

'Ah, mon cheri, mon amour, adieu! adieu! mon ange!' till Slavin put his arms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewells, her baby, with a little answering sigh, passed into the House with many rooms.

'Whisht, Annette darlin'; don't cry for the baby,' said her husband. 'Shure it's better off than the rest av us, it is. An' didn't ye hear what the minister said about the beautiful place it is? An' shure he wouldn't lie to us at all.' But a mother cannot be comforted for her first-born son.

(To be Continued.)

### The Fable of the Ant.

A young man, having finished his college course and spent four years in study in Germany, came back lately to his native village with a lofty contempt for its old-fashioned habits of thought; a contempt which he did not hesitate to express quite frankly.

On Sunday morning he leaned over the

they don't agree with you,' looking at him keenly.

'I don't agree with them,' said Jack, haughtily. 'There are too many important matters in life for me to spend my time trying to "find Christ," as the phrase it.'

'What important matters?'

'Science, for one. That is a fact. I can grasp that. Reform in politics; the improvement of the working-class. These are real things. People nowadays want real things. They do not accept a God whom they cannot see nor hear. They devote themselves to science, to charitable works. They have buried this old-time idea of God out of sight.'

The doctor nodded. 'I see,' he said, gravely. 'And yet—science as yet is but a groping effort to understand his laws, and there is not a charitable or noble thought which can come into any of our heads which had not its origin in him. Do you remember the Indian fable of the ant, Jack?'

'But the ant said, "The sun does not explain himself to me. If he will not justify himself to me, I will bury him out of sight."'

'So the ant crept into his inch-deep hole, and worked there in the dark for a day or two, and then lay dead, while the sun went on shining.'

Jack forced a smile. 'I suspect, doctor, that you invented the fable. It's simply a repetition of the same old story.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'old as Christianity. God is as necessary to the soul's real needs as the sun is to the flower.'—Cottager and Artisan.

### Pressed Down, Running Over

KIMBALL LED MOODY TO CHRIST, AND MOODY LED KIMBALL'S CHILDREN.

(By the Rev. William Manchee, in New York Observer.)

In the early summer of 1879, after taking part in a very fruitful ten weeks' evangelistic campaign in Guelph, Canada, with the Rev. E. P. Hammond, I visited St. John, New Brunswick, to fill a preaching engagement in that city. I went by steamer from Portland, Me., to St. John's. As the steamer neared the pier, I saw on it a tall, keen eyed Yankee scrutinizing the passengers who had gathered on the deck of the boat. I was struck with the evident earnestness of his searching look, and felt that so careful a gaze ought to end in success. I had no idea that it had aught to do with me, for I had no expectation of being met at the pier, as the time of my arrival had not been intimated.

Shortly afterward I saw the same man making his way along the saloon of the steamer, where I was waiting to go ashore. Speaking to one another as he came down the saloon towards where I stood he finally saluted me:

'I am looking for Mr. Manchee,' he said. 'You are speaking to him. But you have the advantage of him, for you know my name, but I do not know yours.'

He answered: 'I am Edward Kimball; you may possibly have heard of me as a raiser of church debts.'

'Edward Kimball,' I said, 'surely this is a providential meeting; I have often prayed that God would bring us together, for I want to know the man who was God's instrument in Moody's conversion. I have longed to know the human influence that set such a great, fruitful life as Moody's in motion.'

This was the beginning of a friendship that has never been broken though distance and duty have hindered its enjoyment.

