

## FORWARD, MARCH!

SUNNER, to the Saviour clinging,  
Trembling, trusting, smiling, singing,  
Hark! Again His voice is ringing:  
"Forward, march!"

Tarry not to count thy treasure;  
He will deal it without measure  
As thou doest His good pleasure—  
"Forward, march!"

Art thou faint? He stands beside thee.  
He shall help thee, guard thee, guide thee;  
In His shadow He shall hide thee—  
"Forward, march!"

Through the allurements of temptation,  
Through the fires of tribulation,  
Holding forth the great salvation,  
"Forward, march!"

By ten thousand foes surrounded,  
Mocked, opposed, assaulted, wounded,  
Thou shalt never be confounded—  
"Forward, march!"

Till thy bending head be hoary,  
Till shall close thine earthly story,  
Till thou step from grace to glory,  
"Forward, march!"  
—Theodore Monod.

## THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOY ALLISON.

"Have you redd up the parlour, Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've swept and I've aired and I've dusted, and it's clean and it's tidy from Dan to Beersheby, which sounds like poetry, though its prosy work enough."

"There! Hush! I do wish, Margaret, you wouldn't be so frivolous. You may go and sweep the back stairs."

"I've swept them once to-day, Nancy."

"Don't be so pert, Margaret."

"Pert?" said Margaret, in a tone of exasperation. "What shall I say?"

"It isn't altogether what you say; it's your way of saying it. As if you were so full—so full of—I can't express it; but you make me think of a colt, forever pulling at the bit and dancing and prancing about. This is a world of trouble and sorrow. Misery and death are on every side. We ought to think of our latter end."

"I suppose I ought to draw down my face, as you do, and talk and act as if I was living to the tune 'Hark' from the tombs."

"Now, Margaret, you're positively wicked. How can you make fun of a good religious hymn?"

"Nancy! I didn't make fun of it! You always goad me on, and then make out that I am so bad. I don't want to be bad, and I don't mean to be; but it seems as if I had to be."

Nancy Pickering drew a long sigh. Her look meant unutterable things.

Margaret took down her shawl and hat, saying: "I am going down to Grandmother Pond."

"What are you going there for?" asked her sister.

"I'm going so I needn't be any wicker. I must go out of doors somewhere and walk in the cool air or I shall be; and as I said before, I don't want to be."

Margaret departed, and Nancy sighed more deeply, as she watched her walking down the path to the road. It was a great pity that she couldn't understand the child. She would have given her right hand to save her from material injury; yes, and her left hand too, and yet they were forever jarring, and Margaret had scarcely an idea that her step-sister loved her. She thought her a hard task-mistress, who delighted to thwart and hamper and repress her in every way.

Margaret was seventeen, and, despite her name, she was a damask rose, rather than a daisy. Her bright complexion, her large black eyes, her speaking face, her movements, full of life and grace,

showed that she was of a different type from the pale, blue-eyed, thin-blooded Nancy.

From her birth she had been the care of her elder sister, for her mother died when she was but two days old. Nancy had but one idea of the virtuous woman. She should be quiet, serene, submissive, self-controlled, economical, industrious; and she had tried to mould her sister after this pattern. She must not spoil the child. And so all her training had been repression, and Margaret could not be repressed. She was impulsive. She was uneven. She was often wilful. Sometimes she would work with tremendous energy, only that she might waste hours (her sister thought them wasted) in strolling over the hills and through the woods, in search of flowers, or even "dead leaves," as Nancy called the gorgeously-painted treasures of Autumn. Therefore, Nancy was often discouraged and vexed with Margaret, and irritated her with fault-finding and needless restraint.

And, therefore, Margaret was rude, and defiant, and willful to Nancy and utterly incredulous of her affection.

She walked down the road, sure that Nancy's eye was upon her, strict to mark any departure from womanly dignity and decorum. Then she turned the corner where the brook crossed the road, and was hidden from sight by the thick hedge of willows that grew along its borders.

