

Take Heart Again.

Think not that God deserts the field,
Though Truth the battle loses;
But grasp again Faith's sword and shield,
And follow where he chooses.
He shrouds himself in dark events,
No mortal eye beholds him,
And many an adverse providence
As in a cloud enfolds him.

We see Truth's foes closing around,
Distrusting her resources;
Faith fills the teeming battle-ground
With chariots and wild horses.
And, lo, God's standard rises clear,
Amid the smoke and thunder,
Embattled armies disappear,
Or into fragments sunder.

The baffled surf ebbs to the sea,
As though its task forsaking,
But to return more mightily,
In greater volumes breaking.
What God has sworn shall yet be done,
No power of man can stay him,
Upon the seas he plants his throne,
And all the waves obey him.

Soldiers of Christ, take heart again,
Fear not dark portents solemn,
God moves across the battle plain,
In many an unseen column.
The very stars of the blue night,
As they fulfil their courses,
Shall wheel obedient in the fight,
And add them to our forces.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES.

BY FRANCIS E. WILLARD.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to my door:

"She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of your converted?'

"But she answered, hopelessly: 'Oh! there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink.'

"I'll come and see him this afternoon," said I.

"He'll insult you," she replied.

"No matter," said I; 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see any one.'

"But I sent him a message proving that I was, indeed, in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper.'

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated, and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then broke out violently: 'Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I am not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could, if I wanted to.'

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here, and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking, if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine, brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself."

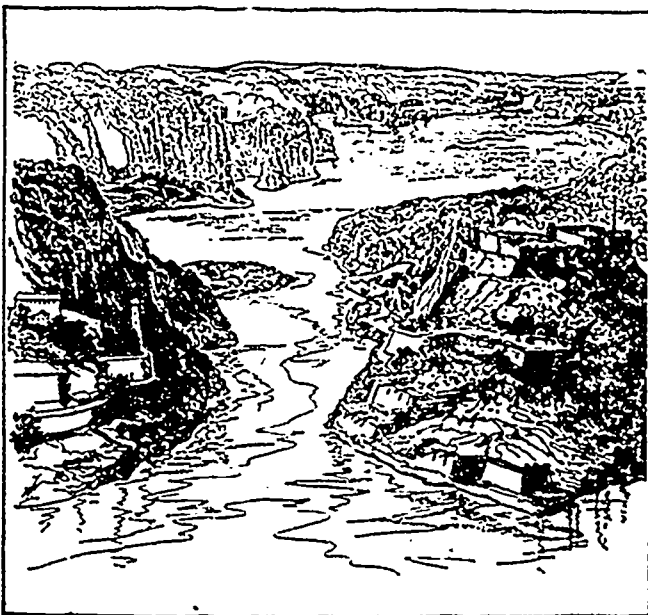
"I never saw it in that light before. Then holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: 'You speak the truth, madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge.'

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot keep it. But I do want to tell you this, there is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."



SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

"No matter, the sooner you begin, the better for you."

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

"His wife knelt beside me, and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple, and broken in sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner. And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and he heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and every burden; and he arose, a free, redeemed man.

"When he arose from his knees he said, 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

"And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday-school with white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

"But what struck me most of all was, that it took less than two hours of my time to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty, whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace."

MOTHER'S SUNSHINE.

Something was the matter with Ray's mother, and Ray felt very badly about it. He had never seen her cry like that before, and he did not know what to make of it. It was storming very hard.

Perhaps she wanted to go out and couldn't. Ray always cried when it stormed too hard for him to go out on his new little red sled. Yes, it must be the weather, because he knew she wasn't sick and she hadn't hurt herself.

"Mamma, dear," he said, going up to her, "is you cryin' cause the naughty sun won't shine? Never mind, mamma, dear, I's your little sunshine."

His mother did not answer.

"Isn't I your sunshine, say, mamma, dear? Please don't cry any more. Smile up your face, or Ray will cry, too."

"Yes, yes," answered his mother.

"Then smile up your face, and say I is your sunshine," insisted Ray, with a smile as sunny as a May morning on his own face.

"Yes, darling; you are mother's sunshine. The winds may blow and the rains may beat against me, but as long as God spares me my dear little boy my life will be full of sunshine."

Ray hung around mother all day, and every time she looked sad he said again: "Is I your sunshine, mamma, dear?"

A pompous bishop was having his portrait painted, and, after sitting for an hour in silence he thought he would break the monotony.

"How are you getting along?" he inquired. To his astonishment the artist, absorbed in his work, replied, "Move your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship asked, "May I ask why you address me in that manner?"

The artist, still absorbed in his work, replied, "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

walls of the building are three feet thick, of solid cement, hardened to the solidity of marble, with windows one foot square, set in at various and unexpected places in its front wall. The door posts are set in the ground ten feet, and the building, as is evidenced by its strength, was built to resist the frequent earthquakes.

