

Triumph Song.

BY MRS. M. A. CATO.

"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world."

In the noontide of the ages,
High upon the mount of time,
We are standing in the splendour
Of the gospel light sublime.

Backward roll the gloomy shadows,
Sin's dark night hastes swift away;
Sunlight in full splendour shineth,
Glorious, perfect gospel day.

We can almost hear the anthem
Which the heavenly harpers sing:
"Glory, glory in the highest,
Christ o'er all the earth is king."

Owned and throned in regal splendour,
So, He sits on Zion's hill;
In His hands and feet the nail-prints
Plead for all a pardon still.

Hear the glorious anthem ringing,
Distant lands have caught the sound;
Soon shall all earth's ransomed millions
Roll the glad hosanna round;

Islands slumbering in the ocean,
Sands beyond the tossing main,
Learn the glorious adoration,
Echo back the glad refrain.

Idol temples down are crumbling,
Pagan sacrifices cease;
Heralds of the cross are flying
With the messages of peace,

"Peace on earth," as sang the angels
On the plains of Bethlehem;
Christ our great Redeemer cometh
O'er earth's ransomed tribes to reign.

Lo, the wilderness rejoices,
Desert places blossom fair;
All earth's glad and happy voices
Sing, "The jubilee is near."

Faithful workers, be not weary,
Soon will come the great reward:
Crowns of glory, palms of victory,
In the kingdom of your Lord.

Examine Yourself.

BY JOSIE C. GILL.

MARY EASTMAN'S Sunday-school class was spending the afternoon with her at her pleasant home. A charming picture it made, grouped about in the pleasant parlour, each bright young face bent over a bit of fancy-work.

There had been a moment of silence, when Mary spoke addressing a brown-eyed little maiden who sat on a low stool by the window:—

"What ails you this afternoon, Nettie? You have hardly spoken since you came."

"I haven't really had a chance," was the smiling reply; "the rest of you girls have kept up such a clatter that I did not dare to try to make myself heard. Besides, I've been thinking."

"Do tell us your thoughts. I am sure they must be very instructive, for you have looked so wise and solemn all the afternoon. It's a new role for our merry Nettie to play."

"Yes, do tell us your thoughts," was echoed by the rest of the young ladies, in chorus.

"Well, girls," said Nettie, "since you urge it, I will tell you something of what has been passing through my mind. This is my nineteenth birthday, and, as is natural at such a time, I have been reviewing the past year, and as the record stands it makes me feel rather sad. I have almost made up my mind that I am not a Christian at all."

"Why, Nettie Gilman!" spoke out impulsive Kate Blake; "I thought you had the sweetest, sunniest, happiest disposition in the world, and I always supposed it was so easy for you to be a Christian."

"Yes," said Clara Reed, a tall, cately young lady: "I never supposed that Nettie was subject to the temptations and frailties that the rest of us are. If almost any of the others of us had expressed such dissatisfaction with themselves, I should have been much less astonished. What are some of your failings, Nettie dear?"

"Really, girls, I dislike to go to confession alone; but as Clara seems to think I am not the only guilty one, I propose that all those who do not come up to their idea of what a Christian should be, should confess their faults. It may do us good."

"A capital idea," said Mary. "I couldn't make everybody my 'father confessor,' but since we girls were all led to Christ, two years ago, by our dear Miss Merrill, there has been a bond of union between us, which, I think, makes us seem very near to each other. I am sure there is nobody on earth, besides father and mother and brother Will, whom I love as I do you girls."

"I think we might help each other by this mode of confession, for I suppose there are none of us who live quite as we would like to," said the stately Clara. "Let us hear from you first, Nettie."

"I have such a long catalogue of wrong-doings, that I hardly know where to begin; but I can tell you that which troubles me most. You all know that I am naturally light-hearted; but I sometimes think that this which might be such a great blessing to me, will be a curse instead; for I find that I am becoming, not merry alone, but frivolous and foolish. I always see the funny side of things, and so am led to ridicule people, and sometimes so openly as to cause pain. Then, again, at church, from my place in the choir, I am apt to let my eyes and thoughts rove about the congregation, instead of fixing them on the minister, and every little circumstance that strikes me as absurd, provokes a smile. If old Mrs. Dodge goes to sleep with her mouth wide open, or Mr. Russel's little boy cuts up some of his capers, or old crazy Polly comes in with her old-fashioned costume and men's boots, I am sure to laugh, which I think is profaning God's house, and very unbecoming in one of His professed children. Oh, girls! I do want to overcome this tendency to be light and trifling, and I want you to pray for me"—and Nettie broke down in a flood of tears.

The girls were all touched at Nettie's confession, and Kate Blake spoke up,—

"I am sure, Nettie, you need not feel so badly. Your sins are nothing compared to mine. I wonder that anybody can tolerate me, for I am just as selfish and unamiable as I can be. Rob says I ought to have a little world all by myself, where I could follow my own sweet will, and never come in contact with others; and although I called him a great hateful boy at the time, I am afraid he is right, and that I am living for myself alone."

