

Loved Much.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"Woe, woe is me!" the outcast said,
And drew her mantle o'er her head,
And moaned, "Would God that I were dead!"

"The women catch their robes aside
Whene'er I pass them; men deride;
The children in the market chide.

"How dare I then to Him draw nigh,
Who yester-evening on high
I heard lift up the pleading cry—

"Come unto Me, ye weary!" So
He surely said, as crouching low
Among the throng, I hid my woe.

"And when He spake of 'rest,' my breath
Came back as from the jaws of death
Oh, blessed Christ of Nazareth!

"To-day He sups with Simon; dare
I loosen all my lengths of hair,
And thus concealed adventure there,

"And see Him as He sits at meat,
And crawling close, with unguents sweet
Anoint His sandal-fretted feet!

"Oh, 'heavy laden!' If He be
That Christ come out of Galilee,
I know He meant this word for me!"

So, swathed about, that none might say
Who walked, untended, forth that day,
To Simon's house she took her way.

Within the court she shrinking pressed
Among the menials, fearful lest
She should not find the Lord a guest.

And cowering in the lowliest place,
She drew her veil a handbreadth's space,
And, lo! that calm, majestic face!

She stole behind His cushioned seat;
She touched with touch of awe, His feet;
She kissed them with her kisses sweet.

Then on them poured the ointment rare,
And wrapped them with her trailing hair,
And wept with wonder that she dare—

She—so abashed, despised, undone,
Whom publicans made haste to shun—
Approach, unhidden, the Holy One.

"Seest thou this woman?" Solely stirred
By contrite grief, she had not heard,
Till thus He spake, a single word.

O'erwhelmed, she scratched her hair outspread,
Wrapped quick her veil about her head,
And sank as one astound or dead.

He, too, would spurn her; knowing all
The guilt and trespass of her fall,
For her He had not meant the call.

Thus bowed, self-loathing in her fear,
There struck across her muffled ear
A sound her soul rose up to hear.

Life, joy, and peace sprang at the touch;
"Her sins are all forgiven, though such
Be many; for she loved much."

The angels that bent down to see,
Beheld no heart from burdens free
As hers, that night in Bethany!

—Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

Mr. Gladstone at Church.

Of course, we can not visit Hawarden without also paying a visit to the church. The rector, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the second son of the premier, although not a great preacher, is one to whom men listen with pleasure; he is quietly earnest and instructive. But, no doubt, the most singular scene in the Hawarden Church, beheld usually when the premier is in residence in the castle, is to see him sitting in the plain, uncushioned pew near the lectern and opposite the pulpit. It may be thought—perhaps feared—that of the crowds which fill the church at the morning and evening service, multitudes are brought together, strangers, week after week, to obtain a view of that face so gnarled and rugged, and often so pale. It must be admitted

that the spectacle of the prime minister of a great nation taking part, week after week, in the simple service of an obscure village church is a sight the world has seldom if ever seen. Seated near to the reading-desk, at the time and place indicated, he quietly rises and goes through his part of the service, reading the lessons from the desk. Then he resumes his seat, and while joining heartily in the other part of the service, usually listens to the sermon with head thrown back and closed eyes. Then the service closes, and the premier throws a coat over his shoulders without putting his arms into it; he is only on his way to the rectory. The family all seem to live in the most beautiful relations of lovable unity. But as he walks along the churchyard path it is probably lined with visitors, waiting, uncovered, to greet him as he passes along. With hat in hand, his head uncovered, he passes through the human lane of lovers and admirers—perhaps of some enemies too—exchanging smiles and nods and friendly recognitions till he is safe in the household room of the rector, his son. We have heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he will have his Sabbath to himself and to his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of State or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study.

It is impossible to restrain a sense of admiration for this profound public regard for the day of rest. Whether in London or at Hawarden, he puts us in mind of his great predecessor in the statesmanship of England, Cecil Lord Burleigh, who, when he arrived at Theobalds on a Saturday evening, would throw off his cloak or chain of office and exclaim, "Lie there and rest, my good lord treasurer."—*Leisure Hour*.

She Did What She Could.

REV. R. H. HOWARD.

ONE of the sweetest memories relative to a former member lingering in the minds of the people of the Saxonville charge, is that of the saintly and early sainted Mary Lavina Green. She was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age when converted. Her conversion was very clear and pronounced, the light then kindled in her soul continuing to burn more and more brightly unto the end.

Mary was always faithful. Though she lived nearly two miles away, and was obliged to journey alone, she seldom, if ever, missed her prayer or class meeting; and she often wondered why it was that Christians seemed to feel and to manifest so little interest.

One scene in particular connected with the progress of this work of grace, in which Mary Green bore a conspicuous part, is still, after the lapse of thirty years, distinctly and most pleasantly remembered. The meetings were at their height and interest. Not less, probably, than fifty persons were forward for prayers on the evening referred to. Presently Mary might have been seen quietly gliding down the aisle of the crowded church, and returning with a young lady whom she placed at the altar. She then went back to a pew near the door and led her mother forward; when, returning, she approached her prayerless, ungodly father, and, tenderly twining her arms about his neck, besought him to come too. The strong man yielded, and con-

sent, by the hand of his darling daughter, to be led forward to the mourner's seat, and then and there to cast himself down before the Lord to be prayed for by God's people. What a scene was this!—one, truly, on which angels might have looked down with rejoicing and admiring wonder.

