

for I'll keep it this time, that I will." "I've spent a sight of money on it, but I won't do it again, please God," said another; and one man said after he had a big cross against the name John had written for him, "My missus'll cry for joy."

When the room was empty, as Uncle James was closing the door, he said, "Well, nephew, what do you think of it?"

"It is glorious, uncle!"

"Take the good step and work with me, John."

"I am almost persuaded."

"Do throw in your lot with us, John, and try to think what it may be Heaven sees fit that it shall be."

"What is that, uncle?"

"Your appointed work!"

"His appointed work! For a while those words seemed ringing, ringing discordantly in his ears, but they rang on and on until each syllable was in tune, and settled down with perfect harmony in John Carlton's heart. His thoughts reverted to the meeting and Uncle James' good work in general, and slowly the idea dawned upon him, "It is quite true, it may be that this is the work God would have me do, and it may even be that all has happened that I should throw my life into this good cause."

True, this was then only a seedling which was to develop into good and lasting fruit, "first the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Now for the first time John Carlton saw it more clearly a Christian duty to rescue the interperate by life energy and work.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, as John was sitting at his desk in the little shop, there came walking in with urcey gait a young man who was shabbily dressed, and had the air of one ashamed of his errand. At a glance John noted, even in his present condition, noble symmetry of form and an intelligent face finely featured. He placed on the counter a small book.

"Will you buy this, Mr. James?"

John's uncle, who came forward, took up and examined the proffered volume.

"This is a Bible, sir. I am sorry you want to dispose of this. I prefer selling Bibles to buying them."

The young man grew excited.

"Will you take it or not? I am in a hurry. I can get rid of it elsewhere."

"I will buy this of you, but if ever you want it back, remember, I shall not dispose of it. I have seen you before in Marborough. We are holding some good meetings twice a week at—"

With an impatient gesture the young man took up the few pieces of silver Mr. James had placed on the counter, and hurried from the shop before the bookseller could finish speaking.

"Ah, his is a sad history, I believe!" said he to his nephew. "I thought the book safest in my possession. Look at it, John."

John took the volume in his hand. It was a small pocket Bible. He turned over the pages, and then he started with great surprise. "What is the matter, John?"

"I have found him, uncle!"

"Found whom? What is written there?"

"This, uncle: 'Robert Grey, with his sister Ruth's love. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.' " And he explained the cause of his pleased surprise, adding, "Uncle, if you can spare me, I will run over to Summerdale this very morning. I should like Miss Grey to know I have at least seen her brother."

It was a cold, sunny morning, and John Carlton started out to walk, and being strong and active, it was not long before he had covered the few miles to Summerdale. When passing the old church where he had been wont to worship Sunday by Sunday, he saw the doors were open, and he heard the grand organ pealing within. Half intuitively he turned and entered the sacred building. With surprise he saw it was Ruth Grey who was performing. As the door slammed she ceased playing, and came towards him.

"Good morning, Mr. Carlton. You did not think to see me here, I dare say, but Mr. Conway has presented the church with a new stop to the organ, and asked me to come in and try it. Do you like it?"

"I think it is good, but I am too much impressed to pay proper heed to it this morning. I have seen your brother this morning."

"Oh Mr. Carlton!"

John related what he knew, while she listened with bated breath. When he had

concluded, and had given her the pocket Bible, she caught his hand eagerly.

"Oh, then he must have prized and read it, and he may be saved yet. Promise me, Mr. Carlton, you will not rest until you have found him."

And he answered from the bottom of his heart, "I will not rest until I have found him."

When they had left the church Ruth Grey presently asked, "And now tell me Mr. Carlton, how are you getting on yourself? Even in these few days we have missed you at Dale Court."

John frankly entered into details, and expatiated largely on Mr. James' temperance work, and his new views respecting it. Miss Grey grew enthusiastic.

"Oh, that is just what would delight me, Mr. Carlton. What scope for Christian work, and how noble of Mr. James! Of course you will engage in it, and accept it for an appointed work."

"I shall try to take it up with all my heart, and with more zeal for having your sympathy, Miss Grey."

"I am sure you have that, Mr. Carlton," she said, extending her hand, as they parted at the gates of Dale Court.

CHAPTER VII.

