

NO! NOT ONE.

No! not one!

Thou canst read o'er the page of my life—
O'er its records of triumph and strife;
All secrets and histories be shown
Of the treasures I once called my own,
And not find to the search of Thy gaze
One idol I cling to or praise.

No! not one!

No! not one!

Of the many who rose to rebel,
All who battled Thy pleadings to quell—
Of the fiends that within me would start,
To dispute all Thy right to my heart—
O'er the fields where they once fought and
won,

You may look and not find even one.

No! not one!

No! not one!

These ambitions that stirred me to mould
My life to the forms I could hold—
Those intentions that urged me to be
Only what failing eyesight could see;
Tell me, is there a consciousness known
To my mind that is not all Thine own?

No! not one!

No! not one!

I have looked through the days long ago,
'Midst the windings of life to and fro,
Where the way has been marked by my guilt,
And the cup of my sorrow been spilt;
And all along the track I have driven
I can find not one sin unforgiven.

No! not one!

No! not one!

There's a tale that my spirit could tell;
It has suffered so often—so well.
The mystery of life has seemed long,
And the force of the tempest so strong;
But it tells me no sorrow endured
Ever came without blessing insured—

No! not one!

No! not one!

Not a thought to enlighten my brain,
Not a record to add to my name;
Not a song to lend to my voice,
Not an object to give to my choice;
Not a picture to ravish my sight,
Or a purpose to blend with my might;
Not a rest for my human desires,
Nor a pause when my weariness tires;
Not a hope to enlighten my way,
Not a caution my footsteps to stay;

Not a prize for my fingers to grasp,
Or a jewel, my affections to clasp;
Not ONE, dear Lord, will I ever own,
Till it homage has done at Thy throne—

No! not one!

—H. H. B. in *All the World*.

AN EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take your case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be some money in it, but it would, as you know, come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home;' but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh!"

"No I wasn't frightened out of it."

"I suppose likely the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well—yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"No, I didn't speak a word to him."

"Oh, he did all the talking, did he?"

"Yes."

"And you never said a word?"

"Not a word."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah, he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit, in the least. You see—the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee, and began stroking his lower leg, up and down, as if to state his cause concisely—you see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked at the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me, so I slipped into the hall, and saw through the crack of another door, just as cozy a sitting-room as ever was."

"There on a bed, with her silver head way up high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world just like my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well, I was right on the point of knocking, when she said as clearly as could be: 'Come, father, begin, I'm all ready'—and down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his