

merely indifference. Such an example would but poorly represent Christ. It would misrepresent Him. If there was no better example the world would remain in darkness long. Our God is a jealous God, and we cannot be too jealous for His cause!

He who can help the cause of God and wont do it misrepresents Christ as well as does he who can help the poor and fails to do it. It would be difficult to estimate the power of a true Christian life. It may do its work silently, yet it is a living epistle. If our conversation is such as becometh the gospel of Christ our lives will be read and known by those with whom we come in contact. In the days of the apostles the sick were brought and laid where the shadow of Peter, passing by, might fall upon them, but Peter never knew how many were touched by his shadow; and thus it is with one who lives a truly Christian life, he may never know how many were helped by his example.

A young man who was once asked to tell the name of the minister under whose sermon he was converted replied that it was not under the preaching of any minister, but it was under his aunt's practising.

Again I ask shall we not be as jealous for the honor of Christ as the young lady was for the credit of the institution where she received her education.—W.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.
Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.
The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.
So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem.
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream,
And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this.
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care,
Sweet souls around us watch and smile,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide—
Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
The joy be the reality,
The suffering life the dream.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

How Maggie Learned Obedience

Contributed by a friend of the "Endeavorer"

"Eddie, Eddie, where are you?" called Mrs. Burns from her kitchen door. "Whenever can that child be, I have not seen him since breakfast, and it's now half-past eleven. Maggie, run and look for him." And Mrs. Burns turned back to her baking.

Maggie, a bright little girl of seven years, ran off at her mother's bidding. "I'll just run over to Mary Brown's," she said, "and see if he's there."

Mary was standing at her door as Maggie crossed the street. "Oh, Maggie," she cried, running to meet her, "I'm so glad you came over; I've got something to tell you. Jessie Smith is going to have a party on Wednesday, and she is going to ask you and me. She told me so, and we're going down to the river—that's just near the place you know—and we'll have our tea down there, and there are swings and everything. Won't that be lovely?"

"O, I hope mother will let me go," said Maggie. "I guess she will, though, for we don't have much to do on Wednesday. Oh, it will be nice, won't it, and maybe Jessie's father will take us for a row on the river, too."

So the little tongues ran on, forgetful of all else but the delights of the expected party. Poor Mrs. Burns went often to the door in the hour and a half that elapsed till dinner-time, but no Maggie nor Eddie appeared. "If she does not come soon, I shall have to go and hunt them both," she said, "and Mr. Burns will be home for his dinner and it will not be ready. Oh, there's the door-bell. Who can it be at this hour?"