

"He Knoweth All."

As twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And eyes grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss;
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me! all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

Here I lay me down to rest,
And mighty shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

—Select d.

Patrons of the London Pawn Shops.

LONDON, August 31.—Near the Ludgate Circus end of Fleet Street a narrow street branches off to the left. In order to enter this you pass under a deep arch from the main street. The passage is six feet wide and resembles a tunnel through a mountain, for it has no light save what comes in at either end. An iron gate with spear-pointed pickets is closed after a certain hour of the night. After passing about thirty feet from the street you come to a low, narrow door on the right. It stands open and faint light streams through into the darkness of the little dark lane. Over this door you see three glittering balls, and you know that you are at the entrance of one of the many thousand places in the vast city of London, where the poor and unfortunate find a temporary relief from want—albeit a false relief, for want returns again with redoubled power and there is nothing left to pawn, and the things already given cannot be redeemed, thus accumulated misery is brought on the wretched subject. Let us for the present retreat from this door and watch those who enter. In the shadow of a deep doorway we take our stand. The hour is nine o'clock on Saturday evening and we will for thirty minutes watch those who pass under the dark arch. This is easy enough because the light from your wall street lamp falls directly across the opening. Here comes a man bearing a kit of mason's tools. His step is unsteady and he seem to be muttering as he walks. He has no doubt spent his week's pay in the tap room and is still unsatisfied. Every nerve in his well-nigh ruined body is a fiery serpent with gaping jaws crying, "Give us strong drink." Reason, love, conscience, all—all are speechless, paralyzed, while his trembling limbs are urged on by passions which must be obeyed. He goes under the arch and speedily returns, his right hand clutching the pittance as he hurries on. There go two small girls hand in hand, their little small feet pattering on the bare stones. They surely cannot intend entering. Yes, there they pass through the door. We wonder what they have gone into such a place for. They quickly return, and as they pass we note them closely and observe the eldest carries a parcel hastily wrapped in a newspaper, a part of which is visible, indicating that it is a man's coat.

"Whose coat is this?" I ask. "Fath-

er's," answers a little, tremulous voice as a frightened little face is upturned. "He had no work last week, but he has had this week."

"Is it his best coat?"

"Yes, the coat he wears to church."

The little thing trotted off with papa's Sunday coat in order that he might wear it on the morrow. Now a woman crosses the street, halts before the passage, peers trembling into the darkness. She is dressed in seedy black and clasps in her arms a feather pillow. Is not this a strange thing to pawn, and a thing suggestive of much connected with the dearest ties of home life among the lowly? Perhaps on that pillow she laid her head when a happy bride, and about it gathered the radiance of life's happy morning which presaged a day with cloudless sky. The first-born may have rested on this when first held before her grateful, wondering eyes, when the mist of a newly-felt love made that pillow seem a couch of beauty on which rested a heavenly visitant. She has on a widow's weeds now. They indicate a suffering, dying husband. Those hands gently lifted that head and turned this pillow that its folds might press cool and soft against that dear face. To-night that pillow goes into your financial tomb to buy a loaf of bread for to-morrow's dinner. God help the poor!

Another woman quickly follows. Her tawny hair is crawling from under a bruised bonnet and straggling over her greasy shawl. She shuffles along, and as the light falls across her face it is easy to see that it is as hard as a beaten highway. And no wonder, because across that face the fiery steeds of unbridled desires have been flying for many years. She does not hesitate to enter. No, no, the path is not new to her. She disappears into the gloom like a slimy earth-worm, wriggling into a muck heap. The parcel she carries seemed to be a woman's dress, and we doubt not the few pence advanced for the man within will be squandered for gin that she may forget the hunger and desolation which surround her, and dance with ribald song while tottering on the brink of temporal and eternal ruin. Others come; old and young, some in rags, others well clothed. The faces of some are hard and cruel; others frank and kind; a motley throng, each having an unwritten history, much of which they would gladly forget if it were possible.

We have seen enough from the outside, let us enter. But it will not do to walk in, stare around, and if asked by the man what is wanted, inform the man in charge that we simply came inside to see his place and "write him up" for an American paper. Evidently, I must have some business or I will not be allowed to see the place. So slipping off my outer coat I leave the busy street and grope through the darkness to the door, and entering, find myself in a long, narrow room, with a counter along one side, with little stalls leading from an exceedingly narrow corridor up to the counter, so that each applicant could be isolated from the others. There I stand face to face with the money-lender. The third stall from the entrance was empty and I took possession of it. Coming close to the counter I saw a number of men moving very briskly to and fro, handling various sized parcels. With downcast eyes I enquired the conditions of leaving goods and what I might expect for the coat. A man with keen black eyes,

pallid face, retreating forehead and bristling dark hair, after a quick, keen glance at me, caught the garment, flung it on the counter, felt the texture rapidly, examined the edges, pockets and lining, then sharply inquired, "How much you want?"