Though she little realized it at the time, yet Mary, during these happy, busy weeks, was really doing her last revival work. She survived this memorable revival campaign only a year or two; but so long as the little heroine did live, she did what she could—ceasing, indeed, at once to labor and to live.

The Holy Grail.

THE Holy Grail, the subject of one of Tennyson's finest poems, is said to have been a precious stone, a jasper of great brilliancy, which fell from Lucifer's crown when hurled from heaven. This was caught by the angels and held pendant for a long time between heaven and earth. When Christ came down to be the Saviour of the world the stone also descended and a cup was made of it, which came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea. At the last supper the Lord drank from this cup—and Joseph caught therein His blood shed upon the cross. On this account the cup received the power of giving everlasting life and was called the Grail (from the Galilic word signifying dish or vessel). Joseph was said to have been kept alive forty-two years in prison by its miraculous powers. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Joseph was released from prison by Titus, and being commanded by angels, made a receptacle for the Grail, the guardianship of which was to be intrusted only to pure hands. It was handed down to Titurel, the father of Amafortas, a French king, who built a castle for the guardians of the Grail, and a sanctuary for the holy cup itself. A religious order called Templars was instituted, who were elected for their virtues and were supported by the miraculous powers of the holy vessel, which is renewed every Good Friday by a dove which brought from heaven a consecrated wafer, which it laid upon the stone. The castle was surrounded by an extensive forest, through which no one could pass unless led by the Grail. To pagans the Grail was quite invisible, but to believers his will could be read upon the stone in writing, which disappeared again. The Knights of the Grail were selected by it from all countries, for their moral worth and purity, as their names appeared upon the surface of the Grail. Its first guardians had been those angels who were neutral during Lucifer's revolt against God.

The Use of Tobacco.

ONE of the strongest arguments against the use of tobacco is the intense nausea and sickness felt by people in their first attempt at smoking. It is nature's protest against abuse, and it would be well for millions if they heeded the warning, for offensive to smell and taste as it is at first, the dislike often changes to intense craving, and the user of tobacco has become its slave, the habit being often harder to overcome than the love of strong drink. And of what use is it?

Very few persons can state distinctly the effects of tobacco upon them, the

kind of pleasure which the use of it gives, and why they continue to use it. Let any user of tobacco ask himself these questions, and he will be surprised to see how unsatisfactory the answers he receives will be.

It is a habit which continually grows stronger, at the same time weakening the will, and finally making a man its abject slave. Its physiological effects are such as to warrant its abandonment, even if there were no other consideration.

All its ill effects are transmitted from parent to child, and usually with a weakened constitution and a disposition to intemperance. It is a filthy habit. It is an expensive habit. It is of doubtful morality, because its consequences are bad.

King James, in his famous counterblast, calls it a "precious stinke," and condenses the matter as a "custome loathsome to the eye, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof neereat resembling the horrible stigmatic smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

Smoking to excess produces nausea, vomiting, and trembling, with accelerated motion of the heart, and it is an open question whether the prevalence of heart disease, which has been attributed to the rapid, exciting, modern life, should not be really attributed to the extensive use of tobacco. "Smoker's cancer" is not an unknown disease, as more than one man of note has died of it.

It is with tobacco as with deleterious articles of diet, the strong suffer comparatively little, while those not of robust habit, or who are predisposed to disease, fall victims to its poisonous operation. Under such circumstances an article so injurious to the health and so offensive in its mode of enjoyment should be speedily banished.—*Ex.*

The Rebounding Bullet.

AT the storming of Sedan the difficult task of taking the suburb, and keeping it at any cost, was intrusted to the Bavarians. When the inhabitants of Bolan took part in the battle and fired out of the windows, according to the laws of war those who were taken with arms in their hands were at once shot, and the innocent often perished with the guilty. A tall, handsome Frenchman, in the prime of life, was brought by a Bavarian foot-soldier before the lieutenant, with the accusation that he had fired on the Bavarian troops. In broken German the Frenchman asserted that he had not fired; and begged, in the most touching and earnest way, that his life might be spared. His accuser could, indeed, bring no other proof of the fact than that firing had come from that house. The lieutenant gave the soldier leave to do as he liked with the accused. He at once told the Frenchman that he must die. The poor man again asserted that he had not fired, and begged that his life might be spared. Some of his accuser's comrades, who thought that the Frenchman might be innocent, interceded for him, but in vain. The Bavarian seized his enemy, placed him against a wall, and fired the deadly bullet at him. But, behold! the bullet rebounded from the wall, returned against him who had fired it off, and wounded him severely in the foot. He was taken to the hospital, where he died a fortnight after. The soldiers said, "God has judged!"