"Mother says I might be a great help to others if I would only try. I might sing in the choir, but I won't; I might join the Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union, but I won't; I might get new scholars in the Sunday-school, I have such a good chance with father's mill hands and their families; but I have never tried. I might keep father's books; I might help Rob with his Latin, Minnie with her music,

mother with her sewing; but I won't, and for no other reason than that I am hateful and disobligeing."

"I never looked upon it as I do to-day. Indeed when I became a Christian, I never thought that I could practice religion in such little things as these. Nettie's laugh in Church is not half as bad as for me to sit back with folded arms, and say, 'I will do as much as I please for Christ and no more. I am afraid I need praying for, too, girls.'"

"Now, Mary, it is your turn," said Clara, turning to their young hostess. Mary was a sweet-faced young lady—the very picture of goodness and truth, and one might wonder if there were any little foxes at work beneath that fair exterior.

She looked up with eyes full of tears, saying,—

"I am glad Nettie has set us to thinking. It has brought my besetting sins plainer than ever before my eyes. I think the worst one is procrastination. I am sure I might do something in the world, if I didn't put off things so. I might be a musician, for my teachers say I have a great deal of talent, but papa has made me give up my lessons because I don't practice. I let it go for a day or two after taking a lesson, thinking I shall have plenty of time; but the longer I neglect it the less I feel like going about it, so when the day for my lesson arrives, I am not half prepared. It is just so with my drawing and painting, with fancy-work and everything else. One of the drawers in my dressing-case is full of articles begun in an enthusiastic moment, and then laid away and forgotten. Our Sunday-school superintendent asks me to read or sing at a concert, and I neglect the selection of a piece 'till the last moment, and then, having had no preparation, I cannot do half as well as I might."

"Call it procrastination, laziness, want of stick-to-it-iveness, or what you will, I am afraid I shall make a failure of life unless I can overcome my dreadful habit."

"Helen, let us hear from you next," said Clara to a showily-dressed girl who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. She wore a silk dress, gotten up in the latest style, displayed a profusion of jewelry, and had her hair banded and frizzed after the most approved fashion. As the eyes of all the girls turned toward her expectantly, she arose, advanced to the centre of the room, and said,—

"Girls, I want you should all look at me and tell me if you think a Christian should be a walking fashion-plate! As for me, I am fast becoming a slave to fashion. Just think! I wouldn't go to church last Sunday because my new spring hat wasn't done, and I thought all the girls would have theirs but me! And how do you think I spent the day?—I read a novel. I assure you that I felt rebuked Tuesday evening at prayer-meeting, when our minister was speaking of that young man who was drowned while boating Sunday, to hear him say he thought that no worse than to be killed at home while reading a novel. I have made a resolution—no more novels and gay clothes for me."

"But surely," said Clara, "you do not think that Christians should dress like nuns, and make themselves look hideous?"

"Certainly not. I think one extreme as bad as the other, for, in either case,

we should be making ourselves conspicuous. I think we should dress enough in the prevailing fashion to avoid attracting attention, and, more than that, we should try to make ourselves neat and attractive; for has not God made everything in nature beautiful? But it must be a sin to let a love for dress and display exceed our love for God."

"Good for you, Helen," cried Kate, "I think we might all profit by your speech. And now, Clara, you have been chief spokesman of this meeting, but have not given in your testimony. Now what has the dignified, immaculate Miss Clara to offer?"

"I don't know but you will be astonished when I tell you what is a great hindrance to my being a good, true Christian. It is my marvellous self-conceit. Kate calls me "dignified, immaculate," and I have learned to pride myself upon it; in fact, to think there is nobody quite so superior as Miss Clara Reed. I walk about with my head in the clouds, and find my chief delight in being looked up to as more than common clay, in having my opinion deferred to, in being first and foremost in everything. Am sure that I shall become very disagreeable in time, unless I can become more humble."

"Girls, we all need to pray more, to read our Bibles more, to go to prayer-meeting more, to practice that charity which seeketh not her own. Suppose we pray about it now."

Down upon their knees went the repentant group, while Clara sent up a petition to heaven that they might all be kept pure and unspotted from the world.

Now, is it not true of some of us, that we, like these girls, are hindered from being the consistent Christians we should, by some such little sins as these? They are so small that we are hardly aware of them. Yet, if we sit down calmly, "as those of old came to the Delphian shrine," and say:—

"Thus would I come, my inmost soul, to thee,
And question, let the truth be mine,
And what I am e'en now reveal to me,"—

would we be entirely satisfied with the result?

There is too little difference between the young people of Christ's Church and those of the world, and there are too many whose eyes need to be opened to the fact. They seem to be idly drifting onward with eyes shut upon their own danger, and the awakening for some will come too late.

Dear young Christian, will you not look into your heart, and if you find there any idols which usurp your Saviour's place, will you not tear them away and give Him undisturbed sway?
—*The Christian Witness.*

For the sake of the Church of Christ, for the sake of the community at large, for the sake of the teachers themselves, we ought to rejoice that there are more than a million of teachers at work, week by week, in the Sunday-schools of the United States and Canada, and fully half a million more in the Sunday-schools of Great Britain. Twelve millions of scholars are under their charge, gaining in knowledge and character through their wise and faithful instruction. But, if the gain from all this Sunday-school work was only to the million and a half of teachers, what a power for good it still would be to Christ and to the world!—*S. S. Times.*