

cient for sleighing. The sophomore class had been waiting for weeks for this opportunity to hold their regular semi-monthly social at the home of one of their number, who lived 'out in the country.' So it was arranged that on Friday night the long anticipated visit should be made. A sleigh-ride of five miles, with the moon at its full, was a most delightful prospect.

Miss Wayne was invited to accompany them. The girls declared it would be 'no fun at all' if she didn't go, and Miss Wayne, much pleased with this proof of devotion, gladly accepted the invitation.

Wednesday night it grew decidedly warmer. Thursday morning the snow was melting rapidly. The sophomores' faces lengthened.

'I tell you what,' said Hal Wheaton at the morning intermission, 'there's only one thing about it; if we get out to Colgrove's we've got to go to-night.'

'That's so' assented Frank Harper. 'At this rate the road will be nothing but mud by noon to-morrow.'

'I'll run over to the stable at noon, and tell Williams we want the team to-night, then. How'll that do, girls? Will you be ready?' Hal asked, turning to a group of the girls who stood near.

Cora Lynn was one of them. She had anticipated so much enjoyment from this sleigh-ride. She had never been out to Mr. Colgrove's, and she and Belle were such good friends. How could she give it up.

But the prayer-meeting. Had she not promised that Christ should ever be first in all her plans? She was about to speak, then she looked at Miss Wayne.

'Miss Wayne won't go,' whispered one of the girls. 'She always goes to prayer-meeting Thursday evenings.' And Cora waited, feeling that it would be easier to refuse after Miss Wayne had said, as she felt sure she would: 'I am sorry, but I cannot go with you to-night. I have a standing engagement for Thursday evenings.'

Miss Wayne also had been looking forward to Friday evening. It promised to be such a pleasant occasion. Belle Colgrove was one of her favorites, though Miss Wayne tried not to have favorites among the students. She had wished to visit her in her home, but as yet had not found opportunity.

How surprised Cora Lynn was, and she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when Hal asked, 'Can you go to-night, Miss Wayne?' to hear her answer, 'Under ordinary circumstances I should say no, but this seems to be an unusual occasion, and I think I will go.'

Hal Wheaton had been several times during the revival almost on the point of deciding to live for Christ, but he also had thought he would wait and see how the others held out before committing himself. He thought it over that noon as he went to see about the conveyance, with a dim idea that he would have felt more respect for religion if Miss Wayne at least had given prayer-meeting the preference.

It was apparently a very merry party that sped singing, shouting and laughing up the street that evening, as the church bells were ringing their call to prayer.

A few days later Cora Lynn came over, as she often does, to 'talk things over' with me, and she told me about the sleigh-ride.

'Oh, we had the jolliest time,' she said.

'I met your load as I was going down to prayer-meeting,' I said. 'You seemed to be having a merry time.'

Cora's face flushed. 'I saw you on the walk,' she answered, 'and for a minute I really wished I was with you. But you know we had to go that night or not at all. And Miss Wayne is such a good Christian; of

course she wouldn't have gone if it hadn't been all right.

'But you would have been just surprised to see Miss Wayne,' she went on. 'You know she is always so dignified, but that night she behaved just like one of us girls. Hal Wheaton said to me as we were walking home from school Friday afternoon: "Why, I didn't think Miss Wayne could be so silly. Well, I can tell her one thing, she will never put on any more of her high-toned dignity with me in the school-room," and he nodded his head as if it that was settled.'

I notice since then that Cora finds so many things in the way of her attendance at prayer-meeting. A lesson to learn, a slight headache, a bit of embroidery or crochet that ought to be finished, or some other little thing that once would have been no hindrance at all.

I hear, too, that in some unaccountable way Miss Wayne seems to have lost her knack of managing the students. Her discipline was always so admirable, I am told, and she was so gentle and kind, too. But now she has lost control, and has frequent recourse to fault-finding and sarcasm, with the natural result that matters are made worse.

And as I think of these things, there recurs to my mind the question asked by one of the world's first inhabitants and repeated by countless thousands since:

'Am I my brother's keeper?'—Michigan Advocate.

### Paul Chester's Mistake.

(Mrs. M. A. Holt.)

'Paul Chester is a model young man. No one can criticize his daily life in any respect. He is pure gold, if such a term may be used to express human goodness. In fact, he lives as pure a life as any Christian in town, and yet he does not belong to a church, or even make a profession of religion.'

