The Three Watches.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE NIGHT LIFE OF A GREAT CITY.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21:11

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor; or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me, as at the gate of an arsenal in Charlestou the question once smote me, "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command, "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm; and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch, or in the fourth watch, to be vigilant until the daylight flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their nights into four parts—the first watch, from six to nine; the second, from nine to twelve; the third, from twelve to three; and the fourth, from three to six. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from twelve to three o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone, they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter, and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping, seek the face of mother, or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centre of bargain-making.

Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the hewesated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread, and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over ten thousand evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ball-room is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orchestra. Concert-halls are lift d into enchantment with the warble of one songstress, or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing-rooms are filled with all graceful ness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded groups advancing and retr ating.

The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to and fro of thousands on the great promenades. The dashing span, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curb-stone. Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence, mingle in the great metropolitan picture, until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously, and the praying man to pray more earnestly. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes twelve, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tingling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog; the stamp of a horse in the next street; the slamming of a saloon door; the hiccough of the drunkard; the shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste.

Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil; hot brain being cooled off; rigid muscles relaxed; excited nerves soothed; the white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen; childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care, and anxiety, and worriment, and pain.

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out a sign of co-partnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money-till that will spring a leak.

In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen stroke of the ball on the billiard-table; At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks, and the dealer in Chatham street pocket-handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning, in the woods around about the city, to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenpin-alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of ruin, all the drums of death beat the dead march of a thousand souls. In one year, in New York City, there were seven million dollars sacrificed at the gambling-table. Perl aps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it.

In the third watch of the night, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at eight o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at nine, talkative and garrulous at ten, at eleven blasphemous, at twelve the hat falls off, at one the man falls to the floor, asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city fathers, husbands, sons as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the West. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling-hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point—his social nature—and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him—for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over this counter as he replied, "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After a while the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick-bed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary dress, fully dressed, lying on top of the bed. I gave him my hand and he seized it convulsively and said, "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down and he said, "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better; I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was a reality, and I went to her, and threw my arms around her neck, and I said, 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help; I can't do this alone.'" I knelt and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him in church. Somebody said, "You cannot bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said, "You will bring him in the church; he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carry the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl, that I have seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys; and then he would go away, as if hounded by an evil spirit, to his cups and the house of shame, a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan. On the other side sat the men who ruined him; they were the men who poured the wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I know them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed"? No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as a vulture look at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood Cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe, five acts in a tragedy.

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

Lying.

What is the beginning of this awful habit, so hateful to God and so detested by men? It had a beginning, and, like any other habit, might have been easily prevented. It was perhaps a simple prevarication, an unchecked exaggeration. It was in childhood, and was observed as an omen of smartness—chided, perhaps, but repeated and laughed at within its hearing. That was the culture it needed to make it grow, and it grew. In after years it became manifest, and then came the rod, and discipline began in earnest, and the old-style circle was formed, over which anger generally presided. Here the rod chased the lie, and the lie dodged the rod; and thus the performance kept up through the early teens, until the rod was worn out and laid aside, and the lier was complete. Malaria is an invisible swamp demon that will make you sick, but you can not thresh it out with a flail, nor drive it with a distaff; but if you will carefully and faithfully ditch and drain its poisonous bog, it will leave for other parts. Teach the truth by precept and by every example to the nursling on your knee, and regard its first and every prevarication as the viper's egg. Teach it the wrong of falsehood in the beginning, and it will learn. Let your demands be reasonable and few, and your promises such as you will surely fulfil. A child often learns to lie from parents; tell it the truth, whether in earnest or jest. The truth is never unkind, but falsehood is always so. The boy and girl have temptation—help them to bear it, and teach them never to shun the truth through fear. Teach your son or daughter to acknowledge a fault whatever it may be, as more noble than to conceal it and lie about it. Teach them that this is degrading, and the best way to teach is to do it yourself. If you get angry, and do your child a wrong, tell it so, and you will teach a double lesson; and if you will adhere closely to this rule, a love of the truth will be established, and the pernicious habit of lying avoided.

The question is often asked: Is a man ever justified in telling a falsehood? We answer, unhesitatingly, He is not. It is very easy to imagine a set of circumstances where—to save his life, for instance—he would be justifiable, and we may say we would do it, which latter may be true. But he is safer who risks his life on the truth, than is he who risks it in lying. We had many instances of this during the war, and invariably the man came off better who stood right up to the truth, than he did who undertook to protect himself by falsehood. Every man's position was known on both sides, and he who undertook to shield himself by lying was generally regarded by all with contempt, both as a liar and coward; while the man who stood up boldly, and acknowledged his position, was treated with respect for his truthfulness.

