

Footprints of Jesus.

Look not for the Saviour's footprints
Near the royal palace gate ;
Seek them not in halls of grandeur,
Gilded domes, and regal state ;
Seek them not in grand cathedrals,
Nor in learning's temple fair,
Where proud piety, on cushions,
Seeks repose from every care.

Seek them by the humble dwelling,
Seek them by the widow's cot,
Seek them in the prison's dungeons,
Where misfortune mourns her lot ;
Down beneath the lowest strata
Of degraded human woe,
Marked with blood, and wet with tear-drops,
Trace them onward as they go !

Here He paused to feed the hungry,
Hero forgave a woman's sin ;
Here a blind man's eyes were opened,
Here the lame came bounding in ;
Here in gory perspiration
Wept o'er Juda's Holy Hill ;
Here, poured out His blood and spirit
To redeem—"Whoever will!"

There is not one human being
Sunk so low in dark despair,
But beneath its tears and anguish,
Jesus left His footprints there,
And if I would be a Christian,
I must follow where He led ;
Raise the fallen, clothe the naked,
Cause the hungry to be fed.

Fearing no contamination,
Swerving for no scorn or pride,
Where a soul may yet be ransomed,
If the labour be applied ;
Down beneath all human wanderings,
Down beneath all woe and care.
There I'll find my Saviour's footprints,
Fresh as when He placed them there.

Jesus, I will trace Thy pathway
Down among the lost of earth,
And rehearse the glad, glad tidings
Of Thy boundless love and worth ;
I have not the gift of healing,
I may not forgive their sin,
I can point them to Thy kingdom,
Bid them cleanse, and enter in.

"Take the Safest Path, for I am Following You."

BY THE REV. CHAS. GARRETT, LIVERPOOL.
Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

DURING one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strongly attracted. Some of them were slanting and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning, when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting "Father take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip

before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it.

De Long's Christian Character.

IN at least four respects the De Long expedition has been a magnificent success. First, it has demonstrated in most stupendous manner, and before all nations, that religion may be carried into all enterprises, and especially into those which are scientific. Christ was not more certainly on the ship in Galileeshan he was on board the *Jeanette*. Of the first Sunday out De Long's diary records: "Had the articles of war read and the ships company mustered. Then read divine service, and was much pleased at observing that every officer and man not absolutely on watch voluntarily attended." Yea, it was divine service every Sunday. I again open De Long's ice-journal and read: "Set back for Lee. He had turned back, laid down and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's prayer and creed after supper." Further on I find the record: "Alexey dying. Doctor baptized him. Read prayer for sick." De Long further records these words: "I was much impressed and derived great encouragement from an accident of last Sunday. Our Bible got soaking wet and I had to read the Epistle and Gospel out of my prayer-book. According to my rough calculation it was the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity and the Gospel contained some promises which seemed peculiarly adapted to our condition—Matthew vi. and 24: 'Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.' The ice-journal of the closing days of that awful journey reads thus: "Lee died at noon. Read prayers for the sick when he found he was going." Again he writes: "We are in the hands of God, and unless He intervenes we are lost." Of the last Sunday he says: "133rd day—Everybody pretty weak. Read part of divine service." Alas, he could read no more than part of it. Far away from home, and hungry, and freezing and dying, they cried unto the Lord, and they went right out of a cold earth into a warm heaven. Oh, we who neglect divine service because it is too cold, or too hot, or we are too busy, or have company, let us take the chiding that comes down from the North in the box containing the ice-journal of George W. De Long, the Christian commander.

They did not wait to pray till the cutters parted in the gale, and the last can of pemican was exhausted, and they were reduced to a little willow tea and a soasted boot-sole, but while the *Jeanette* was in good trim and

sailing on for a scientific conquest so promising that it excited the jealousy of naval officers at San Francisco, the *Tuscarora* and the *Alaska* and the *Alert* and the *Monterey*, of the United States Navy, joining not in the cheers of the salvos at the departure of the *Jeanette*. The prayers of the Arctic explorers in good weather as well as severe are illustrious example for all who go down to the sea in ships as well for all landmen.

Do not wait to pray till your provision gives out and your boat must be abandoned, and there is no game to bring down or fetch in, and you are lost in the snowdrifts. Prayer all the way from San Francisco to Lena Delta. Prayer, though the fingers were too numb to turn the leaves, and the lips to stiff with cold to speak the words, and the eye too dim to see the page. They were men of splendid physique, if their portraits are accurate, and of cultured intellects if we may judge from their diplomas and correspondence, and were armed with all the meteorological instruments and philosophical apparatus, but they did not consider themselves strong enough or wise enough to do without God. Let the infidel and atheistic and blatant philosophy of our day hear it and repent. Do not stultify yourself and your religion by saying that any expedition is a failure which sets up the banner of the Son of God on the glittering pinnacles of iceberg till all the nations behold the crimson standard.

Gloria Patri, which we sang this morning, sung by these Arctic voyagers while heaving icebergs played the accompaniment: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen!" Oh, did it merely happen so? Was it only accidental? Was there no significance wide as earth and high as heaven in the fact that in that unending winter on Monumental Hill, on Lena Delta, the tomb was crowned with a cross? On that cold forehead of the world is set the most precious symbol of the Christian religion.—DR. TALMAGE, in *Frank Leslie's SUNDAY MAGAZINE* for May.

September.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of wealth,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Why He Reformed.

THERE was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad som power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question "what is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Wait now till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and entering the play-house nodded idiotically at his little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said—

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Getting drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you're breakin' my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God!"—*Aarkansas Traveler.*

Curious Answers.

At a recent School Board examination in England some extraordinary answers were given to the examiners by the children. One innocent was asked to give a biography of the Patriarch Abraham, and replied: "Abraham was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmael and the other Hagur; he kept one at home, and turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt by day, and a pillar of fire by night." Another juvenile said: "Moses was an Egiptshan. He lived in an ark made of bull-rushes, and he kept a golden calf, and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of the head while riding under the brugh of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absolom as he was a hanging from the bough. His end was pease." Another, questioned in natural history, replied: "The hog has five toes on his fore feet, and four toes on his hind feet; the cow has no toes, and cannot bark." In the same connection it may be remarked that it appears not advisable to ask the newsboys in the lodging-houses too many questions in their Scripture schooling. In reply to a worthy exhorter, who lately asked one of the lads, in speaking of the story of the good Samaritan, "What made the priest go by on the other side?" a boy answered: "Oh! because the man was robbed already." To another, who asked, "When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" a little fellow replied, in all earnestness: "The police, the police."—*Harper's Young Folks.*