

What They Did With Jesus.

BY LILLIAN A. MOULTON.

He sat in his elegant parlour,
With his wife and daughters, three,
A man that the world highly honoured,
And a son of wealth was he.
He had reached the top of the ladder
That men on this earth call Fame,
He had made for himself and children
A great, illustrious name.

But although his face shone with gladness,
Beneath it all one could read
That down in the heart of its owner
Was a deep and dreadful need.
For though he would never have owned it
To a living human soul,
He was sick, and he sorely needed
Christ Jesus to make him whole.

So he sat in his handsome parlour,
Apparently light and gay,
But while he chatted with those around,
All his thoughts seemed far away.
And at last with a desperate effort,
He rose from his velvet chair,
And said, in a voice firm and even,
As he stroked his thick gray hair:

"For weeks I've heard nothing in State street,
'Midst the business men, you know,
But the Moody and Sankey meetings,
And I've decided to go.
Though really I don't believe in them"
(Here in his words came a break),
"Yet I'm determined to go to-night,
Merely for courtesy's sake."

So he rang for his coloured coachman,
And his handsome span of bays,
And the honest eyes of his servant
Stared at him in wild amaze,
As the master said, in mildest tones,
As he drew his warm gloves on,
"I want you to drive down Tremont street,
To the Tabernacle, John.

I've heard of Sankey's wonderful songs,
And of Moody's thrilling talks,
I want to see and hear for myself—
My soul, how that right horse balks!
Just listen! Do you hear that singing?
We are surely almost there,"
Loudly and strong the grand old chorus
Swelled out on the frosty air:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."
"You needn't stay out in the cold, John,
The air is quite sharp to-night;
You may as well come inside with me,
Just cover the horses tight."

Together they entered the building,
Of people there was no lack,
Together sat in that crowded hall,
One face white, the other black.
Which soul do you think, was worth the most?
Answer me this, if ye can—
The one 'neath the light or the coloured skin?
The master, or servant-man?

The choir again rose up and sang;
Then followed prayer, and next
The preacher stood up before the mass,
And read from God's word this text:
"Now what will ye do with Christ Jesus,
The Son of the living God?
Let this question go to every heart
In this congregation broad.

"Now what will ye do with Christ Jesus?
Will ye have him crucified?
Will you put him to an open shame,
Who to save your souls has died?
Or will you accept of his friendship,
And acknowledge him your King?
Will you take him now as your Saviour,
And henceforth his praises sing?

"Oh, what will ye do with this Jesus?
A question of import vast—
If you'll have him he's yours forever,
No matter how dark the past.

And he'll keep you safe in the shelter
Of his gentle, loving arms,
And you'll not fear the storms of life,
Nor the shock of earth's alarms.

"Oh, what will ye do with Christ Jesus?"
(The preacher loudly cried)
"Will you receive him, or reject him?
You must this night decide.
Receive him—you are saved forever,
In this world and for the next;
Reject him—you are lost and wretched;
What will you do with my text?"

If till to-morrow you put it off,
To-morrow may not be here;
Eternity, unto some of you,
May be very, very near.
Therefore this question I urge, my friends,
Through this congregation broad—
Oh, what will ye do with Christ Jesus,
The Son of the living God?"

"What did you think of the sermon, John?
What did you think of the man?"
"Sir," the coloured coachman made reply,
"I'll tell you as best I can.
I think," said he, with his eye upturned
To one particular star,
"Those as receive the Lord Jesus Christ
Are the wisest ones by far.

"So to-night while the man was talking,
Telling us all to decide
What we'd do about taking the One
Who suffered for us and died,
I said in my heart, Now, Lord Jesus,
I know I'm black as can be,
But I'll receive you as my Saviour,
That is, if you'll receive me."

"And, I, too, received him to-night, John,
The preacher's words cut like a knife,
I have always known there was something
That was lacking about my life."
Together they each had received him,
Together confessed him, too,
And what more does the Bible tell us
Any poor sinner can do?

What if one was white, the other black,
One high, and the other low,
Did it matter aught with the angels?
I tell you, my reader, No!
There will be no colour in heaven,
Sure of this great fact I am;
'Gainst the names of the saved 'tis written,
"Made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Teachers' Department.

A Good Teacher—but.

SHE is a good teacher, and one of the best in the school, but she is not often present. She stays away when she feels like it, and she feels like it very often. The girls in her class like her, and listen to her teaching of the lesson with interest and profit, but they never know when to expect her at the session. She may be there and she may not be, and the chances are even. She is as fickle as an April day.

If the weather is too warm she stays at home; and if it is too cold, home still has charms for her: If she has a headache, she nurses it under the roof of her dear home; and if she fears a headache, she will not venture out. She goes to school if she feels like it, and, of course, she cannot tell whether she will feel like it until the hour comes.

For that reason she neglects to provide a substitute. The class meets, and the superintendent casts an anxious glance, and says: "Will your teacher be here?" "Don't know," is the reply, given in chorus; while one pert voice continues: "She was here last Sunday, and so I do not think she will be here this Sunday."

The pert voice is logical and right.

What is to be done? The teacher wants to keep

her class, and would be hurt if she were asked to practise the virtue of—resignation. The class wants to keep the teacher—if she would only attend with regularity. But it is very discouraging for a scholar to study the lesson, and then come to school and find the teacher missing about half the time.

No wonder that, after a while, the class grows "small by degrees and beautifully less," until it is lost to sight, and then the teacher decides that it is best for her to resign.—*S. S. Journal*.

That Blue Hill.

It lies off there on the edge of the horizon, a wave of sapphire—pure, peaceful, steadfast—one of the hills of God. Clouds may veil it to-day, but it is still there, and will lift its shining head above the land to-morrow. It is such a steadfast friend, a watcher in the east, a throne for the royal sun, in our childhood as in our old age, ever there. It is such a restful friend.

Amid the vexing turmoil of daily life, we look off toward the old blue hill, and how its aspect rests us! The peace of the hills of God becomes ours. It is also such a pure friend. Clouds may assail and cover it, but they never leave a spot there. The rain may sweep upon it, but the storm does not stain its slopes. Grand old hill! you are a type of ideal character. This is steadfast in righteousness, stable, resting on the immutable foundations of correct principle. True character is peace-giving! There is ever an atmosphere of calm and rest about it, since abiding in the presence of the peace-giving One. Such character wins our confidence and admiration. The contemplation of it gives us strength in all the relations of life.

Who will be such a hill of God to men? Who, though among the lowest in station, will yet strive after the accomplishment of the highest possession, character moulded after Christ's?—*S. S. Journal*.

Going Against Nature.

JACK was thirteen years old, and, consequently, thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow, and did not control him very well, but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer (just out of curiosity) when Jimmy (the man who jobbed for his mother) offered it to him, and heard him declare it to be good—though a few minutes afterwards it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temp. Banner*.

HOWEVER the winds may blow over the thrashing-floors of earth, and whatever their effect may be upon private or public hopes, let us remember that the fan is in God's hand.