

THE TIME TO TRUST.

What is the time to trust?  
Is it when all is calm,  
When waves the victor's palm,  
And life is one grand psalm  
Of joy and praise?  
Nay; but the time to trust  
Is when the waves beat high,  
When the storm clouds fill the sky,  
And prayer is one long cry,  
Oh help and save!

What is the time to trust?  
Is it when friends are true?  
Is it when comforts woo?  
And in all we say or do  
We meet but praise?  
Nay; but the time to trust  
Is when we stand alone,  
And summer birds have flown,  
And every prop is gone,  
All else but God.

What is the time to trust?  
Is it some future day,  
When you have tried your way,  
And learned to trust and pray  
By bitter woe?  
Nay; but the time to trust  
Is in this moments need,  
Poor, broken, bruised reed!  
Poor troubled soul, make speed  
To trust thy God.

What is the time to trust?  
Is it when hopes beat high,  
When sunshine gilds the sky,  
And joy and ecstasy  
Fill all the heart?  
Nay; but the time to trust  
Is when our joy is fled,  
When sorrow bows the head,  
And all is cold and dead,  
All else but Trust.

—Sel., by C. W. Rohrer.

ON THE TRAIN.

It was the morning after election. The day coach between New York and Buffalo was pretty well crowded, and naturally the general discussion was the election. The attention of the passengers was attracted to a clerical looking individual who sat about the centre of the car and was talking in a rather excitedly loud tone of voice to a man in the seat just ahead.

The reverend gentleman was saying: "No, sir; I did not throw away my vote; but you and every other man who voted the Prohibition ticket did. I believe the liquor traffic to be a curse. I believe in prohibition, preach for prohibition and pray for prohibition—"

"But vote for whiskey," quietly interrupted the man in the front seat.

"You insult me, sir!" replied the preacher in a voice that startled everybody in the car, and at once all the passengers ceased their conversation and gave their attention to the preacher. "No man shall tell me in my face, without being rebuked, that I vote for whiskey. I have preached for twenty years, and my voice has always been for prohibition, but I do not believe in bringing the matter into politics. I have voted with my party for over twenty years, and don't propose to throw away my vote on a party that never can elect its candidate."

Just then a man, sitting in the rear seat, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, came forward, and fastening two bright, black eyes, which looked out through a pair of gold eyeglasses, on the preacher, said:

"Pardon me, sir; did I understand you to say you are a preacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"That you believe in prohibition?"

"Yes, sir. I have preached it for twenty years, and I believe the liquor traffic to be the curse of this nation, and that every rum seller ought to be behind prison bars."

"You also said you voted yesterday for the candidates of one of the old parties?"

"Yes, sir; the party I have always supported."

"Is your party in favor of license or prohibition?"

"I don't think the question has anything to do with political parties."

"Probably not, but did any rum seller vote the same ticket as you?"

"Oh, yes; probably many thousands of them."

"Do you think that a single rum seller in the United States voted the Prohibition ticket yesterday?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, because they would be fools to support a political party that would, if it got into power, sweep away their business into everlasting oblivion."

"Oh, I thought you said the question of prohibition was not a political one. The rum sellers evidently think it is. Now, sir, if a liquor man who believes in license, defends license, spends money for it, talks it and votes it, would be a fool to vote the Prohibition ticket, I would like to know what you are, who believe in prohibition, preach it and pray for it, but vote the same ticket as the rum seller."

There was a pause. The sharp, black eyes of the questioner were fixed on the reverend gentleman, who evidently was not prepared for such a trust.

Finally he managed to say: "I refuse to answer such an insulting question, sir. I vote according to the dictates of my conscience, and—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you do nothing of the kind. Every time you cast your ballot for your rum-ruled liquor law party, you vote in direct opposition to your conscience, and you know it. You also know that the liquor business of this nation is licensed every year by law. You know that political parties make and maintain the law. You know that your political party could not, if it would, pass or enforce prohibitory laws. You know that fully one-third of the saloonists and brewers and distillers of this land vote the same ticket as you do."

"You know that your vote yesterday will be counted as being in favor of the saloon. You know that the only way you can inform the government that you believe in Prohibition is through a Prohibition ballot. You know that there are 4,000,000 Christian voters in this nation who profess, like yourself, to favor Prohibition, but the most of whom vote every year with you for whiskey. You know that the angel Gabriel could not pick out your vote from that of a rum seller as it lay in the box yesterday."

