

IS IT ALL THERE STILL?

She sat where the great elm's shadow
Across the doorway fell;
She heard the drip of the bucket
In the hollow of the well.

The pleasant rasp from the garden
Of busy spade and hoe,
Beyond, in the sunny meadows,
Her mates ran to and fro.

The chirping robin on the bough
Was for one moment still,
Deep dipping into cherries' wine
His thirsting yellow bill.

A whirl of pale gold butterflies
Alighting on the stone,
With flicker of their filmy wings,
In quivering silence shone.

Thousands of them in the meadows
Before her mates had flown;
I know not if she understood
These were for her alone.

At eve, when the cows and children
Came home from field and vale,
In the wonder of the sunset,
The child sat dumb and pale.

They clamored for the evening meal;
She neither asked nor stirred,
But took what the housewife gave her,
And ate without a word.

Such morns and jons and nights were hers
For six glad summer days;
Then back to the city's gripping life
Of dearth and fret and frays.

Six breathless days of mate delight,
And then—the blinding pall!
Six days'—and just to think for whom
The good God made it all!

She lay where the dull wall's shadow
Fell on her bed of straw,
With the largest eyes in the thinnest
Face that you ever saw.

"Is it all there still?" she murmured,
And I wrang her feeble hands—
"The woods, and the long bright meadows,
The door where the elm-tree stands?"

"Do the cows come home when the sunset
Makes that great fire at night?
Do they give you pails and pails of milk?
It is just as sweet and white?"

"When I've been silling my papers,
I've tried to see it all;
But I couldn't, for the dirty street,
The noise, the dingy wall—"

"They staid with me always—always;
They shut our field and sky.
Tell me, those things you planted,
Did they come up by-and-by?"

"The stream that ran by the road-side,
The lambs asleep on the hill,
I want so much—so much—to know
If it is all there still."

"Why shouldn't you come to it, my child?"
The kindly housewife said;
And soon the shadow of the elm
Fell on that patient head.

The farmer to that wasted hand
Upon his own broad palm,
And cleared his throat ere he could say,
"You're welcome to the farm."

He held her while the good wife milked
The sleek and healthy king,
He made her pleasant seats beneath
The oak and fragrant pine.

And carried her from place to place.
She seldom spoke a word,
But smiled and gazed, and grew, he said,
"No heftier'n a bird."

Of summer's scents and sights and sounds
The child's soul drank its fill,
Till berries darkened on their vine
By field and wood and hill.

And then, one night—the sun had built
Its great fire in the west—

* Among the poor children who were sent into the country last year by the Children's Week Association was one little waif who in all her life before had never seen anything pleasanter than the noisy, dirty streets of the lower portion of the city. Sickenings of a fatal disease, the scenes of that one bright week haunted her, and she begged to see the farmer's wife in whose she had been; and when the good woman had entered the bare garret where the little sufferer lay, the child cried out feverishly, "Is it all there still?" and wanted to hear about every place and creature she had there seen. The kind woman took the child back with her into the country, where, in the midst of loving care, surrounded by the beauty of early summer, she peacefully died.

"Yes, I have seen it all," she sighed,
"And now I want to rest."

O Life, so bright when thou art free!
In bonds, so drear and dim!
Who frees thee to one little child
Hath loosed its bonds from Him!

—Z. B. GUSTAFSON, in *Harper's Magazine*
for October.

Our Story.

FANNY'S RESOLVE.

"I tell you, John, I will have nothing to do with you, nor will I listen to your proposals till you leave off drinking. I am in no hurry to be married, if you are; and, mark you! shall want a different man for my— and, in case I should marry, than when you have been lately."

"Oh, I'll sign the pledge as soon as ever you like after we are married, if you will take me," said John Wane; for he did not like to be refused.

"But that will not do," she said, very decidedly. "If you care for me as much as you say, you will give up the drink now, and sign the pledge at once."

"Can't you believe me, then, without my having to sign the pledge to convince you?"

"Is it such a hard thing I ask, John? For if it is so hard to give up drinking now in order to please me, it is quite time you gave it up for your own sake; and you may be sure that I do not wish you to do anything which would not be for your own good. You have no right to ask any woman to marry you so long as you love drink better than you would love your home and your wife. I know what you would say, you would reform after you are married, and all that; but when you have been an abstainer for six months, then you may come and ask me to be yours with some chance of success, and not before. Good-night."

Here she left him to his reflections, and as he wended his way through the streets to his home, he felt half inclined to quarrel with himself and his surroundings, and as he passed the "Golden Eagle," where he had so often spent his evenings of late, he had a terrible struggle for a moment with his old habit, and, strange to say, for the first time in his life he realized how strong it had grown, and felt the necessity for making an effort to save himself from being a confirmed drunkard.

"Fanny is right," he said to himself, "It is quite time for me to give up the drink for my own sake, if not to please her; and, God helping me, I will. Not another drop will I take as long as I live. Fanny shall be mine yet. She is good as promised she would if I give up drinking now, and I am not going to let a good girl like her slip through my fingers. I'll try to grow worthy of her love and confidence; and, please God, we shall be happy together yet."

When once John Wane had made up his mind to do something, he was not easily to be turned from his purpose; and although old companions chaffed him about being in leading strings, told him he had lost his manliness, and tried to shame him back into his old habits, he still persevered, for he daily saw more clearly how foolish and weak he had been in the past, and so grew stronger and stronger in his good resolutions. Nor was he altogether without encouragement; for Fanny Jones soon noted the change in his appearance and habits, and smiled approvingly upon him whenever she chanced to pass him on the street. Glad, indeed, was she to find that her words of warning had not been lost upon him. No one knew except God and herself the bitter pain she felt when she refused him, for she loved him dearly; and deeply did she deplore the habits which seemed at one time as if they would ruin him body and soul.

