

wheeled their chariots across the Isthmus, that not even the glory of falling on a battle field awaited them. Foolish were they, with that ominous cloud of darkness turned toward them, to venture in between walls of water. But alas! what will man not do when the devil leads him on.

X. Y. Z.

I WISH I WERE IN HEAVEN.

"I wish I were in heaven," said Dorothy resting her tired head upon her hand, and sighing deeply. She was a bent, prematurely old creature, toiling amid cares and perplexities, with no earthly light around her, toiling hopelessly, thanklessly, and to no purpose. One has said that there are some natures which seem to have wings, and fly lightly over all the rough places in the world. Dorothy did not have such a nature; she felt keenly all her sorrows and hardships; life had been a weary journey to her thus far, and when she thought of all the suffering that must come, she wished she was in heaven. Like David, she said "Oh that I had wings like a dove for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Willie's black eyes grew larger with thoughtfulness, and while he made fantastic figures on his slate in some embarrassment as to the delicacy of the question—he asked, "You would not want to go to heaven before they wanted you there, would you?"

That was a view of the subject which Dorothy had not taken, and she began to reflect thereupon, looking into the fire.—Willie was still as a mouse, the old cat purred softly on the hearth rug, the clock ticked dreamily in the corner, and Dorothy seemed to look forward again, in the dim future, to that toiling figure which bore her features, and which she recognized as herself.

Suddenly the future became the present. She felt the heavy cross upon her shoulders, she wiped the sweat from her brow, and groaned, unmindful of that grace which might be sufficient for her—"I wish I were in heaven." The cross fell from her shoulders, and she felt herself borne upward on swift pinions through an atmosphere of purple light to heaven. She listened to celestial music. Every song

was one of triumph, of victory over sin and Satan, of those who have been conquerors in much tribulation—"through the dear might of him who walked the waves" of earth's troubled sea. She could not join that choir. No angel hands were outstretched to welcome her, no voice proclaimed, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

And one with the print of the nails in his hands and feet, met her with a sad smile, and directed her gaze earthward.—She saw, like a shining path, the road where she had travelled, and the cross she had laid down, her work half done. She saw too, where that path lay in the future. There were tears to be wiped away, lonely hearts to be cheered, suffering hearts to be cheered, suffering want to be relieved, wanderers to be led into the right way.—There was one soul whom none but she might save. His path crossed hers and mingled with it. Already he had plunged into depths of wickedness, and was straying amid mazes of error and doubt. It would have been her work to lead him aright. She turned to the Master; "Let me go back and finish my work," she said pleadingly; "let me save this soul, and minister to those other needy hearts."—She felt herself borne down to the earth again. Chanting in unison with angels, "My times are in thy hand."

"Did you know you had been asleep, Dorothy?" said Willie.

"No—no! I don't wish I were in heaven," she said with tears in her eyes; "I will do my work first."

"And can you sing—"

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

and he thinking of it all the time," said Willie, as he seized his cap and rushed out of doors, unable to keep still longer.

We may often say like Dorothy, "I wish I were in heaven," when sorrows and trials are many, and the burdens of life are heavy, and hands that once clasped ours are beckoning us upward; we may pant to see that Jesus, but let us have patience to wait for those glories, as well as faith to behold them, remembering that though pilgrims, we are laborers in God's vineyard, and that our hands may bind some little sheaf for the Master which else were left, ungarnished.—Christie Pearl.