BY BUSAN COOLIDGE.

Not once I e comes, In that dim hour when, life and death between, Floats the hasf-liberated soul while far And faint the nearer lamps and voices grow, And farther, fainter, rather guessed than seen, Glimmers the light of heaven like glimmering star, And sounds the summons which the dying know To be His voice whom spirits all obey ;-Not only then, dear Lord, but every day.

Yes, every day He comes ; Not in the earthly form that once he bore, Not in the earthy form that once he wears; Nor in the glorious shape which now he wears; In mean attire, and toil-worn, painful guise He stands and calls beside our path, our door; Weary and spent he comes, his wounds he bares; At d bends on us his deep appealing eyes, Which, voiceless, find a voice, and speak and say, Tis I who call thee, child, will thou obey ?

In várious shapes He comes. When life grows difficult, and cares wax strong, And pain and patience prove too hard a load, And grief makes sorrowful the fairest noon, And sorrows press and crowd, an armed throng, And herce temptations lurk along the road, And day is hot, and night falls all too soon, Still in these grievous things himself we see, And puzzled, trustful murmur, "It is He!"

Be gla i because He comes That his blest visits are of every day, To sweeten toil, to give that toil reward And when the summons soundeth clear and low Let us rebuke our lagging souls, and say, It is oh, wor grous thought ! it is the Lord Who deigns to claim thy help and service so Be quick, my soul, nor mar thy high estate. Thy Lord and Master calls, let him not wait. -Sunday School Times.

WHAT TALLEYRAND THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

reached very mature life.

She gives an account of one of her he?" morning receptions in Paris. Count It was well put; but what was the - said to her:

'Madam, my call is made specially thus early to ask if you will do me the honor of occupying one of my boxes at the theater this evening, and also one at the Italian opera two evenings from this. Rachel is to appear at one and Grisi at the other.' I thanked him for his civility, but added my regrets at being obliged to decline accepting his of this will only see that he is convertpolite proposal. 'O, pardon me, madam, I had forgotten you were a Presbyterian. I remember now that your church is opposed to theaters.' (I had told him so two years before.) I replied that it was. He at once continued make ing apology after apology, as if he had a serious breach of good manners, and feared he might have given offence. I soon relieved him, however, by assuring him that I was grateful and flattered by his kind attention, though I must decline accept-

I often found it a characteristic of the gay votaries of the world among the French, who made no pretense of being sc. upulous about sacred things themselves, never to make light of or sneer at another person's religious belief, however absurd or preposterous they might deem them. The scruples of ting. He suffered himself to be proothers were always treated with the utmost respect; they never seeming for a bear upon him for the first time. But ing adopted such tenets could be ex. the box and the cloth lifted, he leaped pected to do otherwise than refuse par. | to his feet with a bound, and attempted ticipation in whatever would violate them.

Duchess of S-was residing in Paris, and gave a party to which this correspondent was invited. But to give her own words, though we condense:

In the course of the evening her Grace approached me with the amiable proposition that I should accompany her to the theater the next evening. I declined, with some embarrassment, thanking her for the kindness as I had Count R-, sometime before, saying that I never attended theatrical performances.

The lady looked at me as if not comprehending what I said. 'You do not go to the theater ever? Do tell me

why?' I replied as ca'mly as my nervous system permitted in the presence of such an assemblage of distingues. 'I do and the Bible for the gloom and darknot think it is right, as I am a member of the Church.'

She replied emphatically, 'So am I.' I saw a smirk of disdain on several faces near, though not on hers. The sneering expression of the countenances sailor. somewhat aroused my courage, and I not think it wrong.'

'No, certainly not; nor can I see, my dear, how you can either.'

But I do nevertheless for myself,' said I, not pretending to judge for others.

I found it a severe ordeal for me to resist the civility so kindly urged. At last she gave up the theater, substituting the opera instead. I had again to decline on the same ground. I prefer foregoing the pleasure of it, if it is sinful, how ver attractive.

Ah, that is the point: if it is sinful. But how can it be sinful?'

I replied. 'I cannot judge for you, or

The gentlemen had mostly gathered round us and listened to our conversation without uttering a word. Their presence added to my embarrassment, supposing as I did that I was the only bigot of the company. I was, in fact, almost ready, to weep, when, to my amazement-just as I had finished my last sentence-Tallyrand came to my assistance in his sly, sarcastically serious manner:

'Well, we must all confess that Mad. am - at least has the advantage of us in consistency of conduct. We all, as well as she, profess to be Christians. If I understand (looking very innocent) that phraseology in its theological sense, it means followers of Christ-that is, to imitate him. The world and we must certainly understand it differently, however; for I do not think we can say we go the theater to follow or imitate him. If I remember the history of his life, he did not attend the theater at all-did he? Am I right? I think I am. So you see Madam --- has the advantage of us, we must all acknowledge.'

