

the young men of the city. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them, and the saloons and rumshops getting them by wholesale.

Then the unexpected happened. I said, 'You ought to erect in this town a fine building for young men, open day and night, where a fellow, with creed or without, with coat or without, could enter and find social help, and feel the tug of good, for soul and body, pulling him up to Christian manhood.'

I opened up the facts about the saloon and its attractions, and the needs of some force that would be practical in its opposition. They said it would cost too much, and could not be done. I constantly affirmed that it could be done, and if some man would give me a subscription of five thousand dollars to begin with, I would start out.

One noon, at Mr. Jamieson's dinner-table, full of the matter, I was chatting away, hinting in no indirect manner what I wished might be done. Before I knew it—for a man sometimes speaks out when he does not intend it—I asked him to be the one to begin the subscription list and to set me going. He waited a moment, looked across the table at his wife, to get her opinion, and she—bless her heart, I tell you it takes a woman to do the right and nice thing at the right and nice time—she just looked 'Yes,' and he said he would.

With that five thousand dollars I began, and the results? Now, listen. In the farewell meeting in the large opera house I presented the scheme and called for help. Give! O how they gave! I have forgotten now exactly how much, but before the benediction more than twenty thousand dollars was down.

Then followed results that more than once gave me songs in the night. The best site in the city for such a building was where Mr. Ingersoll had lived and where, it is said, he wrote a number of his infidel lectures. That very site was bought, more money was raised, and there now stands a fine building worth one hundred thousand dollars, where the noble work of the Young Men's Christian Association is successfully carried on. So I pray for myself and every other Christian Endeavorer, that the Lord of hosts may send us where he will, whether we like to go or not.

But that is not all that happened. Since then, Mr. Jamieson, besides being true to his own church, has erected a mission house in another part of Peoria, he has his own paid missionary in India, and, if you should ask who promised me the first ten thousand dollars for my 'college on wheels,' a great soul-winning scheme for my future days, I should have to show you the photograph of a true Christian gentleman from that city in Illinois.

### The Caterpillar's Experience.

There was once a caterpillar, which could feel and think, and speak almost like a human being. As it was crawling about one autumn day, something very peculiar overcame it; it got what we should call a higher revelation. It was as if a crown of higher light shone around it. It was as if a foreign power, descended to the very inmost part of its being, would tear it away from the ground and raise it into the air. It was as if an angel on white wings descended and whispered something like music, a sweet prophecy, a mysterious promise, a promise of butterfly life and butterfly

It lasted but a moment. Then the revelation was entirely passed.

It went on as usual.

The marvellous revelation had made a

deep impression on the little caterpillar, which it could not possibly shake off. It felt itself another creature—a creature with a future. And, with all the little strength of its frail caterpillar existence, it kept hold on what the angel had whispered of butterfly life and butterfly glory. What it was exactly it knew not. It yearned so to understand, so earnestly it desired clearly to comprehend. But succeed it did not; the more it exerted itself, the more mysterious it became. And, ah! this brought on doubt and perplexity, and caused the sigh: 'It is all fancy, all fancy.'

It told it to other caterpillars; these, of course, comprehended it as little. What was worse, the most of them began to mock and say that the poor little fanatic was dotting, and would return to its senses if it would only make proper use of its caterpillar's understanding again. With all sorts of questions they began to trouble it. They asked 'what is a butterfly?' and it was obliged to answer, 'I do not know.' They asked 'What does glory mean?' and it was obliged to answer, 'I do not know.' They asked how the transition to such a higher position could take place, and it was obliged to answer 'I do not know.' Thus they kept on asking for a whole hour. It was entirely shut up, and so tired of answering 'I do not know,' that it remained silent; and they crawled away, and began to gnaw at the half-rotten cabbages, whispering, 'This is our glory.'

Thus the revelation was a source of pain to our caterpillar; but although the promised glory was not realized, still she continued steadfast; and when it began to freeze at nights, and she began to stiffen and weave her own shroud, she became distinctly conscious that everything seemed to point to a foolish mistake. But then, also, she continued steadfast, waiting for butterfly life and butterfly glory.