The moment she felt herself free from all restraint, she ran and danced along the road. She sang; she whistled to the birds in the hedges; she took a knife from her pocket, cut a long switch from the willows, with which she snapped off the heads of the purple and white asters that grew beside the road.

It was a mile to the village where her grandmother lived. By the time she got there she had frolicked away some of the wild spirits that had been accumulating during the two rainy days that she had been shut up in the house, and walked down the main street with propriety, though with a free, elastic step.

She stopped at the bookstore, to feast her eyes upon the pictures in the windows and to read hungrily the titles of the finely-bound volumes displayed there. A boy, distributing hand-bills, gave her one, as he passed, and she read it as she walked along.

## "GRAND GIFT CONCERT!"

\$2,000 GIVEN AWAY IN PRIZES!

First Prize: A Cottage House and Lot!

Second Prize: A Grand Piano!

etc., etc.,

Tickets one Dollar.

"A piano! Oh! I do so wish I could go! Only a dollar, and I might draw a piano and I have wanted one so long. If Nancy would only be willing; but she wouldn't. What does she care for a piano? It wouldn't make beds, nor sweep, nor even knit, and those things are all she lives for. I mean to ask Father if I mayn't go. A piano! If I could only get it!"

Her thoughts were full of the matter during her walk home, and she could not wait till the evening to talk with her father, but opened the subject with her sister as soon as she got home.

"It's a concert, and I'm going if Father'll let me; and there are prizes a piano and a sewing machine. Shouldn't you like a sewing machine, Sister Nancy?"

"I shouldn't like to have one that I got by gambling. What in the world are you thinking of, Margaret Pickering? And you a deacon's daughter!" Nancy replied, with virtuous indignation.

"I didn't think of it as gambling," said Margaret, with unusual meekness. "I suppose Father wouldn't approve it then."

"Of course he wouldn't approve it," said Nancy, with unnecessary acrimony.

Margaret was vexed by her sister's manner and disappointed in her hope of the piano.

"Why," she thought, "must I always be hampered and tied down because my father happens to be the deacon of the church? What can there be so very wrong in going to a good concert where gifts are distributed? 'Lotteries!' Well, what of it? It doesn't sound very well; but that's because I've been taught that it stood for something bad, and I don't really see the harm after all."

Every day she went down to the post-office, for the mail, and near the entrance was a flaming poster, to keep the Gift Concert in the minds of the people. Among the list of singers there were names of people that she knew, by sight and hearing, if not personally. Mrs. Crane was one. Mrs. Crane could sing delightfully. Margaret was always an admirer of Mrs. Crane. Surely, she would not sing in such a concert if there was anything very wrong in it.

"Tickets for sale at Eaton's Bookstore."

Every time Margaret read that, it was with a growing desire, a strengthening purpose.

But there were difficulties in the way of carrying any plan into execution. The concert was a mile from her home. She was never allowed to go so far in the evening.

She could stay at Grandmother Pond's all night. This thought, banished, returned again. Grandmother Pond was old and tender-hearted. Too indulgent sometimes, perhaps; but she may have thought Nancy made up that in needless restrictions. Whenever Margaret spent a night with her, she could go out in the evening, and no questions would be asked, if she were back before ten o'clock.

Saturday afternoon, when Margaret went down to the post-office, she put her purse in her pocket. There was a gold dollar in it, a pocket-piece that had long been in her possession.

"It's my own. It's nobody's business," she said, over and over, trying to convince herself.

It was a little cold and windy. Perhaps that was the reason she wore her thick brown veil. She scarcely pushed it aside when, standing with fast-beating heart at the counter in Eaton's Bookstore she held out the gold dollar and asked for a ticket to the Gift Concert. A boy waited upon her. She did not know him and she hoped he did not know her. She put the ticket in her purse and hurried out.

