INSTRUMENTS IN GOD'S HAND.

Charles Ballou stood at the street corner. It was not a city, only a large town, not so large that a person who was much about town would not be likely to know pretty

much everything that was going on.
Thus it was that the ringing of the church bell on Monday evening awakened a sort of wonder as to what might be "the doings" over there. He had halted at the corner to wait for an acquaintance who had promised to meet him at that particular place. Just down the street a few doors hung out a glit-tering sign, which had a peculiar attraction for this young man. Below the sign were brilliantly illuminated windows, and through the windows one looked in upon elegantly furnished rooms, where there were no signs of the enemy that lurked in the rear.

This was one of those traps for unwary feet with which our large towns and cities, and indeed many smaller towns as well, abound. Charles Ballou knew the place. He knew the danger ; he had met the enemy there more than once and had been overcome in the encounter again and again until he had well-nigh lost his manhood. There were unseen forces drawing him thither that night; the friend for whom he waited was a force drawing him that way; his own appetite, his unbridled passions, all the evil of the region of darkness seemed to conspire to drag him down that street, if he thought | your cold seems much better." to resist, and what chance was there that he would resist?

But the sound of that bell! Up the other street stood a church, and from its tower an invitation pealed out to the passer by. From its windows an invitation streamed out while the gathering crowd seemed to invite every one to join them. What could be going on to call out all these people? he questioned within himself, and as at that moment one whom he knew passed he asked the question.

"Why, don't you know? Burton lectures there to-night, you'll need to go early if you get a seat; there'll be a crowd."

And Dr. Spencer passed rapidly on towards the church, saying to himself, "Most likely he will go down George Street instead of coming this way.
Pity somebody does not stretch out a

hand to hold the poor fellow back."

Ah! Dr. Spencer, why should it not be your hand? Let Dr. Spencer

answer. While Mr. Ballou still waited for his tardy friend, Laura Keene came down the street and was about to turn the corner on her way to the church whose bell was still tolling. In her haste she ran against the stationary figure of the waiting young man. "Why, Mr. Ballou! Pardon me, but I am in haste, if you will walk along with me I will apologize for my care-lessness as we go."
This was said with a merry laugh

on the surface, though Laura Keene's heart went upward in a quick prayer.

Charles Ballou's young wife was her Sundayschool teacher, and this fifteen year old girl had noticed the growing sadness of the face she loved, and knew the cause, and longed to do something to help. "You are going to hear Mr. Burton, I suppose?" she added. "I wasn't going," was the reply, "in

fact, I did not know there was a Mr. Burton to hear until a few moments ago. Is he worth hearing?"

"Indeed he is; I heard him at the Convention last summer; he is just splendld. You'll miss a great deal if you miss him."
"What does he speak upon?"

"I believe he is to speak upon 'A question of to-day;' that may mean a great many things, and I suspect he will touch a number of points before he gets through, he generally does. Oh! he is simply wonder-

would like to have you hear Mr. Burton."

"Well, I will go in a little while; but I shall be on the lookout for imperfections, as you have challenged me to find them."
"Oh! I do not say he is perfect, but I

like him. And thus it happened that, to the surprise of many of their friends, Laura Keene, in to-night. How did it happen? Did you company with Mr. Charles Ballou, followed like him? And is he going to speak the usher down the siele of the already well- | again?"

filled church. It must not be supposed that Laura Keene's parents allowed her to go about of an evening unattended; it was in the dusk of an early autumn evening that she met Mr. Ballou at the corner a few steps from her father's store. Mr. Keene was detained at his place of business, and said to his daughter :

"Run along, dear, and get a seat, and I will come later! I may have to stand if there is a crowd. You won't mind going to our own church alone." And this is how it happened that she met Charles Ballou as the enticements of the saloon were drawing him in one path while the tolling bell and his curiosity concerning it turned his thoughts in another direction. Thus it happened that here was the hand that, added to other forces, drew him towards the lightnot the glittering false lights of the saloon, but the true light of religion and temper-

Meantime the young wife waited at home in sadness; a slight illness had kept her within doors for a day or two. Her hus-band had gone out that evening, saying :

"I am sorry, Allie, to leave you, but I shall have to go down street a little while it is try to come back early; but don't wait for me. Let Kitty put you to bed and think you will be all right to-morrow

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with your little Laura Keene; I liked him, and he is going to stay a few days—and Allie, darling," here his voice sunk to a whisper, "I put my name on the pledge roll."

