

When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with his unaccustomed tasks. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

"I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters down in a saloon I know of, where they keep open on Sundays."

Robbie felt lonely enough that day. The young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was just on the eve of yielding to his temptations "just this once." But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being a turning-point in his life came back to him just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath-school.

Ever afterward he felt that he had a home in that great city. A kind superintendent, and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually "anchored" him in the Sunday-school. His career in after-life was useful, honorable, and successful; a very marked contrast with the Sabbath-breaking boys, who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the level of the common drunkard. Sabbath-breaking and liquor-drinking are twin cousins.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A TWILIGHT TALK.

BY EMILY A. MAY.

Mrs. Alden and her little daughter were sitting together one Sunday evening in the quiet time between daylight and darkness. Mrs. Alden laid aside her book when she could no longer see to read, and Rose was soon in her favorite seat within her mother's arms. To-night the little head nestled close, and the merry, mischievous eyes wore an unusually thoughtful expression. For, only a few days ago, Rose's little playmate, Lettie Parr, had been laughing and romping with her in this very room, and now Lettie is taking her last long sleep in the lonely graveyard, where she and Rose used often to pause, and look in through the barred gates, and spell out the names on the white tombstones. Now Lettie is one of that silent company, her sunny head laid low, her merry voice hushed forever. It was the first time that death had come so near to Rose; and her grief was deep, though she bore it very silently. To-day, in Sunday-school, her teacher spoke of the sad event, and assured her scholars that Lettie was safe in heaven. Rose knew this before, but, somehow, it did not seem to give her much comfort.

"Mamma," said she, "I don't see how Lettie can be happy up in heaven."

"Why, darling?"

"Because, mamma,—but—but—I'm afraid it is wicked to say it, but I cannot help thinking it."

"Say it then, Rose," said mamma.

"I think Lettie will not like streets of gold; she told me once that she loved soft green fields better than hard streets. And then I know she must feel lonely, for she never would stay away all night from her mamma; you know how often I wanted her to stay and sleep with me and she would not; and, you remember, once when I coaxed her she did stay, but she woke in the night and cried because she wanted to see her papa and mamma. And it must be worse in heaven, I'm sure, for she doesn't know any one there; I cannot tell how she helps wanting to be home."

It was a long time before Mrs. Alden answered; she only smoothed Rose's hair caressingly, and her face looked as though her thoughts were far away. When she did speak, her first words banished the little girl's serious thoughts for a time.

"Rose," said she, "do you ever think of the pleasant time you had at Hillsdale last summer?"

"Think of it!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly, "I guess I do think of it; can't I go next summer, mamma dear? Oh, hadn't I a splendid time, though!"

"But I remember, Rose," said Mrs. Alden, "how distressed you were the night before you started. You were sure you would not be happy at Hillsdale, so far from home; if I could only go with you, instead of papa's friend, Mr. Close, whom you scarcely knew; and you were afraid you would feel so strange with Aunt Rachel and the cousins whom you had never seen. Indeed, I was greatly troubled for you, and I think I would have kept you at home only for your recent illness, and for the doctor's orders that you should have change of air."

"But then, mamma," said Rose, "Mr. Close was so kind, and there were so many things to see along the road and inside the cars,—for you know I never travelled before; and when Aunt Rachel came out to meet me, and kissed me, and held me to her, and said she was so glad to see me, I felt as if I had known her always; and then, first thing after dinner Cousin Joe and Annie took me fishing, and I caught the first fish, and I had never fished before, and they had, often; and the way we used to roll down the haymow in the barn!"

And Rose rambled on about the time Annie's old black hen was lost, and they found her under a bush in the garden, with a stolen nest, full of eggs, till Mrs. Alden interrupted her.

"Rose, how many times did you wish you were home?"

"Oh, not once," said Rose; "I had no time to think about home, only sometimes I thought how much I would have to tell you."

"Dear Rose, can you see how it may be the same with Letty? She has gone to her Father whom she has never seen; but I know he wanted her, and will be glad to see her, for he has loved her intensely all her life. I am sure she will feel at home with him. And then, everything will be so new to her, and so full of interest, that she will have no time to think of her earthly home, unless to rejoice in all the beauties that she will have, not only to tell of, but to show to her dear friends when they join her there."