This and many other similar things were said of Paul Chester during the revival work in the railroad town of C—. It was all true in a general sense, for the young man did live a moral and upright life, and stood before the community without reproach. He had never confessed Christ as his personal Saviour, or sought for admission into the Church of God, although his pleasant face was always seen in the sanctuary whenever it was possible for him to be there.

Paul worked as a brakeman in the train, and possessed a great influence over the railway boys, and his very presence always held them in check. A look, smile, or wave of the hand from him often won them to his standard of right.

The young brakeman attended the special meetings almost every evening, as C— was the end of his railway route, and several others of the trainmen went with him. From the first he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and once raised his hand for the prayers of Christians. But he did not take the decided stand for Christ that Christian people were hoping he would, and so remained the same quiet and yet interested listener, which he was at first.

Mr. Hall, the pastor of the church, had appealed several times to the railway boys to accept the Saviour. They were evidently deeply impressed by the truth, and felt their great need of Christ and his love. Yet some of them tried to argue that there was no need of making a public confession, and then pointed to Paul Chester and his pure life, saying that he was 'one of them.'

Thus matters went on for some time, while the meetings deepened in interest. The pastor made a final appeal to the 'railway boys' and urged the necessity of taking a decided position for Christ. 'If you love the Saviour

let the world know it,' he said to Paul who answered:

'I do love him; I have always loved him; but I want to be sure that he has accepted me before I profess to the world to be a Christian. I don't want to make any mistake in so great a matter.'

'If you love Christ, confess him and do not wait a moment,' the pastor entreated.

'The boys would expect more of me, and if I did not come up to their expectations it would be worse than if I made no profession at all,' the tempted young man reasoned.

The faithful pastor pleaded long and earnestly with Paul and his friends. Charlie Ryan, another brakeman, said,

'If one can live a good life without confessing to be a Christian, another can. All of us railway boys are trying to leave off our rough ways and imitate Paul Chester,' and Charlie Ryan looked as though he himself was almost a Christian.

'Take Christ as your example and not Paul.' It may be sometimes as necessary to confess the Saviour with the lips as with the life,' was urged.

Just then the familiar words of a sweet hymn rang out, filling the church with melody. Paul Chester's clear voice was heard in the inspiring music.

'Surely the young man must be very near the Kingdom, if not really in it,' some one said that evening after looking a moment at the bright, earnest face of the brakeman.

Several started upon their heavenly journey that evening, but Paul Chester and his friends still retained their false position. Other evenings came and went, and yet there was no change, and it began to look as though the same condition of things would remain until the special meetings should close.

One morning Paul started as usual for his work after kissing his mother and sister a gay 'good-bye.' As he went toward the station his pleasant voice was heard singing, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me.'

Mr. Hall chanced to hear the sweet song and said, 'Yes, Paul can sing it all right, and yet he will not confess the fact in the common way,' and a silent prayer went up to God that the young man might soon confess the Saviour by earnest, loving testimony.

That afternoon, just a short time before the train was due, news was received that an accident had occurred at the station below, in which Paul Chester was crushed while coupling cars. Men and women rushed to the little depot and with blanched faces waited for the train that would bring him, but whether dead or alive remained to be known.

A physician was in waiting when the train came, but as he glanced at the pale face and found a fluttering pulse, he said,

'Alive, but that is about all.'

Paul was tenderly borne to his home and then he rallied sufficiently to be conscious. The railway boys had all followed and stood with bowed heads in the room. The dying brakeman looked around and seemed to comprehend the scene, as he said:

'I guess it is almost over, boys, but I must rectify the mistake that I made in not confessing Christ, I must do so before I go.'

He tried to lift his mangled arm, but could not.

'Charlie, lift up my hand,' he feebly said. His arm was raised, and he began:

'I be-lieve on the Lord—Jesus—Christ—He—has forgiven—my sins. Boys—accept—him—and confess—'

The sentence was not finished for Paul was dead.

The boys were all silent until Charlie Ryan who was still clasping the uplifted hand, said in a firm voice:

'Boys, I am going to take Paul's advice.'

Just then Mr. Hall came in and knelt by the side of the dead. The boys knelt too, and when the prayer was ended, tears were coursing down their smoke-begrimed faces.

The weeping mother was comforted when it came to her, that by Paul's death they would be led to the Saviour and accept his dear love.—Northern Christian Advocate.