"O Charlie!"

"Yes; and that isn't all. I tell you, Alice, that is a wonderful man. I have heard sermons all my life, but I never before felt that I wanted Jesus Christ for my friend; but to-night when he showed up the weakness of men and the power of Christ to keep, I just-took Him for my

Alice was weeping now, but her tears were not the bitter tears of despair.

"It is only three hours since I left you, Allie, yet everything is changed; I am not the same man I was then, and that blessed little Laura is at the bottom of it all." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, But you are her Sunday-school teacher I shouldn't wonder if you were at the bottom of it, after all."

When he told her the story of the evening, of his waiting at the corner, of his encounter with Laura, and all the rest-and at the close Alice said,-

"It seems to me that God was at the bottom of it all, and he used us all-your tardy friend, Doctor Spencer, Laura and She did not let Kitty put her to bed; but me to bring about his gracious purposes sat and waited wearily through the long towards you."—Pansy.

"What a shower of questions! I went | dasaw one man, armed only with a blanket advance and seize him by the throat, while two others, also unarmed, grasp his tail, and then the trio, still holding on, carry him through the streets and thrust him back into the den whence he had been taken,

Not long since, the writer saw Mr. Thomson, a dealer in live animals, open a box containing an anaconda, quite as long as this one, take the reptile by the throat, and calmly examine his mouth, opened though it was in rage, to look for cancerous humors. Then from adjoining shelves he took python after python, each about ten feet long, and examined them in like manner. Only last week, at the place of another dealer (Reiche), a big, powerful Syrian bear, a type known for its ferocity, was subdued without the firing of a shot. The bear broke through iron bars half an inch thick, and, standing up with his back against a cage of monkeys, thrust his terrible paws threateningly toward three keepers gathered about him. He didn't have a chance to use them, however, for he was belabored with clubs until glad to get back again into his cage. On a pedestal near the gate of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, there recently stood the stuffed figure of a donkey which, when alive, withstood the attack of a lion and beat him off. The lion, it seems, had broken out of his cage and escaped to a wood near by. On a grassy hillock adjoining, a donkey lay stretched in placid slumber -- a slumber that was rudely disturbed by the lion, who, in a

few bounds, was upon him. When the donkey felt the great mass of flesh descend upon him as if from the clouds, he was stunned and indignant, but not frightened, perhaps because he had never read any of the wonderful stories about the lion. He quickly recovered from the blow, and, rising, shot out both hind feet at the same time, and caught the lion squarely in the forehead. Badly hurt, the lion skulked off, and later the donkey died of the wound he received at the onset.

-Scientific American.

HE HELL ROCK TER WA THRON COMFORT FOPLE THOU EVERY ONE YOUR SINS IGH THAT. THAT THIRSTETH SCAP WHILE HE TO THE WATERS. BE FOUND ORROWS SAVIOUR

SAITH THE PROPHET ESAIAS AS

Give references (from Isaiah) to the texts on these 15 cards.

hours. struck eight, then nine, and still Alice Ballou sat in her armchair before the grate; she leaned her head upon her hand, while her elbow rested upon the arm of the chair. There were tears upon her cheeks and her eyes were heavy with weeping and weari-As the clock struck nine, she said to

herself:
"Only nine! Charlie will not be in before eleven, I presume. I suppose I may as well let Kitty help me to bed. O, Charlie! If you would only come home."