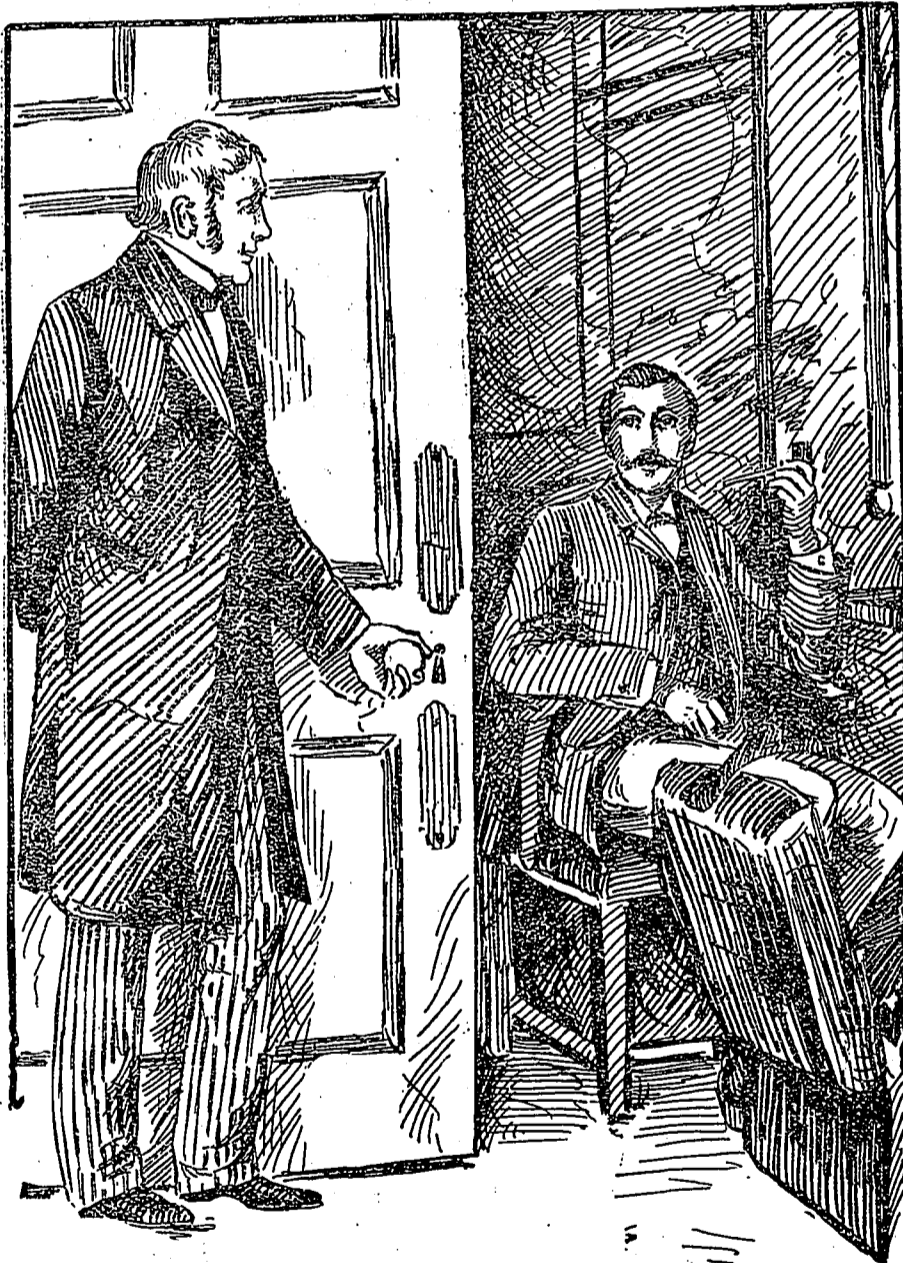
In the weeks following this meeting, Mr. Kimball told me the story of Dwight L. Moody's journey from his home in Northfield to Boston, and his settlement there, as well as of his conversion. It came about in this way.

One day I said to Mr. Kimball: 'It is said that you were of the opinion in the early days of your acquaintance with Mr. Moody, that he would never amount to much. Is that so?'

He replied, 'No. My impression of Moody from the beginning, was that there was a great deal in him, and I soon predicted that he would make his mark in the world. His conversion was so marked, and his personality so decided that I expected great things from his future.'

Then Kimball told me this story.

At a family gathering in Moody's home



THE OLD VILLAGE DOCTOR CALLED IN.

gate in the shade, watching the neighbors going to church, but did not think of going himself. After the service the old village doctor called in on his way home.

'Hallo, doctor!' exclaimed the young man, 'is it possible you are still going through the same old routine of religious forms?'

'Well, yes, Jack,' the doctor said, cheerfully: 'The same old prayers, same old Bible. They agree with a man at the end of life. I infer from your question that

'No. What is it?'

'The ant, coming out of the ground for the first time, found fault with the sun. Why was it so hot here and cool yonder? The glare was intolerable; some leaves were parched by it. "I could manage things better if I were up yonder," it said loudly.

'The trees explained to the ant that the sun brought life to the whole world, now that winter was over. "It's a big world," they said; "it extends outside of this garden"!