

CONSLCRATION.

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my discipie."

When "all" is Thine,
And naught is mine,
How calm and close the walk,
How free and sweet the talk.

When some is Thine,
And naught is mine,
There comes a mist between,
Thy form from me to screen.

Take then my "all"
Or great or small;
I strengthless am to make
Such gifts; take "all," Lord, take.

—Episcopal Recorder.

GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND.*

He had eyes that were very quick to see sorrow. He was once watching a young bricklayer at his work, when he perceived there was something on his mind which was making him unhappy. In his own pleasant way he soon entered into conversation with the young man, and almost before the latter knew it he was pouring out his tale of sorrow into the sympathetic heart of Colonel Gordon.

"Mother has left us, and gone away from home; and everything there is so miserable that it is not like home at all."

"What do you do with your evenings?"
"I cannot do anything with them, sir. There is no light, no warm place in which to sit, no quiet in which to read; so I stand about the streets when have I finished work."

"Come and spend your evenings at the Fort House. You will find books and papers there, and pen and ink, and other aids too."

"Thank you, Colonel, I shall be very glad to do that."

So the young bricklayer became a nightly visitor, and had many a talk with the Colonel. Very happy evenings they were, both to him who did good and to him who received it; for no one could be in the company of Gordon without being morally and spiritually elevated.

One evening the young bricklayer was at Fort House as usual, when he was suddenly taken ill and hemorrhage of the lungs set in. The Colonel at once sent for the doctor. He found the young man very ill, and likely to continue so for some time. What was to be done? He could not be sent in his present state to his own miserable home—that was not to be thought of. But the doctor and the Colonel consulting together decided that he might be removed in a cab to the house of Mrs. S., where he would receive all necessary attention.

The Colonel delivered him into Mrs. S.'s charge, giving the Good Samaritan's injunction and assurance. "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

He was not long before he came again, for he visited him continually. "What can you take? Can I bring you anything?" he would ask; and would never forget to say to Mrs. S.,—"Be sure to let him have everything he fancies." He bore the cost of everything; met the doctor's expenses, paid for the lodgings, and was constant in his thoughtful helpfulness. He had plenty of work to do, but could always find time to read the Bible to the young man, who liked listening to that and to the Colonel's talks and prayers better than anything.

At last the doctor advised that he should be removed to the local infirmary, for he was in a rapid consumption.

"Shall I see you there, Colonel?" he asked, with wistful eyes.

"Certainly; I have a good many friends there, and I am often calling to see them."

"I know that I am going to die,"
"But you are not afraid, for now you know who says, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' He will be as near to you in the infirmary as here, and as near to you in death as in life."

"Oh, yes, I know Him now!" And so he did, for as the narrator said, "the Colonel had led him to Christ by his life and teaching."

So the young bricklayer who would do no more work was taken to the infirmary, and was able to show to the patients there what Christianity could do for a dying man.

*Extracted from *Life of General Gordon*. By the Author of "New World Heroes."

"Read the Bible to me," he would say to the nurse; "There is nothing like it."

"But you are tired."
"Yes, I am very tired. I do long to go to Jesus." On another occasion he said, "I can see such beautiful sights—like little peeps into heaven. Can you see them? I shall soon be there!"

"Is there anyone you would like to see before you die?" asked his good friend, the Colonel, when he saw the end was near.

"Yes, I should like to see my mother." So the mother was telegraphed for, and arrived in time to see what the Saviour of the world is able to do for those who trust in Him. And then the young bricklayer went away, as he was longing to do, to be with Jesus, and to thank Him for sending him a friend and teacher in Colonel Gordon.

Another incident in the Colonel's life at Gravesend was the following: A boy in the employ of a tradesman robbed him. The culprit was discovered, and the master angrily declared that he would send him to prison. The mother of the boy was almost heart-broken, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that, like his Master, he never turned away from the sad and troubled ones who sought his help. So, with all a mother's earnestness, she went at once to the Colonel, and trying to check her tears she told him the story.

"I cannot understand it, sir; he has always been an honest boy, and I do believe that this is the first and last time. If he could only have another chance! But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will. I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"Oh, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to gaol. I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the Colonel went and saw the tradesman who had been robbed. He was very angry. He thought the boy deserved to be punished, and that it would do him good, and serve him right, and be a warning to him and to others, if he had a few months in prison. But Gordon pleaded very earnestly for him, and everyone respected the Colonel, and was glad to do as he wished.

"What will become of the boy? I cannot keep him here now."

