

OUR HOME C'ROLE.

"ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN."

"Ask what thou wilt." Our aching hearts were stirred...

We shrank impatient from life's heavy load, For 'neath the burden of the day—

"O Father! grant a smoother, brighter way, We faint beneath the burden of the day—

The answer came: "Broad, easy is the street: Wilt go alone?"

How dark at once the pleasant pathway grew? Yet still our trembling lips preferred anew

"Then, Father, grant us rest,—one peaceful day Of calm repose—

Again the answering accents filled the air—"Beloved," they said,

"And yet, no earnest, faithful prayers of thine Shall be denied:

"Lay down the burdens and thy heavy cross Here at my feet;

We laid the burdens down; we trod no more A lonely way:

TRIED TWO MASTERS.

"Do I believe in Jesus? Ay, sir, that I do, with all my soul, heart, mind, and strength.

The speaker was not a well-matured Christian, not by any means the type of a "perfect man in Christ Jesus."

I saw him first as he presented himself a candidate for Church-membership, and when asked if he "believed in Jesus,"

Then springing to his feet and facing the congregation, he added: "How can I help believing in One who has broken the fetters of sin that had bound me fast for so many years, and made a free man of me—One who has rooted out the terrible burning thirst for liquor that was consuming me, body and soul, and given me in its stead a longing for Himself, for his forgiveness, his everlasting love, and his blessed service?"

"Uncle Charlie, what a difference that fence made, didn't it? I think that poor little strip of land must be so glad.

"Trot along, dear; most tea-time," and Ruthie came home heavy-hearted.

But a great joy was coming to her with the next communion season, when, in his quaint way, Uncle Charlie said:

"And he did it. From that hour, now nearly nine months ago, he has held me so fast that neither my old master Satan, my own evil nature, nor my former burning thirst for liquor, have had any power at all to separate me from my Lord and Saviour.

"And you ask me, sir, if I believe in Jesus? Do I believe in the very breath I draw? Do I believe that I am alive to-day? that I am on earth and not in hopeless perdition? that I have heaven before me and not hell? Ay, ay, sir, you may be assured I believe in my Lord and Master, and that every throb of my heart is henceforth a hallelujah to his praise;

He wiped his streaming eyes and sat down, and there was many an older Christian present who felt that he could hardly have preached such a sermon, or borne stronger testimony for his Lord and Master. As Jesus said of the Magdalen, "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much."

FENCED IN.

"Don't believe in joinin' churches, any way," said farmer Rye, as he stood leaning on the bars of the meadow lot talking to his niece Ruthie, who had just come from the woods with her arms and hands full of ferns and mosses and clematis wreaths.

She had found time at last to speak a word to "Uncle Charlie," whom she dearly loved. There had been earnest prayers before that, you may be sure, that the kindly, upright, honest man might not trust to his purity of life, but find salvation in Christ's finished atonement. And she had said, just now:

"Then, uncle dear, why don't you stand out on the Lord's side, and come into his army?"

Uncle Charlie tipped up his old hat from behind, as he was wont to do when annoyed, and leaning his crossed arms on the fence-rail, looked quite away from the girl's earnest face, as he continued:

"Pears to me, it a body's got you stand out on the Lord's side, and come into his army?"

Ruthie said nothing at first, then, with a golden maple branch, pointed over to the corner of the wide lawn in front of the house, which had been newly redeemed from the wilderness and fenced in.

Inside was the level stretch of redeemed green sward, with the graded paths that touched at curves and angles; or clumps of evergreens and beds of roses blooming yet, though autumn had had hand.

"Uncle Charlie, what a difference that fence made, didn't it? I think that poor little strip of land must be so glad. Now it feels as though it belongs to somebody, and somebody cares for it, so it's just blooming out its gratitude because it has been redeemed, isn't it?"

Uncle Charlie looked down at the earnest little face a moment, and said: "Trot along, dear; most tea-time," and Ruthie came home heavy-hearted.

TO MORROW. Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care, Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait.

ALASKA.

Few persons, even in the United States, seem to be aware of the resources of the Territory of Alaska, which comprises 500,000 square miles, and costs the American Government only 7,200,000 dollars.

GIRLS' AND YOUNG LADIES.

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet, has written a letter to a young girl at the Lowville (N. Y.) Academy, in which he mixes up poetry and good advice in equal doses most charmingly.

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that affectation is the art of being a fool according to rule. Let us learn to work worsted cats of impossible pink, if we must, but let us know how to make Indian pudding and a golden loaf of corn bread as well.

LESSONS IN HOME LIFE.

"It is your cross, and you must try to carry it bravely." Mrs. Gray was thinking on these words as she sat at her mendicating.

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One who feels in this way seldom makes "crosses," the will runs parallel with God's, giving an easy track for the life to run on instead of forming a cross.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A FLORENTINE FUNERAL.

The night of our arrival was one of those unearthly moonlight nights which belong to Italy. The Arno, changed to a stream of quicksilver, flowed swiftly through the stone arches of the Ponte Vecchio under our windows, and lurched me with its beauty out-o-doors, though a great clock somewhere near by had just clanged eleven.

HOW CAN I BE USEFUL.

Little Mary was only eleven years old. But she was old enough to know she was a sinner; and she had gone to Christ, and taken Him in her heart as her Saviour.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Praying and saying prayers. Jimmie was a little girl. Who many prayers could say; But O! she had a wandering heart, And, therefore did not pray.

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert.

WHAT A STRANGE MAN!

The Gallas, in South America, were much amused when Mr. Wakefield, a missionary, entered their country.

THE SUN.

They sell liquor there. "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard 'em talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their better judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drinking business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we take a run down hill; we get going faster and faster and faster, and we can't stop till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion, just so with most men who get into the habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will. And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—Temperance Banner.

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