M. Talleyrand had his faults. He resigned. had been a bishop, but the Revolution that turned all things upside down, turned him into a diplomat. His sincerity was always questionable; but he had firmness of character, had mul-There is an interesting communica- titudinous resources, had clearness of tion from E. B., in a late Southwest- view, had brilliancy of wit : saw into ern Presbyterian,' about phases of Par- the truth of things, and though he did isian society.' The correspondent is not follow the truth, admired those evidently a lady of position; and to who did. Christianity with him was have conversed with Talleyrand († 1838) to be a follower of Christ; and 'we do as a lady in society, she must have not go to the theater to follow him. He did not attend theaters at all-did

> effect upon the polite world that assembled around the distinguished correspondent? • Everybody commenced laughing, and so ended the argument. What the world needs, what the world must have or else it will be bad for it, is not amusement, but conversion. As this is too much to expect, if the reader ed, and not merely a member of the Church, it will be the most important thing for him, and worth all the sacrince.—Southern Churchman.

AFRAID OF THE CAMERA

In the Indian Territory a fair was held some time ago to show some of the results of civilizing the savages. A number of tribes attended, and displayed articles of home manufacture. such as needle-work, embroidery, lacework, and blankets. Many of the Inshowed a childish delight in looking at their faces. Others, however, could not be persuaded to go near the camera. Yellow Bear, of the Arapahoes, was the first to pass through the ordeal of a sitperly seated, and the camera brought to moment to suppose that a person hav- when the prepared plate was placed in During the same winter the English graph of a Cheyenne warrior was back to his chair, and sat there like a He explained that no Chevenne warrior was a greater brave than he. The gigantic Osages, on the other hand, will their reservation informs me that he was peremptorily ordered out of their country on that account. The Indian is a protound believer in the power of spirits for good or evil, and takes care never to offend them.

PRAYING TO CHANCE.

A lady, who had forsaken her God ness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor one morning how long they should be out.

"In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the

"'If it is God's will!" said the In a few days a terrible storm arose,

and the lady stood clinging on the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her. "What do you think," said she,

"Will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last for some time, madam."

"Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?"

Kait.

'We must each judge for ourselves,' THE LOST BOOK AND THE SIN-NER SAVED.

A few years ago a little boy had a present from his grandmama of a little book with verses of Scripture. It was bound in red leather and had his name written on it. One day when he went to visit the lions at Lynn Mart, his little book fell out of his pocket. He was a very little boy, and much troubled at the loss of the book, for his name was written on it by his grandmother her-

The matter was almost forgotten, when a year afterward the clergyman of a parish about eight miles from Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book:

He said he had been sent for to see the wife of a man living on a wild common on the outskirts of his parish, a notoriously bad character. The message was brought to him by the medical man who attended her, and who, after describing her as being most strangely altered, added, "You will find the lion become a lamb;" and so it proved. She who had been wild and rough, whose language had been vio lent and her conduct untamed, lay on a bed of exceeding suffering, patient and

On arriving at the house, the clergyman heard the following story from the woman herself, explaining the cause of the marvellous change. Her child had picked up the book and carried it home as lawful spoil. Curiosity-or, rather some feeling put into her heart by Him without whose leave a sparrow falleth not to the ground—had induced her to read it. The Word had been blessed to her, and the understanding opened to receive the gospel truth. Sin in her sight had become hateful; blasphemy was no longer heard from her ips. She drew from under her pillow her "precious book," as she called it, which had taken away the fear of death.

She died soon afterward, filled with joy and hope in believing, having in those portions of Scripture found a Saviour to bear the burden of guilt and thus present her, faultless and unblamable, before the throne of God. God's providence had brought to her that little book to lead her to Christ.

Who can tell the value of a little book, or the results of the wayside scattering of a handful of gospel tracts? The seed may seem lost and be forgotten, but oh, what glad surprises will the harvest bring! Blessed are yes that

GROWING OLD.

