

FACED HIM.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs in a poor tenement house, lived, or hoveled, an intemperate man who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him and he was best let alone. This was confirmed by the minister's own impression the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears, the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor and spiritual courage, he said to himself. "Now is my time to go to Piper's Alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood."

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entries, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again—and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, if ever, and he was resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally he lifted the latch. There was no lock, and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fireplace, he saw Tim Burke.

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" That was his first greeting to the visitor.

"I am a minister."

"Minister! What d'you want?"

"I came to see you!"

"Well, look at me, then," and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

"Ain't I a beauty, eh?" stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

"Have you looked enough?" said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his

foul breath. "Now, I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to kick ye down-stairs."

"Hold on, hold on! Not now!" said the minister. "If you kick me down-stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next floor; wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service."

"Well, you are a cool one," muttered the drunkard, and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned and presented himself according to promise, but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now. He had evidently been thinking.

"Sit down," said he, and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother, and when he spoke to him of his wife and children, the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks. "Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy!" he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke till he saw him reunited to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he "rescued the perishing."—*Parish Visitor*.

LITTLE SINS.

In a late exhibition in London could be seen a cable worm, a tiny creature that had pierced through the Atlantic telegraph cable, and stopped all communication between two continents. So a small, hidden sin, or evil habit, may stop our prayers, that band of union which, like a telegraph cable, connects earth with heaven, and God's children with their Eternal Father.—*Exchange*.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill,
The wee brown house is clinging—
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it erst was filled with singing,
Then first were the children's pattering feet,
And their trilling childish laughter
And merry voices were sweet—O sweet!—
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings, one by one
From the nest's safe shelter flying,
Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
With fluttering pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With a hand the dim eyes shading,
And the flush of girlhood tints again
The cheek that is thin and fading;
For her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kiss their guerdon,
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care
To whom such grace is given,
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son
With a heart that's brimming over,
She's tenderly blending two in one—
Her boy and her boyish lover;
And half of her soul is left away,
So twine the dead and the living,
In the little house wherein to-day
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads bright and golden,
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden,
That bring again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion;
Over this lull in the eager strife,
Love hovers Eden-fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living,
And ever where honest hands have wrought
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

—*The Home-Maker*.