I will not think of thee as cold and dead, Low-lying in the grave that I can see. I would not stand beside when lite had fled And left thy body only, there for me I never saw thee with thy pale arms crossed On that unbeating heart that was mine own They only told me all that I had lost When from thy breast thy fovely soul had

Thou wert not that! and so I turned away, And left the house wnen mourners staid; Nor did I come on that unhappy day. When in the tomb that dreadful thing was

To me thou art not dead, but gone an hour Into another country, fair and sweet,
Where thou shalt by some undiscovered power
Be kept in youth and beauty till we meet.

Thus I can feel that any given day I can less that any given day
I could rejoin thee, gone awhile before
To foreign climes, to pass duil weeks away
By waudering on the broad Atlantic shore;
Where each long wave that breaks upon the

Bears thee a message from me waiting here. And every breath spring breathes across the Seems as a sign that thou art lingering near.

So I will think of thee as living there, And I will keep thy grave in sweetest bloom As if thou gavedst a garden to my care E'er thou departed from our English gloom Then when my day is done, and I too die, Twill be as if I journeyed to thy side, And when all quiet we together lie, We shall not know that we have ever died.

ANECDOTE OF DR. WIL. LISTON.

-All the Year Round.

What is faith ?- and, What is it to believe on Christ ?-are very common questions in the history of every Christian minister. Another question about as common is, How can I appropriate the work of Christ to my soul? Sometimes it ssumes this—which is the same hing-How can I be benefited by what Christ did?

I have an illustration that has prayer is that you may follow Fabeen the means of leading at least ther Ganyard, and cast all your one hundred sinners to Christ, as it fell from my lips. It has also been In so doing, you will find that look the means of enlightening the of love, and your soul will be borne minds of a great many professing upward and onward, almost entranc-Christians. I trust you will receive ed in glory.—N. Y. Evangelist. benefit from reading it. It shows why impenitent sinners do not become Christians, and it shows why many professing Christians are in dark-

ter of 1837-38, at Granger, Ohio. of thought may be brought to bear While there I became acquainted upon the chapter selected. But with one of the most godly men I | with most people each recurring ever knew. He had long been in morning brings its own pressing the "school of Christ," and had tasks. Business cares, the daily been taught of him. I often wished toil, and the duties of the house I might know the history of the hold, are the first and most engrosman, who seemed to enjoy the calm | sing concerns. Some hours must countenance. At length an oppor- | find time to sit down to any quiet tunity occurred, and I asked him to | reading. give me his history. To this he of his history was not far from at this article, that the plan be hon-

converted, he got into darkness. he thought he ought to have had when he became a Christian, and therefore doubted greatly whether gion enough to make him miser- if you are resolute about this. able. At length he said: "Did But to the multitude whose morn-

member one anecdote. It seemed crowd in upon us, and there is no that he had been preaching on the room anywhere for the still hour shore of one of the lakes. While there he had found a woman in as near the same state of mind as I have told you that I was in, as can

remember in eternity.' started for the woods. I rolled in serve.—Presbyterian Journal.

agony, and wept and prayed, till at length I felt that I had cast all my sins and doubts and fears on Christ. My joy was inexpressible. I have been a great sinner in my day since then, but I know what my remedy is. I don't keep a load of sin weighing me down and crushing me in the dust, as I used to, but go and cast it on Christ, and find him daily an ocean of love to my

Soon after I heard this anecdote I was engaged in a powerful revival of religion at Hinckley. Ohio. saw a man rolling and writhing for one hour and a quarter under a sense of sin. At length I arrested his attention by telling him the above anecdote. The man looked up in wonder, saying, "Can such a sinner as I be saved?" "Yes," said "cast all your sins on Christ." He laughed, he wept, he adored. He felt that he could cry, "Ah! that look of love was joy unutterable, and full of glory !"

On my return to Oberlin I called on President Mahan and Professor Phinney, and stated the above to each. The next Sabbath evening, at prayer-meeting, Prof. Morgan called on some of my class to give their experience during the vacation. I gave the above illustration. A very good meeting followed.

The next Thursday evening President Mahan preached and told the same story. The next Sabbath morning Professor Phinney repeated it. No anecdote ever affected a community as that did the people of Oberlin. Thirteen years afterward, President Mahan informed me that he had told that story in every place where he had preached.