And she was not put to shame. She withered, shriveled, buried under snowflakes, lost for good; so it seemed. But at last spring came, and suddenly from the thorn hedge there appeared a beautifully fledged creature, and it hovered from flower to flower, where the cabbages had stood; its crawling had been turned into flying. Everyone who saw it was delighted over the splendid glittering of its wings, and then it needed no longer to stammer, 'I know not!' Then it understood what butterfly life and butterfly glory meant.

'We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him,' (I. John iii., 2). The end of our earthly existence is rapidly drawing near, and then—what then!

There are people who say that we must not thus ask, but rather eat and drink, labor and enjoy ourselves, than occupy ourselves with such fruitless questions. Foolish people! As if we could avoid it, only because we wished to do so. As if the question were not powerful enough, even while we are eating and drinking, laboring and enjoying ourselves, to force itself upon us. As if God had not laid eternity in the heart. As if they, who would not take the question on their lips, do not feel it burning within them, burning as a question of conscience. As long as we have breath to be able to ask, so long do we continue to ask, 'And then—what then?'

To which the Psalmist replies, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness,' (Psl. xvii., 5). And the apostle, 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face,' (I. Cor. xiii., 12).

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### Protection from Burglars.

It is undoubtedly true that a man has a legal right to protect himself and his property from the depredations of burglars and marauders; but it is by no means certain that it is best for a man to exercise that right. Quite recently a case occurred where a man and his son undertook to defend their property from midnight robbers, but the young man was wounded, and the father was killed in the affray, and it would doubtless have been far better for them to have been robbed than murdered.

The true Christian has mightier protectors than policemen, and if men will trust in God his angels will encamp around them and deliver them.

'Where were the angels last night?' said some one to a man whose house had been plundered and whose property had been taken while he was quietly sleeping.

'They were taking care of me,' was the reply; and the promise of God which assured the man protection, did not guarantee the protection of all his property. Yet sometimes property is guarded as well as life, for it is easy for the Lord's angels to defend his people and all their interests.

An old friend of the writer, L. H. Davis, of Earlville, Illinois, a minister of Christ, narrates in 'Our Hope,' the following instance in his own experience:

'One evening, in June, 1896, I was particularly led out in prayer, at the family altar, for the protecting care of our Father in heaven, during the night while we were unconscious in sleep. We retired to rest as usual, thinking no more of my prayer till morning, when one of our neighbors came, before we were up, stating that burglars had been through his house, and had taken his gold watch and his wife's gold ring. I told him I had not heard anything of them, and began to look around.'

'Then, to my astonishment, I found that they had been through the house, but though my son had a twenty-five dollar gold-filled watch in his pocket, and under his watch a wallet which they took and laid on the cook-stove in the kitchen, they took nothing out. They also took his gold pen out of a box in which he kept it, laying it on the table. My good wife's gold pen, gold-bowed glasses, and gold watch and chain, that was a present to her years before we were married, all lay on the table in the room which they went through, and might have been taken away, had not a prayer-hearing God said to them in some way, I know not how,

"Don't you take anything out of this house."

'There is nothing too hard for the Lord. He works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform, and sometimes for our encouragement lets us see he has been with us and watched over us. Not so much as the worth of a pin was taken from our house, that we could learn. Our Father would not let them do us any harm, though twelve houses were opened in this vicinity that night.

'A skeptic was stopping with us at that time, on her way to Schenectady, N.Y., who had about forty dollars in a dress pocket to use in travelling expenses. She said, "I believe providence had a hand in this deliverance," recalling the prayer of the evening before. So God's name was glorified, even in the eyes of an unbeliever.'

'I write this, not to boast, but I would speak for the encouragement of others. This is not the first time God has given us experience of his blessed saving power. He says, "Ye are my witnesses." If so, we should bear testimony." — 'The Christian,' Boston.