



A JAPANESE GIRL.

## SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,

Some other day;

And harbours we hope to drift into,

Some other day.

With folded hands the oars that trail,  
We watch and wait for a favouring gale  
To fill the folds of an idle sail,

Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win,

Some other day;

But we say to ourselves, There's time to begin,

Some other day;

And so, deferring, we loiter on,  
Until at last we find withdrawn

The strength of the hope we leaned upon,  
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,  
Some other day,

We fret for the things that might have been done,  
Some other day.

We trace the path that leads us where  
The beckoning hand of grim despair  
Leads us yonder out of the here,  
Some other day.

## THE PENITENT'S HYMN

"Depth of mercy can there be?"

An actress in one of the provincial towns, while passing along the street had her attention arrested by singing in a cottage. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, where she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom was reading the hymn:

"Depth of mercy can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

which they all joined in singing.

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not; the words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless until she was invited to enter. She remained during a prayer which was offered by one

of the little company, and which, though uncouth in language, carried with it the conviction of sincerity. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her, and she resolved to procure a copy of the book containing it. The hymn-book secured, she read and reread this hymn. Her convictions deepened; she attended the ministry of the gospel, and sought and found that pardon which alone could give her peace.

Having given her heart to God, she resolved henceforth to give her life to him also, and for a time excused herself from attending on the stage. At last the manager of the theatre refused to release her from her engagements. She gave her reasons for refusing, but he ridiculed her scruples. He then represented the loss which her refusal would be to him, and promised if she would act on this occasion it would be his last request. She promised to appear at the theatre.

The character which she assumed required her to sing a song on her entrance; and as the curtain rose, the orchestra began the accompaniment. She stood like one lost in thought; the music ceased, but she did not sing; and, supposing she was embarrassed, the orchestra repeated the prelude, but she opened not her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sung, not the song of the play, but:

"Depth of mercy can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

The performance suddenly ended: many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to consider their ways and reflect on the power of that religion which could so change the life. The transformation was as permanent as it was singular, and after some years of a consistent walk she at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel of Christ.

## A STATESMAN'S SABBATH.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland he joined a society of learned men who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favourite; his finely trained mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and, receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present.

On one occasion however, so the story runs, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow members noticed and regretted his absence.

On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr. Adams' chair still vacant. Many were surprised that he who formerly was so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? The press of business, it was supposed, kept him away.

At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo! there was Mr. Adams in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should so long have deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason?

"Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

He told them how he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed; and from all that he had felt and seen he was convinced of the unspeakable advantages arising from a faithful observance of it.

John Quincy Adams' example of moral courage is a safe one to follow. How many youths, going from pious homes to the cities, the far West, on the sea and land, are thrown among Sabbath-breakers—reckless Sabbath-breakers and respectable, Sabbath-breakers,—before whom they fail to stand up for their Sabbath education.

## A NAUGHTY HABIT.

Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something



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that she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. Persons who do this are called eavesdroppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.