The habit of lying is a vain and foolish habit, as well as a wicked and degrading vice. It never benefits, but always injures. It is always detected. A man can tell the truth all day, and not become entangled; but no man can tell a falsehood a half hour long. He may not be detected sufficiently for conviction before the law, but sufficiently for all to believe that he is guilty; and the public mind will condemn him, although the law may clear him. Whenever it becomes needful for him to sustain one falsehood by telling another, he is in trouble: and if he is compelled to resort to a third, he is sure to be overwhelmed. This can be seen almost any day in the court-house. A witness seeks, regardless of his oath, to benefit his friend, and really supposes he has done so; but the cross-questioning attorney has made him ruin both himself and the cause of his friend. The truth is always safe, and easily told; but a falsehood is always dangerous, and hard to execute.

The first gives you strength of manhood, and makes you conscious of good. The second degrades you in mind and heart, and depresses you in your own esteem. You have made a poor exchange, if you have gained a thousand pounds and lost your own self-respect. Under whatsoever circumstances you may be situated, whether in danger or safety, in prosperity or adversity, at home or abroad, follow the precious old maxim: "Buy the truth, and sell it not." Buy it, no matter at what cost, and keep it always; sell not for any price, no matter what you get for it you will still be poor. If you are young, you will see many times when prevarication will seem very convenient, and promise protection, and the truth will seem most inconvenient. Remember that of all times these are the best to make for yourself a lasting reputation. Stand fast by the truth now, and it will bless you with goodly benedictions, and its precious odors will sweeten your good name, and transmit it to the years to come.—*A. J. Baird, D.D. in The Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Untrodden Paths.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Now, James," said Mrs. Ranket to her husband of a week, the new pastor of the First church in Gorham Centre, "let us talk about methods of work. Let us, as far as lies in our power, map out new and untried plans of usefulness."

"But, Maria, we are hardly acquainted with our people as yet; they may rebel if we attempt to lead them through untrodden paths," began the newly ordained minister. But his earnest-faced wife interrupted.

"It is not good for an individual or for an organization to get into and run along in a rut. The problem we have in hand is this: Can we, with the Lord's help, project a plan of work that he will approve and bless, that shall lift this discouraged people out of the cold mire of faithlessness to the sunny uplands of hope? There are new methods being introduced in teaching art, music, science, the humanities and in everything to the intellectual, physical and temporal good of God's creatures; why should the spiritual upbuildings go on in just the same old rute?"

"Why, indeed," admitted the pastor, "I suppose you have some ideal project in your mind?"

"I have, indeed," and she proceeded to unfold her plans so attractively and with so much good sense that the next Sunday some of them were laid before the people. the old, much-dreaded subscription paper was doomed to at least one year's retirement and the people were advised to lay by, during the week, such portion, not less than a tenth, of their income as they desired to devote to the Lord's work.

For the paying of the pastor's salary the envelope system was advised. Every Sunday morning, immediately preceding the sermon, there would be a collection. The first Sunday in each month this collection would be devoted to missions, the other three Sundays it would go to pay for fuel and incidental expenses.

The first Sunday evening in each month the meeting would be devoted to the study of missionary foreign, home and domestic work alternating.

The congregation was urged to remain to the Sunday-school and it was made plain in a few simple words that all the unconverted Sunday-school scholars, old and young, were expected to graduate into the church—that was what the Sunday-school was for; to point its pupils the way to heaven, and every Christian in the school was expected to be a helper.

These plans had one immediate effect—they set people to thinking about the church work, and it made them recognize their own personal responsibility.

During the week it was surprising how little gossip was in circulation and next Sunday there was an increased attendance at the morning service. Everybody was gratified that there was no subscription paper to be passed, but all were not so pronounced and outspoken upon the subject as old Captain Barton, who lived out on Fissure Mountain and had not been at church before for several years.

