

bed as you see Him doing by mine to-day. Death has no sting for me, dears; and only for leaving ye all I'd be glad to go, for my true home is there;" and she pointed upward.

Turning to the minister she said, "I found great joy in the word of God, sir; and I'd like you to write Pat's name in the Bible you gave me, and to say it is the gift of his dying sister, who prays God with her last breath to love him and reward him for all his kindness to her darlin' mother."

"Oh Pat," she cried turning to him; "love her as your own heart; won't ye, dear?"

With tears and sobs the great rough fellow threw his arm over her, and vowed by all the saints above that he'd "do that same;" and then, at her request, he drew the pillows from under her head, and laid her down.

She moved her hand and whispered "good-bye;" and her friends saw in a moment that the pure spirit had fled.

There was a "wake," and a long funeral, to please Pat; and the strangers who had never heard of Ellen Shannon, said carelessly, as she was borne to her long home, "It is only an Irish funeral."

But there was joy in heaven when the angels welcomed home another of the Lord's redeemed ones. And everywhere, even in the thickest darkness, we shall find His hidden ones.

MR. SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.

In the course of a sermon preached at Rochdale lately, Mr. Spurgeon said he would never forget the period of his conversion. From place to place he went hoping to find peace. At last one snowy cold morning he dropped into a little Primitive Methodist chapel. There was a man who preached Christ very much for the same reason that he (Mr. Spurgeon) did now—namely, because he did not know much about anything else. The text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." The preacher, pointing towards him (Mr. Spurgeon), said, "There's a young man

under the gallery who looks very miserable;" and he added, "You will never be happy until you look at Christ. You must look at Him, as God made flesh, as God bearing sin, as the Saviour dying instead of you;" and then, pausing he said, "You know a fool can look. It does not require a wise man to do that. You are weak and sinful; but it does not require a strong or a good man to look." Then, shouting with all his might, the preacher said, "Young man, look now." He did so, and as he gazed his burden fell away; and he who before had been so wretched, left that little house of prayer so happy that from that day to this, with many troubles and a great deal of care, he would not change places with anybody on earth or in heaven, for, while God had any work for him to do on earth, he would rather be here than there, knowing that he should go there when the work was done.

"GO AND TELL HIM."

"If thy brother trespass against thee go and tell him his fault, between him and thee alone."

"I don't want to say anything to him about it."

"Go and tell him."

"I don't want to speak to him."

"Go and tell him."

"I don't want anything to do with him."

"Go and tell him."

"I am afraid it will only make a bad matter worse."

"Go and tell him."

"I may say something that I shall be sorry for."

"Go and tell him."

"I have made up my mind to say nothing about it."

"Go and tell him."

"I think I shall let the whole matter drop."

"Go and tell him."

"Well, I shall not do anything about it."

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"—*Boston Christian.*