

**What Hast Thou Done To-Day?**

The night has fallen, the day is past—  
Another summer day—  
Think, mortal, ere sleep close thine eyes,  
What hast thou done to-day?  
Since the early morn when the first light  
shone,  
What hast thou done to-day?

When the sun peered in at thy window pane,  
And sleep's potent charms dispelled,  
That all night long in happy dreams,  
A willing captive held;  
When the sweet birds sang till the heavens  
rang,  
As their happy chorus swelled,

Didst join their songs of joyous praise,  
To the God of their own bright skies,  
Whose ear is open to all our prayers,  
Who hears his children's cries,  
Who gave the light when past the night,  
The light to none denies?

Didst send thy prayer to thy Father's  
throne—  
"O God, keep me this day,  
And help me to thyself to live,  
And walk in thine own way;  
O, take my hand, and at thy command  
Let me walk, and watch, and pray?"

'Mid the cares and worries of life to-day,  
Did thy thoughts ascend to God,  
Didst thou bear the cross, whilst thou  
bravely climbed  
Up the thorny mountain road?  
Didst thou walk to-day the same old way  
That Christ thy Master trod?

In the battlefield, when the hosts of sin  
Were marshalled in desperate strife,  
Didst thou coward act, thy weapons drop,  
And turn and flee for life?  
Or didst thou stand in thy Captain's band,  
And wage a hero's strife?

When sorrow came and the way grew dark,  
And the clouds obscured the sun,  
Didst thou bow thy head in sweet assent,  
"O Lord, thy will be done:  
Thy trials come, I will still press on,  
Until the goal be won?"

Canst thou look back on the lifelong day,  
And say "The day is o'er;  
I have wrought the task that God assigned,  
And I could do no more;  
I am nearer home, sweet heaven, my home,  
Than ever I was before?"

IRIS ERLE.

Prince Albert, Ont., Aug. 21st, 1883.

**The Lonely Station Agent.**

The train stopped at a lonely way-side station; two young ladies were helped out by the conductor, two trunks were tossed upon the platform, and the train moved on, leaving the two girls stranded, as it were, upon an inhospitable-looking shore. There was but one tiny log-house in sight, and far on toward the horizon stretched the bleak, barren prairie. The travellers, however, were familiar with the spot, for they were teachers in a seminary thirty miles distant, reached by a branch road forming here a junction with a great central route, and were returning to their labours after the winter holidays.

A man who had appeared as the train stopped, first examined the trunks, chalking some cabalistic sign upon them, and then entered the solitary room of the depot, and replenished the fire.

"Oh, this terribly glum-looking place!" said the elder of the two, as he left the room. "It always puts me in mind of Haworth Moor and the Bronte sisters. That man looks surly and ill-natured, and I don't wonder."

"Do you think so?" answered her companion. "I thought he looked troubled, and was just questioning whether it would do to speak to him."

"Nonsense. Clara! The man is cross, like enough, because he has to keep sober in this out-of-the-way den;

and it isn't a very proper thing to be making free with such sort of people, with whom we have so little in common."

"Only that Christ died for them as well as for us. We are at least bound together by the need of the same salvation."

There was no reply to this, for just then the man came in to hang up a lantern; and as he stopped to brush up some ashes about the fire, Clara heard a low sigh, and she felt borne in upon her mind the conviction that she ought to speak to him.

"You must find it very lonely here, sir," she said after a moment's hesitation.

The man looked up surprised, as if he thought, "And what does anybody care if it is?" Then he answered, "Yes, miss; awful lonesome, I call it especially"—and his voice faltered—"since my wife died."

"Your wife died—and here?"

"Yes, miss; and we had to bury her there, just within the woods. Lucy—she's my oldest—likes it because there's a bitter-sweet climbing 'round that big tree, and she said it would be cheerful-like with its orange-seeds when every thing else was withered. But it seemed so bleak and hard"—and the man shuddered—"to think of her lying there."

"Was she a Christian?"

"Oh yes, miss."

"Then you must not think of her there, but in a home more beautiful than we can imagine. Don't you believe in her Saviour?"

"Well, miss there it is; I don't know. You see I had to come here; I couldn't get better to do; and there's no one for a body to speak to, and it isn't much I can teach my two girls; and somehow I feel out of the way, as if God didn't care for me here; and sometimes I think I'd be more in the way of being a Christian somewhere else."

"Did you ever read in the Bible the story of blind Bartimeus?"

"Yes, miss, the children like that."

"Have you never thought that all that poor man could do was to beg, and so begging became his duty; and as he sat in the way of his duty, Jesus passed by? If Christ is found in one place more readily than another, it is in the place in life to which God has appointed us. But wherever we are, the opportunity for repentance is always ours, and by the gift of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses all our sin, God has written, *now* is the time for pardon and salvation."

"Do you really think it means all of us?"

"Yes, all. Give up everything but belief in God's willingness and Christ's power. He is waiting for you—yearning to receive you if you will only come."

"Bless your kind heart, miss," said the man, with tearful eyes, as the expected train arrived; "with all the coming and going, nobody has said a word to me like that."

A month or two after, Clara received a letter in an unknown hand, and one evidently not used to correspondence. It contained simply these words:

"God bless you again, miss. It is not lonesome here now. I've found Him—Jesus has passed by."

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart is colored by its qualities, and shows its food in every fibre.

**My Mother's Been Praying.**

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on Longear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only her two top-masts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the lifeline went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With wild amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him, and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.

**The Stranded Vessel.**

A FEARFUL night off the coast of W—, wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys, and rattling the doors and casements, so that sleepers were startled in their beds, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariners. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a grandeur rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port in sheets of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and exciting. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to keep off the rocks and laboured hard to make the port. The glass revealed her condition. All the sails but one were in shreds—and only a portion of that remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer the shore. And now, on, on she sped, driven by the wind and the

incoming tide! It was a moment of exciting suspense! Will she—*can* she make the port? Now she stands fair—now—she enters! Backwards again! Now! There! Oh oh! *Just missed!* and in five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, to be *so near* the port, and *just* to miss entering!—what could be more melancholy and disappointing? But this was only a ship—a lifeless thing of timber. *What must a stranded soul be?* Alas! there are souls—precious souls—yea thousands, who are in a similar case! See now they work and toil for the port! No sail but is unfurled, and no rope is left untouched! How they strain, but 'tis no use. The pilot is not aboard: *Jesus is not there.* They will never enter; there is no alternative—they will be *stranded.*

Oh! man—woman—how is it with your barque?—your soul—something more valuable to you than the greatest ship afloat, even were you the only proprietor. Whither are you bound? Is the Word of God your chart and compass? Are you trusting only in the precious blood of Christ? Ah, when it is too late, "many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!"

**There are  
TWO GATES.**

The one wide. | The other strait.

**TWO COMPANIES.**

The many.	The few.
Those who forget God, love sin, please themselves, love the world.	Those who have confessed themselves nothing but sinners, have accepted God's gift—Jesus Christ—and are now living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.
Liars, thieves, adulterers, murderers, drunkards, self righteous, un-saved church members.	

**TWO LEADERS**

Satan, the deceiver. | Jesus Christ, the truth.

**TWO WAYS.**

Broad, dark, smooth. | Narrow, light, rough.

**TWO DEATHS.**

In their sins. | In the Lord.

**TWO RESURRECTIONS.**

To judgment. | To life.

**TWO ETERNITIES.**

Damnation in hell.	Glory in heaven.
Weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth, torment, sin, and sorrow, with the devil and his angels.	Reigning as kings, worshipping as priests, serving in holiness, joy, and love with the Lord.

THE commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll each have them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra, as usual.