At length the six months' probation came to an end, and again John found

himself knocking at Fanny's door, and this time she received him graciously, and listened readily to his proposal.

"I should like to claim a fulfilment of the promise you made me about six months since," he began.

"Have you fulfilled the conditions?" she asked.

"Yes, I have, and I almost think you know that I have."

"What makes you think so?" she enquired, mischievously.

"Well, I think you have shown as much in your actions, and I have felt encouraged and strengthened in my good resolutions by the thought that you were interested in my efforts to lead a new life."

"I was deeply interested in your welfare, John, I can assure you."

"May I ask you to take a deeper—a closer—a wife's interest in my future welfare, darling," he whispered.

"I will try," she answered; and as she placed her hand in his, John felt as if his cup of blessing were full to overflowing.

Not long after the village church bells rang a merry peal, and John and Fanny were married, and settled in a comfortable home.

John was a boot and shoemaker by trade, and by dint of hard work and careful management, after a few years they were able to take a small shop, and John became his own master. Years have rolled away since then, and now if the reader were to visit the quiet little country town of U—, he would be sure to see two fine, substantially-built shops in the main street, with spacious dwelling-houses behind. And if he enquired for the name of the owner, he would be told that they were the property of John Wane, and that John ought to thank his sensible wife, Fanny, for the prosperity which has crowned his efforts; because she it was who induced him to give up the drink which would otherwise have marred his life, and encouraged him to break off his old habits and become a good citizen and a worthy man. This was "how she managed him." Young women, go and do likewise.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

THREE ENGLISH PREACHERS.

BY THE REV. STEPHEN H. LYNG, JUNR., D.D.

London in the season is the desire of all preachers. They who are to the manner born come from afar to speak, and some of us from over the sea rejoice at the opportunity to hear famous men at their best. So great are the crowds in all parts of the metropolis that he who has any words to say unto the people is sure of an appreciative and responsive audience. With three such throngs we found ourselves surrounded at the Temple Church, St. James's, Westminster, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the same Sunday. The quaint edifice which belongs to the Inner and Middle Temples, and is the ecclesiastical home of benchers and barristers, has been so often described that we stay not at the door to repeat the guide book's story. Its two parts are a production of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The aisles and stalls are reserved at the time of service for the members of the Temple, while ladies fringe the rows of men as heart's-ease forms the borders of our garden beds. It is odd to see such black masses of men in the seats of honour while the gentler sex are in the places of those that serve. But tradition rules in this church as rigorously as in a Friends' meeting or a Jewish synagogue. The service is choral, and perfect in execution. There is lacking the volume of voices and echoes which make so majestic the ritual of Westminster Abbey. The building is too small and compact to admit of such effects. But nothing could be more chaste than the anthem, or more inspiring than the volume of many voices in the familiar tunes of the congregational hymns.

All meretricious additions to the simple Morning Prayer of the Church of England, which have made tawdry the furniture and purile the worship of so many local churches, have been sedulously excluded from this remarkable place. The Master of the Temple, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, is the preacher. For almost a generation he has spoken in this storied house and influenced the thought of probably the most cultivated congregation in the kingdom. He is a heavily built man with a decidedly English cast of countenance and a broad pronunciation. As seen in the pulpit he appears to be between sixty and seventy years of age, and whilst there is nothing in his countenance to impress one with great intellectual power, there is everything in his presence to convince one that he is a man whose judgments may be trusted, whose sympathies are broad, and whose character is the secret of his speech. His sermon was on the words, "And he awoke out of his sleep and said, I will go out, as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him," as found in Judges xvi. 20. Without delaying to speak at length on the eccentric character and romantic career of Samson, he treated his text as a parable, and deduced from it some very pointed and practical truths in reference to the bondage and freedom of the human will. The sermon was formed on the familiar method of the preacher, and this brief outline will be found to accord with the scheme which prevails through all his printed addresses. It was delivered without much gesture and with a very limited range of voice. Perhaps Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, the former rector of St. Mark's in the Bowery, is the best parallel for pulpit manner that I can suggest to New York readers. The attention was respectful and considerate, and the discourse was most effective without being eloquent.

Having seen an advertisement that the Rev. Dr. Goulbourn, the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich, would open a course of sermons on Eternal Punishment in St. James', Westminster, we made our way thither in time for the afternoon service. While the Temple Church is just within Temple Bar, and so close to the real city of London, St. James' is in Piccadilly, surrounded by the chief stores and residences of the West End. It is an ancient building, but without special interest in itself for Americans. The congregation is largely composed of the nobility and "swells." Without invidious comparison, it more nearly approaches Grace Church, Broadway, than any other of our New York churches. Its rector is a charming gentleman of the old school, and without exception the best reader of the service that we have ever heard in England. But the chief attraction of this service was the venerable preacher. He is well known to American Christians by his devotional books, which have obtained among us so extensive a circulation. In figure he is short, stout, with round, bald head, fringed by short, closely cut, white hair. His age cannot be far from seventy-five, but there is no apparent abatement of his intellectual force. His argument was that eternal punishment is compatible with divine justice. It was really only the introduction to six successive sermons, and dwelt more upon the mystery of iniquity in sin as demonstrated by the sacrifice of the Atonement than upon the doctrine in question itself. It was a temperate, forceful presentation of a topic which Canon Farrar, more than any living Churchman, has forced into debate. The genial expression of the speaker's face was strangely in contrast with the searching and stern statements of his sermon. It was manifest that all that he said was born of conviction and not of desire. He is a foeman worthy of Farrar's steel, which is a Damascus blade, and when these sermons shall be pub-