked up the article, and shuddered violently when he found a purse in his hand, that from its weight seemed to be well filled. Visions of the importance of the treasure to him dashed through his mind, and for a moment he determined to retain it. Then the natural honesty of his pure nature asserted itself, and he looked round for the owner. The delay, however, had been fatal; he just caught sight of the old gentleman stepping into a hansom, and then the vehicle rolled off, leaving the young man too bewildered to follow.

With mingled feelings that he could not analyze, the young curate walked homewards. He forgot his weariness and his hunger; even the biting wind and cold, driving sleet affected him not, for he was at war with himself. A terrible temptation was before him. On the one side was his upright nature, and on the other his love for his helpless wife and child. Unconsciously, he paced onwards until he reached his home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Land of Used-to-Be.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries,
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these;
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory
There lies a land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-Be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden seas, when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody—
O! such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-Be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sound with such sweet words
That even in the low of herds
A meaning lives as sweet to me;
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed over with the glee
Of rare old Used-to-Be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded, through long afternoons,
To serenading penitents—
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-Be.

O! land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots!—
And all ye blooms that longingly
Lift your fair faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in ye
The lips of Used-to-Be.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Now.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past.

A. A. PROCTER.

Manliness and Christianity.

Is Christianity opposed to manliness? Most assuredly not! And yet some very excellent people seem to suppose that when a man accepts Christ and His Gospel he is to become a poor, miserable weakling, without backbone or bravery; a nerveless creature, ignorant of all pleasure.

There is no more dangerous and misleading mistake than to suppose that a sallow-visaged dyspeptic, with a morbid solemnity of manner, is more acceptable to Christ than a bright, true-hearted, athletic fellow, whose very sport is consecrated by a manly, muscular Christianity.

The Christian life is no dark sepulchral existence; it is full of buoyancy, freshness and vigor. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

We must rid ourselves of the erroneous idea that when a man becomes a Christian he ceases to think for himself, and that he bids farewell to all secular literature, music, and art. The fact is, that no man is so well able to enjoy life, and to appreciate its beauties and blessings, as a thorough-going and whole-hearted Christian.

Energetic Courage.

There are certain conditions of affairs in which a man is bound to speak out and be antagonistic—when conformity is not only a weakness but a sin. Great evils are in some cases only to be met by resistance; they cannot be wept down, but must be battled down. All the great reformers and martyrs were antagonistic men—enemies to falsehood and evil-doing. It is the strong and courageous who lead and guide the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them; while the life of a single upright and energetic man is like a track of light. In a righteous cause, he stands upon his courage as upon a granite block; and, like David, he will go forth to meet Goliath, strong in heart, though a host be encamped against him—"Stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong." [Smiles.]

Christianity in Business.

There are many Christians who, in their afflictions, are thoroughly submissive. Their trials make them better. They bow before God when He touches their hearts, they say and feel that He does all things well. But take these same men, and trouble them in their business, and where is their Christian submission then? Apparently, they are no better than infidels. They have not educated themselves to yield their wills to God in their business affairs; afflictions cause them, as it seems, to grow worse and worse all the time.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sunday stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. Many people seem to think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now, God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday, and the seventh day is no more for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion, and one of them for rest.—[H. W. Beecher.]

Want of Self-Knowledge.

Half the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds this out.—[Ruskin.]

Failures.

The only real failures that a man makes of his life are either to live a life of indolence, and not to strive at all, or to follow unworthy aims and to strive for what is base or paltry. Then, whether he succeed in his purpose or not, his true failure is accomplished, for he is traveling on a downward road. But, as long as he looks upward and pushes onward, as long as his intentions are good, and his endeavors brave, he cannot wholly fail, though he may not reach that which he so eagerly desires.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

How to Keep Friends.

BY MARY R. FERGUSON, SMITH'S FALLS, ONT.

"Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none;
Be able for thine enemy rather in power than use,
And keep thy friend under thy own life's key."

