

It was only the impatient, excited cry of a nervous woman, but it cut poor Harry's soul like a knife. "The Lord is in it," he said, "His voice of condemnation is certainly following me." He said again, "The Lord is in it," when further on, he came upon Walter Pratt standing by the parsonage gate, talking earnestly with the pastor.

Harry never knew what he said in greeting them, and I doubt if either of them could have repeated his words an hour later, but they all three turned away from the busy street into the quiet of the pastor's study, and there, on their knees before the throne, the assurance came that the lost soul was found.

"I have changed my sermon at the last moment a number of times, under just such a strong impression that I must speak the words the Lord was thrusting forward into my heart," said the minister, relating this incident in a confidential talk with a friend, "and every time the reward for following the Spirit's leadings has been almost immediate."—*Watchman.*

She Will Sleep To-Night.

SMOOTH the braids of her silken hair
On her queenly brow with tender care;
Gather the robe in a final fold
Around the form that will not grow old;
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that blow.
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight;
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life-light lies
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,
And her lips are closed as in fond delay
Of the loving words she had to say;
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,
And from dainty head to dainty feet
She is strangely quiet, cold, and white,
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-night.

Put by her work and her empty chair;
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the door,
She will need the garish light no more;
For the task assigned her under the sun
Is finished now, and the guerdon won.
Tenderly kiss her, put out the light,
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

O blessed sleep! that will not break
For tears, nor prayers, nor love's sweet sake;
O perfect rest! that knows no pain,
No throb, no thrill of heart or brain;
O life sublime beyond all speech,
That only the pure through dying reach!
God understands, and His ways are right;
Bid His beloved a long good night.

Weep for the days that will come no more,
For the sunbeam flown from hearth and door,
For a missing step, for the nameless grace
Of a tender voice and a loving face;
But not for the soul whose goal is won,
Whose infinite joy is just begun—
Not for the spirit enrobed in light,
And crowned where the angels are to-night.

Why He Quit It.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Sun* thus relates the circumstances under which Secretary Garland abandoned the use of intoxicating liquors: He was asked one day how it happened that he, coming as he did from a part of the country where liquor was believed to be used as commonly as coffee, was a teetotaler. "Well, it was this way: I used to drink as regularly and as frequently as any one; but one day some years ago I was walking through our cemetery at Little Rock and I saw the grave of one bright man who would have been my age, and then I saw another, and another, until suddenly I realized that almost all the young men with whom I began life had gone, and I, almost alone was left, and I knew what had carried them away. Well, as I had been spared, it occurred to me that I had certainly had my share of

alcohol, so I made up my mind that I wouldn't drink anybody else's share; that wouldn't be fair. So I just stopped right then and there."

Diary of a Rumseller.

Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor fool Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart.

P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

P. S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will speedily make a drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell to him some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar. And yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for the facts look very queer on paper.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

The Unused Umbrella.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article, to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate we are sure that this is the case with the hoarded up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A LADY who has been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasbourg." "Oh, how I should love to see it!" gushed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

As the Wind Blows.

THE wind blows north, the wind blows south!
The wind blows east and west;
No matter how the free wind blow,
Some ship will find it best;
Some one out on the wide, wide sea,
Shouts with a happy air,
Ho! shipmates, ho! set all the sails,
The wind is blowing fair.

One ship sails out into the east,
Another to the west,
One has to struggle fierce and hard,
By winds and waves oppressed.
Under bare masts, tossed to and fro;
By rain and soft spray wet:
The other flies before the gale
With all her white sails set.

"O wind, O wind, why dost thou blow,
And out to ocean roar,
When I would steer my little bark
Towards some pleasant shore?
What honour will it do to thee
If down beneath the wave
My simple craft and I shall find
A cold, forgotten grave?"

"O foolish one, why wilt thou steer
Against the mighty gale?
There are ten thousand ships afloat
Beside thy tiny sail.
If you would float o'er pleasant seas
Oppose my will no more—
When I blow shoreward, then do thou
Sail also to the shore.