"Deacon Lyman came out to his pasture to look after his colts last night," he said, "and he told me I could come to meeting now without having a subscription paper poked under my nose. I used to go pretty regular until I came to the conclusion that the solicitors—and about all jot 'em were soliciting for something or other—thought my soul was kept in my wallet, they wanted it unstrapped so often, and at last I declared out and out that I wouldn't go up the church steps until they run things on a different system; and I haven't. I am willing to pay, and I want to pay, but it turns my feathers all the wrong way to be obliged to be plucked alive as if I was a goose. I have always believed that the church of Christ has no business begging for support. The old times that my grandmother tells about when every one was taxed to support the 'standing order', was more dignified and commanded more respect than a subscription paper that gives every one a chance to comment upon every one else's penuriousness. I'm coming now every Sunday if I can pay without belittling myself."

Sure enough, next Sunday down the mountain and up the street rattled the Captain's thorough-brace wagon with the the whole Barton family, and the Captain put his money in the box with an air of satisfaction and asked Deacon Lyman for a package of envelopes.

"I declare," said Colonel Grout, who had driven up from Moose Plain to hear the minister, "if Joe Barton can afford to pay something every week for preaching I can certainly," and he shuffled up to the Deacon and seconded the Captain's request, taking the envelopes and rasping his fingers over the edge in a manner that set some of the young people to laughing, for the Colonel was fond of whist, and he remarked in his characteristic droll, "Fifty-two in a pack. I am going to try a new kind of whist—I am going to keep whist about paying for preaching and about my wife saving a few pennies a week for missions. I tell you I can see with one eye that I'm going to like this plan; it will save a good deal of growling at our house."

"'Many a little makes a muckle,'" said the old Scotch wash-woman. "I was ashamed to put the small sum I could pay down on the paper for every one to see, but I am not ashamed to let the Lord know what I put in the envelope."

"I should like to have a bunch of envelopes," said Kittie Lee, a little girl of nine. "I wipe the dishes for mamma and she gives me fifteen cents a week and I can pay five cents of that for the minister as well as not."

This enthusiasm spread among the Sunday-school children and they each had to have a bunch of envelopes, and the many little sums were a help indeed.

The new plans, instead of driving people away, as some of the croakers had prophesied, interested them to come, and the congregation increased weekly.

Captain Barton not only came to the Sunday morning service but to all the evening meetings as well, and it was not long before he made an open profession of his desire to serve the Lord for the remainder of his days.

"I almost came out once before," he said, "but the money business put a stop to it. I'm glad that now all those things are managed differently."

The old man's testimony was so conclusive that he was accepted, and upon his uniting with the church the new minister said:

"You are my first recruit and I commission you as a special recruiting officer to fill up the ranks of the church and Sunday-school."

As soon as the benediction was pronounced the Captain went across the church to Major Grout and said:

"It is out of order for me to be put into active service while you are standing idle. Won't you put yourself in the way to go against the enemy with me?"

To every one's astonishment the rough old soldier burst into tears.

"I wanted to come when you did," he said, but I didn't know how. I'm glad enough to fall into line."

In a short time he too was made a special worker. People who had never been church goers come up from Moose Plain and down from Fissure Mountain. A great revival was in progress and neighborhood meetings were held in school houses and dwellings in an incredible short space of time.

There were many converts, and these as soon as they were taken into the church were made special workers to bring in outsiders and by this means the church was filled to overflowing.

On the first anniversary of the new minister's settlement came the most novel of Mrs. Ranket's plans, and she had to do a great deal of talking in order to make everybody believe its carrying out to be judicious.

At length, however, the old members of the church set themselves heartily to work and gave the new members—those who had been added during the year, a banquet.

There were special services consisting of singing, speeches and prayers, following the bountiful collation.

Never had there been such freedom of the spirit. Old members who had never spoken in a meeting before since their conversion found their mouths open in thanksgiving. It was a beautiful, helpful family gathering that drew the church closer together and strengthened them for aggressive work.

The ingathering of souls has gone on steadily and each year the church gives a banquet to its new members. It is superfluous to add that this growing, working church has entirely changed the tone of society throughout the township. The old-time amusements, dancing, cardplaying, theatricals, are not thought of.

Christian work and Christian endeavors keep these bright, wide-awake, enterprising people alert to make the best of themselves and to do their best for others in God's way. And all this is the result in a cold, unspiritual country community of a new minister's wife's new methods.

"*Maple Corner*," *Willington, Conn.*

In Time of Need.

"Mother what shall we do? I've been to the warehouse again, and Mr. Bradford saw me himself. He said he was very sorry, but that he had not a single order in. There would be nothing doing till after the second week in the new year, when the stock-taking was done."