The shadows deepened, the firelight flickered against the wall, and Rose, thoughtful again, was silent a long while.

"Mamma," she said, at last, "what did Mrs. Parr say about Letty when we went to see her?"

"She said," replied Mrs. Alden, "'Our loss is her gain.'"

"Yes, that is it, 'Our loss is her gain;' I can see how it is now, mamma, a little."—*S. S. Times.*

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

One way is to give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits. This is a careless way, but is better than none.

A second way is to give from impulse, as much and as often as love and pity prompt. This is adapted to those who are rich and kind-hearted.

A third way is to save the cost of luxuries, and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This is for the self-indulgent. With the frugal it is apt to be accompanied by narrowness, asceticism in good works.

A fourth way is to make a special effort to earn money for benevolent objects. This for lazy people.

A fifth way is to lay aside, as an offering to God, a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adapted to all, but especially to the penurious, economical, the hard working, the extravagant and the poor, whose gifts would be largely increased if it was generally practised.

A sixth way is to give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves.

A seventh way is to limit our own expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.

We should not confine ourselves to one way of giving, but practice and teach our children different modes, each in its proper place; occasion requires.—*Rocky Mountain Advocate.*

"I DON'T MAKE ANY PROFESSION!"

"That's always the way with them folks that pretend to be religious. I never saw any good come of them. I am just as good as they are, and I don't make any profession." And so saying the shoemaker pulled his thread through the leather with a force which seemed to say, "There's a pill for you to swallow."

"Don't you?" said I.

"No, I don't."

"Excuse me, my friend, but I scarcely credit you. I always thought you believed there was a God."

"Oh, of course,—I'm not a heathen."

"Ah, that's a little bit of profession then! But I suppose you don't believe that the Bible is God's Word?"

"I tell you," said he, "I'm not a heathen. You know well enough that I believe the Bible, and I attend the church and give them money. I am never absent from the sacrament, my children are baptized, and they learn their Bible, and we say our prayers, and—"

"Stop, stop! my friend, you're going too fast for me. I thought you said you made no profession?"

"No more I do."

"What! you believe in a God—that's a little profession, you believe the Bible to be his Word—that's still more; you say you are never absent from sacrament—that is to say, you sit down at the table spread for those who claim to be his, having their sins pardoned—thus you profess yourself a sinner, and publicly sit among God's people, professing to be on his side. My dear friend, what greater profession would you make, than to sit down with Him and remember his death, and then teach your children to pray? No profession! Why, it's a great profession! Sure'y you can't mean that you now wish to deny that loving Saviour, do you?"

"I never thought of it that way," said he, laying down his hammer and resting his head on his hand.

"Many people never think of it," I said:

"and they tell me just what you did, or they say 'I live up to my profession.' Oh, my brother I wish I could live up to my profession, for it is a dreadful thing to claim friendship with that loving, pleading Saviour, and then deny Him and become ashamed of Him."

"I see it," said he, "I see it now, and never thought of it. I just sat down at the table because others did, and because I had got to that time of life; but it never struck me till just now that this meant professing Christ. Oh, will He ever forgive me my sin?"

"That's what He came to do," I said; "He came to save sinners, and it isn't by making of good works, but by believing in his finished work, that we are saved; and if we believe his word to be true, then 'we are all dead in trespasses and sin'—dead, and therefore cannot work—for a dead man can do nothing. He only can give us life, and He gave His life, that we might have saving life; and He gives it freely. My profession is this, and only this, 'I am a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me'; and because He died for me, I now try to please Him, not in order to be saved, but because He has saved me; and 'the life I now live in the flesh,' I humbly try by his grace to 'live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.'"

"And that I'll also do," said the shoemaker, pressing my hand. "if He'll forgive me for making such a false profession. Pray for me."—*The Christian.*

A GENEROUS ACT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A curious act of beneficence occurs to me as I let memory recall what it will from the past—an act that surely ought not to pass into oblivion unrecorded. It does not belong to the glory of these latter days, but to the old itinerant life, when a Methodist preacher in the country needed the grace of humility to season some of the crusts of his poverty.

A certain minister was appointed to a parish so poor in this world's goods that, in addition to his regular pastoral duties, he was obliged to teach school for a living.

