

and death. Bring them to thyself—bring them to pardon and to heaven." As she rose from prayer the ruffian came out from under the table and said—

"There will be no harm to you to-night. Pray for me. I am the wanderer that you spoke of. Pray for me."

Years passed on, and that Christian woman sat in a great temperance meeting. There was a great orator that day to be present, and as he preached righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, his eye fell upon the countenance of that woman. His cheek paled, and he almost failed in his speech. He was the converted robber whom her fervent prayer had saved. At the close of the meeting they joined hands and a few words of conversation passed, and some one said:

"Why, where did you form the acquaintance of that orator?"

"Never mind," she said; "I have known him many years."

Has not the temperance cause failed for want of more prayer? Have we not been criminally neglectful of this mightiest of all weapons, in this deadly struggle?

There is a legend about a place in Cornwall, England, called Tintagel. In the church there they had a fine set of bells, whose music excited the envy of the folks in the neighboring village, called Bottreaux whose church had none. The Bottreaux people were determined to have a chime of their own. The bells were ordered from London, and as the legend runs, the vessel containing them was nearing the coast, and the pilot, who was a native of Tintagel, and a pious man, upon hearing the Tintagel bells ring, devoutly thanked God they were so near home, and prayed they might soon safely land.

The captain, who was a prayerless, ungodly man, said, "Thank the ship and the sails—thank God ashore."

"Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land."

"Not so," said the captain, "thank yourself and a fair wind."

The pilot persisted, and the captain grew angry, swore, and blasphemed. The ship, meanwhile, was drawing nearer land, and the rocks were seen crowded with the inhabitants eagerly waiting for their much loved bells. Suddenly a heavy bank of clouds gathered and darkened the entire sky. A furious wind arose and lashed the sea into mountain billows. The vessel became unmanageable, and driving towards the coast, capsized and foundered, when all on board perished, except the pilot, who, supported by a piece of the wreck, was washed ashore unhurt.

The storm raged with extreme violence, and, as the legend says, in the pauses of the gale, the clang of the bells ringing from the bottom of the sea, was heard by the people; and in the great storms that often sweep the coast, people fancy they still hear, from the ocean's depth, the ringing of the bells.

The ship rode down with courses free,  
The daughter of a distant sea;  
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stowed  
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Rang out Tintagel chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells  
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells,  
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,  
"We make the shore with evening's tide."

"Come to thy God in time!"  
It was his marriage chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, then whining knave, on land,  
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"  
The captain's voice above the gale,  
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Sad grew the boding chime  
'Come to thy God at last!"  
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea' as if it heard  
The mighty Master's signal word;  
What thrills the captain's whitening lip!  
The death-groans of his sinking ship.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Swung deep the funeral chime,  
Grace, mercy, kindness past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell  
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell  
While those around would hear and weep—  
The fearful judgment of the deep.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
He read his native chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreaux waves,  
Is wakening in his weedy caves,  
Those bells, that sulen surges hide,  
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide;  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Thus saith the ocean chime;  
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

—Temperance Battle-Field.

**Respect for One's Self and One's Work.**

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M—, a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He once had occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house; so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The Judge then went to dinner, and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The Judge started. "Why do you spend all that labour on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll only take a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the Judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one

caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—From the Living Age.

**What She Would.**

FAR down the ages  
Perfume rich and rare,  
Borne upon the breezes,  
Filling all the air,  
Not from groves of orange,  
Beds of spices sweet;  
But from love's anointing  
Of the Saviour's feet.

Selfish spirits murmur;  
'Wherefore is this waste?  
Wherefore yield this treasure  
To a rich man's guest?  
There are those around you  
Needing it far more;  
Why not rather aid them  
With your fragrant store!"

But the Lord accepts it;  
Only He can know  
How her heart is breaking,  
Something to bestow  
On the friend who loved her,  
Gave her soul relief,  
As she knelt before Him  
Sobbing out her grief.

Nay it was no impulse  
By the moment wrought,  
But a mighty purpose  
Which occasion sought,  
Ere the thorny circlet  
Round His brow He bound,  
With the oil of gladness  
Jesus must be crowned.

Eagerly she seizes  
This her golden hour,  
All her costly treasure  
On her Lord to pour.  
Break the precious vessel  
O'er His blessed head,  
Dreams not of the fragrance  
By the action shed.

What although her motive  
Some misunderstood;  
When the Saviour answered  
"She hath done what she could."  
Mary learned the secret  
At the Master's feet,  
Heart to heart responsive  
In communion sweet.

**Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.**

**LESSON IV.**

**Alcohol and the Human Stomach.**

(Continued.)

**QUESTION.** What is the colour of the stomach in its natural condition?

**ANSWER.** Its colour in its natural condition is like that of the blush on the cheek of a person in perfect health.

**Q.** What constitutes the inner coating of the stomach?

**A.** It is a delicate and highly sensitive membrane.

**Q.** What gives it its sensitiveness and colour?

**A.** They are caused by the presence of innumerable nerves and minute blood-vessels, which penetrate and interlace it completely.

**Q.** How does the frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol affect the colour and character of the stomach?

**A.** It irritates the nerves, and causes the minute blood-vessels to become more distended and distinct.

**Q.** Suppose the amount taken into the stomach is increased, what then is the effect?

**A.** Usually inflammation follows irritation, the stomach turns to a dark-red colour, the blood vessels are greatly enlarged; and there are both soreness and pain, with other sensations that cannot be described.

**Q.** Suppose the drinking habit becomes fixed, and alcohol in considerable quantities is always found in the stomach, what is its condition?

**A.** The colour of the stomach becomes a dark-red; its surface is roughened; and ulceration is frequently caused.

**Q.** Why is the stomach thus roughened or wrinkled?

**A.** Because alcohol has much the effect upon it that tanning has on animal skins.

**Q.** And what is the end?

**A.** The poison thus unfits the membrane for its digestive work, and, ceasing entirely to perform its office, death ensues.

**Puzzledcm.**

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

10.—Car-pet tack.  
11.—Frill, rill, ill; ledge, edge; frisk, risk.

12.—  
S O L A R  
O N U S  
L U G  
A S  
R

13.—  
C A T  
A T E  
T E A

**NEW PUZZLES.**

**14.—CHARADES.**

My first is in hunger, but not in thirst;

My second is in polish, but not in rust;

My last is in mirth, but not in song,  
Now solve the puzzle, and don't be long.

Whole, a Chinese Methodist minister's name.

15.—To obstruct; to depress.  
Whole, a gas dangerous to breathe.

**16.—SQUARE WORD.**

A circular piece of metal; dear to the heathen; not any; a valley.

**17.—DECAPITATIONS.**

A lady. Beheaded, I am successively a patriarch, to confine water, a verb, a letter.

**18.—ANAGRAM.**

Dear bir we last.

Look Tommy up. It would give him a new sense of the importance of Tommy Smith, if some one would search him out. He is one of those heedless fence-climbing, pants-tearing boys, receiving every day a liberal donation of scowls, scoldings, and shakings, so that his opinion of Tommy Smith has gone down to small figures, like the mercury in winter weather. Then it will please his father and mother to see teacher's hundred-dollar shawl come into sight as it turns the corner of Shabby Lane. "The Smiths are somebody after all," say the neighbours. By all means hunt the absent Tommy up.—S. S. Journal