

your own head. May God yet have mercy upon you! I leave you in his hands.' Thus the interview ended.

Next day Bill went home from his work at the mine complaining of a bad headache. At dawn of morning he was in a high fever. As he belonged to a benefit society, his wife sent for the usual medical man, who enjoined the strictest quiet and rest. But the word from the throne had gone forth, and by slow and sure degrees Bill passed into the most delirious state of brain fever.

Yet occasionally lucid intervals came, in which his memory recalled the conversation of two or three days before. At such times he would groan, 'My last hope! my last hope!' and then, losing consciousness, he would go off into frantic ravings. A few days of this terrible suffering went on, and then Bill's spirit fled to the presence of its maker, there to answer for his rejection of the last message of mercy.

This occurrence produced a very deep and widespread feeling of awe in the neighborhood. The circumstances were too well known to be laughed away, too terrible to be laughed at. They led others to think more seriously of the future, and to receive the warnings and invitations of the Gospel with greater solemnity, so that many among those rough miners received the word of reconciliation by the ministry of Miss Butler.

The Pastor's Dream.

The day had been devoted to the interests of foreign missions. The pastor sat in his study absently gazing into the fire, while his mind reviewed the work of the day. The weather had been beautiful—the atmosphere just frosty enough to be invigorating. The congregations had been unusually large; but the pastor recalled with a pang that, despite his laborious, prayerful preparation, and plain, earnest presentation of the facts, his pleading for personal sacrifice among his flock for the sake of missions had been received with almost indifference. With a drooping spirit and a murmured prayer, he turned and leaned his head upon his desk. Thus he slept and dreamed.

I.

'You are going to buy a new pair of gloves. Your old ones are tolerably good, but you are going to buy a new pair. You have the money laid by to get them. Can you not—oh, will you not deny your pride this gratification and give the money to foreign mission work—to Christ? Even so small an offering may lead to the salvation of many souls.' Yes, he remembered having said it in his morning sermon, but he little thought that she had been impressed by it. She, of all others, so thoughtless and so gay! But he sees her now, as she sits with her bible open in her lap, her finger pointing to the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and, in some strange way, he understands her thoughts, "Even so small an offering may lead to the salvation of many souls." I wonder if that is true. Of course it is, or pastor would not have said so.'

II.

A strange place, a stranger people. There are a number assembled in one place. Some one is addressing them in their native tongue. Ah! the mystery is understood. It is a foreign mission station.—The sermon is ended and the missionary begins to distribute tracts to his hearers. One of more noble bearing than the rest, and whose garments bespeak wealth and rank, ap-

proaches. His conversation reveals that he is from a distant village never visited by the missionaries. He is given a copy of the New Testament and some tracts in his native language. These, it is strangely revealed to the dreamer, are the sacrificed new pair of gloves in another form.

III.

A different village, a similar people, but years afterward. On the rising ground, just at the edge of the village, stands a beautiful chapel. From the open doors comes the voice of some one speaking. It is in a foreign tongue, but the dreaming pastor recognizes the voice as that of him who received the New Testament and the tracts in the preceding scene. And what mystery! He understands that this is what he says: 'Thus, dear brethren, the Lord has blessed us. Ten years ago we knew nothing of the true God. Now we, our wives, our children, know him and love to serve him. Thanks be unto God, who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."'

There is the noise of a congregation rising, and the sweet strains of 'Old Hundred' sung by many voices, with an intensity of love and gratitude that is foreign to our worship, swelling outward and upward:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Something whispers in the dreamer's ear, 'This is the sacrificed new pair of gloves to-day, but only eternity shall reveal what it becomes hereafter. "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit in the Kingdom of God."—Journal and Messenger.'

Our Engagements.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer in 'Golden Rule.')

You should take every means of knowing one another. However it is managed, be sure to know something more of a man or woman than is given when either is dressed in Sunday best, and clothed in most attractive and persuasive manners. All is not gold that glitters. Some people are like the baskets of strawberries sold in London streets; all the big ones are on the top, and those below are very, very small.

Young ladies! I am sorry to say it, but some of the nicest of nice men are the most arrant scamps that ever walked. Do not believe their word, do not intrust yourselves to them, unless you know something more of them than they say of themselves.

And, young men, I would warn you not to think that a girl can be judged by her manners in the drawing-room, or at a picnic. Try to drop in in the morning; make an excuse for calling. See how she looks in her morning dress. Is it tidy, neat and suitable? Is she helping her mother with the younger children? Is she pleasant in her behavior to the servants?

I had once to choose a wife for a young working man, and was assured that my anticipations as to the suitability of a certain maiden were justified, because she opened the door of her father's cottage at ten in the morning with her hair tidy, a neat, print dress (the sleeves of which were tucked up above her elbows), and soap-suds were steaming all up her bare arms. 'She will do,' I said to myself.

Notice, when you are with the one to

whom you are attracted, these points: How does the young man speak of his parents? Does he call his mother 'mother'? Does he take an interest in his younger brothers and sisters? Does he attend church for himself, or only because you go with him? Does he ever suggest taking you to some place of amusement where women are treated with unhallowed familiarity and scant respect? As a young man acts in any of these respects, you may judge him; and remember that little unsuspected words and acts on his part are more likely to reveal his true character than any number of protestations and vows. Every man reveals his real self once or twice to the woman he woos, and if only women would act on the slight suspicions which sometimes cross them, how many broken hearts would be saved!

Do not suppose that you can alter a man after you are wed. If you cannot fashion him before marriage, you cannot alter. A woman dreams that, when once she is wife, she will be able to mould her husband to her mind. It is a vain illusion, which in millions of cases has been rudely dissipated. Besides which, are we always able to command the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, especially when we have acted in direct violation of his expostulations?

If you are not sure, don't let your heart go, young girl. Break off an engagement rather than expose your wooer and yourself to lasting misery. It will be kinder to him in the end, because where there is not absolute oneness there cannot be lasting happiness.

If he threatens to commit suicide, be well assured he will never do it. He has no right to talk to you like that, and is a coward to play upon your feelings. Besides a man who talks so lightly of throwing away his own life is not one to whom a woman should intrust hers.

Young men had better consult their mothers or sisters before they take the irrevocable step. Women are quick at reading character, and those that love you will be most likely to choose well for you. Let the women of your family into your secret. Dear souls, they will guess your secret even if you do not tell it, and you may as well tell it; it will please them, and they will advise you well.

There is no harm in early engagements. When I am sure that it is a love-match, and in other respects suitable, I am glad to see young people drawn together, though in their teens. Probably nothing will more certainly keep them pure and sweet amid the contaminating influences of the world.

A Consecrated Shut-In.

What one woman, feeble in health, can do to save souls is exemplified in the career of Sarah Robinson, of Portsmouth, England. Twenty-five years ago the verdict of her London doctor was a couch for the greater part of her life. Hearing this she went to the Lord with it and made one definite request: That my complaint might never hinder my working, whether my life was long or short. I promised him that, by his grace, I would not repine at pain or ugliness, if only I might work without interruption. From that day to this, notwithstanding her spinal weakness, she has by personal energy and influence carried out her plans in successful temperance work among soldiers. Her motto was 'Ready,' adhered to through many misgivings as to her power for effectual service. Large mission buildings, soldiers' homes, and coffee houses in three seaports stand as one phase of the results.—'Golden Rule.'