And, now, my dear readers, my sins and doubts and fears on Christ.

### BIBLE READING.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and When I was a student at Oberlin, | body are fresh, after the repose of I preached during the fall and win- the night, and the highest powers weet sunlight of his Saviour's pass, with many, before they can

I would plead, however, with most cheerfully assented. A part every one who may happen to look estly tried, of taking some word Soon after he became hopefully from God's book for the first meditation of the morning. If you have He did not have as much feeling as a fire to light, or breakfast to prepare; if you must hurry forth in the early gray of dawn to take down shutters and sweep out a he had ever truly consecrated him- shop; if you must hasten to dress self to God. He was afraid to go little children, or start off for a long to the communion table lest he journey to the store you attend, or should bring damnation upon him- the school in which you teach, or self. He lived as a great many the factory where you toil, still you others do-having just about reli- will be wiser, richer, and happier,

you ever know a minister in the ings are comparatively within their State of New York by the name of own control, I would say, make for Williston?" I told him I had heard | the next month, a fair, steadfast Mr. Williston preach once. "Well, | trial of the plan of studying the Bihe was the man, under God, that ble when your faculties are at what did me good. I lived at that time | Macdonald somewhere calls "menin the State of New York, near tal high-water mark." Very often Canandaigua. It was about the there is pressing work on hand; the year 1802 or 3: I don't remember little dress must be finished, the cake must be made, the dinner must "One afternoon, while I was en. | be ordered, the sweeping must be gaged in rolling logs, there came a attended to, the letters must be writboy and told us that a missionary ten, and the newspaper must be would preach at the house of one of read. By and by will do for the my neighbors that afternoon. We | Bible reading. Thus we argue, and concluded to go. I don't remember before we know it noon comes, much about the sermon, but I re- guests arrive, unexpected affairs with God, for the sweet preparation

of the heart to seek him. Every Christian admits the duty

#### LITTLE MINISTRIES.

A single word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before your eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and its sweet sur-

kindly look costs nothing at all, But a heart may be starving for just on glance That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear To catch some tale of sore distress; But men may be fainting beside us here, For longing to share their weariness.

These gitts nor silver nor gold may buy, Nor the wealth of the richest of men besto But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye, The poorest may offer wherever he go.

C. F. Richardson

## A FLOWER FARM.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald gives the following account of a noted flower farm in Eng-

In a corner of the county of Essex, Eng., Messrs. Carter, floriculturists, have established a farm devoted to the growth of flowers. These plants are not destined to adorn the gardens of the wealthier classes, but to furnish seed from which flowers may be ultimately obtained. A recent visit to the village of St. Osyth, discloses a tract of well-sheltered country, which, in its variety of colors, reminded one of a stained glass wildow gone mad. In one place an expanse of the deepest blue is formed by a few acres of Nemophila insignis. Next to it appears a purple sea of the purple Saponaria. Then comes a dash of the deep blue Lobelia, and, further on, one enters a space covered with the Venetian red of the Phlox drummondi. These are followed by similar beds of Sweet Williams, the vellow Oxalis, the pink Eucharidium, the purple Leptospermum, and these masses of color are relieved by the white Nemophila.

Another portion of the farm is devoted to Petunias, with purple and white leaves edged with green; these are followed by a yellow sea of Eschscholtzia crocea, and then sweet Sultan, white lilac, and yellow. At the end of this appears an island of Verbena surrounded by the blue Lupin. A sea of the bright snapdragon, the rosy tint of the Eschscholtzia mandarin, the bright scarlet of the Tom Thumb Nasturtium, the old-fashioned Virginia stock, the French grav and purplecolored Godetia whitneyi, the white Clarkia, dedicated to Mrs. Langtry, while Lord Beaconsfield's and Mr. Gladstone's names are immortalized in different kinds of Chrysanthemums. These flowers are not picked, but are allowed to run to seed. which is carefully gathered and made up into small packages.

One corner of the farm is devoted to the cultivation of the seed of the more useful products. Here may be found a bed of American parsley, ments." and a plot of the new mammoth wheat lately introduced from the States. This cereal produces an ear of immense size, but bearded like ] barley. These "horns," as the through, and not miss a word." beard is called, drop off as the ear ripens, leaving it perfectly smooth. Next to the extirpation of weeds the gardener's greatest difficulty is to keep the different kinds of flowers in their own beds. The small birds do their best to mix them up, and seem to take a special delight in carrying the seed of some bright scarlet flower and dropping it into the midst of a bed devoted to a flower of another color.