"You know all this, I say, and yet you raise your hands in a holy protest when this gentleman here ventured to remark that you voted for whiskey. Let me tell you, sir, that the rum seller who votes with the license party for the protection and perpetuation of his business, is a thousand times more deserving of respect for honesty and consistency than you, who profess to favor Prohibition, but vote directly for whiskey. Your professions in that line, sir, are a lie, your preaching a farce, your prayers a mockery, and you vote against your own conscience, your Church and your God!"

"Allentown! Change here for Reading and Harrisburg! Do not overlook your baggage."

The preacher made a dive for his coat and valise and darted out of the car, saying as he went: "Sorry I can't stay with you longer."—Sel.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

"Does Mrs. Green live here?" asked a cheery-faced deaconess, as the door was opened by a slatternly woman. "I called to see her sick baby."

"I don't think so, but I'll just see, if you'll wait a minute, miss," replied the young woman.

The deaconess took a quiet survey of her surroundings while she waited. The wide doorway and extensive hall, the spacious room beyond, all spoke of a luxurious home, some thirty or forty years ago, but at present the surroundings bore a different aspect. The bare hall was covered with a patchwork of oilcloth, so grimy and worn that the different patterns were scarcely discernible. The atmosphere had but little of the oxygen element in it, reminding one of a musty cellar where no sunshine ever penetrated.

"Yes, Mrs. Green lives here; will you come this way?" said the young woman, reappearing. Up the worn, dirty stairs, and along a dark hall they went until Mrs. Green's door was reached.

After repeated knocks upon the door with no response, the deaconess concluded that Mrs. Green was not at home, and turned to go, when a door further down the hall opened, and a woman came out and volunteered the information:

"The woman that lives in that room is out. She's out most of the time. She's in dreadful trouble. Her baby is sick, and her man drinks up everything he earns, and she's afraid she'll be turned out of her room because the rent's due."

It was learned on inquiry that the poor woman, in fear of being turned out upon the street with her sick baby, would lock up her room and pace the street for hours in front of the factory where her husband worked, in the hopes of waylaying him to persuade him to give some of his wages to her, that would otherwise go for drink.

Saturday the deaconess took down a basket of food, but Mrs. Green's door was again locked. After distributing the food to others equally needy the deaconess turned homeward. At the door of the mission she found Mrs. Green standing, a happy light in her eyes.

"I was just waiting to see you, miss. You've been so good to me, and seemed to care what became of the babe and me, so I thought I'd just tell you that I'm all right now. I've a dollar beside the rent. I just hung around that place until the men were paid. He's all right tonight, too—coming home sober, and"—with a little hysterical laugh that told of the strain of the past weeks—"I've the rent money in my hand."

"All right" to her meant very little to eat, very little to wear, a baby sick and cross, but her husband was going home sober for one night in the week.—Sel.

HOW A PEASANT GIRL BLESSED THE WORLD.

Of the many philanthropic movements set in operation during the nineteenth century few can compare, as regards the amount of good accomplished and the extent of its influence, with the British and Foreign Bible Society, the pioneer in the great work of scattering Bibles broadcast. A century has elapsed since the mighty power for good came into existence. And during this single century, through this organization, and the other Bible societies of which it is the parent, the Holy Scriptures have attained the enormous circulation of over 350 millions of copies, embracing editions in whole or part, in something like four hundred languages and dialects. These figures are much better appreciated when one learns that from the closing of the canon to the beginning of the nineteenth century not more than nine million copies of the Bible had been published.

Like so many of the world's great agencies for good the British and Foreign Bible Society was the result of an incident apparently trivial. In the year 1800 Mary Jones, a Welsh girl, sixteen years of age, walked from her home in Abergynolwyn to Bala, a distance of twenty-five miles, in order to buy a copy of the word of God. In those days the Bible was too expensive a book for many poor people to buy, and the money paid by this Welsh girl represented the savings of years. The person from whom she procured the volume was the Rev. Thomas Carlyle, who was so impressed by the story of a girl who had found so many difficulties in the way of securing a copy of the Book of books, that he determined to do his utmost to influence the rich and philanthropic to contribute towards the work of issuing large editions of the Bible for distribution among the masses, so that no one need be deprived of a book to which so much in of our civilization is due. The story of Mary Jones was published far and wide, and as a result Christian England was so aroused that within a few months the success of Mr. Carlyle's plan was assured. In March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was established and at once entered upon the great work which it has continued until the present day without interruption.

