A Wasted Day.

The day is done,
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,
Although my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could,
With shame o'er fo feit hours I brood—
The days is done.

One step behind,
One step through all eternity—
Thus much to lack of what I might have been,
Because the temptress of my life stole in,
And rapt a golden day away from me,
My highest height can never be—
One step behind.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done this day,
Of thought or deed, that still when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the duty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say,—
I cannot tell.

O life of light!
Thou goest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore
To write thy record there forevermore;
Take on thy shining wings a hope or prayer
That henceforth I unfaltering fare.
Toward life and light!

About Dancing.

It would be easy to fill a volume of testimonies from wise and good men against the dancing custom of society. What every age condemns may well be avoided. The young Christian who appears in the ballroom, or takes part even in private dancing, is disregarding the advice of the earth's best people and the warnings which come through the ruin of thousands by the lust-promoting dance. Hear what a few of the witnesses say:

Tertullian: If Christians were found in the assemblies of the dancers, it proved them to be no longer true Christians.

Chrysostom called upon his hearers, not to disqualify themselves for communion by such mortal diversions.

Plato, Aristotle and Livy believed the dance not only productive of moral evils but as indicating a low grade of character.

Boyle (an infidel): Dancing creates a thousand impressions dangerous to virtue.

Herman (man of the world): To dancers, one and all, I would say, Try to see yourselves as others see you; remember that there are many harmless pleasures that have about them no taint of filthy lust; above all, cease to believe or to assert that the modern waltz is an innocent amusement."

Petrarch: The dance is the spur of lust—a circle of which the devil himself is the center. Many that use it have come dishonest home, most impoverished, none better.

Bishop Coxe (Episcopal): The lasciviousness of dancer, too commonly tolerated in our times, is so disgraceful to the age, and so irreconcilable with the Gospel of Christ, that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run to the same excess of riot in these things, that they come not to the holy table. Classes preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands knowingly on any one who is not prepared to denounce such things. Let all choose deliberately whom they will serve.

Bishop Meade, of Virginia (Episcopal): It is of itself wrong, improper, and of bad effect

Bishop McElvaine, of Ohio (Episcopal), speaking of the theater and dance, said: The only line I would draw in regard to these is that of entire exclusion.

Bishop Cobb, of Alabama (Episcopal): The idea that the Episcopal Church favors dancing has floated much trash down upon her.

Dr. Robinson (Presbyterian): It is simply impossible that this question of indulgence in such worldly pleasures as the theater, the masquerade, the card table, and the dance, can be a doubtful or debatable question.

Bishop Pierce (Methodist): Dram drinkers and dancing Methodists, without prompt confession of wrong, deep humiliation, and solemn pledges never to repeat, will be, as they ought to be, cut off.

New York Journal of Education: A great deal can be said about dancing. For instance the chief of police of New York City says that three fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of one increases the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skillful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls.

Sankey's Most Famous Hymn.

At a great gathering recently in Denver, Mr. Ira W. Sankey, before singing "The Ninety and Nine," which perhaps of all his compositions is the one that has brought him the most fame, gave an account of its birth. Leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, he stopped at a news-stand and bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it as they rode on the cars, his eye fell upon a few little verses in the corner of the page. Turning to Mr. Moody, he said, "I've found my hymn." But Mr. Moody was busily engaged and did not hear a word. Mr. Sankey did not find time to make a tune for the verses, so he pasted them in his music scrap-book. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken with great effect on "The Good Shepherd." At the close of the address, Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate. At first he could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often; his second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper, but the third thought was, How could it be done when he had no tune for them? Then a fourth thought came, and that was to sing the verses, any way. He put the verses before him, touched the key of the organ, opened his mouth and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he finished the hymn the meeting was all broken down—the throngs were crying and the ministers were sobbing all around him. Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment it was a popular hymn. Mr. Moody said at the time that he had never heard a song like that. It was sung at every meeting and was soon going over the world. While traveling in the Highlands of Scotland a short time later Mr. Sankey received a letter from a lady at Melrose thanking him for singing the verses written by her sister. That sister was Elizabeth C. Clephane. He wished to call it "The Lost Sheep," but Mr. Moody insisted upon calling it "Ninety and Nine" whenever he announced it. Mr. Sankey firmly believes that God inspired him to sing that song with such effect, and the honor should be His.—*The Outlook.*

A Captain Who Kept The Golden Rule.

An American steamer on her way from Liverpool to Philadelphia sighted a fishing schooner in distress. A storm was raging, a fierce wind was blowing. The schooner was almost disabled; several of her men had been washed overboard, and she was flying a signal for help.

The captain of the steamer was a noble, great hearted man, who would not willingly desert human beings in distress. But when he looked at the wild seething waters and realized that it was scarcely possible for a boat to weather such a sea, no wonder that he hesitated about sending his men into such deadly peril. But when he asked for volunteers for the dangerous service, the mate stepped promptly forward, and with him men enough to man a boat. Preparations were made for the perilous trip; but while the boat was being lowered, what was their astonishment to see the flag of distress hauled down on the schooner! They were greatly puzzled by this maneuver, but the need of help was plainly evident, and they resolved to go on. With great difficulty they reached the smaller vessel, and found on her deck twelve men who could not escape without outside aid. It took two trips to transfer them all from the wreck to the steamer. Four times did the rescuing crew fight their way through the raging waters that boiled and surged between the vessels. Though the peril was great, all were saved.