# A PLEASING INCIDENT.

There is a lady living in a little four-room cottage in the environs of Boston, whose name is well of frequent reading of the Bible. To known to literary people. She debe. He called one day, and having how many it is more than a duty, pends wholly upon her own exerheard her story about her doubts even a dear and thrice blessed privitions for the support of herself and and fears, said: 'Suppose you go lilege, so that they are ready to cry children, and does her own housedown to the shore of this lake, and out, "How sweet are thy words work, yet her cottage is the focus take a stone and throw it into unto my mouth, yea, sweeter than of the best society of the locality. the lake, do you suppose that you honey unto my taste!" This expe- A gentleman calling there recently will ever see it again? She said rience comes only to those who was received at the door by a 'No; not till the lake is dried up.' make it part of their life work to daughter of the lady, who told him 'You can remember,' said he, 'how study the Scriptures. You wonder her mother was too busy to be callit looked, can you not ?' 'Yes, I at the familiarity of this or that ed, but that he could see her in the baby was in their home. can remember that forever.' 'Well, friend with the Psalms, the Epis- | kitchen, if he pleased; and he folsaid he, 'I will tell you what I ties, the Gospels. It has been gain- lowed her to that room. The lady want you to do. I want you to cast | ed a little at a time, by patient daily | greeted him without the least emall your sins and doubts and fears reading, thoughtful and prayerful barrassment, though she had on a lawful suffering and the end, the on Christ. You will find Him an reading, too, which was hived by big apron and her sleeves were pinocean of love. Cast all your sins the soul as something worth treas- ned back to her shoulders. She on him as you would east a stone uring. We shall all gain immeas- was cutting a pumpkin into slips and not one hope, one word of com- the heavenly home, or more pleas- years old had a rubber balloon givinto this lake. You may remember | urably in our influence, as well as | for pies; and there sat a venerable | fort, only the cruel, dreary, unlighthow they looked, and that you will in our own comfort, by giving more gentleman gravely paring the strips of our unwearied thought to the to the accompaniment of brilliant darling! "The story did the woman a Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, conversation. I was asked to guess great deal of good. I stayed till wornout moments at night, and who this gentleman was, and after the minister got through with his those only, are almost an insult to several fruitless attempts was told story and the application, and then the Master whom we profess to that it was the poet Longfellow.

called, and he also insisted upon be- had loved as herself, and then she one cared to leave the pleasant cot- the little wan face, and we all heard has honored God with an altar of tage, so they staid to lunch, one of the pies forming the piece de resistanne of the occasion. Speaking of this incident afterward the lady said, "My friends are kind enough for we buried her with no heathen to come and see me, though they know I cannot leave my work to entertain them. Visiting and work must proceed together, and when I set my callers at work with me we are sure to have an agreeable time.' -Lippincott.

### THE BORROWED BABY.

"Please ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby."

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us at all, any more. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did love these new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time. I rolled little Dudu up and, kissing her good-by, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as angry as could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours?" he said crossly. "They could go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies.

"But none like ours, John," I said quickly.

"Well no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it; when they bring her back comes a promontory of odoriferous | this time you may as well settle it up once for all.'

I forgot to say that John and were both free-thinkers and did not go to Church or subscribe to any of scarlet Godetia, named after the the religious beliefs to which we Princess of Wales, and another had been educated. We had both pond of the same color, is formed graduated in a brilliantly intellectuby the Lobelia cardinalis. Every al school utterly devoid of the foolcolor is found here: the blue of the | ish superstitions of any religious Lobelia specioso, the pale blue of faith, and we intended to bring up the Campanula, the yellow of the our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur sweet pea, the deep orange of the to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could not pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves and our child.

> The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby, and as I took her from

the girl I said: "We won't be able to lend the

babysany more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her, the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so, with my compli-

"I'am sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all love little Dudu so much, and she's real sweet. She can sing 'Jesus loves me' all

"Superstition!" I exclaimed angrily, "tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"Not bed-i-e-ve them," gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen, be you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, little woman! guess we know enough to take care there finds help and refreshment of this little blossom, hey wee Willie Winkie, don't we?"