Presently she heard a step on the walk coming up the steps; it sounded like Charlie's, yet it could not be, so early! She waited for the ringing of the doorbell, but it did not ring; instead she heard the click of the night key; it must be Charlie! It had hear a love since he had agree in carly. had been so long since he had come in early "Allowing Miss Laura Keene to be the judge," said the young man, laughing.
"Well, come and hear him and be your own judge. Now just to show you that I know something about the merits of a speaker, I putting his arms about her said:

"Allowing Miss Laura Keene to be the upon those evenings when he left her alone that she could scarcely believe her own eyes when he stood before her—though he did not stand long; he knelt beside her, and putting his arms about her said:

"Alice I have something to tell you:

"O, Charlie! I know about him. And you have heard him? I wanted to hear him, but I did not know he was to be here

The little clock on the mantel MAN'S POWER OVER WILD ANI- he fell asleep sometimes only from the ex-MALS

> Those who have carefully observed the management of wild animals in menageries, zoological gardens, and in the pens of the animal dealers, must, at times, have been astonished at the ease with which hired men, comparatively unarmed, subdue beasts which we have been taught yield only to the blazing rifle, and fight gamely until death. A lion escapes from his cage, and crouches at the darkened end of the menagerie. Remembering the stories we have read of the ferocity of this beast and of the terrible scenes of the lion hunt, we can imagine only one mode of action. The keepers should arm themselves with rifles, hide behind barriers, and open a rapid fire upon him. To our surprise, they don't do this. They simply wheel a great cage up to him, fall upon him with clubs, and thrash away until he enters it.

Some time ago, an anaconda seventeeen "And how did you cure yourself of it?" feet long broke away while being carried asked one of her friends. New "Alice, I have something to tell you; something which will make you glad. I have been to the church to-night to hear a man they call Mr. Burton."

"Of Chalie! I have a bound her said:

"Alice, I have something to tell you; With vivid pictures of the exploits of this reptile in the Amazon watershed before our eyes, we expected to see him fall upon the nearest human being, enfold him in his toils, eyes, we expected to see him fall upon the and crush him to a jelly. Surely it will take armed and resolute men to capture him! No; on the contrary, this is not required; and it must have been with a feeling akin to disappointment that those who had read of the ferocity of the anaconda Exchange.

TIMID BOYS.

Some timid boys are judged too harshly by their companions; nay, by their nearest relatives, and even their own mothers. Johnny's mother kept it for years as an awful secret that he, a robust-looking boy, was afraid of the dark! She thought the trait something peculiar to that

how relieved she was to discover that another mother's Tommy was afflicted with the same infirmity. If she had gone extensively into the study of biography, she would have found that several of the most illustrious men who have ever lived were mortally afraid of the dark.

Charles Lamb, for example, suffered for years from this cause, and suffered terribly. As soon as the candle was extinguished, his misery began, and

haustion of terror. If he had to pass through his bed-room in the daytime, he turned his eyes away from the bed, the scene of so much agony.

If some kind, judicious friend or relative had but known his infirmity, he might have been gradually relieved, and, at last, entirely cured. If he had known that half the boys in the world, at some period of their boyhood, are afraid of the dark, the bitter sting of shame would have been taken from him.

It is to be noted that good boys of lively imagination are peculiarly liable to this kind of fear. They are often brave in meeting real dangers, and, if necessary, they could fight well in self-defence, or in defence of a girl, or of a boy weaker than themselves. It is against imaginary dangers that their

courage is wanting.
"I used to be awfully afraid of the dark," said a little girl of ten the other day.

Her answer was a wise one, for so young a philosopher. She said. "Whenever I felt afraid, I would stand still and say to myself, 'There is nothing in this room except what there was before dark.'"—Youth's Companion.

WHEN THE CROSS is heavy remember the sufferings of the bleeding Nazarine.-