

"MIX IT IN AS YOU GO ALONG,
HANNAH."

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

It rained and rained and rained! It held up a few minutes, and then it began to pour again.

"A dull, dripping sort of a morning," exclaimed Hannah Foster, looking out of the window into the back yard. "All the trees seem to have flung veils of mist over their heads. But who is that, I wonder? Somebody coming to the back door, I believe!" She went to the door, and was accosted by a shabby, stammering man: "You—ain't—any work for—a—a—man, have you?"

As he spoke, he bowed and lifted his old felt hat, from whose brim the water ran off like drippings from a leaky spout along the eaves of a house. She noticed a scar across his forehead.

Hannah looked at him in pity, and reasoned, "A man must be in a good deal of need to be out in a rain like this." "Let me think," she now said aloud. "I believe there is some wood out in the barn that ought to be piled. You may pile up twenty-five cents' worth."

"Twenty-five cents! That will help me a lot. I'll give ye a good job-b-b for that."

He went to the barn, piled the wood, and afterward reported to Hannah at the back door. He smiled when he received his pay.

"That will get me a—a—shelter to-night er," he said. "I allers f-f-feel I can git along through the day, if I'm sure of a shelter at night. Must have a—a—a shelter, you know."

"Yes," replied Hannah, "we want a shelter on earth, and when we get to the next life we want a shelter in heaven."

"Yes," murmured the man, "a—shelter by and b-b-by. Lucky to git that."

Off he shuffled, bowing his head before the rain, and looking like a walrus out on an excursion. Hannah watched that retreating walrus till the uncertain outlines of his form melted away into the thickening mist.

"There!" she exclaimed when she had closed the door and come back to the sitting room, "why didn't I say something more to that man! Why didn't I do something for him—give him a good paper to read and think over? And I dare say he was hungry, and it wouldn't have harmed him if he had had some of our apples in his pocket. Anyway I might have said something more. He gave me a chance."

"Who gave you a chance?" asked Grandpa Foster, looking up from the paper he was reading. Grandpa Foster was an old clergyman, at that time visiting his daughter, Hannah's mother.

"Oh, it was only a man—some stranger—whom I set to work piling wood in the barn. When I paid him, what was said gave me a chance to drop a word of advice, perhaps. It is so hard, you know, to get hold of that class of people long enough to do them any good."

"Oh, get hold of them in the Sunday-school."

"Sunday-school?"

"I mean through the children. The children of such people, brought into the Sunday-school, will by and by influence the parents."

"But this man, grandpa, I guess was one of the homeless and houseless sort. I imagine that children don't trouble him much. But there! you have suggested one subject, and to pay for it you must tell me something about it. I want to ask you about Sunday-school."

Grandpa Foster was full of interest in the Sunday-school work. When he ceased to talk about it, he was like a ball rolling down hill and chancing to catch in a slight obstacle and so halting. Give the ball a little push, and away to the foot of the hill it speeds. Grandpa, though, never did get to the foot of his hill.

"What do you want to know about it, Hannah?"

"How to succeed in Sunday-school work. That is coming to the point at once."

"I know of only one way, and it is a short way; give yourself to your work, and then ask God to give himself to you for this work."

"That means to do what you can, and add prayer. I do try to be active, and—" Hannah stopped. Her supplications were a secret between her soul and God. She could not speak easily of these. Grandfather Foster though could guess the truth.

"I don't doubt but that you pray as well as work. I think it is a good idea to mix in our prayers with our work as we go along. I believe in protracted petitions for our work, if the Spirit of God moves us to them; but I believe in something else which is still better, and that is to be in the spirit of prayer continually. When we go to our work, we must not leave God behind us, but take him with us, and work in his presence and speak in his hearing. Some men I meet at their work for Christ impress me in this way—that I feel as if they had shut prayer's closet-door behind them. In the case of others, that closet-door seems to be still open. They seem to work on their knees. There is a certain spiritual atmosphere surrounding them which I can better feel than describe, and which I can only attribute to this constant looking up to God. We are sowers of truth, you know, and we must mix a good deal of prayer with the seed; and I think the best way to do is to mix it in as we go along, Hannah. I guess you understand what I mean?"

Hannah did not make any reply. She heard, though, every word her grandfather uttered. It stirred her so profoundly that

"Ah, my teacher, Miss Thornton, tells us about Jesus," cried Susie boastfully.

"But mine," replied Bobbie, stooping and bringing his eyes down to a level with Susie's, that he might give impressiveness to his words, "mine, Susie, brings you right near Jesus. She makes you feel that Jesus is right there in the class!"

Bobbie had described the result of that change in Hannah Foster's prayer-method. While she had her seasons of communion with Christ in the closet of prayer, she tried when she went out to carry the atmosphere of that communion with her. During the Sunday-school hour, she strove to realize the presence of Jesus—often glanced upward into his face and breathed out her wishes in little petitions that were voiceless. Was it any wonder that Bobbie Gray said his teacher made them feel that Jesus was right there in the class? Was it strange that the Saviour, thus brought down into the class as a near and loving presence, should attract the scholars?

