

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

JOHN G. SAGE.

Every coin of earthly treasure
 We have lavished upon earth
 For our simple worldly pleasure,
 May be reckoned something worth;
 For the spending was not losing,
 Though the purchase was but small;
 It has perished with the using,
 We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
 When we turn to dust again—
 Though our avarice may bind us—
 We have gathered quite in vain.
 Since we neither can direct it,
 By the winds of fortune tossed,
 Nor in other worlds expect it,
 What we hoarded we have lost.

But each merciful oblation—
 Seed of pity wisely sown—
 What we gave in self-negation,
 We may safely call our own;
 For the treasure freely given
 Is the treasure that we hoard,
 Since the angels keep in heaven
 What we lent unto the Lord!

CAPTAIN BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

"I have had a strange experience," said Captain Ball, speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making some very good trades; and one night I was riding home reckoning up my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions. It was starlight, and very still; I could hardly hear a noise but the field crickets and the tramp of my horse on the dark road, when suddenly a voice said, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned.

"No, I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind; or rather, the voice of the Holy Spirit in the conscience. But the expression was just as distinct and unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. I went to talk with my minister. I wanted to get into the Church where I thought I should

be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house and sit down in his study, where he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion, and its value above all other things of this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

"Captain Ball, do you know the first thing to be done, if you would be a Christian?"

"I do not know."

"The Christian life—the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ," said he, "can be founded only upon repentance. Now, it is easy to say we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance—by which I mean not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in the future, but one that goes to work, and seeks, as far as possible, to make amends for every wrong we have done. Is there a person in the world, Captain Ball, who can look you in the face, and say you have wronged him?"

"He knew my weak point," added the captain. "Every man has his weak point and I suppose the lancet must be applied there first. That question was like sharp-scratching steel driven to the soul. I writhed and groaned inwardly, and struggled and perspired a long time before I could answer. I saw it was going to be dreadful hard for me to be a Christian. I meant, however, to get off as easily as I could. So I determined to confess something which I suppose was known to everybody who knows me—my horse trade with Peter Simmons last spring.

"Did you wrong Peter?" asked the minister.

"I shaved him a little," said I.

"How much do you think," said he.

"I let him have a ring-boned and wind-broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gay—worth for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So I honestly think, said I, 'that I shaved him out of about seventy-five dollars.'

"And with seventy-five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear your prayers for pardon, with