She was but a girl of seventeen who spoke, a sweet, modest, hard-working young creature, the daughter of a widow. There were two other children under ten years old, and a boy between who had gone to sea. The mother and daughter worked at shirt making, and by laboring incessantly managed to earn bread for all.

Many a time they had sighed over their task, for those who knew anything about this class of work can tell how poorly it is paid for, and what long hours it entails upon those engaged in it.

Now Mrs. Morrison and her daughter Milly were distressed for want of it. They had no work to do. Poor as were the wages, their untiring industry had secured bread till now, when there was only a crust left on the shelf, a mere handful of coal which they feared to use, and no prospect of employment for nearly three weeks to come.

"We were never quite so badly off before, mother," sighed Milly. "We always had bread and firing."

"Yes, we were dear—when we were without a Saviour. You forget how things used to be before we knew 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.'"

"That is true, mother," replied Milly.

"And, after all, we would rather bear what trouble He allows to come on us, than have any other lot without Him."

Mrs Morrison assented, and after kneeling together and laying their case before God, they went to bed, determined that they would stay there until as late an hour as possible on the following day. Rest would be a boon to those who were used to work early and late, and if they rose betimes there was no work awaiting them. Rest meant warmth, and by remaining in it they would feel the absence of food less, only it would be hard to keep the childrrn quiet.

Morning dawned, or at least the time came when even the winter's sun should have been visible; but it was so dark and foggy that the sun could not be discerned.

The gloom deceived the children, who whispered together, then finding that the house was quiet and mother and Milly not up, they agreed to remain in bed till they were called, though an inward feeling suggested that it ought to be breakfast time.

Suddenly there was a rap at the door, then a brief pause and a second knock.

Mrs Morrison rose, threw something round her, and called, "Who is there?"

"Why, how is this?" replied a man's voice. "Are you all in bed yet? Don't you know it is nearly eleven o'clock?"

"I will open the door almost directly, sir," said Mrs. Morrison; "then I can tell you why we are so late."

"Mother, that is Mr. Bradford's voice," said Milly, who was hastily dressing herself whilst her mother spoke to the visitor; "perhaps he is bringing good news."

Soon he was inside, and glancing round he remarked, "You have no fire. Surely it is not for the want of coals?"

In a few words Mrs. Morrison told him exactly how she and her family were placed.

"You know, sir," she said, "it is always hard work to get a bare living when we are fully employed. There is no chance of laying by for a rainy day, though, thank God, the two sewing machines are paid for. When they are still and our hands are empty, the cupboard and the coal-cellar, ay, and the children's stomachs must be empty too! It is hardest of all to have no bread for them, and we were staying in bed to keep them quiet as long as we could."

Mr. Bradford was deeply moved. He respected this poor woman, for she was upright and industrious, and though she had seen better days, she strove to make best of her present ones.

"This accounts for my not having been able to rest in my bed," said Mr. Bradford "Milly was the last person I spoke to before leaving the warehouse last night, and her face followed me home, and, when I did get a snatch of sleep, mingled in my dreams. I had no idea things were so bad with you; but I was forced by a something I could not understand to find out where you lived and make inquiries. I cannot give you work yet, but I can do one thing. I can let you draw half as much as you generally earn till fresh orders come in, and you shall pay me back at the mere trifle per week when you are busy again. Will that tide you over this slack time?"

With a joyful face Mrs. Morrison thanked her employer, and said it would. She and Milly might earn a trifle in other ways to make up "Besides," she added, "I have been paying for the second machine by installments, and I gave the collector the last on Saturday night, so I have no fear on that score."

"I wish," said Mr. Bradford, "I could give better wages, but the competition is so keen, that I cannot get a higher price for my goods than my neighbors are willing to take."

Mrs. Morrison knew that her employer was a kindly hearted man, and she thanked him warmly for having brought her relief in her time of need, for he had given her a week's allowance on the spot.

"I have learned a precious lesson of trust, too, sir," she said. "Your coming was like a miracle, and it certainly was an answer to our prayers."

"And it has taught me," said Mr. Bradford, "the truth of the words, 'The Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'"

There are people who smile at the simple faith of God's children, and profess that stories such as the incident I have related are not from real life and experience. I can only add that this is absolutely true, and that I thank God I know it to be so, and have felt my own faith strengthened by the knowledge.

For Toilet Use.

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