

with the kind hospitality that I enjoyed with the very kind brethren and sisters in St. John. May God bless them forever, and may a crown of life be theirs in the coming kingdom.

W. K. BURR.

### The Family.

#### WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"It is a long way to walk in the evening," said Mrs. Brooks, the mistress of the factory boarding-house, to Harry Spaulding, the new overseer, as he was putting on his coat preparatory to starting for "the Centre," to attend the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

"I should count the distance as nothing, could I make ten dollars by going," replied the young man.

"No, I s'pose not, I ain't no great of a walker, but I shouldn't mind setting out with ye on them terms myself."

"And yet the proclamation of the bell ringing out over these hills and valleys is that the pearl of great price may be had even now for the asking. I wish every one in the hamlet could be induced to go up to the Centre, and put themselves in the list of seekers for it."

"Oh, religion you mean. Well, I don't know much about it, but I never believed that all the religion was up at the meeting-house, or that all the prayin' was done at the meetin's."

"I should hope not; and yet churches and prayer-meetings are divinely appointed. Good evening," and lifting his hat he walked away.

"He's amazin' gentlemanly, but he don't dress very well, and if he's one of the pious sort, I'm dreadful afraid he won't get along with the mill hands. I hope they won't none of 'em find out how that he's gone to the meetin'. Don't you let on, Amasa."

There was no need of the fat red-headed son of Mrs. Brooks, who was always at her elbow, telling the news, for a half dozen of the boarders were within hearing, and at once the spirit of mischief possessed them to follow on to the meeting and see how the new overseer's religion "cropped out."

"He's got a norful stock of patience packed away or he'd got mad a dozen times in the three days he's been here," said Joe Olds. "I havn't anything agin him, as I know of, but I always like to find out how much stretch it will do to put on a new rope. Perhaps he's gone up ter the Centre ter have us prayed for. Let's go and see."

"Perhaps he's going up to pray for us himself," said Sammy Todd.

"Oh no, he hasn't spunk enough for that; he won't do no more about runnin' the meetin' than to sit in the Amen corner."

And so they followed along after the young man, who was a stranger recently employed in the manufactory where they were all old hands.

He knew his business thoroughly and had come well recommended; that was all they knew about him; but they whispered one to another, that a man had got to be something besides a machinist to get along as overseer of a hundred men.

There was something in his manner that commanded respect, but he was almost shabbily dressed, and the men were inclined to make trouble for him, if they could. He was aware that a subdued rebellion was waiting for some real or fancied shortcoming of his to give it an excuse to break out, and was glad of the quiet walk along the country road with the contemplation of an hour of worship with God's people to give him strength for his next day's work; for he was determined to make a success of this first venture as overseer.

It was by the merest chance that he had heard of the meeting. Five men from different parts of the town were discussing some plan as they chanced to meet in the foundry yard that morning, and one turned to the other as he drove away, saying, "I shall see you at the prayer-meeting at the Centre this evening, we can decide then."

Harry Spaulding took the words as a direct invitation from the Lord himself, and at once determined to be present.

The dimly lighted vestry was nearly empty when he entered and seated himself, but pretty soon the vacant places all around him were taken by the foundry help. He found by their own whispered words and by the evident surprise of the sexton that they were not in the habit of attending the meetings, and he had no doubt that their object in coming was that they might get something with which to annoy him on the morrow.

The room filled up gradually and the services were helpful, impressive, and pointed kindly and lovingly to the fact that the sinner's only hope of salvation was through the blood of Jesus.

The young overseer wanted to speak, but something seemed to hold him back, and when the hour was nearly up the pastor, after alluding to the unusual number of young men present, asked any who wished for an interest in the salvation of Jesus Christ of which they had been talking to rise. Harry Spaulding was immediately on his feet. He thought he would take this last opportunity to testify, and his heart was full of the Pharasaical prayer, "Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," but his tongue seemed to be held speechless; and as he stood with bowed head one after another of the rough fellows around him rose from their seats, until all were standing.

"Praise the Lord!" said the pastor. "Will some one pray?"

And now the young stranger's tongue was loosed and he said: "O Lord, Thou knowest that I arose just now to let it be seen that I was different from my companions. I wanted to show which side I was on and did not want to be reckoned among those who knew Thee not. Now, O Lord, I praise thee that we are all together joining ranks to follow Thee."

There was no trouble about the young overseer managing the foundry boys after that. A prayer-meeting was organized at the boarding-house, which every one attended, and on Wednesday evenings even Mrs. Brooks herself did not consider it a long walk to the Centre to attend the prayer-meeting.

The room was full at every meeting now. The Centre people wondered how they had ever managed to get along without their neighbors from the hamlet. All barriers of caste were swept away by that charity which is love, and there was an entire revolution in the tone of society in the place, just on account of one tall, slender, shabby, awkward but true-hearted young man not being ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side.—*Christian at Work.*

#### THE VOICE FROM THE SEA.

There is a beautiful story told by an European traveller of a custom prevailing among the fishermen's wives on the shores of the Adriatic seas. These women are in the habit of going down to the shore at eventide, when their husbands are out on the waves, and singing the first stanza of a family hymn; after they have sung it they will listen till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza sung by their gallant husbands, as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps, if we listen, we, too, might hear on this desert world of ours some whisper borne from afar to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the

hearts of those that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath a foundation, whose builder and maker is God. To all of us storm-tossed voyagers on life's ocean there comes a sweet voice from the echoing shore, even the voice of Him who stilled the waves of Galilee, comforting, reassuring, dispelling doubts and fears, and making our hearts happy with the promise of that coming time when we shall be welcomed to a home from which we shall go no more out, and where our joys shall be forever full. Let present duties be done bravely and cheerfully like the happy fishermen on the sea.

They are but for a season; a little while and labor will be over, the last peril will be past, the last temptation will be overcome, the last obstacle will be surmounted, the last storm will be utrode, and we shall enter the haven of eternal rest. Are the burdens grievous, is the way gloomy? The voice of the Saviour comes over the waters sweeter than the music from human lips—"Yet a little while and ye shall see me."

#### SELF-DENIAL.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

Self-denial, for the sake of self-denial, does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or for the sake of self-discipline, you are not more religious than before. This is mere self-culture, which being occupied forever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it, is properly a religious act—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment, as well as ennobling to the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was actual pleasure in that keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely thus—Let me suffer for him? This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and a blessed truth. Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and life; it is the death of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.

#### NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced to study Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monduldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time.

Ogliby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical results till he reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Æneid*, his most pleasing production.