"Oh, no, of course you cannot. But if you will promise not to prosecute him, I will take charge of him, and perhaps we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, Colonel. I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much."

The Colonel spoke very gravely to the boy, telling him how he had barely escaped going to prison, and pointing out to him how he had broken the laws of God, as well as man. "But you shall have a chance," he said. "Your master has kindly forgiven you, and if you ask God, He will forgive you also. And I will help you, if you believe well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will," said the boy, through his tears.

"How would you like to go to sea?" asked the Colonel.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir."

"Very well. Now you must go to school for a year. I will pay for you, and you must attend to your lessons, and try to learn as much as you possibly can in the time. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will try to be a good boy in everything."

"You must come up and see me sometimes at the Fort House, and you must spend your evenings at the Boys' Home, and I shall see you there. By these means I shall know whether you are keeping your promise. If at the end of twelve months I find that you have really been a good boy, then I will get you a berth in a good ship, and you shall go to sea."

The boy thanked the Colonel, and so did his mother; and, in fact, they continue to do so, though, perhaps, he does not know it to this day. My informant says: "The lad is now a man, and goes to sea; while his mother resides in Gravesend still. He has a good character, and both the mother and sailor bless the name of Gordon, who saved the lad from prison and the mother from disgrace."

HUMBLE PIE AND POOR-MAN'S SOUP.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Halloo, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright-eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing. His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to!"

"Tell us about it Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone to speak.

"Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things every boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate.

"Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco, or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea all that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it was for somebody's charity."

"He would have a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate, "father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the ten-minute question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground.

"Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I wouldn't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed up a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mince pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that, I can eat it with a relish," said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pies, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with

a pale, pinched face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realizing, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

HOW I WAS PUNISHED.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

When I was a little girl I had a very exalted idea of my own importance. I was an only child and had been much indulged by my parents. This accounted for my self-conceit, but of course did not excuse it.

We always lived in the country, and at the age of eight I had never seen the great city of New York. One day when mamma told me we were going there for a few days, I was exceedingly gratified. There were papa, mamma and myself to go, beside a maid whose principal duty was to watch over me, and for whom I entertained supreme contempt, merely because of her position.

We reached the city in the evening and stopped at a large hotel. The first thing we did then was to have our supper, after which mamma concluded that I had better go right to bed, as I was very tired and sleepy. Mary, the maid, went upstairs with me as usual, and my parents remained in the parlor to talk with some acquaintance whom they had happened to meet there.

The thing that arrested my attention in the hotel was the gas. I had never before seen houses lit up in this way, for at home we always used candles and oil lamps. Therefore I was very much interested in the gas fixtures in our bedroom, and wanted to try my skill at turning it off and on. Mary bade me leave it alone, saying that I would suffocate myself. This I considered nonsense, for I thought that I knew more than a maid; besides, how could anything like that occur? Mary had never seen gas until this time, and how should she know?

"Now leave that alone," she said on going from the room, "and don't, for any reason, blow it out."

No sooner was she down stairs than I jumped out of bed and began to play with the gas by turning it up and down. Finally I blew it out just to prove to Mary that it would do no harm. But when I found that I was really in the dark, I felt a little frightened and wished that I had not touched the gas. In a little while a strange feeling began to creep over me, and I called out feebly for Mary. Again I tried to call but my voice was still weaker. I believed now that I was dying, and repeated, oh, so sorely, of my foolish pride. I tried to pray but was growing weaker every moment and was unable to utter a word. At last I sank into a state of unconsciousness, after having a horrible feeling of trying to grasp relief which seemed always just beyond my reach.

When I again opened my eyes, my dear parents were by my bedside weeping. Mary, too, was there, and I could see that she also was wiping tears from her face. Then I felt ashamed to think how unkind had been my thoughts of her. As I afterwards learned, she was the one who saved my life. Fearing that I might meddle with the gas, she had gone up-stairs a little while after she left me, to see if I was all right. As soon as she reached the door, she knew what had happened. Rushing into the room she threw open the windows, which had been closed tightly on account of the cold weather. Then she called assistance. But for her timely arrival I would have died.

I was ill for a week or two after this, but had I recovered immediately, the lesson I learned would have been sufficient to show me that I had not very much wisdom in my own little brain, and that I ought always to respect my elders, be they rich or poor. As it was, God gave me a long time to lie in bed and think over my faults, and when I arose it was with a firm determination strengthened by prayer, that I would henceforth be one of the meek and lowly in heart.

—Advocate and Guardian.