

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Harvest of a Night.

A STORY OF A REVIVAL.

(By Maude Pettit, B. A., in 'Onward'.)

'And Mr. Parker thinks you really ought to devote your life to evangelistic singing?'

'Yes, Ora, and of course it would be a grand thing if one were really an active Christian, and people who sing for evangelists do a world of good, and all that. But it does seem like getting out of the world altogether, and you know a fellow doesn't want to be old before he's young, and after all one has such good times singing at Wiggin's concerts. There's such a jolly crowd, you know.'

The girl only sighed for reply, as she

see you in a work like that!—There are so many people won by a good singer, and, oh, Irving, think what it would be to meet mother some day, and have all those people you had saved coming up to you in heaven! And to work with a man like Mr. Parker!'

But Irving Barton only shook his head with a doubtful air and a look of unrest on his young face.

They could hear the melody of a hymn floating across the street in the stillness of the winter twilight. Revival was in the very air of Arville. You heard hymns floating from almost every home, even from the wretched little hovels down on Barnum street. Men passing you on the sidewalk were talking earnestly of Christ and his kingdom. It was not that Arville was ex-

longer without confessing it. But, oh, Irving, it would make it so much easier if you own that you are, too.'

'But it does seem so hard in our case, Ora. There are boys with Christian fathers and mothers praying for them, and here look at father. It seems to me I could do it, if it wasn't for him and the concert boys. But there doesn't seem much use in trying when you've a father that drinks. I heard Jack Cartwright speaking yesterday about that drunken printer Barton. I'm afraid every week he'll get discharged at the printing-house.'

'Poor father; he's drinking so much worse since mother died.'

'Yes, and it seems useless when everybody knows about it to try to be any better.'

'We might save him, Irving.'

'Mother would have done that if any one could. It's hopeless, Ora.'

'Oh, no—don't say that! It's too horrible! People are never hopeless. He would be as good as other people if he would only let drink alone. Besides, her memory may save him yet, especially if he sees us following her. Isn't there something in the Bible about people's works following after them?'

The youthful face wore a very perturbed look as he paced the room without replying.

'It's this way, Ora,' he said at last, 'I don't just feel that I can be the very best kind of Christian and keep on singing at Wiggin's concerts. In fact—in fact, I just feel, Ora, that it's my duty to consider what Mr. Parker said, and use my voice in God's service, and yet it's a sacrifice. And think how people would say, "Look at his father there."'

'Because our father—oh, I can't say it, but you know what I mean—is that any reason why we should not do our best to uplift others? And, O Irving, is it really a sacrifice? If mother could only see you there! How do we know she doesn't see? I almost feel as if she were here now, and—' But a sob interrupted her, and Irving glided quietly away to his own room.

She could only pray that all would be well with him, and she rose with the peace wherewith God comforts his own. It was quite dark now; the snow was driving and flurrying in long white lines outside the window, and a bleak wind shook the pane. There was the occasional clink of dishes from the dining-room as Marion, the elder sister, (the one now looked to in mother's place) added little touches to the long-waiting supper.

Then a startled look filled Ora's eyes. Why was father so late to-night? The printing-house must have been closed an hour ago. And he was not home to dinner, either, though to be sure he often took his dinner out on busy days. But still the anxiety deepened on her girlish brow. She could see so plainly a frosted window down town, with great staring black letters:—

THE BEALY HOUSE BAR-ROOM.

It did seem as if the deeper ran the religious life of Arville, the more boisterous grew the revelry in Bealy's bar-room. It was Bealy against Parker. If the church lighted her lights and warmed her corridors every evening, Bealy's hearth must be glowing, too, and Bealy's laughter must be heard. If Parker's crowd grew, Bealy must keep pace. Never did the liquor flow more freely. Never did he smile more genially on the gathering crowd.



THE GIRL ONLY SIGHED FOR REPLY, AS SHE SAT RESTING HER HEAD ON HER BROTHER'S SHOULDER.

sat resting her head on her brother's shoulder. It was such a natural thing to be quiet at that hour, as the November twilight darkened the falling snow. There was a quiet home on one of the sedately respectable side streets of the town. A quiet home, and a quiet room, though cosy, rag-carpeted, plainly furnished, but with pretty curtains and pictures, and a touch, or rather a sort of feeling in the room that a hallowed presence had left its influence there. The sweet face of a grey-haired woman looked down from the picture frame on the wall, and brother and sister were clad in mourning.

'But, Irving, if mother were here again'—and a sob choked her for a moment. 'Oh, it seems to me she would give anything to

cited. It had never been quieter. But everywhere was that extreme tension of mind and spirit that filled the very atmosphere with the earnestness of living.

Irving and Ora Barton felt it as never before. They remembered the revival last year, when mother was there. They remembered how she had pleaded with them. Oh, if they had turned to Jesus then, how much happier would her last year have been. Too late now! If they had only known! And, young as they were, they felt the bitterness of regret tug at their heart-strings.

'Well, Irving, I have come to this point. I must own I am a Christian. I have been trying to be for months, you know, and I don't feel that I can sing in that choir any