

## For the "Shut In" Ones.

## "PIHAMIROTH."

THE night had spread her curtain  
O'er Israel's countless host;  
Shut in by sea and mountain,  
It seemed that they were lost.  
The cruel foe behind them lay,  
How to escape they saw no way.

But God their Guide and Leader,  
Was watching day and night;  
He knew how to deliver  
From Pharaoh's boasted might.  
The cloud—His presence stood between,  
To foe 'twas dark—to Israel sheen.

Now while they feared and doubted  
Jehovah's word and power  
To lead them out of bondage,  
Give Canaan for their dower,  
Their God His plan was working out—  
The morn would hear them victory shout.

He stretched His hand Almighty,  
And lo! the sea turned back;  
On each side a way was waiting  
And left an open track,  
Through which dry shod, they all passed o'er  
In safety to the other shore.

That which proved their deliverance  
God used to overthrow,  
Beneath the Red Sea waters,  
His own and their great foe.  
Methinks I hear, while falls the rod,  
"Be still, and know that I am God."

O let us all remember  
Our God is just the same;  
He knows how to deliver,  
"JEHOVAH" still His name.  
Though all around our way is hedged,  
To bring us forth His truth stands pledged.

What though our foe besiege us  
And seek to overcome,  
Our Jesus stands between us,  
He is our Shield and Sun.  
Who suffered, being tempted here,  
That He might succour saints so dear.

Let us like faithful Abra'm,  
Against all hope believe,  
And stagger not, but trust Him—  
He never will deceive.  
His glory we shall surely see,  
And shout aloud, glad victory.

—Christian Standard.

## Playing Cards.

## AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

IN the winter of 1870, I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago on the North-Western Railway. At Oshkosh we were joined by a delegation of lawyers, on their way to Madison, the capital, to attend the Legislature, then in session. They were all men of more than usual intellect, and of unexceptionable character. Two were ex-Judges of the Circuit Court. After awhile some one proposed a game of cards. No sooner said than done.

I was surprised to see judges of the law, leaders of society, lawgivers of a great State, thus setting publicly their seal of approval to a most evil and dangerous practice. To be sure, they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party; but it seems to me that this does not change the act nor lessen the danger of its example.

I had noticed an old lady in a seat to the rear of the players. Gray, and bent with age, she sat abashed. When the game of cards was started, she became restless, would hitch about uneasily in her seat, and take up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bite the threads. Once or twice I thought she wiped her eyes under her "shaker bonnet," but could not tell. She acted so strangely that I became more interested in her than in the players, and I watched her very closely.

She got up after a time, and tottered forward, holding on the seats as she passed. She brushed against Judge — in passing, but he had become

interested in the game, and did not notice her. Reaching the water tank at last, she drank a cup of water, and took a seat near the door with her back to the players. But she did not remain there. Rising with difficulty, she tottered back to her former seat, but reaching the players, she paused directly in front of them, and excitedly threw back her long bonnet and looked around at the company. Her actions at once arrested their attention, and pausing in their play, they all looked up inquiringly. Gazing directly in the face of Judge —, she said in a tremulous voice:

"Do you know me, Judge —?"  
"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge, pleasantly; "where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she, "and I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court-room in Oshkosh, when he was tried for—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man who sent him to prison for ten years; and he died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and passengers began to gather around and stand over them to listen and see what was going on. She did not give the judge time to answer her, but becoming more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father was taken sick and died, he did all the work, and was getting along right smart till he took to town, and got to playing cards and drinking; and then somehow he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out till morning, and then he'd sleep so late; and I couldn't wake him when I knocked, he'd been out so late the night before. And then the farm run down, and then we lost the team. One of the horses got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they got cold standin' out, and got scared and broke loose and ran most home; but they ran against the fence, and a stake run into one of them, and when we found him next morning he was dead, and the other was standing under the shed. And so after awhile he coaxed me to sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothing on the farm.

"But he grew worse than ever, and after awhile couldn't get any work; and would not do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy again, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me; and then in the morning I found he had taken what little money there was left of the farm and had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks, and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested and was taken up to Oshkosh for trial, he wrote to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently, and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself she continued:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer; and I believe he is here somewhere (looking around). Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. — (pointing to Lawyer —, who had not taken part

in the play). And this is the man, I am sure, who argued against him (pointing to Mr. —, the district attorney). And you, Judge —, sent him to prison; for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank. But he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing cards most all night, and drinking. But, oh, dear! it seems to me as though if he hadn't got to playing cards he might have been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong, and bad to play, he used to say, 'Why, mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for candy or cigars, or something like that.' We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young; but it just seems to me as if everybody now-a-days was going wrong in something or other. But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way; but it just seems to me as if the sight of them cards would kill me, Judge. I thought if you only knew how bad I felt, you wouldn't play on so; and then to think, right here before all these young folks!

"Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that, maybe, if them that ought to know better than do so, and them that are higher learnt, and all that, wouldn't set such examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother. But now there ain't any of our family left but me and my poor gran'child, my dead daughter's little girl; and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

Tongue of man nor angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age and excitement, and fear that she was doing wrong. I cannot recall half she said, as she, a poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before those noble-looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said, "Don't cry, gran'ma; don't cry, gran'ma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is just to say that when the passengers came to themselves, they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through the little audience.

COLERIDGE somewhere says, in effect, that we cannot make another comprehend our knowledge until we have first comprehended his ignorance. This is self-evident; and yet for want of practical attention to it, Sunday-school teachers go on, week after week, sometimes for years, making statements and using terms which convey no meaning, or convey a meaning quite different from what they intend, to their scholars. Try the experiment, sometimes of asking your class what they understand by what you have been saying. When you can get them to tell you frankly, you will, in many instances, be surprised and chagrined, but at the same time profitably enlightened.—Rev. E. M. Bruce.

It used to be the custom to talk over the sermon at home on the Sabbath; and we have known houses fragrant with the peace of God, whose children were all expected to be able to repeat to father and mother "something that the minister had said." And this was in days before the doubtful practice of preaching five or ten minute sermons to the children, before their elders were served. The children of to-day are not regarded as able to understand what children listened to in former years. Perhaps that is why they are so often left at home.—*Intelligencer*.

"It's too late to save me," said a poor old drunkard when urged to reform. "It's too late to save me, but oh! for God's sake, save the boys." Yes it was too late for him; he had fallen too low to ever dream of forgiveness and peace. The demon of drink held his soul in bondage, and he had lost forever all hope of salvation. With the consciousness of his own degradation he pleads not for himself, but "for God's sake save the boys!"

THE SUPERINTENDENT.—He must be a man of intelligence and of information, with good administrative abilities. "He should be quick, ready, self-confident, with a clear head, and the ability to arrange and classify, with some imagination for devising novelties," says Mr. Abbot; and to these qualifications another writer adds: "One who keeps sound overshoes, and a good umbrella, so as not to be compelled to stay at home on rainy days, and who does not wear squeaky boots."

A CHINESE SABBATH SCHOOL is held in Chicago, in Farwell Hall, and attended by about fifty pupils. The Young Men's Christian Association having placed the hall at the service of the mission free of expense, the boys put their hands in their pockets and purchased for themselves a nice organ, and several other articles of utility and comfort. The teachers have been mostly ladies; but recently, Rev. Dr. Speer, formerly a missionary in China, has been invited to commence a special mission among them, and is now labouring there.

A CAUTIOUS WITNESS.—It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied, "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again, "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "He never rides any gait at all, sir; but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating: "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir, he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, if not he falls behind." The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.