

out every evening, and having plenty of amusement, so I hate being shut up here, and I do not care to ask Harry to stay, for it makes him feel mopish. I cannot think how you exist without all these pleasures.'

'Ah! Kathleen, dear,' replied Margaret, 'it is a puzzle to you, but I have a secret, inward joy that nothing touches. It is like a constant spring. Jesus has satisfied my heart, so that I do not want anything else. Your springs run dry. The Lord himself said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." I wish you would try it.'

'Well, Madge, dear, this will not cheer me much. I must tell you of our lovely balls and parties. You know I have such splendid dresses and diamonds, and Harry always says I look the best, in the room. It really is great fun, if one could always be well; but the last once or twice I have longed to get home. I hope it is nothing serious; a chill isn't much, is it? One hears such horrid things of people not getting better, but of course I shall. I do not look very ill, do I, Madge?'

As Margaret looked at the flushed and weary face, she could not say 'No,' so she evaded giving a direct answer by saying: 'Oh, dear! I hope you'll soon be well again; a little rest will do you good. I think all your late hours have tired you out.'

'Madge, you have given up everything nice; can you really be happy? I can hardly believe it.'

As she was talking she turned over the pages of a large album in a listless way, when all of a sudden Madge saw her start and a shiver pass over her whole frame, and, seeking the cause, her eyes rested on the 'heart.'

'Oh, Madge!' said Kathleen, 'I have never thought of that heart again. I do not think I could divide it differently, unless Harry had a larger share, and the other things less. How different yours would be! I wish I had not seen it again. I do not want to think of it now,' and she began to tear it in pieces. Then, hearing some sounds in the garden below, she waited and said: 'Why should I feel so sad to-night? I cannot tell. I hope Harry will come home safely.'

Scarcely had she uttered the words when the steady tramping of feet was heard outside the door, and a servant asked Miss Anderson to come at once.

Kathleen's cheek blanched as she seized her friend's hand and cried: 'Don't leave me! What is the matter?'

'Only a moment, darling,' said Madge. 'Let me hear what Dawson wants, and I'll come back as soon as possible.'

Outside she saw two young officers in full uniform bearing an unconscious form, followed by a doctor.

Margaret took it all in at a glance, and without a word she opened the bedroom door, and they passed in and laid their burden down. Then the doctor came and took Margaret's trembling hand, and told her that Captain Melvyn had met with a very serious accident at the ball. His foot had slipped as he was going downstairs, and he had fallen on his head, and at once was perfectly unconscious. He would, of course, stay with him through the night, and would send for further assistance.

As gently as possible Margaret broke the dreadful news to the young wife; but, having no reserve strength, the blow was too much for her and she was completely prostrated by it. So as the days went by she lay quite quietly, as if forgetful of everything that had happened; and when she at last asked for her husband, it was only to hear that his

accident had proved fatal, and she was left a widow. Only by degrees she seemed to realize it, and then her sorrow was indeed piteous to see.

Gradually, as the warm days came she rallied, and the bloom of health was once more seen on her cheek; but she was not the Kathleen of old—subdued, and very humble, she clung to Margaret. She would ask over and over again: 'Do you think Jesus will ever come in now?' And Madge delighted to tell her that he was waiting to come, and at last she had the great joy of knowing that he had his rightful place in her friend's heart.

Has your heart ever opened, dear reader, to let the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, in? Does he reign there? Do you know the cleansing power of the blood which was shed on Calvary's Cross for all who believe?

'Have you any room for Jesus?
He who bore the load of sin—
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?'

'Try It On Me.'

We were in the midst of an interesting series of meetings in New York. Among those attending from no promising motives was Mr. Olin, a lawyer of marked ability and influence in the town.

One evening at the close of the sermon, when an opportunity was given for remarks, Mr. Olin rose, and in a bold and defiant tone, said:

'Mr. Earle, I have heard you speak repeatedly in these meetings of the "power of prayer," and I don't believe a word of it; but if you want to try a hard case, take me.'

