The African Woman's Prayer.

twill kness and in sin. I sought the shripe Of heathen gods, to comfort in distress; I offered up my child, all that was mine, A sarrifice my woeful soul to bless. Me durling suffered on the altar high,

My heart was wrong with auguish and despair :

No deity was moved to hear my sigh. No priest could take away my load of

At length in agony of soul, I said : It there be any God who dwells above. Who to his temple hath the lowly led, Speak out of darkness, speak in tenderest love:

If h ,ht divine abides in yonder sky, Where brightest glory lights the blazing

Oh, come, responsive to my helpless cry ! Oh, come, and and tell me of salvation

A voice the aweetest I had ever heard. In accents tender whispered, " Peace be

For poor and needy ones my love hath cared, In life and death I'll keep from every ill," Nor has he left me from that blessed hour, Oft has he spoken to my raptured soul : He's ever near to keep me by his power, And points me upward to a heavenly

goal. His name, a mystery then. I could not tell, I called him Father, Brother, Saviour

Friend! Ife answered to them all, each fitted well, And promised to my soul a peaceful cud. Oh! now I know that name - the dearest namo

Of any spoken in a sinner's ear; Tis Jesus ! you have come to teach the same My way is hedged about, my path is clear; And now, with Jesus as my saviour, friend, I'll brave the dangers of the pilgrim's road; Waiting with eager gladness for the end, To being me home in safety to my God.

A SAD STORY.

Ir doesn't seem right to tell you anything that will cloud your faces, yet it is, perhaps, best after all, that you should know what sorrow and trouble our old enemy, King Alcohol, brings into the lives of people who are not strongly fortified against him.

Not many months ago I was visiting a friend in a large Western city, and one day she took me in her carriage for a drive, out in the suburbs, where there were many beautiful homes. Bright-eyed, sunny-faced children were playing on the lovely lawns about these homes; children playing croquet; children tossing each other up among the leafy boughs in swings; children in hammacks reading story-books; children digging in the dirt; girls playing "lady," boys on bicycles; all of them, having good times, and so happy it unde me happy, too, just to look at

After awhile we passed by one of the leveliest homes we had seen yet; s in bloom everywhere, fountains playing, birds singing, every thing in nature seeming jeyess and glad; but there were no children anywhere to be seen, and the house looked that up and

Then my friend told me one of the Mest stories I over heard. Yours to these had been a buy in that house, in Union Signal.

home too a door little masses to hex who was the joy and delight of his ! papa and mamma and the good grand mother who lived with them. But the pape and mamma thought there was no harm in having wme at their fine; dinners, and they let Charlie have a little, too. So he grew to love it, stealing it off the side board, and thus, before they realized it, and long before be was an man Charlie her one a drunkard. He lost his bright, mandy looks and his frank, loving ways, and gave those who loved him many a heartache. He spent all the money he could get in drunken carousals, and one evening after he had lost all he had playing cards, and while he was half mad with drink, he went home to get more money.

But his father and mother both refused to give him any. Then he went to his grandmother. He felt sure she would give him some, because she always had done so before, but this time she could not as she had spent all she had at home that day, and it was too late to get any out of the bank.

This made Charlie very angry, and he told her she must give him the costly diamond ring she had on her tinger. She did not want to do that. of course, because it was her wedding ring.

Then Charlie cursed her-just think how dreadful that was-and tried to take the ring from her by force. Somehow-he never could tell how it hoppened - in trying to get the ring, he threw the poor old lady on the floor, and the shock and the fright killed

Yes, there she lay, the dear old grandmother whom he had always loved, and who loved him so fondly, who had often held him in her arms as he slept. his little brown head cuddled up on her bosom. How often she had sat by his little bed and told him stories. when he was almost a baby, or knelt beside him and prayed for God's richest blessings upon him. Now she lay there still and cold in death, and Charlie was her murderer.

So that bright day when I saw the lovely home all shut up and silent, he was away off in the penitentiary, be hind iron bars, shut up from the sweet, fresh air and sunshine, his heart filled with vain and bitter remorse for the crime he had committed, in his drunken madness, while his mother, who had died of a broken heart, slept quietly in her grave beside her murdered mother.

When I heard this sad story my heart ached for Charlie, and for other Charlies all over the land who are taking their first drinks, and so I want every young temperance crusader to fight more bravely than ever against the demon that destroyed the happiness of that lovely home, and above all things, never give him a chance to creep into your lips and darken and blight your lives. - Laura J. Ritten-

THE LADDER OF DEATH.