Into this parish, came a good brother from a neighboring town, where he had been a member of a flourishing Church. He took liberal views of things, and had the broadest kind of charity when devising benevolent schemes. There was no littleness about him. If he had been a millionaire he could not have planned more largely. Instead of this, he was only an overseer in the weaving-room of a small cotton factory.

The pastor's attempts to get an honest living were often the subject of comment, and even those who could see no reason for his struggling through a year in that manner, respected his efforts. His now parish-ouer was seized with an unbounded admiration for him, and straightway devised a plan to help him. One night when the factory operatives were about leaving their work, he detained the girls under his charge a few minutes.

"See here!" he said. "I have something to tell you. You know how we all like Parson Brooks."

The girls looked as if they were not quite sure of the liking, but waited to hear more.

"I have been thinking that we might all join together and buy him a barrel of flour. A small sum from each of us would do it."

Still the girls were silent, and two or three of the oldest tossed their heads as if they were not to be fooled out of their money so easily.

"You see," he went on, "I would hire Gago's omnibus, and we could all ride up there together and spend the evening and present the barrel of flour ours ives. Of course," he added silly, as he saw the clouds break on the faces nearest him, "of course the parson would stand a little treat. That is the regular thing. What do you say?"

There was no need of further urging. Each one cheerfully contributed her mite, looking upon it as a cheap means of securing a ride and an evening's entertainment.

When the omnibus stopped with its load of merry young people at the parsonage door, the minister and his wife did not at first feel agreeably surprised. They received their guests courteously, but with an inward wonder as to what had brought them hither. None of them had shown any previous interest in their pastor, and very few of them troubled themselves to attend upon his Sunday ministrations. The puzzle was soon explained; for their large-hearted parish-ouer began directly to recite an elegant speech that he had composed for the occasion. And when, at last, it came out that a barrel of flour, the gift of the present company, was to be sent up from the village store early the next morning, the minister's wife brightened all over. That desire, which is inherent in all Yankees, to make a suitable return for favors received, took possession of her, and while her husband did his best to get off a complimentary speech of thanks, she bestirred herself to spread a little feast for their visitors.

It was only a fortnight after Thanksgiving. Like other New England housekeepers, she

had provided various unusual dainties to grace the beloved festival, and, unlike many of them, she was trying hard to keep a part of these delicacies to set out on otherwise scanty Christmas table; for she could not see clearly where any more would come from after these were eaten. But now, with a barrel of flour to fall back upon, she was rich indeed, and cheerfully brought out all her little store.

Girls who live in factory boarding-houses invariably have good appetites, and these girls were no exception to the rule. Like the Western locusts, they ate all before them. There was not food enough left in the house for the morrow's breakfast.

What a good time those girls had! The minister and his wife exerted themselves to make the evening pass pleasantly, and were both thoroughly wearied when their guests departed.

"I wish there had been just one pie left," said the wife, as she looked into the empty pantry.

"Never mind. A whole barrel of flour will be particularly welcome just now."

Alas! Truth obliges me to record that the barrel of flour failed, after all, to "put in an appearance." What became of it was never known. The village storekeeper was interviewed, but he had heard nothing about it. Now, after the lapse of thirty years, its fate will never be ascertained. Only the remembrance of a generous act remains.—*Zion's Herald.*

APPLYING THE SERMON.

Mr. Nott, a missionary to one of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, preached a sermon one day on the words, "Let him that stole steal no more." In the sermon he said that it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

The next morning when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around the house. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked why they had come. "We have not been able to sleep all night," they said. "We were at the chapel yesterday, and heard you say, from the Word of God, that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship a god who we thought would protect thieves. We have stolen, and all these things we have brought with us are stolen goods." Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenters of such and such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

"Why have you brought them to me?" asked Mr. Nott. "Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them come again, and then return them, with a present besides." Still the people begged Mr. Nott to keep the things until they could find the owners. One man who had stolen from a missionary, then being on another island, took a voyage of seventy miles, to restore the goods.

That is the only way to improve by preaching—doing what it says. How many people form good resolutions when they hear a sermon which touches the heart and conscience; but how few such resolutions are set to action!

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—*Good News.*

Trust a Boy.—During the session of the late Episcopal Convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the Common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I cuss a little sometimes." That candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of \$8; here is the money to pay it, and half a dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the hotel, the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again, but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for \$9.50, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he enquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.—*Bishop Clark, in New York Ledger.*

