

the dead girl a moment, and moved my flowers from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illumined eyes sang a glorious melody—

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take her to thy care."

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in its richness and power and pity and beauty. She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of the men and women, the hard hands and the struggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the music of that day.

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft dark hair, and sang on—and on "Take—oh, take her to Thy care."

The mother's face grew rapt and white. I held her hands and watched her eyes. Suddenly she threw my hands off and knelt at Parpea's feet, close to the wooden trestles. She locked her fingers together, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed aloud that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came back into her poor dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond all interpretation of human speech. I led her back to her seat as the glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and sorrow.

And I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with a greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of the angels.

The following week thousand listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies, and Parepa's own face was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the enthusiasm; but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odor of flowers, the sea of smiling faces, and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim light of a tenement window the

singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenances of the poor onlookers, and the mother's wide, startled, tearful eyes. I could only hear above the sleet on the roof, and over the storm outside, Parepa's voice singing up to the heaven—

"Take, oh, take her to Thy care."

"Acquaint thyself with God, and be at Peace."

How are we to become acquainted with Him? God is a Spirit. To know Him then we must know Him in Spirit. Not alone recognize "Him as Creator of Heaven and earth and seas and all that in them is," but as the Father of spirits. He created our souls, or spirits, and will manifest Himself to them when we truly desire Him. Says Law, "God, or the infinite good of intelligent natures, is not an absent or distant God, but more present to, and in our souls, than our bodies are." And what is salvation but being saved from wrong-doing? Not only wrong-doing, but wrong speaking and thinking, for thoughts may be unchristian. "Here in the heart is to be found all the evil to be overcome, and here must be found the good by which it is overcome." Prayer, the soul's sincere desire, "never fails to bring heaven down." Where heaven is God is. Even the Divine Man went into the desert apart to pray. He sought the silence and taught us to pray in secret. "How is it," says Hannah More, "that I am not always strong, since with Thee is strength, and with me prayer?" "When was it," says one, "that our souls put on new majesty and strength?" We suppose it was when they had been most often before the Lord in prayer—heart prayer. There are those who doubt Christianity, finding it difficult to credit the supernatural birth, bodily resurrection and ascension of Jesus. If truth is mixed with fable in the account, these soul experiences prove its divine origin.

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