When the twelve were on board the steamer's deck, her captain asked the master of the schooner why he lowered the signal for help? His answer deserves to be memorable:

"We saw that you were making an effort to save us, but when we realized the terrible roughness of the sea, making it very doubtful whether a boat could reach us, I said to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' They answered with one voice 'No!' Then I hauled down the signal."

A mighty cheer went up from the steamer's passengers and crew. Instinctively the two captains clasped hands. For a moment, as never before, they caught a glimpse of the meaning of the brotherhood of mankind.

Surely there was never a finer illustration of the Golden Rule. The world would become a heaven if this rule given by Christ were obeyed as these men on the steamer and on the schooner obeyed it. In it lies the solution of the questions which are convulsing the nations of to-day.—*Pacific Ensign.*

The Praying Infidel.

It has been observed in storms at sea that there was no danger as long as officers and men continued to swear—when they stopped swearing it was a token of peril. But sailors do stop swearing sometimes, and infidels sometimes do pray.

"I remember," said the Bishop of Saskatchewan, "many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said that some years before then a humble missionary was traveling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up and said:

"'My friends I am not going to make a long speech to you, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of a river not far from home. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the water fall and be gone. He saw his danger, and I heard him scream, 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to the land and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell!"—*Selected.*

Selecting a Vocation.

"The young man who says, 'I have given my heart to the Lord, and, therefore, I am going to study for the ministry,' misses the entire point," says Dr. Parkhurst, in an article on "Selecting a Career," in August Ladies' Home Journal "There is no 'therefore' about it. That is a pettifogging way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a letter that I received recently from a young lawyer in Ohio: 'In my daily life about the criminal courts I have seen many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that point that I am almost decided to cast aside my bright future in law, and enter the service of the Lord.' I answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he meant by 'the service of the Lord' was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man does that makes his service Christian; it is putting his career under contribution to the public weal, instead of mortgaging it to his own perferment, that makes his service Christian. There is a great lot of small thinking about these matters and well meaning imbecility that works damagingly all around. My correspondent further more wrote that he had 'learned to distrust the law.' All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'distrusting' it, but by jumping in and converting it If all the consecration is put into the ministry and all the brains into the other professions, neither the pulpit or the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on the distinct Christian ground of putting himself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career, best suited to himself and to the needs of humanity, is simply a matter of studying adaptations, and deciding by what art, trade, business or profession he can subserve that weal the best."

Two Men to Pity.

There are two men only in this world whom I really pity—the man who thinks there is nothing more for him to learn, and the man who is so oppressed with the heights above him that he does not even try to gain them; the man who rests contented on the top of his mountain and the man who sits nerveless at its bottom making no effort to take even one step up the steep ascent, the self-satisfied and the despairing man. My friends, you will not be either of these; here is Jesus with His divine prophecy for your soul and mine: "Ye shall seek me," the divine that is in you will respond to the manifested divinity that is in me; and although "whither I go ye cannot come," you will never cease the divine quest to all eternity. Oh the beatific vision of Christ in His city in visible union with His saints will come to us all when we have finished our work for Him on earth; but far, far more glorious is the life we shall come into to-day as we rise and go out into the world to follow Jesus forever, to seek Him, yet never to come perfectly where He is. To this seeking, to this divine following of our only Master we can each come. May God grant us this entrance for His dear Son's sake. — *Phillips Brooks.*

Queer Booking.

This odd story is told of old Nick Sampson, the keeper of a lumberman's store in northern Wisconsin. He was a bluff, hearty fellow, educated in the "ways of the woods," but unable to write his own name. He kept a book, however, in which was entered a strange set of accounts in which some pictorial skill was displayed. One day the clerk of one of the logging camps called to settle accounts. The storekeeper pulled down his old book and began: "On November 5 you had four gallons of molasses; on the 6th, ten pounds of coffee and a cheese —" 'Hold on," said the clerk, "we've never had any cheese from you or from any other person. You must have had it, was the positive reply; it's down on my book. There was a hot dispute which almost resulted in blows, when the clerk said: I got a grindstone of you about that time, but no cheese. That's it, that's it, shouted the old man, slapping his knee, it wasn't a cheese. Then he pointed to a rough circle he had drawn to represent a cheese. I forgot to put the hole in the middle, he admitted, humbly.

A Helping Hand.

One day a visitor to the school found Sydney Smith during play hours absorbed in the study of the Virgil, gave the lad a shilling, and with it a few kind words of sympathy and praise.

Clever boy, clever boy! exclaimed the stranger. That is the way to conquer the world.

Such unlooked for encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy, and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction.

Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his days praised his deed. The stranger went his way, little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished; while the lad he had cheered soon afterward rose to the proud position of prefect of the school.—*Exchange.*

A Boy To Spare?

Father have you a boy or two that you can spare to the rum traffic? You are a sensible man and know that the saloon must have boys in order to live. If you are voting with license political parties, thereby giving your official endorsement to the business of drunkard making, you should not object if your boy patronizes the place you legalize for the entrapment of the sons of other fathers, and himself finally becomes a confirmed drunkard.— *Christian Cynosure.*

Every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.

Idle wishes enfeeble the will where strong and unwavering purpose strengthens all the powers of mind and soul

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Always on Hand —Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland P. Q., writes: "My son. 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used. and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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