

surface of the Atlantic or the Pacific, but very soon the ocean is trackless as it was before. Such is not your life. You are making impressions on the things of time which will never be erased. What you may consider the little unimportant acts of life will have an influence for good or ill on the endless ages of eternity.

We are now "walking by faith, not by sight." Now, "we see through a glass darkly." By-and-bye, we will "see face to face." Let us be content now to take God's directions, do His will, rely on His promises, remembering that He is wiser than we are, and His ways higher than our ways.

O. B. EMERY.

Deer Island, April 11, 1884.

THE FAMILY.

"DOES YOU LOVE GOD?"

The question came from a tiny pair of lips. Opposite sat a young man of striking exterior. They were fellow-travellers in a stage-coach. The child sat on the mother's knee. For four hours the coach had been rolling on, and the child had been very winning in her little ways—lispings songs, lifting her bright blue eyes into her mother's face—then falling back into her mother's arms, as if to say, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour this young man had played with her. He had nodded his head to her little tunes—he had offered her his pearl-handled knife to play with, until his heart seemed fairly won.

It was thus the journey was almost ending, when for a time the innocent face wore an air of strange solemnity; a deep thoughtfulness spread over the young brow that had never yet known the dark shadow of care, and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man, and lisped in her childish voice,

"Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first in the confusion and bent over her nearer, and the voice asked again, "Does you love God?"—the thoughtful, inquiring eyes meantime beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily, blushing up to his hair. He looked at the child in a sort of confused, abrupt way, turned to the coach door, gave another look back, as if he longed to see that face again, and then was gone.

He hurried to his hotel; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart, catching up and recalling the question, "Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met him at the hotel. They appeared to have waited for him some time, and welcomed him with mirth, that seemed almost boisterous. An elegant supper had been prepared, to which they soon escorted him, and all seemed likely to be merry. But—he was not merry. Despite all around, there was a voice within, that kept on, echoing, echoing,—

"Does you love God?"

So the voice haunted him all that night. It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard amid the clatter of the billiard-balls and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the room, everywhere,—

"Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in revelling. He strove to sleep it away; but it came again to him in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was about to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in herself, and beautifully dressed. The gleam of pearls and the lustres of silk and lace vied with each other to set forth her loveliness; but even as she came sailing into the room, with smiles upon her young red lips, and a welcome in her words, there came too, floating noiselessly at her side, the

presence of that angel-child. The better feelings her presence had awakened were yet warm; and before he knew it, the young man said, quickly and smartly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was just leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up, and put to me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced, and more than once it was said, "He does not seem himself."

No. He was *not* himself; that is, as he had been. A little child had cast a pebble in the stagnant pool of his thoughtless heart, and the waters were stirred from their deepest depth.

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Dust-soiled and weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he walked on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye suddenly encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly changed. He paused an instant, looked eagerly at the window, and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by, after seeing you so suddenly at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who five years ago, in a stage coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady, smiling, "from the circumstance that you seemed so startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person whom we met, that or similar questions?"

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Can I not see her, madam?"

Strange, that in his eagerness, he did not notice the pale cheek and quivering of that mother's lip. But as he ceased speaking, he saw the tear-stained cheek turned towards the window.

"Madam—is—the child——"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back in his seat—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn the still bleeding wound in that mother's heart.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a short pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is then speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hollowed chamber she went, where in a case were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, and her childish toys. "There," said the mother—quite breaking down—"there is all that is left on earth of my precious Nettie."

"No, madam; that is not all that is left: I am here, a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubt, of bewilderment, and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator, I had defyingly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was very great; for many looked up to me, and chose me as their leader. I was going the downward path—groping blindly in a labyrinth of errors, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine, a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked-for question, 'Does you love God?' Oh,

that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine piety, that through her, glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept. All he had said was true; for he held the hearts of many. In genius, he was one of the strong ones of earth; and now that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

Oh! little children do a mighty work. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!" (Matt. xxi. 16.)

Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe in heaven, is there not a voice in your heart, asking,

"Does you love God?"—*Illustrative Gatherings.*

IN MEMORIAM.

To the memory of William McDonald, formerly of New Perth, P. E. I., who died in Colorado, a few weeks ago.

The cold and icy hand of death
Has slain a youth so dear,
When only in the prime of life,
Was parted from us here.

Friend after friend has passed away;
Has suffered and has died,
And as they left us here below
We laid them side by side.

Not so with this our loving friend
Who died in a strange land,
With only one he loved most dear,
To clasp him by the hand.

Hark! hark! I hear my Master call,
And I must Him obey,
I'm loathe to leave you brother dear,
But oh! I cannot stay.

The shadows now are gathering round;
How dim the light must be,
From all below I soon must part
And with my Saviour be.

Yes, with my Saviour shall rejoice
And sing His dying love,
And meet my father and mother dear,
In the bright realms above.

Farewell, farewell my brother dear,
There is no healing art,
Fondly we loved each other here,
How sad that we must part.

The parting, brother, won't be long,
We'll meet on yon bright shore;
I know that you will miss me much,
But there we'll part no more.

Farewell, dear friends, beyond the sea,
I ne'er shall be with you,
There are bright joys to which I go,
So now a last adieu.

Angels do whisper and rejoice,
And tune their harps of gold,
Another has been saved by grace,
And safe within the fold.

Now fare thee well our brother dear,
Thy spirit is at rest,
And we have shed the silent tear,
But thou art with the blest.

—MRS. ISABELLA STEWART.

God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; and he makes it bear thorns, that we may look for something better beyond.