

Choice Literature.

THE AULD KIRK O' SCOTLAND.

The guld auld Kirk o' Scotland,
The wild winds round her baw,
And when her roamen hear their saigh,
They prophesy her fa'.
But what although her fate has been
Among the flocos to set,
The guld auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

There may be wrath within her wa's;
What rack! her wa's are wae;
It's but the beating of a heart,
The rushing of a tide,
Whose motion keeps its water pure;
Then let them foam or fret,
The guld auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

She was a lithe, she was a light
When a' thing else was mirk,
And many a trembling heart has found
Its bield behind the Kirk.
She bore the brunt and did her due
When Scotland's sword was wet,
The guld auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

The clouds that overcast her sky
Mann shortly flee awa',
A bonny, blue, and peacefu' heaven
Smiles sweetly through them a'.
Her country's life-blood's in her veins,
The wide world's in her debt,
The guld auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She's nae in ruins yet.

The Beacon.

"THE MAN THAT DIED FOR ME."

Many years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and after a few years I went to live on the Pacific coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived, and this was my chance for missionary work.

I heard of a man over the hills who was dying of consumption. "He is so vile," they said, "no one can stand it to stay with him; so the boys place some food by him, and leave him for twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead some time and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with the indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself?" Here's missionary work if you want it." It had not occurred to me before that I could go.

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted.

'At last, one day, I went over the hills to the little far-away cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner on some straw and colored blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily.

As my shadow fell over the floor he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward and there came another oath.

"Don't speak so, my friend," I said.

"I ain't your friend, I ain't got any friends," he said.

Well, I am yours, and"—but the oaths came thickly as he said, "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out at arm's length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked him, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, if he remembered his mother, but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths. said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for us."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use."

The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown.

At the end of that time I said, "I'm not going anymore." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it

and said, "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up, mamma, before God does?"

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with no one to care.

I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been in my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. Oh, the shame, the shame of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, "Oh, Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul." Did you ever ask that and mean it? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to travel for a human soul. I saw my Lord as I had never seen him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room my husband said, "How is your miner?"

"He is going to be saved."

"How are you going to do it?" he asked.

"The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know that I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being all over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill sides. That day, the moment my little boys went out to school, I left my work and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul. I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on a neighbour came out of her cabin and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me, God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath. It did not hurt as it did before, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird's note.

"What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside, who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie."

She shrank back as she saw his face and said, "I'm afraid." But I assured her "Poor sick man! he can't get up, and he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel, with her face framed in golden curls, her eyes tender and pitiful, and in her hands the flowers she had picked off the purple sage bush. Bending toward him, she said, "I sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes as he said: I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew I had the key to the man's heart, and the thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service. "When I

spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women, or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"Good women! Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't think what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? You would not have liked to have her live for that, would you?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine he cried, "O God, no! I'd have killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said: "the dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie."

Oh, friends, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest.

The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then, clutching me, he said, "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little gal agin. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hand of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember this was Mamie's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his little girl, and he feels bad about it. I's so sorry him, and he's so sorry too. Won't you help him and show him where to find his little girl? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in his hands and the wound in his side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more 'bout it, tell Him everything; but, oh! you don't know."

Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for One who was close to us that hour. Oh, how the Lord Jesus reached out after that lost soul!

By and by the poor man grasped the Strong Hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save. "The Man that died for me."

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' once. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the boys came from the mills and the mines and filled the room.

"Now boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the Cross.

After awhile he said, "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing he told the story. He had to use the language he knew, and this, as well as I can recall it (and, of course this is true of all the conversations I have quoted) was what he said:

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well! the blood of the Man she tells about went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But

it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love him?"

Some days after there came a look into his face that told me the end had come. I had to leave him and I said, "What shall I say to-night, Jack?"

"Just, Good night," he said.

"What will you say to me when we meet again?"

"I'll say, 'Good morning,' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the boys sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could seen him when he went," they said.

"Tell me about it."

"Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, an' smil n' said, 'I'm going boys. Tell her I'm going to see Mamie. Tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me,' an' he was gone."

Kneeling there with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that any should perish."—Mrs. J. K. Barnly, in London Christian.

ADVANCES IN BRAIN SURGERY.

There is a form of cranial injury in which surgical aid is especially beneficial and in which by prompt action life may frequently be saved. A man falls down an area, for instance, striking his head on the hard surface below. He is stunned for a few minutes and then partially recovers consciousness, which, however, is gradually lost and profound stupor sets in. In such an instance there is probably the rupture of a blood vessel in the membranes of the brain between this organ and the skull and blood is effused, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces stupor and eventually death. Such cases were until within the last few years invariably fatal, and even now, such is the usual result, for comparatively few surgeons know what great advances have recently been made in the science and art of brain surgery. Only a few weeks ago a case of the kind occurred in Washington City in which a man was passively allowed to die when in all probability his life could have been saved by an operation. And this operation is a very simple one. We ascertain from an inspection of the seat of injury on what part of the skull the blow has been received, and we are further strengthened in our search for evidence by the symptoms exhibited by the patient. We trephine the skull at the injured point and let out the blood that has been extravasated. As soon as the pressure is relieved consciousness is regained and the patient lives. Quite recently operations have been performed upon the skull in cases of idiocy innate or acquired with a view of removing a supposed disproportion between the size of the brain and the skull, and thus allowing the organ space in which to grow. A French surgeon proposed the removal of strips of the cranium in cases of idiocy in which as he supposed there was no room for the brain to expand. Several of his cases and those performed according to his method by other surgeons have been in a measure successful, so that there is decided encouragement to persevere with the operation in instances in which it appears to be suitable. Several years before the publication of his results the writer had performed similar operations for the cure of epilepsy, and in a few cases with complete success.—From "Brain Surgery," by Dr. William A. Hammond, in North American Review.

Lord, do thou choose for me, not only the whole state and condition of being, but every little and great accident of it. Keep me safe by thy grace, and then use whatever instrument Thou pleasest for bringing me to Thee. Lord, I am not so licentious of the passage, so I may get to Thee.—Jeremy Taylor.