"A pound, sir."

"It ish too much. It ish very sheep goods, not vord to me more dan four shillings."

"Yes, but, my dear sir, I paid——"

"Never mind vat you paid, I geeve no more but four shillings, and if you don't vant dat let somebody else come in."

Not feeling content with my observations of the place and knowing that unless I did some business I must leave at once, I replied: "Very well, sir." A dapper little clerk now stopped up who folded the garment, checked it, and said: "A ha-ponny, please, for the ticket." This was given and the four shillings counted out. During this time my eyes had been roving about the place. It was piled high with packages. An open door revealed another room filled in the same manner and an elevator was taking packages to the basement beneath. The amount of business done in one of these is simply enormous. Before my bargain was closed groans and sobs were issuing from an adjoining stall and the voice of a woman was plainly heard, crying: "Oh, for God's sake, sir, give me a shilling more. My children are starving. For the love of heaven don't say no, and the Lord reward thee."

"What does this mean?" I asked the clerk.

"O nuthin', sir, nuthin'; only this voman's tryun to prig the guvner out o' a shillin' by bantering about her babies. She's got no baby, it's gin as what she's after, sir."

In passing out I noticed that the floor was a step lower than the court, and on glancing back at the little illuminated sign on the door found it read thus:

MONEY LOANED.
MIND THE STEP.

This means of course the step down into the room, but to me it had a deeper significance. "Mind the step" ought to ring in the ears of every poor man who begins to patronize a pawn broker. Mind the step! It leads in many cases to discouragement, improvident habits, to poverty and degradation. —J. H. Clark, in *Syracuse Standard*.

Why Shouldn't I?

My canary sings the whole day long,
Behind his gilded bars,
Shut in from all that birds enjoy
Under the sun and stars:
The freedom, grace, and action fine
Of wild birds he foregoes,
But spite of that, with happiness
His little heart o'erflows.
"The world is wide,
And birds outside
In happy cheer always abide—
Why shouldn't I?"

I, too, must dwell behind the bars
Of toil and sacrifice:
From weary heart and weary brain
My prayers or song arise;
But all around, sad hearts abound
And troubles worse than mine,
If aught of comfort I can bring
To them, shall I repine?
God's word is wide;
If I can hide
The crowding tears and sigh beside—
Why shouldn't I?

Tract Distribution.

A TRACT district in one of the small streets in the vicinity of a Wesleyan chapel, has lately been visited by "power from on high."

During a Revival Mission conducted by the District Missionary, one family in which, as the tract distributor, I was much interested, was greatly blessed. The conversion of the father was very gradual. He first received good impressions at a Mission held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. These impressions were deepened at our own Mission services, and early in the week he was enabled to rejoice in Christ. His son, who lived near, on the Monday night of the Mission lay intoxicated on the floor of his kitchen, and again the next day. On the Wednesday he was induced to come to the service, and was that night deeply convinced of sin. He found no rest till Friday evening, when he was made happy by conscious peace with God. The wife of this man is now converted, and they have given up their best room for a cottage prayer meeting, having purchased new chairs specially for use at this little weekly service.

These good people (father and son) often testify that their homes are "so different," and that they are "so happy now."

It is quite delightful to see their happy faces.

They are not without persecution from some of their neighbours, but this seems to make them brighter Christians. Their attendance is regular at the services, at class, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, nor do they forget to put their pence into the collection plate.

Not only in these cases is the work of the Holy Spirit manifest, but in various degrees in many other homes of the district is there evidence of thought, repentance and amendment.

Surely one should be encouraged then to continue working, and praying, that all these dear people may be brought to Christ!

Many of the readers of this little magazine are engaged in tract work, and it is for such I have penned this account. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."
G. J. C.

PASSING by Shakespeare's house at Stratford, one day, Mr. Henry Irving met a native of the place, and asked the man "who lived there." "Dunno," was the answer. "Come, come," responded Mr. Irving, "you must know who lives there. Is his name Shakespeare?" "Dunno." "But can't you tell us whether he's alive now?" "Dunno." "Surely you know whether he was famous—whether he did anything?" "Oh, yes, he—he—" "Well, what did he do?" "He writ a Boible."

The laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "llworth," another spelt Tennessee "10eC," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

In the cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone were chiselled these words, "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.