A few weeks passed over. John searched everywhere for Ruth Grey's brother, but without avail, and he regretfully reported his non-success. In other respects he was doing well, he had relinquished all prejudice and had joined heart and soul in Mr. James' work, and was bidding fair, as his uncle acknowledged, to become its mainspring. He had learned to feel now a high design in those events which had so lately transpired; "It is because I shall prove more useful in this sphere," he thought, "and God's hand has been in it all. His ways are not ours, and this is my appointed work."

In the dusk of one afternoon, as he stood elevated upon some high steps, arranging some books on a high shelf, to his surprise and no little consternation, who should enter the shop but his mother followed by Ruth Grey! He almost fell over in his haste to get down, it was foolish, doubtless, of him, but he shrank from her seeing him at work in the little shop.

"We are interrupting your business, Mr. Carlton," the latter said, "but I was coming over to Marborough, and I happily thought of calling for your mother to bear me company. I was anxious to hear if you have discovered anything."

John felt comfortable in a moment. Ruth's manner was too affable to admit of embarrassment. There was an unexpected little tea-party in the small parlor that afternoon, for Miss Grey was delighted to accept Mr. James' invitation, and the one little maid-servant was busy enough for a while in preparation. The bookseller was delighted at the deep interest manifested in his work, of which he was never weary of speaking.

"And it is our meeting to-night, Miss Grey, and if you could make it convenient to go with John's mother for a few minutes, you would be well repaid. We commence at seven o'clock, we close business early on meeting nights."

"I shall be only too pleased if Mrs. Carlton so pleases."

But the few minutes were unexpectedly prolonged into many hours, for that night was an eventful one for all. As they were proceeding down Wharf Lane a man hurried past them, reeling and staggering, and making for the end of the lane, where the river ran dangerous and deep. In the darkness they could not see who it was, but this they knew, it was an intoxicated man hastening on in his madness, little thinking, perhaps, of the river before him. John comprehended the danger at a glance, and with eager haste he followed to stop the reckless man's career; but the object he had in view was not gained for the man, who was not too senseless soon to be aware that he was followed, increased his pace to a run which threatened to dash him on the ground each instant. There was a cry and a plunge, and when John reached the edge he was just in time to see the muddy waters closing above his head. But John was a brave swimmer, when the drowning man rose again to the surface he jumped in and caught the curly locks in his strong grasp. When he took hold of the edge of the quay there were willing but trembling hands to assist him safely from the water. As the rescued man was laid down unconscious, the moon shone out brightly on his white face. Ruth

Grey fell on her knees by his side and cried, "My dear, dear brother Robert!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Who shall describe John Carlton's joy at having been the means of saving Robert Grey from death, and also his resolve to save him, if possible, from the living death of a drunkard's course? But for some time there was grave anxiety respecting the life of the rescued man, for he had to suffer a long and dangerous illness. The little house in the High street was full, for the invalid could not be moved from it. Ruth remained to nurse her brother, and Mrs. Carlton closed the house in Summerdale to be with them and assist.

That illness proved the salvation of Robert Grey, the turning point in his life. It would take too long to narrate all the repentance manifested, and the words of hope and counsel afforded in the sick chamber. When they heard his story it was indeed one of sin and disgrace, and not the least item of his shame was a discharge from the army for drunkenness. He had been in England only a few weeks. In his sober moments he had been always planning to find his sister Ruth, but the sin had as often overtaken him to divert his attention, and he had never thought she was living with the Conways and so near. With tearful eyes he thanked John many, many times, for what he had done for him.

"I little thought where I was going to that night when you saved me. What an awful end mine would have been had it not been for you!"

"Do not speak so, Robert. I rejoice in your recovery."

"We cannot sufficiently tell you of our gratitude to you all, Mr. Carlton," Ruth said with beaming eyes.

It was the night before they left Marborough. Robert was able to be removed, and his sister and he were bound for a sunny sea-side resort for a change. The next day life settled into the old groove again, with the exception that John's mother decided to let the little house in Summerdale, and reside with her son and brother in Marborough.

Some weeks flew by. John engaged heart and soul in his appointed work, and increased it rapidly, but with not much help or encouragement from the Marborough folks; he did his work silently and almost alone. Sympathy, however, is, we know, often wanting for the best and truest enterprises.

CHAPTER IX.

Coming events surely do not always cast shadows before them. In John Carlton's case they sent rays of sunshine, with the warm promise of good and prosperous times to come.