Of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a correspondent of The Hartford Courant writes: 'The vigor of that wonderful intellect remains superior to the ravages of accumulating years, but the evidences of decay nevertheless manifest themselves sadly enough in that disease of old age, the inability to recall words, which is technically named aphasia. The simplest combinations dians had their photographs taken, and fail him, but he bears his pain gently, calmly, grandly. When in doubt he turns quietly to his daughter and inquires of her. She answers him, and then he proceeds by the help of her suggestion as he had begun. On the particular occasion of which my informant told me occurred two remarkable instances of his failing. The first was his inability to recall the word which would describe his son's profession. It was not a mere hesitating for a word. to leave the tent. All attempts to rea- It was an absolute inability even to son with him failed. At last a photo- form it. He waited for a moment and then he said, "Daughter, what is your shown him, upon which he went quietly | brother's profession?" "He is a doctor, father," she answered. "Yes, a statue till his negative was taken. doctor," he said, and then resumed the conversation. The next time he was unable to think of the word which would tell his own age. In like manner not approach the tent. They say the he turned again and asked, "Daughcamera robs them of their good spirits. | ter, how old am I?" and when she The Kickapoos give the same reason, told him he assented, and seemed not ing so peculiar an inquiry.'

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT. The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry upon him, and his brows wore a light burdens on their heads. The water like inspiration." He partook for the for family use is always brought by the first time, of the Holy Communion, and girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in then, as the shadows gathered closer, when the rain began to come down. this way. The exercise is said to he said, in a cool, clear voice, like some She had an umbrella, but her hands strengthen the muscles of the back, philosophical dissecter, 'It seems like while the chest is thrown forward. No two tides—two tides advancing and recrooked backs are seen in Hindostan. treating-these powers of Life and Dr. H. Spray says that this exercise of Death. Now the dark wave recedes; carrying small vessels of water on the ; but wait—it will advance again triumhead might be advantageously intro- phant." After a little, he murmured, duced into our boarding schools and replied to the Duchess, 'But you do lady; "what a senseless expression! private families, and that it might endon't von know that all comes by tirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping The long slow night were through; and 10bes, etc. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Him doo women do, without ever touching it with their hands. The same practice but the last spoonful of water she of carrying water leads to precisely the gave to him he could not swallow. same results in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant shall soon drink of the River of will carry on her head a vessel full of Eternal Life." And so with love to water to the very brim, over a rough light the way of faith, the spirit of ple. road, and not spill a drop of it; and Henry Timrod went out calmly beautithe acquisition of this art of knack rul, into the Unknown Dark, just as the feeling in the heart, for such little

CHINESE WOMEN.

The gain for Christianity and hu-

manity would be very great if the foolish fashion of binding the feet of girls in China could be overthrown. Nearly half of the women of China are helpless cripples, who can scarcely hobble from one room to another in their own houses. If they want to pay a visit to a neighbor, they must be carried, like a child, on the back of a slave. Miss Fielde, of the Baptist mission at Swatow, has an interesting article on the sub- ing. She had been a thoughtful, prayject in the September number of The | ing child, having professed religion at Baptist Missionary Magazine. She says twelve years of age, and lived a devoted the process of binding the feet is any- and useful life. Severe pain at tun s thing but a painless ordeal. It requires almost took away the power of thought. about a year to form the feet, during Between these severe attacks of sufferwhich time the victim "sleeps only on | ing she looked back to her childhood's her back, lying crosswise the bed, with experiences, and forward into the blesher feet hanging down over the side, so sed future, with equal clearness and joy that the edge of the bedstead presses as she said, "There's a de ightful on the tendons and nerves behind the clearness now." As I sat by her bed, knees in such a way as to dull the pain, we talked as her strength would permit. somewhat. There she swings her feet Among the many things never to be and moans; and even in the col est forgotten she said: "Father, you know weather cannot wrap herself in a cover- I professed religion when I was young, let, because every return of warmin to very young-some thought too youngher limbs increases the aching. The but on, how I wish I could ten every. sensation is said to be like that of punc- body what a comfort it is to me now to turing the joints with needles." Dur- think of it" Reaching out her mand ing all this time the feet cannot be her fingers already cold-and grasping used at all; the owner of them must mine, she said, with great earnestness: make her way about on stopls or her | " Father, you are at work for the young. knees. Of course, women thus ais | Do all you can for tugm wade they are abled, cannot support themselves nor young. It is the best time-ine best care for their children, and when they time. Oh, I see it now as I never did are thrown upon their own resources, before. It is the best time-while they which must happen frequently, they but are young-the younger the better. add to the wretchedness and poverty Do all you can for them-while they which abound. Fashion is stronger are very soung."-Baptist Weekly. than law, for there is no law in regard to binding the feet; and yet women cannot be persuaded to renounce the practice, except as they become Chrisians. It might be supposed that the powerful example of the ladies of the royal family helps to keep up the fashion; but Miss Fielde says the women in the imperial palace are "all naturalfooted." So are the Hakka women in the interior; and in some interior villages the fashion has died out in the last twenty years. Half of the Biblewomen employed have unbound feet; and these are most sought for by the missionaries, because they are more