Somehow just then an old forgotten text dashed into my mind, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbors being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no

recall it now-the days-hardly more than a day-of anguish; the eyes-the awful realism of death,

process, another distinguished poet whom she, at least, sweet darling. ing impressed into the service. It lifted the weary little hands, and ing place of God—the family altawas a dreary day outside, and no a glad look of recognition was in the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby

lips: "Desus loves me, dis I know." Yes, they sang it at her funeral, rites, and some good man preficed a few consoling words with the text: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" but O! the tender melody of the child-voides that sung above her:

Jesus loves me, this I know. For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to him belong. We are weak, but he is strong.

And when it was all over, and o.: ly the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbor came like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave Christian strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely: "Be content, God has only borrowed the

#### TWO PICTURES.

The experience of a young man, ecently given in a social meeting, shows forcibly the extreme dangers to which even those trained in Christian habits at home are exposed. when thrown out upon the world. He is a commercial traveller. Most of his time is spent upon railway trains or in hotels. Stopping in any city for a few hours, business is soon completed, and then, until the time of departure comes, the moments hang listlessly upon his hands. Of course, no social pleasures are open to him in any of the delightful Christian homes that surround him, for he is a stranger. Hotel acquaintances invite him to the billiard-room. He thinks that better than sitting alone; so he accepts the invitation. The game is usually not for money, but for drink. His principles have been averse to this indulgence; but when his companions enter into it, he thinks he cannot refuse. It is not long before the moral sense is blunted, and all the early horror of the fatal draught which his mother instilled into his mind in boyhood is gone; and, without even hesitating, he drinks and plays, and plays and drinks until his brain is turned, and the morning finds him stupid and unfit for business duties. From the force of early habit he attends service once on Sabbath, but the noon of that day usually finds him seated in the car, off for the next place of business, where the same allurements draw him further still from every instinct of his better nature. Alas! what a warning is here! How many a professing Christian young man has through such exposures as these drifted away from Church, and home, and social ties, into hope-

less tides of evil. In contrast with this sad and yet true picture, stands another just as true. It has been our delight for two years past to watch the growth in Christian character of a young man, whose business takes him upon frequent journeys West and South. Returning after weeks of absence to the weekly prayer-meeting of his Church, he is always among the first to give his testimony. Thanksgiving for providential care and spiritual blessings comes with true fervor from a heart that has remained loyal to Christ and his service through all changes of place and circumstances. Instead of the sad breaking down of principle and loss of character manifest in the former case, we see in him a growth in Christian manliness promising much for his future.

The exposures in both lives are the same; but the security of this one lies in the fact, that instead of being drawn into the billiard-room. he seeks the prayer-meeting and even in the midst of strangers. He finds also, the place of secret communion with God in the hotel or on the train, and wherever he goes the word is a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path.

God is above all circumstances, and will keep in perfect safety amid all dangers every soul that is true to him. -E. J. K.

# WORSHIP.

They who daily pray in their O, that dreadful time. I cannot homes do well; they that not only pray, but read the Bible, do better but they do best of all who not only pray and read the Bible, but sing to practice. A correspondent illusparched lips and the fever-bright the praises of God. What scene can trates this by the following story: be more lovely on earth, more like Little Clarence, when about four ing to God, than that of a pious en him. He accidentally let go ened grave that yawned for our family, kneeling with one accord the string to which it was attached, around the home altar, and uniting and felt very badly when he saw it Just at the last there was a mo- their supplication to their Father in ascending. After watching it as it ment's peace. It was not on us that heaven? How lovely the scene of arose over the hill and out of sight, her last look fell. We turned to a pious mother gathering her little he said: "Well, God will keep it see who or what she saw, and there ones around her at the bedside, and for me, and I'll got it when I go to While the pumpkin-paring was in stood our neighbor over the way, teaching them the privilege of heaven."

