

## ONLY A BABY.

Mrs. M. C. Holt gives the following touching incident in the *Presbyterian Journal*:

"Only a baby" some one said from among those who were passing along, just as a little white casket was being borne out of a large house which stood a short distance back from the street.

These careless words grieved very harshly upon my ears, for I knew something about the baby that was resting so still in the flower-decked casket. I also knew that there were human souls that were crushed to the very earth with a nameless agony, because baby had drifted away from them into the dim blue distance from which she would never return with loving caresses, and with all her sweet baby ways.

The little laughing child was dearer to them in the old happy days than all the world beside, and they had worshipped very ardently at the shrine of purity and innocence. There had come to their ears sweet snatches of music that trembled softly upon the harp strings of life, and that holy melody was made by baby fingers.

But baby died, and the harp was smitten with a blow that hushed the melody forever, and turned it into a wail of agony. I tried to say consoling words to the pale mourners, but even to my own ears they sounded hollow and meaningless. With them I stood silent and dumb in the stern presence of death, and when the light went out of those beautiful baby eyes there were questioning voices within my soul asking, "Why was this?" The question was unanswered in later days, long after baby rested beneath the nodding summer daisies. Then we that wondered and murmured in the presence of death knew that baby was taken to the holy, undying life to lead those that loved her there. The doors of the vaulted soul-chambers were opened by the sweet memories of a happy baby that somewhere lived in God's holy presence. Nothing in all the world could push open the bolted doors, but the little cold, dead fingers of a sweet baby.

"Only a baby," and yet the little one led wandering souls to God and heaven.

## NEVER HAD A PAIR OF SHOES.

An American paper gives the following: "Among the many interesting incidents

connected with the closing of the saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following: A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading. "What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I don't know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a new pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now that they are closed, he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me: 'Mother, I want you to go up town to day and get sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was; you would know just what size to give."

Oh, it is pitiful that the children must be robbed of shoes and bread, that a few idlers may be supported. The man who gives his influence in favor of the saloons gives his sanction to this cruel robbery.

The only way to stop this robbery is by Prohibition, and every Christian is bound to work, and not to rest until that point is attained.

A grand work it is, the noblest of missions to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and if a cup of cold water given to these little ones shall in no wise lose its reward, how much more will greater work be blessed.

## SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

Submission of our wills to the Divine will is a divine requirement. What a blessed privilege as well as duty to do it! What unspeakable satisfaction it brings to the soul in all of its experiences. Such Submission is beautifully presented by Thomas A. Kempis. He says:—"Give me what Thou wilt, and in what measure, and at what time Thou wilt. Do unto me what Thou knowest to be best—what best pleases Thee. Place me where Thou wilt, and freely dispose of me in all things." And still more, he says:—"I offer myself in sacrifice; henceforth I have no will save to accomplish thine." "Not my will, but Thine, be done!"—*Zion's Herald*.