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

We excuse a man for occasional depressions, just as we endure a rainy day. But who could endure 865 days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, sombre and have. One good laugh is a bomshell and said, "And Willie has a soul too." exploding in the right place, while snle-n and discontent is a gun that boy. kicks over the man who shoots it off. Some must have to get into heaven backward. Let us stand off from our despondencies. Listen for sweet notes, not discords. In a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot and the toad to creak and the fault-finder to comful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unap- it?" proachable.

THE DYING POET.

The story of the end of Henry Tim-

rod, as told by his sister-in-law, seems to me meffably couching. As he recovered consciousness and calm in one and a photographer just returned from at all disconcerted at his need of make of his last convulsions, he said quietly, "I am dving." "Yes dear," whispered his sister; "you will soon be at rest." "True," he replied in struggling tones of intense pathos, "but love is sweeter than rest." The parting with his adored wife was his final supreme agony, after which a crown of calm descended "So this is death! How strange! Were I a metaphysician, I would analyze it; but as it is, I can only watch." his wife, in the gray of the morning, took her sister's place at the bed-id-The sufferer was burning with thirst; "Never mind," he whispered "I gives her the same erect and elastic, sun was coming forth to his eternal

ber of the poet softened into death at the very hour which he had long foretold—the hour when nature seems most to rejoice; when birds sing highest, brooks run freshest, and flowers look sweetest .- Int. Review.

Our Young Folks

THE BEST TIME.

My very dear only daughter lay dy-

" DAFT WILLIE."

A few years ago among the high hills of Scotland lived a family of rosycheeked boys and girls, and one of the number was known by all the neighbors round as "Daft Willie" They called him so because, though he was now a tall, large boy, he could not learn to read and write and spell as his brothers and sisters did. Even little Jessie, who was only four years old knew a great deal more than Willie. He was almost an idiot.

All day long, while the other children were at school, he would lie down among the purple heath and talk and sing to himself in his own wild way; but as he was always kind and gentle, everybody loved "Daft Willie."

One day the white-haired old minister came to Willie's house, and gathering all the flaxen beads and bright charged with evil prognostication. We eves about his knees, he talked to them may be born with a melancholy tempera- about the good Saviour, who loved litment, but that is no reason why we the children when He was on earth, and should vield to it. There is a way of who still loves them now He has gone shuffling the burden. In the lottery of to heaven. Willie stood by with his life there are more prizes drawn than large, vacant, dreamy eyes, not seeming blanks, and for one mistortung there to mind what the minister was saying : are fifty advantages. Despondency is but as the good old man was going the most unprofitable feeling a man can away he laid his hand on Willie's head

" No. Willie has no soul," said the "Yes, Willie has a soul." "This." laying his hand on his shoulder, "is Willie's body, but it is Willie's soul

that loves his mother and little Jessie." "No Willie has no soul," was still the answer, and to all the good man could say the reply was still the same-" Willie has no soul."

"Poor boy, he cannot understand" plain. Take outdoor exercise and avoid thought the minister. And he was late suppers if you would have a cheer- turning away when the child said. "Willie had a soul once."

"Ah! Well, what did Willie do with

"Yes. Willie had a soul once, but Willie gave it to the Lord Jesus to keep for him, and now Willie has no soul.'

Little children, have you given your souls to the Lord Jesus to keep for you? You know when you have anything very precious you run to those who love you and ask them to take care it. Now Jesus, who loves you more than father or mother, would like to take all your life into Hiscare if you will let Him: and with your little soul in his keeping nothing can hurt you, who are Jesus' little lamb, and for whom the gentie Shepherd died.

HELPING PEOPLE.—A woman was walking along a street one windy day were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that win .

'Let me, ma'm; let me, please,' said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hands. The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then taking out one of those ever handy strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle, and politely handed it back to her.

'Thank you very much,' she said. You are very polite to do so much for a stranger.'

'On, it is no trouble, ma'am,' he said, with a smile; 'I like to help peo-

Both went their ways with a happy deeds of kindness are like fragrant task of glory and of good. The sium- roses blossoming along the path of life.

Sund

LESSO. ISAAC'S TIME-H last lesson. PLACES-Both are

of Palestin INTERVI great tria with emph Sarah die Abraham, sent his t Mesopota then 40 v bekah. bhis.

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