prayer. It is this which makes bome a type of heaven, the dwellheaven's threshold. The home that devotion may well be called blessed Your household piety will be the crowning attribute of your peaceful home. It is well with thee, you can answer with joy. It is well some say, if we could have all the sport that we wish for. But what does that amount to? It will never benefit us in the least, but will rise up in greater condemnation. We should always act so that we can

look back upon a life well spent, Some families are not careful to have their children present withey worship. This is very The children should always present. Some do not teach their children to kneel in prayer, and hence they awkwardly sit in their seats while the parents kneel. This is a sad mistake. "Heads of familier should never omit to pray with their families, morning and evening, and set them a good example in all the Christian virtues."-Presbuter ian Journal

#### OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A LETTER FROM A CONVICT.

Yes, my dear teacher, I can trace away back to the days of my youth the first step in crime, that result ed in bringing me here. I well remember the Sunday morning, when I was ten or twelve years old; that my mother, after fixing me all un

"Now, Edward, you go right to the Sunday-school.

"Yes, mother," I answered, and started. When I got to the church. instead of walking in I stood on the steps with some other boys. Some of the boys said:

" Let us go down to the beach and have a swim." Three of us started and went in "swimming," as we called it. Then we went back to the church. We found the service had begun. Then it was proposed that we go and get some of Dr. cherries, that hung temptingly over the road, a little way off. We got up into the tree and began to pick and eat. The Doctor saw us from his window. After we had got enough, we came down and hung around till meeting was out, and then we went home.

Mother said, "Have you been at the meeting?"

"Yes, mother," I answered. The next morning a constable came. I was taken before a justice

and sent to jail for five days. That was the starting point. After that it was easy to tell a lie; it was easy to take small things. That led me to bad company. There were plenty who were ready to say, "Good boy; you are a brick; been to jail." I thought it a grand thing. Bad company led me to drink, and through drink I came

This was not all done at once. 0 no. Satan does not do his work so. That crime was done thirty years ago, but that was the seed sown that was destined to take root and bear fruit.

But I hope God in his mercy will let other seed, that was sown about that time, take root, and that they too will bear fruit; that the dear mother, who I know is praying for me without ceasing, may be able to say, "God be praised, my prayers are heard at last."

But, my dear teacher, it seems long way off to me. I pray continually, but it seems to me I have been too great a sinner. But I shall trust in Him, and I hope, though my sins are as scarlet, they may become white as snow, in the blood of the Lamb. I never knew what it was to have a father's care. -Christian Intelligencer.

Says the Children's Home Record In our evening worship, a few days since, in reply to the question, What is Jesus doing in heaven? the children who are mostly very small, gave these answers: "Putting down our sins;" " Putting down our names;" "Looking down upon us;" "Praying for us;" 'Looking into our hearts;" "Loving us—keeping us alive;" "Keeping clean hearts in us;" "Giving us the Holy Spirit;" "Keeping us

Children often teach us lessons of faith that would be well for us

LSSSON

The pu of Palesti universal are persu outcasts such as d lations of sees. Se 18, 13, etc the fords tom-house would be the preac powerful too, was I aliens au with the n in all prot in connect hear him. that power which evel creasingly have rolle And the Pharisees scribes wer kind, thei

then write ies thereo cerves then them with them from of affection ed sunners divine and them .- The mingles so ern sinner criticism fi pride of p the liberty to eastern volves the and intima in connecti lion, it i Which m

such pains

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a lost soul

and apt typ sheep, with protection out any me from the Go after ... gues himsel man, angel sonal work, seek and t The daty of cated. Ho the lesson h ninety and dles and ca in the fold. be not its in Until he fin patience an and what sh perseverance Huntington despondent to Christ. he answered I am lost, I for that," claimed the " Because," " Christ cam you are lost

herd of the often seen b the forlorn s driven. It fu of the tend the soul of saving from joicing-See Con Curtolidi are intrusted tor his flock, parent his ch When he co Christ on ea repentant si is his Church and nine, an the shepherd Friends and under sheph flocks in the The great ha rejoicing. So every barr should be praise should

save you."

Layeth it

Joy shall chalaren of G wert saved by ness from de It is the only we have prod The Church Church mili one soul. Th of it is impo pentance of step in that child of hell ven. Just p dispensation like Zacharia ing in all th blameless.

Either who parable impl the wanderi latter, God's soul and his its loss, a phi prets the wor found the pie piece of mone about eight p to a day's wa silver was le plunged in th with the love is like a pie We are to houses are no of ours, pierc