

near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion:

"I remember that night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man, created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to be alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew till this evening. My heavenly Father thought it best to keep the secret from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

—When Vincent was quite a young man, he was very ill, and obliged to keep his bed. He was living at that time with a friend, a fellow student, who had gone out and left his purse with some gold in it on the table. Vincent went to sleep, and was roused by seeing the doctor's boy bringing his medicine into the room. He saw the lad stretch out his hand and take away the purse. Before he could stop him he had gone. Vincent's friend came home and found that he had been robbed, and accused him of having stolen the money. He denied it, of course, but he would not accuse that poor little boy, and ruin him for life. He went to him as soon as he got well, and told him of his sin, and the lad promised amendment and ever afterwards lived an honest life. Vincent's friend summoned him before the judge. There was no proof of his guilt, and he was acquitted. He made up the lost money to his fellow student, and perhaps this helped to increase the impression that he had really been the culprit. He bore the stigma of being a thief for many years, until at last, the doctor's boy, who had grown into a young man, died, and before his death confessed his sin. Then when St. Vincent de Paul was asked why he had endured all this in silence, he answered, "There are many sins in my life known only to myself and to my God, of which my fellow men never accuse me at all. Why should I not, as some atonement for all the unsuspected wrong I have done, have borne this unjust suspicion."—*From the Life of St. Vincent de Paul.*

A NOBLE MARTYR.

At a recent missionary meeting, Major General Sir Robert Phayre related the following incident of the Indian Mutiny:—"Amongst the noble witnesses for Christ during the fiery trial of the Mutinies, none hold a higher place than the name of the native Christian, Wilayat Ali, an evangelist of the Delhi branch of this society; and as his case affords another valuable instance of the reality of our mission work in India, I quote it to show that while there are those who deny themselves and take up their cross daily in ordinary times, these are at the same time ready, when circumstances require it, to give up their lives for Christ's sake. On the day of his martyrdom, Wilayat Ali was

warned by a friend of the near approach of fifty rebel horsemen and urged to flee. His reply was, 'This is no time to flee, except to the Lord in prayer.' His wife tells us that he then called his family to prayer, and in substance prayed as follows:—"O Lord, many of my people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire for Thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. May it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall or faint in the heart before this sore temptation. Even to the death, oh, help us to confess and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain the crown of glory." After prayer, Wilayat Ali's wife goes on to say, he kissed them all and said: "See that whatever comes you do not deny Christ, for if you confide in Him and confess Him, you will be blessed and have a crown of glory. Come what will, don't deny Christ. . . . If the children are killed before your face, oh, then take care you do not deny Him who died for us." After this, Wilayat Ali went to Mr. Mackay's house to try to save him. His wife followed, and she says that on the way she saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans dragging her husband about on the ground, beating him and saying 'Now preach Christ to us.' Others urged him to forsake Christ and repeat the Kalama. Wilayat Ali refused and said:—"My Saviour took up His cross and went to God. I take up my life as a cross and will follow Him to Heaven." Shortly after a trooper came up and asked what it was all about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a christian who will not recant, do you kill him?' At this the sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, 'Oh, Jesus, receive my soul.' Thus was this faithful servant enabled to glorify God in his death, as he had done in his life. I need scarcely say what an effect this faithful witness for the truth as it is in Jesus had in that day, and will continue to have whenever it is brought forward as an example of the faithfulness of the Lord Jesus to the promises of His most Holy Word."

KEEPING ACCOUNTS WITH GOD.

It might help parsimonious Christians to look a little over their accounts with the Lord. It would stand somewhat thus:

Brother John Smith in account with his Master, the Lord of the whole earth:

To 10 showers of rain on his fields, at \$25 per shower.....\$250 00
2 extra showers at a critical period, \$50 each 100 00
60 days of sunshine, at \$5 300 00

CR.

Per Contra,
By given for pastor's salary\$ 10 00
Home missions 25
Foreign 10

Showing a heavy balance against Bro. John Smith; and it would be heavy even if he had given ten times as much, for the farm is the Lord's. He prepared its chemical constituents so as to make it a farm at all, rather than a patch of desert; and He, too, planted the forest on it from which John Smith gets fuel to keep him warm.—*WM. ASHMORE, D.D.*

—At a certain English railway station, a porter offered assistance to a Bishop, who loved continental trips, and carried a good deal of luggage with him. "How many articles, your lordship?" asked the porter. "Thirty nine," replied the Bishop, with a twinkle in the eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid, your lordship," said the man stolidly and in perfect good faith. "Ah!" responded the bishop dryly, "I perceive that you are a dissenter." And the porter did not see the joke.

THE FUNERAL.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
I had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death,
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of teardrops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed undying race.

And he said: "Now don't be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely and he 'preciate your love;
But his sure'nuff Father want him in de large house above.

"Now He didn't give you dat baby, by o hundred thousand mile,
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lent it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it till your heart was bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's just de interest on de loan.

"Here yere oder pretty chilrun—don't be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort of 'nopolized by dis little fellow here;
Don't pile up too much sorrow on der little mantel shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey'er no account themselves!

"Just you think, you poor dear mounahs, creepin' long o'er sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yer baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now's what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den the little fellow say:
'All de folks down in the valley tries to keep de hebenly way.'
'An his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view:
Den a tear come, an' he whisper: 'But I want my paryents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song:
Says: 'If only dey be faithful dey will soon be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will properly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house without no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah, dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don't go to criticisin dat ar One wa'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever! Let us pray."

—*Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly.*