

## The Legend of Monk Gabriel.

BY MARY A. F. STANSBURY

Day by day, within his cell  
Dwelt the friar Gabriel,  
Hour by hour, on bended knee,  
Counting o'er his rosary,  
All his spirit worn and faint  
With its burden of complaint.  
"Lord, who gav'st thy life for me,  
See, I bare my soul to thee!  
Fain am I to do thy will,  
Yet my hands are empty still.  
Gone the days when faith was young,  
When ser spake and psalmist sung,  
Or the knight with cross on breast,  
Ringing shield, and lance in rest,  
Marched o'er half the world to win  
Thy dear tomb from Saladin!  
O to strike for thee such blows,  
Wresting victory from thy foes!  
Life or death were naught to me,  
Could I serve thee worthily!"

'Round him in the quiet cell  
Evening shadows softly fell,  
Sleep—God's sweet surcease of care—  
Stilled upon his lips the prayer.  
But at midnight's deepest hour,  
(Like that glorious cactus-flower  
Which unfolds its secret white  
Only to the tender night,  
In the dark a radiance grew,  
Such as daylight never knew,  
And a voice spake low and clear  
In his spirit's quickened ear:  
"Rise and follow!" Unafraid,  
Questioning naught, the monk obeyed.

Clearer than the dazzling noon,  
Softer than the summer moon,  
Shone before that wondrous star,  
While his footsteps followed far  
Through the silent, sleeping street,  
Past where hill and river meet,  
Till, above a lonely plain,  
Lo! the light was still again.  
And within the steady ray  
Blocks of rough-hewn marble lay.

"Son!" once more the summons came,  
"Build a temple to my name!"  
But he trembled at the word,  
Crying, "Mock me not, O Lord!  
Weak my hands, and all unskilled;  
How shall I thy temple build?"  
Still replied that mystic call,  
"Haste thee, son, to lay the wall!"  
Bidding doubt and fear be gone.  
Straight he seized a massive stone,  
Tingling nerve and muscle tense  
Strained in swift obedience.

At his touch—O wondrous grace—  
Slid the great block to its place  
Noiseless, yet resistlessly  
As the sunbeams draw the sea!  
Stone by stone, the long night through,  
'Neath his hand the structure grew,  
Till the morning tipped with fire  
Lofty tower and carven spire.  
Then (as once the prophet prayed  
For his servant, sore dismayed),  
Gently from the bending skies  
Fell the words, "Unclose his eyes!"  
To his vision purified  
Swelled the light, a living tide,  
And within that radiant flood  
Ranks of shining builders stood,  
Each with eye and hand attent  
On some heavenly instrument!

Then the voice, "Behold, my son,  
These thy helpers! Not alone  
Hast thou toiled with willing hand  
To fulfill thy Lord's command!  
Canst thou find a load too great  
For such lightening of its weight?  
Stone too rough to shine at last  
Flawless in his temple vast?  
Seek no more his will afar;  
At thy door thy duties are!  
Do his bidding, day by day,  
So rude axe and hammer may  
For thy hand be worthier far  
Than the sword Excalibur!"

## Grace Randall's Resolve.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." I have been thinking of that verse all day," said Dr. Gale, in young people's meeting one evening. "My dear young friends, has he done great things for you? Has he forgiven your sins? Is he your friend and helper every hour of your life? And have you told your friends? Have you urged them to seek and find this precious Friend?"

Grace Randall bent her head with a sudden sense of shame, in the stillness that followed.

"I don't believe I've ever said a word to anybody," she thought, in a conscience-smitten way, "though I've talked enough about everything else. I wish I had. It seems so mean and ungrateful not to; but, somehow, we young folks are always laughing and talking about everything else, and one can't seem to say such things. I will try to say something to somebody, though, if I have a good chance."

Grace was on her way down town the next day, when she met Tom Phillips, face to face.

"How are you, Grace?" he said. "You're just the one I want to see. In fact, I was on my way up to your house. I've had a fine offer from my uncle, in D——, and shall accept it. He wants me to come at once if I do; so I start to-night, and must say good-bye to you for nobody knows how long. D—— is a wide-awake city, and uncle belongs to the aristocracy, so I expect I'll have some fine times."

"Tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

It seemed to Grace that she heard those words distinctly, and she remembered her resolve. Was not this her chance?

How could she, though? Tom was so utterly devoid of all serious thought and impulse.

But she knew something of this uncle of his to whom he was going. He might, perhaps, do well by him in business, but he would be no help, either by word or example, to Tom, in finding or serving Christ; and Tom had no mother or sister to speak such words to him.

"Tell thy friend—" How sharply and imperatively the words rang in her ears! It seemed to her that Tom could not help hearing them, and the thump, thump, thump of her heart. There was only a minute for hesitation; but it seemed to Grace that she had never before, in all her life, thought so much in so short a space of time. There was a wordless cry for help went up from her heart, and Grace had decided.

"We shall miss you, Tom," she said. "I hope you will have the best of success, and find all the pleasure you anticipate. But, Tom, more than anything else, I wish that you would take my best friend for yours, too. Won't you? I can't tell you what a friend he is."

Tom's face flushed, and for a minute he, too, hesitated; then he answered, in a tone that Grace had never heard him use before.

"Thank you—you're very kind. I've often wondered why, if it really meant anything to you, you never spoke of it to your friends."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so sorry and ashamed! Forgive me, please, and remember I shall pray for you every day."

"Don't!" exclaimed Tom, with a little start of dismay. "I know it sounds awfully for me to speak like that; but, somehow, I have a feeling that I shall have to be a Christian, anyway, if you are praying for me, and I am not quite ready yet. I want to see a little of the world first."

"It isn't safe. Tom, I shall pray with my whole

heart and soul that you may see the world, with Christ at your side for your guide and master. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Tom. And then he went his way, with a strangely thoughtful look on his face—some one was praying for him now. He wished that she would not, and yet—in a certain way—it gave him a feeling of safety to think of it, though he was not ready to be a Christian yet.

Some time, of course, he would; but there were many things he wanted and meant to do, that would not be quite the thing for a professed Christian to do. There would be time enough by and by—after he had seen a little of the world—as he had said to Grace.

But she had said it was not safe. What did she mean by that? That there was danger of his yielding to temptation, or that he might be taken away suddenly, without any chance to seek and find Christ? Oh, no, there was not much probability of that! He was well and strong. He would probably live to be an old man. And having come to that conclusion, Tom tried to forget all about it.

But he could not. Wherever he went, or whatever he did, the thought that Grace was praying for him, followed him, and still he held back. He was not ready yet. The gay world was too enticing.

But, one day, there was an accident to the train on which he was. He was talking with his seat-mate, with never a thought of danger, when, all at once, there was an ominous thud and thrill, and then—one had been taken and the other left! Side by side one moment; the next—?

"What if it had been me?" thought Tom, in a horror-stricken way, as he made himself useful to the suffering ones about him. Why had he escaped unhurt? "If I hadn't, where should I be now?" was his thought. Oh, Grace, you were right—it isn't safe to be without Christ! And to think that he should have mercifully spared me, when I have striven against him so!

A few days later, Grace received the following note:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your prayer is answered. I have found Christ; and I do humbly believe, that, unworthy as I am, he has accepted me for his child. The most that I can do for him, will be nothing to what I owe him. I thank you for your words and prayers. Do not give them up now, for I am weak, and need help.

"And, Grace, speak to others as you spoke to me. If we have found help and comfort in Christ, how can we be silent about it? And how strange it must seem to others if our lips are sealed on that one subject! So let us tell the old, old story, over and over again, because it has done so much for us. Yours, gratefully, Tom."

"Perhaps I might have helped others," thought Grace, sadly. "I will never be so silent again, God helping me."—*Our Youth.*

DR. TALMAGE seems to have had a good time in Palestine. After returning to London, he took luncheon and spent the afternoon with Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden Castle. Mr. Gladstone had telegraphed an invitation to the preacher. Dr. Talmage was received cordially, and the two gentlemen had a long talk on religious and political questions. Mr. Gladstone said: "Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christians. During the many years I was in the Cabinet, I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."