BY MIS SADIR CONNON DEAMON.

A sitting test contained in a property of shetched the steps that lend to death. They may be rog ided as the counds of a ladder, or eacher while rea las the fatal photorm. The first step is often taken in che! Hood, and Wester very normalizations (manho d hads quickly to the second. Trever once for God's holy day leads to the third and fourth, which are fromently taken at one bound. With merder the unfortunate criminal receives the fatal į latform, which is death.

A defaulter now occupies the visited cell. He has never killed any one, and never had it in his heart to do so but has fallen a victim to other suc-He remembers his mother, who tought him to pray and told him about the golden stairs that lead up to God and life. He makes a discovery, finds that he has been travelling in the other direction. He gazes in bewildermert upon the rounds of this ladder, and realizes that he has been climbing them He also realizes that there are other? steps that are not sketched, such as selfishness, anger, envy, falsehood and dishonesty. Some are rushing up this l adder at a headlong gallop, reaching their destination before they are men Others are creeping slowly but surely, taking three-score and ten years to reach the topmost round on the way to

The following lines, entitled, "The Fate of a Fast Young Man," were written by a convict in the Illinois -tate prison, who realized when too late the truth of that scripture which says, "The way of the transgressor is

It's curious, isn't it, Billy, The change that twelve in aths may bring Last year I was at Saratoga, As happy and rich as a k nz: I was raking in pools on the inces, And feeing the waiters with "Ten." And sipping mint-juleps by twilight, And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

What led me to do it?" What always Leads men to destruction and crime! The prodigal son, whom you've read of, Has altered somewhat in his time; He spends his substance as foolly As the biblical fellow of old, But when it is gone be fancies The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a how at the opera High steps while fortune is fiush, The passionate kiss of women Whose checks have forgotten to blush; The old, old story, Billy, Of pleasures that cuil in tears; The froth that foams for an hour, The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered (in the end of my evil ways, There aross like a phantom before mi The vision of boyhood days: I thought of my old home, Billy, Of the school-house that stood on the hill, tH the brook that flowed thro' the meadow I can c'en hear ita music still.

Again I thought of my mother-Of the mother who taught me to pray, Whose love was a precious treasure That I positionly cost away. in my vie The fresh-lipped, eareless boy,

and and the state of the second state of the

True att et a saf est leve they are but were the I was a new boart the chiafe. same or e.e. halv. Acres of a month of he

GILDING A DOME.

To make the contingent adone or a with thin gold hat would be in to on a waste of material; the first mow a heat storm would pierce or tear it to her is The fact that the gold defies the were of the weather induces the or that it is nor hathreker than the d assi liv sign painters, booklanders. col to kers of fancy or cumental articles, by the first is that the gold leaf is precisely the same airy, fleecy and smalle of floating in the air like a eg ssamer fibre.

The golder of the done of the expital ! Hatford, Connecticut, Captain Thomas C. Barke, said that his prina d trouble in doing the work was to mente of air, the altitude being mare than two hundred feet from the ground, and the site of the building itself being one of the highest in the city. To do the work properly, he constructed a movemble canvas shield, made to fit the curvature of the dome and its twelve radial ribs-not so much to shield the workmen as to prevent the leaf from being blown away. To cover this dome an area of fortyone hundred square feet there were used eighty-seven thousand five hundred leaves of gold, each three and three eighths inches square, weighing in the whole three pounds avoirdupors. The total cost of the gold and the labour was sixteen hundred dollars.

A QUEER WAY OF PEEDING PIRH.

A MISSIONARY from India tells about

"I will tell you a story I have heard. To day one of my companions was visiting a house, when she saw a girl rolling up little bits of paper and dough together into pills. So she said, 'What are you doing I' And the girl showed her that a large piece of paper which she had was covered with the word 'Allah,' or 'God.' Each piece on which 'Allah' was written was separately cut out and put into a dough-pill, until three hundred pills were made. and then the filles in the Ganges were fed with them. (This process was repeated daily for a certain time in fulfilment of some yow made by the master of the house.) 'You see,' said the girl, when the pill goes into the fish's stomach it has the name of God in its stomach, and then the fish will pray for us, and that will bring us a blessing. We consider that feeding the fishes is doing a good work which will make God pleased with us. In ! like manner we feed the ants with sugar."