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive,
Do thou the best thou can;
Against my might set all thy skill,
And fight me like a man.
Keep by the wheel, steer steadily,
Keep watch above, below:
Such hearts will make the ports they seek
No matter what winds blow."

Lowering the Lights.

THE train was taking us rapidly along the Richmond and Alleghany railroad, where it hugs the cliffs of North River, following the old tow-path of the now disused canal. It was past midnight.

"We are passing through some of the most picturesque scenery in the United States," said my companion, and by pressing my face against the car window, I could see the outline of grand mountains, their cedar-covered slopes lighted by the mid-summer moon.

But it was a very unsatisfactory and tantalizing glimpse; I only saw enough to make me long to see more.

"It we only could get rid of these bright lamps in the car," I fretted, "we might have such views."

My kind fellow-traveller sought the conductor and asked him to put out the lights, and let us enjoy the wild scenery. Other passengers joined in urging the request.

"I can't ezactly put 'em out," said the accommodating fellow, "but I'll put 'em next to out," and he left only a small unobtrusive point of light burning behind each globe.

And what a world of beauty opened before us! Every car window framed bits of landscape that in beauty, or wildness, or grandeur, or silver tinting, would have been the despair, or the making of a landscape painter.

"How the Creator must love beauty!" I sighed, intoxicated with the scene.

But my design is not to share with you those enchanting views, even if that were possible. Rather, I wish to offer, for your own following out, a little parable suggested by the incident.

We were in danger of losing all this exhilarating beauty, by reason of six coal-oil lamps, which made the car cheerfully bright within. And how many of us turn on the earthly lights of home, and society, and business, and pleasure, and success, and prosperity, until God's higher and nobler purposes of truth and righteousness, of wide

charity to a suffering world, of deep heart communion with Himself, are entirely lost to us.

These earthly lights are necessary! Ay, so were the coal-oil lamps, but it is our business to keep them turned low! The godless, who are living only for this world, naturally secure for themselves as bright a blaze as they can compass; they know nothing of the glories beyond this earthly house of our tabernacle, and will believe nothing.

But oh! the pity and wrong that a Christian, whose soul's east window opens upon the garden of the Lord, should increase his paltry earth-lights, until they have power to blind him to the far out-reaching importance of spiritual things.

The remedy? We must lower the lights. Some of Christ's professed servants are planning and scheming to be rich, to add house to house, and field to field, and the glare of such an aim shuts out from their view most of the time the claims of their Master upon them.

Another wants public office, and sacrifices fortune and peace to the hope of fame. Alas, he too often sacrifices also that purity of soul which is the promise that we shall see God.

Many an anxious, self-denying mother puts her whole self into "advancing her children;" is she sure it is the upward road along which she is advancing them? If the jet of worldly prosperity were lower, her eyes would be clearer to mark the safe path for them.

And oh! the young Christians, our hope for a better and holier age—what can be said to warn them that if they keep the garish lights of pleasure at full blaze, missing all the opportunities of morning work for Jesus, then out between the lights when they begin to fade, as fade they must, will come the handwriting, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting!" It we could only be persuaded to divide by two, or by twenty, or by a hundred, our earthly ambitions and desires, we should receive a hundred fold more (of true joy) in this present life, and in the life to come an abundant entrance into the joy of our Lord!—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Episcopal Recorder.*

Get Up and Try Again.

WHAT does Johnny do when he stubs his toe and falls—just lie there on the ground? No, indeed! He is up and off again in a moment, and very careful is he not to stub his toe on that stone again, or any other like it. That is the way to do when we stumble in sin—in disobedience, anger, the use of bad words, or anything. Because little Christians do wrong, and feel guilty and that God is displeased, they should not give up all, and stay just there in sin and away from God. Why, that would be as though Johnny, when he fell, should stay flat on the ground and crawl after that, instead of walking. We should go right back to God, tell Him how sorry we are, ask Him to forgive us, and then try not to stumble on that stone again.—*Seb.*

A YANKEE, who had never paid more than a shilling to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him three shillings for a ticket. Passing the pass-board back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, master; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.