Few vehicles are seen in the streets, and when seen the poor beasts of burden are to be commiserated, as there is absolutely no care given to the animals, the owner apparently desiring only to get as much work as possible out of the beasts before they surrender to fate and drop dead in their tracks.

Half-way up the hill, back of the city, situated upon a plaza, where the military band plays on certain evenings, stands the cathedral, the most pretentious structure in Santiago. The cathedral is the largest and finest on the island of Cuba, but its walls, built of porous stone, which is steadily crumbling away, give it the appearance of being moth-eaten. Gambling-houses are wide open and an unobstructed view can be obtained from the streets of the interiors of these resorts, where the Spaulard and Cuban can get rid of their surplus cash.

The exports have been steadily decreasing since 1885, noticeably in copper ore, in which they at one time amounted to 25,000 tons annually, but now they have dwindled to greatly diminished quantities.

AWFUL HARD.

"Course I'd like to be a Christian, but it's awful hard," said Cecil.

"So is getting rich or getting on a football team or—running a bank," said Cecil's big brother. He belonged to the senior Endeavour Society, and Cecil to the Junior.

"Why, papa runs a bank."

"Yes, and he says it's true what some man said: 'A bank never succeeds until it gets a president who takes it to bed with him.'"

"Takes it to bed with him! How can a man take a bank to bed with him?"

"Why, it means to think about it night and day, whenever he's awake. Fact is, everything's hard that's good for anything; but you don't care if it is hard if you want it."—Mayflower.

RULES TO BREAK.

1. Come late to church. (Psa. 84. 10.)
2. If too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, do not come. (Psa. 122. 1.)
3. Have no interest in prayer-meeting; if you come, neither pray nor testify. (Acts 3. 1.)
4. Never bring any one to church with you. (John 1. 41.)
5. Never speak well of your church, but tell every one how cold and dead the church is. (Psa. 137.)
6. Don't welcome a stranger, nor shake his hand. (Heb. 13. 2.)
7. When sick, don't let your pastor know; you then can tell your neighbours how he has neglected you. (John 11. 3.)
8. Make divisions by insisting on having your own way. (Psa. 133; Isa. 3. 14-16.)
9. Don't give to the church, nor for missions. (1 Cor. 16. 2, Matt. 28. 19.)
10. Don't come to Sunday-school. (Matt. 18. 4.)
11. Never speak to any one about Christ; the pastor is to do that. (Jas. 5. 20.)

N.B.—Break all these rules every day, and the strength of God's Spirit will be in the church.—Sunday-school Times.

THE GIFTS OF THE BIBLE.

A pleasant exercise for a children's meeting would be one which would teach the boys and girls about the gifts God has promised through the Bible.

At the preceding session each child could be instructed to bring to the Gift Meeting a slip of paper containing a passage of Scripture in which God has promised us some blessing or some gift. These slips could be collected and read aloud, and as each is read the child who brought it could rise and tell where it is to be found. Each could also later be asked to repeat the verse that he brought.

Among the most notable passages containing reference to gifts are John 3. 16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Also Matthew 11. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Likewise John 14. 27: "My peace I give unto you." Other passages are Acts 17. 25, 1 John 5. 11; 1 Corinthians 12. 7; James 1. 5; Revelation 2. 10.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.

FOUNDED FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The name Santiago given to the former capital signifies in English St. James. The streets are all alike, and apparently have not been repaired since first constructed four hundred years ago. Starting at the shore, the streets, which are very narrow, run directly up the hillside a distance of one hundred and fifty feet or more. Tropical rains have washed great gutters down the roads, in some places three or four feet deep, and the traffic has uprooted the cobblestones laid hundreds of years ago, and left in the road pitfalls and mantraps for the unwary. The main street, upon which the American Consul lived, is in such a condition of decay that no effort is made to drive a vehicle through it, and even a horseman cannot ride through it after dark. There is risk in attempting to navigate the street on foot in broad daylight. Most of the streets have cement sidewalks, ten or fifteen inches wide, but in some streets even this accommodation is done away with.

Santiago has the reputation of being the most unhealthy city in Cuba. Hemmed in by mountains, with all the city's filth festering in the sun, it is surprising that yellow fever does not make the city its regular abiding place, instead of visiting it annually, as it does.

Houses of the better class in the city are as unlike as two peas, and a description of one answers for all. Take the building which was occupied by the American Consul, situated in a street absolutely impassable for anything but pedestrians. It is necessary, should one be driving, to leave the carriage at the corner of the street, and pick his way down the so-called sidewalk to the old-fashioned building recognized as the Consul's home by the American eagle, which surmounts the keystone. The