

DIVINE AWARD.

I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
 For the Divine award
 Of strength that helps me up the heavy
 heights
 Of mortal sorrow, where, through tears
 forlorn,
 My eyes get glimpses of the authentic
 lights
 Of love's eternal morn.
 For thereby do I trust
 That our afflictions spring not from the
 dust,
 And that they are not sent
 In arbitrary chastisement,
 Nor as avengers to put out the light,
 And let our souls loose in some dark night
 That holds the balance of Thy glory just;
 But rather, that as lessons they are meant,
 And as the fire tempers the iron, so
 Are we refined by woe.

—Alice Cary.

"SURE WE ALL KNOW THAT!"

Among the memories of a boyhood spent in Ireland, none are more vivid than some of the scenes witnessed in connection with the administration of justice there.

The opening of a court of assize was always an occasion for pomp and ceremony. At the boundary of the city or town, a military escort awaited the arrival of the representatives of the law, and received them with honours. Mounted troops with their sabres drawn, surrounded the carriages, and formed a procession. A trumpeter led the cavalcade, and with many a clarion peal heralded the approach of Her Majesty's judges. Sentries guarded by night and day the judges' "chambers"; and the trumpeter and troop, attending morning and evening the necessary movements to and from the court house, made a grand display, which commonly drew a crowd.

During the assizes in the city of Londonderry more than forty years ago, an incident occurred which, though seemingly at the time of small concern, was fraught with momentous interests and eternal issues. It is here, for the first time recorded in print, as I had it from the lips of one of the interested parties, who now "rests from his labours."

On a Sunday afternoon, while the judges of assize were returning from church amidst a throng of eager spectators, there stood upon a chair, in the open space then known as "the Diamond of Derry," a little old-fashioned minister of Christ. He wore a black velvet cap to shelter his bald head. He had a strong, clear voice; and, anxious to improve the occasion for the benefit of some portion of the crowd, he commenced an open-air service.

A hymn was sung. A short prayer followed. Then the preacher announced his text, 2 Cor. v. 10. There was a hush throughout the assembly. But the instant the solemn words were uttered—

"WE MUST ALL APPEAR BEFORE THE
 JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST,"

an unexpected voice disturbed the gravity of the audience. A sharp-featured man, with a comical air, standing directly at the preacher's feet, brazenly looked him in the face, and exclaimed in an impudent tone—

"*Sure we all know that!*"

Not in the least disconcerted by the interruption, the preacher, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the man, opened his sermon with the remark—

"My friends, if 'we all know that,' don't you think we shall be acting wisely if each of us in this crowd lay to heart the solemn question, *Am I ready* to appear before the judgment seat of Christ?"

The objector was silenced. The sermon proceeded. The preacher enlarged on the *certainly* of the truth proclaimed in the text, and urged that it should receive serious consideration. Specially did he admonish his hearers against *indifference* on a subject of such supreme moment, pointing out the fearful responsibility incurred by persons who, glibly professing that they "know" all about the approaching Great Assize, yet totally neglect preparation for it.

The discourse concluded. The crowd dispersed. Time rolled away. The minister shortly removed to another sphere of labour, and the incident passed from his thoughts.

Fourteen or fifteen years later he attended a religious convention in Dub-