I said, 'Mr. Olin, if you will come to the front seat, we will pray for you now.'

He replied, 'I will do nothing of the kind; but if you have "power in prayer," try it on me.'

Before closing the meeting I requested all who were willing, to go to their closets at a given hour, and pray earnestly for Mr. Olin; and I requested him to remember at that hour that we were praying for him.

The second or third evening after this Mr. Olin rose in our meeting, and urged us to pray for him. I asked him if he would come forward and let us pray with him. He said:

'Yes, anywhere, if God will only have mercy on so great a sinner.'

In a few days he was a rejoicing Christian, and soon after sold his law books, and became a preacher of the gospel. He is now a presiding elder in the Methodist church.—'Incidents.'

Criticism of the Bible.

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside, and he hung up a cup near to it by a little chain. He was told some time after that a great art critic had found fault with his design. 'But,' said he, 'do many persons drink at it?' Then they told him that thousands of poor people, men, women, and children, slaked their thirst at this fountain; and he smiled and said he was little troubled by the critic's observation, only he hoped that on some sultry summer's day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

The bible is the fountain with the cup. Just now there seems to be an unusual number of critics. Some of us seem afraid lest its honor be decreased. But let us be sure of this, that from the standpoint of its munificent Designer, the only question is, 'Do

many persons drink at it?' and that God the Giver is only satisfied in knowing that increasing multitudes of earth's weary, longing, thirsty souls are slaking their thirst at this fountain, blest fountain, which can satisfy the craving, the needs, the burning desire of every panting soul famishing for the 'water of life.' If men who are troubled with doubts and questionings and sceptical thoughts about the bible would only calmly examine it for themselves! The test of experience is the disarming of criticism. The book itself is its own best witness and defender.

Lord Lyttleton and Gilbert West, both men of acknowledged talents in England, had imbibed the spirit of infidelity from a superficial view of the scriptures. Fully persuaded that the bible was an imposture they were determined to expose the fraud. Both sat down to study the book and write against it. The results of their separate attempts were truly remarkable. They were both converted by their attempts to 'overthrow Christianity.' They came together not as they had expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, to congratulate each other on their joint conviction that the bible was the word of God, and to rejoice together over a Saviour found. Both were led through this door of truth into the light of the truth as it is in Jesus.—Rev. Gerard B. F. Hallock.

Feeling After God.

The Rev. F. Boden, and another missionary, visiting a Chinese village, found an old man eagerly seeking God. For forty years he had abstained from animal food, and studied the Chinese classics continually, kneeling. In vain. Then he heard of Jesus, and began to pray to the true God. 'How do you pray? I know only the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. These I repeat forty times daily.' The two missionaries had the joy of pointing this soul to the Saviour. This Chinaman, like the Ethiopian, prized the scanty light he possessed, and God sent him more.—'My Note Book.'

Go Gently.

Of all the work being wrought in the world, none needs so much wisdom as the winning of souls. We need wisdom as to the time of approaching them. It is a mistake to pull at fruit before it is ripe; when it is ripe it will drop into your hand. The Psalmist urged God to arise and have mercy on Zion, because the time to favor her, yea, the set time, had come; there is a set time when the time of a soul seems to have come. Happy is the Christian worker who is then near at hand, and able to step in with the last appeal of Christ. Incredible harm may be done by being too precipitate, as much as by being too tardy. I witnessed a casting the other day. For months the mold had been dug out; with the utmost care the metal had been mixed and melted; then there was a pause, in which the great cauldrons were swung round into their positions to feed the vent-holes, and only when all was ready was the signal given for the discharge. A moment earlier would have wrecked the work of months. Take care; do not force matters, keep on praying, and wait on God. There will be presently the tearful eye, the softened manner, the disappointment which will make the lad's soul unusually accessible, then the hour of salvation will be come.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.