—"All is well that ends well."
—"And keep thy friend under thy own life's key,"—so says Shakespeare, but probably many of us find it much harder to keep our friends than the poet thought when he penned these words years ago, and it seems almost futile to attempt to lay down any special theory or plan, for, in dealing with this question, only very practical methods must be used to gain the desired end.

Often we find friends like money, "Easy got, easy gone." A smiling face and pleasant appearance may attract, but it requires more than these to keep friends through cloud and sunshine, happiness and sorrow. We have seen instances of rapid growth of friendship, something akin to Jonah's gourd, but when the strong rays of misfortune, adversity or sickness appear, where are these friends? Alas! like the gourd, they have vanished from sight, and only a void in the heart of the afflicted or bereaved one marks the spot where once they stood. But do we, in our hurried, every day life, realize the full importance of the meaning of that word? Is it a name to be given to every casual acquaintance? Do we rightly distinguish between friend and acquaintance, or do we confuse the individuals as well as the words? Very often this is the case, and I believe it to be one reason we find it difficult to keep our so-called friends.

We cannot choose our relations, but we have full liberty to select our friends, and may we be guided wisely always, remembering that "true worth is in being, not seeming."

It is a very important matter, especially in youth, that the associates we class as friends should be morally pure. How many young people, just merging into manhood or womanhood, place someone on the highest pinnacle of friendship, and believe in him, perhaps more firmly than in themselves, only to find by some unforeseen circumstance that the friend they surrounded with a halo of goodness and truth, and almost idolized, lived only in their imagination. By the rude shock which their highest and best feelings receive, infinite harm is done and injury inflicted, which time alone can heal.

The true basis of firm friendship is three-fold, consisting of mutual love, mutual respect, and mutual forbearance, and perhaps the last is not the least necessary element. How often, in moments of thoughtlessness or impatience, we utter words that, almost as soon as they are spoken, we would give much to recall, or, at some intended or supposed slight, we give vent to our outraged feelings, which, had we the forbearance to restrain, would bind our friend to us with a still stronger tie of love and respect.

There is another element we find necessary to exercise in our intercourse with our friends, and that is—faith in them. Once allow ourselves to doubt their good intentions, or put our own construction on their good actions, thinking they are just doing kind acts to further their own end, or to gain popularity, we will find ourselves in a very unenviable frame of mind. No doubt we pride ourselves that we can see deeper than others, and so forget "to honor them with truth, if not with praise."

Any secret or confidential information confided to us by our friends should be regarded as a sacred trust. Never be guilty, on any account, and especially for the mere love of gossip, of breaking the imposed trust, but guard it as you would your friend's purse.

Another plank in the platform of friendship (and, indeed, upon it rest all the others) is sincerity. Is there anything so disastrous to our friendship, anything that so easily severs the silken tie that binds friends together, as to find that our supposed friend is insincere? With what pain we murmur, Tekel! Tekel!

So then, first, if we wish to keep our friends, let us be what we expect them to be—sincere in all we do and say. Doubtless, this is hard, but the constant adaptations of action to the right intention will win the day.

Then, again, remembrance and practice of the Divine injunction: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "Bear one another's burdens," are sure means of retaining our friends. Let us be careful of others' feelings, always remembering that, after all, the members of the great human family are very much alike in their sensibilities, feeling those things most keenly which touch on their own peculiar troubles.

There is a wise old saying: "Never mention murder to the family of the man who has been hung for a like crime." So, in conversation, keep as far as possible from those subjects you know will wound the feelings and lay bare the family skeleton.

Where can we find a higher type of ideal friendship than that expressed by the poet, Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," dedicated to his dead friend. He gives us a glimpse of what we ourselves should be, if we would have the friends of our youth life-long friends, and climb with us the "altar-stairs of life." As we pass from youth to maturer age, is not our friendship often purified from dross by the "changes and chances of this mortal life?" As Miss Procter writes:—

"I shall know by the gleam and the glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
—Shine bright, strong golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain."