

ing or he could not reach his circuit, much less preach when he got there. At the close of his second day he inquired for a Methodist house at which to stop, and was directed to the double-cabin of a "located" preacher—no who had been a "travelling" preacher, but, having married, was under the necessity of entangling himself with the things of this world that he might get bread for his children. As he rode up to the house Kike gladly noted the horses hitched to the fences as an evidence that there must be a meeting in progress. He was in Morton's circuit, who could tell that he should not meet him here!

When Kike entered the house, Morton stood in the door between the two rooms preaching, with the back of a "split-bottomed" chair for a pulpit. For a moment the pale face of Kike, so evidently smitten with death, appalled him; then it inspired him, and Morton never spoke better on that favourite theme of the early Methodist evangelist—the rest in heaven—than while drawing his inspiration from the pallid countenance of his comrade.

"Ah! Kike!" he said, when the meeting was dismissed, "I wish you had my body."

"What do you want to keep me out of heaven for, Mort? Let God have his way," said Kike, smiling contentedly.

But long after Kike slept that night Morton lay awake. He could not let the poor fellow go off alone. So in the morning he arranged with the located brother to take his appointments for awhile, and let him ride one day with Kike.

"Ride ten or twenty, if you want to," said the ex-preacher. "The corn's laid by and I've got nothing to do, and I am spoiling for a preach."

Kike's circuit lay off to the southeast of Hickory Ridge, and Morton, persuaded that he was unfit to preach, endeavoured to induce the dying man to turn aside and rest at Dr. Morgan's, only ten miles out of his road.

"I tell you, Morton, I've got very little strength left. I cannot spend it better than in trying to save souls. I want to make one or two rounds at least, preaching with all the heart I have. Then I'll cease at once to work and live, and who knows but that I may slay more in my death than in my life!

But Morton feared that he would not be able to make one round. He thought he had an over-estimate of his strength, and that the final break-down might come at any moment. So, on the morning of the second day, he refused to yield to Kike's entreaties to return.

Now it happened that they missed the trail and wandered far out of their way. It rained all the afternoon, and Kike got drenched in crossing a stream. Then a chill came on, and Morton sought shelter. He stopped at a cabin.

"Come in, come in, brethren," said the settler, as soon as he saw them "I 'low ye're preachers. Brother Goodwin I know. Heard him down at camp-meetin' last fall,—time Conference met on the Ridge. And this brother looks miserable. Got the shak's, I 'low? Your name, brother, is—"

"Brother Lumsden," said Morton. "Lumsden? I kinder recollect that you were sick up at Dr. Morgan's, Conference time. Hy?"

Morton looked bewildered.

"How far is Dr. Morgan's from here?"

"Nigh onto three quarters round the road, I 'low."

"How did we get here? We aimed at Lanham's Ferry," said Morton bewildered.

"Tuck the wrong trail a mile back, I 'low. You should've gone by Hank's Mills."

In spite all protestations from the Methodist brother, Morton was determined to take Kike to Dr. Morgan's. Kike was just sick enough to be passive, and he suffered himself to be put back into the saddle to ride to the doctor's.

It did not require very great medical skill to understand what must be the result of Kike's sickness.

"What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Morton, next morning.

"Absolute physical bankruptcy, sir," answered the physician, in his abrupt manner. "There is not water enough left in the branch to run the mill seven days. Wasted life, sir, wasted life. It is a pity but you Methodists had a little moderation in your zeal."

When the doctor came in to see Kike after breakfast the next morning, the patient looked at him wistfully.

"Doctor Morgan, tell me the truth. Will I ever get up?"

"You can never get up, my dear boy," said the physician huskily.

A smile of relief spread over Kike's face. At that word the awful burden of his morbid sense of responsibility for the world's salvation, the awful burden of a self-sacrifice that was terrible and that must be lifelong, slipped from his weary soul. There was then nothing more to be done but to wait for the Master's release. He shut his eyes, murmured a "Thank God!" and lay for minutes motionless.

When Saturday morning came, Kike was sinking. "Doctor Morgan," he said, "do not leave me long. I am looking for my mother to-day."

Saturday passed and Kike's mother had not arrived. On Sunday morning he was almost past speaking.

"Splendid life wasted," said the doctor, sadly, to Morton, pointing to the dying man.

"Yes, indeed. What a pity he had no care for himself," answered Morton.

"Patty," said Kike, opening his eyes, "the Bible." Patty got the Bible.

"Read in the 26th of Matthew, from the seventh verse to the thirteenth, inclusive," Kike spoke as if he were announcing a text.

Then she read about the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, that was broken over the head of Jesus, and the complaint that it was wasted, with the Lord's reply.

"You are right, my dear boy," said Doctor Morgan with effusion, "what is spent for love is never wasted. It is a very precious box of ointment that you have broken upon Christ's head, my son. The Lord will not forget it."

When Kike's mother rose up the door on Sunday morning, the people had already begun to gather in crowds, drawn by the expectation that Morton would preach in the Hickory Ridge church. Hearing that Kike, whose piety was famous all the country over, was dying, they filled Doctor Morgan's house and yard, sitting in sad, silent

groups on the fences and door-steps, and standing in the shade of the yard trees. As the dying preacher's mother passed through, the crowd of country people fell back and looked reverently at her.

Kike was already far gone. He was barely able to greet his mother.

A white pigeon flew in at one of the windows and lit upon the bosom of the dying man. The early Western people believed in marvels, and Kike was to them a saint. At sight of the snow-white dove pluming itself upon his breast they all started back. Was it a heavenly visitant? Kike opened his eyes and gazed upon the dove a moment. The dove plumed itself a moment longer, looked round on the people out of its mate and gentle eyes, then flitted out of the window again and disappeared in the sunlight.

A smile overspread the dying man's face, he clasped his hands upon his bosom, and it was a full minute before anybody discovered that the pure heroic spirit of Ezekiah Lumsden had gone to its rest.

He had requested that no name should be placed over his grave. "Let God have any glory that may come from my labors and let everybody forget me," he said. But Doctor Morgan had a slab of the common blue limestone of the hills—marble was not to be had—cut out for a headstone. The device upon it was a dove, the only inscription: "An alabaster box of very precious ointment."

Death is not always matter for grief. If you have ever witnessed a rich sunset from the summit of a lofty mountain, you will remember how the world was transfigured before you in the glory of resplendent light, and how, long after the light had faded from the cloud drapery, and long after the hills had begun to lose themselves in the abyss of darkness, there lingered a glory in the western horizon—a joyous memory of the splendid pomp of the evening. Even so the glory of Kike's dying mid: all who saw it feel like those who have witnessed a sublime spectacle, which they may never see again. The memory of it lingered with them like the long-lingering glow behind the western mountains. Sorry that the suffering life had ended in peace, one could not be; and never did stormy day find more placid sunset than his.

The only commemoration his name received was in the Conference Minutes, where, like other such heroes, he was curtly embalmed in the usual four lines:

"Ezekiah Lumsden was a man of God, who freely gave up his life for his work. He was tireless in labour, patient in suffering, bold in rebuking sin, holy in life and conversation, and triumphant in death."

The early Methodists had no time for eulogies. A hand out of earth, a few hurried words of tribute, and the bugle called to the battle. The man who died was at rest, the men who stayed had the mere work to do.

THE END.

A recent German writer says: "The lark goes up singing toward heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings, then straightway she falls. So is it with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink."

THE NAME UPON THE WINDOW-PANE.

IN the old Scottish inn we met,
A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, poor and priest,
And many a traveller browned and tanned,
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,
Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet amid the drifting talk
A little message came to me.

It happened thus, a restless boy
Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, starred with a thousand names,
His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
And took the diamond from his hand,
But ere a letter had been formed,
A voice accustomed to command

Cried, "Philip, stop; before you write,
Consider well what you're about."
"Father, why should I hesitate?"
"Because you cannot rub it out."
These words fell on my idle ear;
I said them o'er and o'er again,
And asked myself, O who would choose
All they have written to remain!

Unto a loving mother oft
We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word
That now we never can rub out;
For cruel words cut deeper far
Than diamond on the window-pane;
And oft recalled in after years,
They would harrow o'er and o'er again.

So in our daily work and life,
We write and do and say the thing
We never can undo nor stay
With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts,
Ah, then, how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
Because we cannot rub them out.
—Harper's Weekly.

NEVER WASTE BREAD.

ONE day, about one hundred and thirty years ago, a young Scottish maiden was busy about her household affairs, when an aged stranger came to the door and asked permission to enter and rest, requesting at the same time something to eat. The young girl brought him a bowl of bread and milk, and tried in various ways to make him comfortable. A piece of bread happening to fall on the floor, she pushed it out of the way into a heap of ashes. "Never waste bread!" cried the stranger with much emotion, plucking up the bread and putting it into his milk. "I have known a time when I would have given gold for a handful of corn kneaded in a soldier's bonnet." A quick suspicion crossed the girl's mind, and sent her to the room of her invalid mother, who hastened to the kitchen on hearing the description of the old man with the delicate hands and clean coarse linen. In a moment she knew him to be the good Scottish lord on whose estate they were tenants. He had just returned from the battle of Culloden, where the young prince, Charles Edward, had been defeated by the royal troops. He and many others were obliged to hide for their lives. After being driven from one cave to another, he at last found a safe hiding-place on a part of his estate where were large cairns, called the "cairns of Pit-aligo." The lady who tells the story says that "everyone in the neighbourhood knew of his retreat; but the very children would go peep at him as he sat reading, but never breathe his name." "No," she adds, "shall I ever forget the lesson the poor fugitive taught me—never to waste bread."

Never be idle. When your hands are not usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.