Mary Jones died December 28th 1864, and upon the stone that marks her grave at Brynccrg, Wales, is recorded the incident in her early history that led to such wonderful results. It is interesting to note that her now famous Bible is in good condition and the property of the great institution which she was the indirect means of bringing into existence.—Ex.

NEVER LEFT THE ROAD.

An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Brederin and Sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs—specially downs—since I jined de church. I stole chickens and water mellons, I cussed, I got drunk, I shot craps, I slashed udder coons wid my razor, an' I done er sight er udder things; but, thank de good Lawd, brederin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion." Sel. Perhaps some have not gone so far outwardly. But how about the heart?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

TWO SIDES OF IT.

There was a little girl who always said Her fate was very hard;  
From the one thing she wanted most She always was debarred.  
There always was a cloudy spot Somewhere within her sky;  
Nothing was ever quite just right, She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say, Whose lot was quite the same,  
Found something pleasant for herself In every day that came.  
Of course things tangled up sometimes For just a little while,  
But nothing ever stayed all wrong, She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled Through all their lives together.  
It didn't come from luck or fate, From clear or cloudy weather.  
The reason lay within their hearts, And colored all outside;  
One chose to hope and one to mope, And so they smiled and sighed.

—Selected.

A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milk man of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milk man, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after the conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the principle remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class, who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were,

and has worn them up this time. "Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Waster, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Children's Own.

THE BABY AND THE PRAYERLESS DEACON.

Our dear old church became lukewarm. Moses was growing on the altar. Big factories had come to town. The once devoted deacons and members went into business. They dropped out of the prayer-meetings and gave up family prayers, and only the Marthas and Marys knelt at the altar in the deserted church.

One night, when a prayerless deacon was about to retire, his little baby girl climbed on his knee, and, giving the same old kiss, looked up wonderingly and said: "Papa, I want to ask 'ou a tweston."

"What is it, baby?"

"Papa, is—is Dod dead?"

"Why, no, baby; what makes you ask me that?"

"Oh, 'cause I don't hear you talkin' to Him any more nights and morning."

Tears came into the deacon's eyes, and looking at his wife, he said:

"Mother, we must kneel in prayer to-night."

The next day the deacon told the other deacons and brothers about the incident, and that night they all met at the prayer meeting and soon the old congregation warmed into a working church.

And a little child had saved it. Unless ye become like one of these ye cannot enter the kingdom.—Sel.

PROHIBITION WORLD.

One hundred and seventy-five Californian towns and cities in fifteen local option counties have prohibited the saloon.

The nation received in return for its expenditure for intoxicating liquors a "bonus" of 500 murderers, 500 suicides, 100,000 criminals, 200,000 paupers, 60,000 deaths from drunkenness, 1,600,000 besotted drinkers, 600,000 moderate drinkers, 500,000 homes ruined, 1,000,000 children worse than orphaned.

"No license," is the watch-word in 1,454 of Wisconsin's municipalities. "A vote on the license question may be had every year on petition of one tenth on the voters. The law is very severe on dealers selling to minors, and druggists violating the excise law forfeit their pharmaceutical permit. Soliciting liquor trade in no-license territory is a crime.

In 1885 a law was "placed upon the statute books of Ohio providing by tax against evils resulting from the unlicensed traffic in intoxicating liquors." During the twenty years from 1885 to 1905 there was a total of 16,605 suits for divorce on account of drunkenness. This does not include those suits on account of disorders resulting indirectly from strong drink. Ohio increased its divorce population 8,248 in a single year. That state shows one divorce for every nine marriages. Considering that marriage is the most sacred relation God has instituted among mortals, one can but exclaim, "What hath intemperance wrought?"—Sel.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.  
(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.—Our Dumb Animals.

"God sends us to school in little things; He graduates us in great things. But the great finalities would never have been possible without the humble beginnings."