Now that she had gone so far, Margaret felt that she must go to the concert, of course; and the only way was through her grandmother's house. It would scarcely happen that a knowledge of the gift enterprise would reach the old lady, in her retired manner of life.

"There is no need of any explanation. It is only a concert that I wish to attend. There is no deception about it."

Margaret had to say this over often, to satisfy her conscience; for Grandmother Pond had some rigid notions of right and duty, that all her tenderness could not cause her to break over, and Margaret more than suspected that she would not approve of her plans and purposes.

Every day she opened her purse, to look at the ticket. "Number three hundred and forty-one." It sounded well. It was an odd number, and somehow odd numbers were oftenest the lucky ones. At least, Margaret thought so.

"If it should prove the winning number!" She wondered how she should break the matter to her father and Nancy. How should she get the piano home. Would they ever consent to let her keep it? And if they wouldn't—but, if it was hers, her very own, they must. "Of course, they would. They couldn't be so cruel as to refuse," she thought.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT IS THE "WORK OF THE LORD."

The work of the Lord is not what is popularly considered *religious* work—religious activity, bustle, exercise. It is these, indeed, but it is far more. It does not consist in something *external* to ourselves. To feed the hungry, to rescue the fallen, to visit the sick, to spread the Gospel, to enlighten mankind—these are among the "work of the Lord." But they are not first in importance. That which is first in importance must be first in order; and surely the first in importance is, and must be, His work in *ourselves*. The work of the Lord is a personal thing. It embraces *man's own soul*. Man neglects the first feature in the work of the Lord when he overlooks *himself*. In crucifying some unholy affection, in subduing some evil propensity, in overcoming some pernicious habit, in cultivating some holy feature, some heavenly principle in his mind or heart, the Christian is doing the work of the Lord as truly as the holiest saint that ever laboured in the Lord's vineyard, or the brightest archangel that stands nearest the throne of the Eternal. He is thus clearing away all that in him which would hinder the light of heaven from shining from within. He is clearing away all obstructions so that the glory of the Lord may shine through the earthen vessel.

And, let me ask, is not this "work of the Lord" of the highest order—yea, with which all other works dwindle into comparative insignificance? Surely it is! The work of the Lord must then with every Christian, "begin at home." In watchfulness over his own soul, and against the world and sin; in watchfulness unto private prayer and meditation on the Word of God; in watchfulness over the lawful indulgences of life; in watchfulness on every means that will tend to make him strong in the Lord; and above all, in watchfulness against the exceeding deceitfulness of his own heart. Oh, *this* is the work of the Lord! This is the sphere for its first and greatest exercise! Let all others be held secondary to this. Let all others fail, but never this. This is the great want of the age. Lord of light and love and mercy, give the writer and reader of these lines, to be always *abounding in this work of the Lord!* This is "work of the Lord" every Christian may do.

Shame that any one should say, "I have no sphere in which to labour for Christ!" Go within thine own heart and conscience and secret life, Christian, and there work for God, and may the Lord find you thus engaged when He sends for you! This is God's highest sphere of labour for Him. God's noblest workers may be in the *dungeon* or the *garret*, behind a counter or at a desk, the menial in a household, or the sweeper of a crossing. It is thus that true religion, like the sun in the heavens, shines in every place. It goes down to every depth. It sheds its rays in the darkest dungeon as purely as in the noblest palace—on sea and land, or forest and plain, on the meanest flower and the loftiest tree. Each unfolds itself to its influence, and reflects it in one form or another. So should the truth be in us. It is for all. It is for each. It is for the little and trifling duties of life as well as for its greatest. Thus we may each abound in the work of the Lord. Let us never suppose that there is any position in which we may not abound in God's work. The man after God's own heart was a king on his throne, and with all the cares of the nation on his heart. The man who was summoned to heaven without dying, had the testimony that he pleased God amid the bustle of daily duties, and the cares of domestic life. Embracing as it does *man's* individual growth in grace, it takes in every individual in whatsoever occupa-