

side me. She said nothing when I woke up, but turned her head away, and I could see she was choking.

"I wish I had something to drink," said I. Then she took up a cup that she had brought with her, and went to where a spring came up, and dipped up a cupful and handed it to me. Just as she did so she leaned over to hide her eyes. I saw a tear drop into the water. I took the cup and, raising my hands, I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears again as I had been doing for the last twenty years, and I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You were all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—*Houston's Weekly*.

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The permanence of early impressions is an old and well-worn theme, but one the parent and the teacher, who would secure the most salutary results from their instruction, must never forget or neglect. First teachings go deep into the feelings; the material is then plastic; the slightest traces leaves its record, and time, instead of erasing, hardens it to rock.

In one of the early Indian raids in New England, a boy was captured and retained by the savages for some years. He grew up in the customs of the red man. After his return to his old home, he made a profession of religion and studied for the ministry. In the opening of the Revolution he was preaching near one of our battle-fields. As the fight waxed hot, he was seen to leave his home and advance toward the scene of engagement. On his return, he was met by one of the members of his church, who at once discovered something peculiar in his manner. "Are you sick?" was the natural inquiry. "No." "Are you wounded?" he continued. "No, not wounded." Just then the preacher's coat became unbuttoned, and there fell to the ground three or four scalps. "I could not help it," he exclaimed as he threw up his arms and fled. The savage instinct revived at the sight of blood, and instantly broke through the thin crust of later instruction. That early instruction took him back to the forest, where he ever after remained.—*Zion's Herald*.

### CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

It is not only the new converted unto whom Christ is the bringer of gladness: he is the best of comforters to the believer in his times of shadow and sorrow. Ah, my brother, there is an "upper room," a secret chamber of the heart, whose key you and I surrender only to the dearest friend. It is the soul's *sanctum* with which the stranger intermeddled not. Sometimes that apartment becomes dark and lonesome. The candle well nigh goes out, and the atmosphere is chill and heavy. One enters through the closed door, and the assuring voice of his love speaketh the dear old words spoken long ago, "Peace be unto you." He shows us the scars of his self-sacrifice; he opens the jewel-casket of his promise. His consolations fill the room with their heavenly perfume. On that bosom we can lay our sad, weary head; his right hand is underneath it, and his left hand doth embrace us. Our beloved is ours, and we are his; there is none on earth whom we desire beside him. His smile fills the soul-chamber with sunshine, and then we are all glad because we have seen our Lord.

### HOW TO HELP YOUR CHURCH.

One Sunday, Lord Salisbury the English Prime Minister, dropped into a Wesleyan chapel at Tunbridge Wells, supposing it to be an Episcopal Church. He was so interested he remained the service throughout. The service over he was at once accosted by an official, who, shaking hands with his lordship whom he did not recognize, inquired if he was a stranger. His lordship having replied in the affirmative, his interrogator said, "Have you joined class yet?" "No," said the Marquis; "not yet." Whereupon the official invited him to a society class conducted by himself in his own house. The old gentleman, still in ignorance whom he was addressing, invited his lordship to remain to the communion; but he had another engagement. A gentleman who happened to be present and recognized the Marquis, mentioned the incident to his lordship subsequently when meeting him on board a steamer, whereupon Lord Salisbury said, "If that is the way you Wesleyans look after strangers, I do not wonder you get on as you do."