One day in joyful spring he was pacing the sands of a beautiful sea-side resort with Ruth Grey by his side. On a little way before them were Robert and his mother.

"Come down, John," Robert had written in a letter to him. "We shall be returning to Marborough in a few days. Come down for a day or two's rest, and bring your mother with you, John." And so now he was walking with Ruth, and they two had just pleasantly arranged to traverse the road of life together. John, inspired with hope, had told Ruth his plain, unvarnished tale of love, and she had replied,—

"I loved you more and more, John, since the day you told me of your misfortunes, and when I knew how you mastered self and accepted the lot God sent."

"I never can regret," he replied, "that the course I had planned out for myself was changed. I could not understand it at first, Ruth, how the stoppage of the Marborough Bank and the loss of our money was best for me, but I see it now more plainly than ever. Out of that evil chalice good has come, and it is still to be."

"Heaven has known wisest through all, John. Your ambition for entering the Church was truly honorable, but the temperance cause is God's work as well."

"It is a stepping-stone to heaven, Ruth," truly, and so God knowing your talents and capabilities better than yourself, sent the trouble to you, that your character might be strengthened—and that you might find—"

"Now I know what you are going to say, Ruth—that I might find—"

"Well John?" she asked with a happy smile.

"My appointed work."

Afterwards there was quite a stir in Marborough for the crusade, the holy war, which was carried on against intemperance; for with Ruth Grey's love to John came also a fortune, and together they employed it nobly in the work. A mission was instituted on behalf of the sailors, and countless good was the result. The business of Mr. James' little shop was transferred to large and handsome premises, where a publishing business was commenced, which disseminated heaven-directing literature far and wide. Robert Grey from bitter experience knowing the snares of intemperance, labored with willing heart and hand with John Carlton and Mr. James, and Mrs. Ruth Carlton and John's mother assisted with their great weight of woman's faith and devotion.

Reader, are you working? If so, God bless you and give you a rich ripe harvest; but if not, if you are throwing no light into a world of sorrow, pause and think, and commence with haste, for the night cometh suddenly when none may labor.

"O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

"O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

—Temperance Union.

A DAY OF DELIGHT.

BY ARIANA HERMAN.

Years ago there came into the course of an uneventful young life an occurrence which made a deep impression upon the memory. It was witnessing the solemn ordination for his work of a foreign missionary one of whom worldly men said that he was a fanatic, and Christian men that he had the spirit of his Master ever upon him. A single speech of his, prompted by the desire that always burned within him to do something for his Master's cause, took root in a young heart and grew into a fruitful source of help and strength.

In the course of a morning call at my father's house, I, scarcely more than a child at the time, found myself left alone for a little while to entertain the missionary. I was dreadfully afraid of him and of his "religious conversation," though I, too, loved and tried to follow his Lord. My shyness, however, vanished in the free and natural and cordial manner of his talk, and when it touched upon the privileges and safeguards of a Christian land which he must give up, and the Sabbath was mentioned among them I was emboldened to make a confession of my sorest trouble.

"Oh, Mr. Matthews," I said, not lightly, but with emotion. "I hate Sunday!" A surprised silence was his only answer, and I continued, "I would not care how strictly we were required to keep it, if I could only do it, but try as I may, I always feel when night comes that I have offended God by not spending a perfectly holy day. And this of course is misery."

I can remember to this very hour, though that was long ago, the brightness of countenance with which this man of God made answer. "Why in the world," said he, "should you take a beautiful gift of God and make a galling yoke of it? You sincerely desire to keep the day in the way of His own appointment? Very well. You are his child; you are a weak child, but he knows that; you have wrong impulses, he knows that; and knowing all your failings, he gives you these quiet, guarded hours in which everything tends to help you in your better life. When you look back regretfully over misspent hours, do not think of God as an offended Lawgiver, but as a tender Father, who knoweth your frame, and remembering that you are dust, will be ready to help you to spend the next holy day aright."

Rab out the word 'duty' from the portals of your Sabbath, and write in its place 'delight.'"

I have never seen the missionary since, but all my enjoyment of the Lord's day began when he persuaded me to leave the law side of the commandment and go around to the gospel side.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ACQUIRE early in the quarter a good general knowledge of the lessons for that quarter. By understanding the general drift of study, you can properly connect the lessons and teach more acceptably. The truths of one lesson are often illustrative of those of another.