"I don't know just how," said Bobbie Gray to his teacher, looking down and twirling his old brown cap in his hand, one day when the Sunday-school had been dis-

with others, he noticed a sudden and suspicious agitation of the bridge. Startled, he began to run, and looking ahead, saw people hurrying down the street leading to the bridge. One of those who thus hastened down the street bore a huge placard labelled "Danger," which he had been directed by the town authorities to put up on a wall near the bridge, and then he purposed to warn people back. The river, though, had concluded not to wait for him. Suddenly, Grandpa Foster heard the sound of a rupture, and then he saw a scattering of planks and timbers, the water pouring in everywhere. He had a confused recollection of subsequent events. He knew that he clung to something. He knew that he was swept somewhere. He then heard a voice:

"Here, here! G-rip t-hat! Hold on! Don't yer be afraid! G-g-give right up to me! I've got ye!"

He was now conscious that a big brown hand had been thrust out toward him—he was gripping it—he was drawn by it into a boat—and he was saved! A cloud now seemed to settle down upon the mind of the old man. When he came out of his stupor, he was lying on a bed, and Hannah and her mother were bending over him. Just as he began to realize this, he also heard a voice: "Hannah!"

Her father had entered the chamber and was calling. She turned and went to him.

"Hannah, I guess your scholar, Bobbie Gray, wants you to go with him. He's down at the door. You can be spared, I guess, for the doctor says grandpa will get along comfortably. It is only a swoon he is in, he says."

"He has come out of it, father."

"Then I would go at once."

"At the door, Bobbie Gray said eagerly, "Oh, teacher, could you come and see Uncle Billy?"

"Who's Uncle Billy?"

"Why—why—he's the man that saved your grandpa."

"He is?"

"Yes'm, and he tried to save another man; and he did get him out, but when he was carrying him home, a team ran into 'em, and Uncle Billy was tramped on by the horses, and was hurt, and—and—and—he won't live. You—you know what to tell him. Father had him brought where we live, and then I wanted you, for uncle can't stand it long."

"Why—why did you want me?"

"Well, teacher, father said we must have some one who could make things plain to uncle."

Bobbie said it not, but thought it, that she could bring the Saviour near to that dying bed, or rather bring it to Him, for he is ever nigh.

When Hannah reached the house, she was led at once to the dying man's bed. There he lay, and across the forehead fast whitening in death, ran a scar.

"Why, this you?" she exclaimed. "And you the man that saved my grandpa!"

"D-d-don't you say nothin' about that. I—I have not forgotten the job you giv' me, and now I want t another favor. Tell me 'bout the shelter for heaven you spoke of then, that—that rainy mornin'."

"It will be all right if you take hold of Christ."

"Oh, I—I've tried to, many a day."

"Well, he is here now. They tell me when you saved my grandpa, you said he must give right up to you and cling to you."

He nodded assent to this.

"Can't you let Jesus do the same for you?"

"Oh, yes," he murmured. "Give right up to him, and just hold on to him. I will."

There he lay, clinging. Soon a change was seen in his face. It suddenly brightened like the countenance of one who has passed into a place of light and rest.

"He's gone," sobbed Bobbie Gray as he told little Susie, "but I guess teacher brought Jesus right there."—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*



THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

there was no disposition to speak, only to think. She gazed in silence out of the window on the mist veiled trees, on the pattering rain, and the few pedestrians that hurried sombrely past. She seemed to see in a different light this subject of prayer as related to Christian work. A brief conversation with another is sometimes the hinge on which swings for us a door into a new life. What Grandpa Foster said covered the space of only a few moments; its influence upon Hannah was destined to be felt for years.

"Don't know," said Bobbie Gray to himself, "don't know what it is, but teacher seems to be different. She—she—is the same, and yet she isn't the same."

Bobbie Gray was a boy in Hannah Foster's Sunday-school class. Under the tangle of his brown locks, there was not much reasoning power, and he could not get to the bottom of the mystery in the change that his teacher showed. He felt the change. Grandpa Foster's keen eye would have detected it, and he could have discovered the reason for it. Bobbie was talking with his little sister Susie, one day. They were discussing the merits of their respective teachers in Sunday-school. The age of the disputant on the other side was such that Bobbie felt that he could talk very freely upon the subject.

missed, "I don't know just how, teacher, to be a Christian, but I think I would like to be one!"

It was not long before Bobbie Gray was trusting in the strong Arms let down toward us all. The days went by. Hannah Foster continued to sow the truth, and as she "went along" she "mixed prayer in," Grandpa Foster was again at the house of his daughter. Hannah Foster's home was near a river that divided the town into two quarters. The river was a spiteful stream that felt very quickly the falling of any rains back among the hills, and in such freshets it had several times risen high enough to sweep away the bridge binding together the two portions of the town. One of those freshets had now occurred that always brought anxiety to the people, threatening to sweep away houses, barns, stores, and, of course, the bridge.

"The river has risen so high," said Mr. Foster, Hannah's father, in the morning, "that if any of you must go over the river for anything, you had better go this forenoon."

"Then," affirmed Grandpa Foster, "I think I will go at once, as I have some business there demanding immediate attention."

He crossed the bridge, attended to his business, and was returning. He had almost traversed the bridge when, in company

IN A CHINESE village, during a time of drouth, a missionary saw a row of idols put out in the hottest and dustiest part of the road. He enquired the reason, and the natives answered, "We prayed our gods to send us rain, and they won't; so we've put them out to see how they like the heat and dryness."