

S— pushed back his chair and stood up straight. Then bringing his hand down heavily upon the table, he raised his eyes to heaven and said:

'By God's help, I will!'

And the man with big feet went down on his knees there and then in his home, and gave himself in absolute surrender to God.

He made a clean sweep of the old life from the first. The day after his conversion, on a lone country journey, God spoke to him concerning another point. His pipe was flung over one hedge and his tobacco box over the other. And, long after, Mrs. S— told me that while in the old days he had scarcely ever spoken without some swearing, not a single oath had passed his lips since the night of his conversion. Our God is mighty to keep. Several years have passed since then; Charlie S— still drives the parcel van, and still witnesses to the saving and keeping power of God.

The story of a soul is written in strange letters oftentimes, and the reading of the cipher is a mystery until God gives the key. God had his own purpose in that strange identification, leading a young and untried worker, who might have easily forgotten one man among so many—to the very one God meant to save—by means of those quaint words that were not easily forgotten—'The man with big feet!'—'The Ram's Horn.'

No Oil Aboard.

In a recent gale on the Atlantic, two vessels of equal size were fairly in the path of the storm. One, through the wisdom of her captain and owner, had a large amount of oil aboard for just such an emergency. Pouring it from barrels over the side, it spread in a widening film over the raging water. Such a small quantity compared to the wide ocean—such terrible waves,—yet soon the vessel rode in a miniature calm, and her safety was assured. The other ship, with masts and rudder gone, lay a wreck on the billows when morning dawned. She had no oil aboard; and had it not been for the boats of the first vessel, her crew would have sunk with her before the day was done. The gale was the same for both; the waves were as high for one as for the other; but the oil aboard, or its absence, made the difference between safety and wreck.

The story is as typical as it well can be. We cannot control the rising of the storms of life, but we can encircle ourselves with calm in the midst of them. We cannot restrain the temper of others, but we can be unflinchingly gentle ourselves. We can never be wrecked if we have enough oil aboard. It is when we have none that we are at the mercy of the waves and storm—and that we have none is our own fault, not that of the storm.

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee,' is a promise for every storm that can rise. If we neglect such a promise, can we blame any tempest for our wreck of heart and hope? Surely not.—'Well-Spring.'

'The boys of America for hares, the saloon for hounds, the Government backed by Christian voters. In God's name, where is the chance for our boys to escape?'—John G. Wooley.

How the Family Pays the Expenses of Father's Farm

A PARABLE.

(The Rev. T. Shields, Leamington, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

The father lived away from the farm, though he visited it at times. The eldest son, 'the first-born,' lived on it for a few years.

The father had told the family that all their needs should be supplied; and whatever else they wanted, if they just asked for it they should have it.

The family were never tired of expressing their love to their father, and their entire confidence in him. They said over and over again, when they met together, that they had received so many proofs of their father's love that they could not doubt his word.

The father, of course, was gratified at such expressions of confidence from his children; and yet it was only what he had a right to expect.

At length the eldest son expressed his intention of returning to his father, leaving the rest of the family to look after the farm. He said, 'I cannot tell you certainly when I shall return, very likely when you are not expecting me.'

'But,' he said, 'if you want to know anything, or want help in any way, just telegraph or telephone to my father in my name, and he will answer.'

'Then, if you want any money to run the farm, there is a good balance at the bank, and I have left the cheque books and all the cheques are signed. So just fill out whatever you want and present them at the bank and they will be honored.'

'As you know, the farm is a very extensive one, and covers a whole province of the universe, many miles in extent. There are some wild lands which have never been cultivated, many miles away. Now before I leave you I want to say that I want all those wild lands brought into cultivation. Be sure and attend to that, and see that all the shepherds and other laborers have their pay. Though I go away, I shall always be with you in spirit, and will remember you to our father.'

Again the children declared their love and confidence in their father, and so their elder brother left them for a while.

After a time the house needs repair. It is their father's house, but the family have to look after it. Then bills begin to come in for current expenses. The shepherds and laborers have to be paid. Then again, some of the family have to be sent over to the wild lands. It will cost something to send them, and they will need food. They cannot live on air.

Of course it is their father's farm, but they have to look after it. Well, surely they can do that. If they want instruction they can send to him and get it. If they want money they can fill out one of those cheques and present it at the bank; and if their father's word is worth anything it will be honored. And they are such loving children, and so often profess confidence in their father, that there is really no room for doubt.

Well, they get together to talk over ways and means. 'What are we to do

about these demands that are coming? How are we to meet them?'

One says, 'I propose we get our sisters to prepare a grand banquet, and invite all the neighbors at so much each, and that will clear quite a lot of money.'

'Yes,' says another, 'that is a good plan, it will be sociable and neighborly. We shall get to know each other so much better, and it will do a great deal of good to them to know us, and will help us.'

'I cannot see,' says another, 'what the neighbors have to do with our father's farm. They don't belong to our family. What right have we to ask them to pay for the running of father's farm.'

'Oh! you're too particular,' says another. 'What harm is there in it, anyway?'

'There may be no harm in meeting our neighbors,' replies the previous speaker, 'but these people know our father's reputation and they know what confidence we, his children, profess to have in him and his word. If we carry out this scheme, they will not say it to us, but they will to each other, "There is not much in the professed faith of this Christian family, in their father and his wealth. When it comes to a pinch they are glad to go outside their own family for help." Is not that very dishonorable to our father?'

'Oh, yes,' says another, 'that is all very well in theory, but in practice, we have these bills to meet.'

And so, as the objector was in the minority, they had the banquet.

And nobody sent a message to father, or said anything about the signed cheques, or the balance at the bank.

When the father heard of it, he sent one of his servants named Malachi, with this message: 'A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is mine honor? and if I be a master where is my fear?' And he sent another servant named Isaiah with this message: 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

And they answered him not a word.

Your Own Little Girl.

Moody tells how he was sent for by the mother of one of his Sunday-school pupils who had been drowned in the Chicago river. He went to the house and talked with the woman; told her that he would see that a coffin was sent up and that he would come on the day appointed to conduct the funeral. Then, accompanied by his own daughter, who was about the age of the one drowned, he at once started for home. They walked in silence for a time, when the child said, 'Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and I had to go to the river every day to get wood; and suppose I should slip in and be drowned, wouldn't you be awful sorry?' Mr. Moody says it was then and there he awoke to the fact that he was getting 'professional.' Folding his darling to his bosom with a strong embrace, as if it were indeed she who lay in cold death, instead of the other, and lifting his heart to God in prayer, he turned and retraced his steps to the poor woman's door. On being admitted he grasped that weeping mother's hand, wept as if his child, and not hers, had been snatched away by death and got down to pray. This time professionalism was gone; and now he really took a part in the 'fellowship of her suffering.'—The Religious Intelligencer.