

How to Go to Sleep.

Here is a strand of jewels from dear Miss Havergal which I wear in the night when I cannot sleep. I can't see the brilliant over and over, until I pass sweetly into refreshing slumber. Here they are:—

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for thee.

The repeated survey of another diamond frequently wins me to sleep. Here it is: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Dear restless, sleepless ones, try my experiment.—*Carolina, in Interior.*

Selected Serial.

ALYPHIUS OF TAGASTE.

A Tale of the Early Church.

BY MRS. WEBB.

Author of "Pomponia; or, the Gospel in Caesar's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

At the period of our story, Milan was a royal residence. So early as the third century, Maximian, who reigned over the western empire, as the colleague of Diocletian, took up his abode there; and he surrounded the city with strong walls, which extended to a circumference of two miles. The Emperors Valentinian the second, Theodosius the first, and others of the fourth and fifth centuries also, made Milan their occasional place of residence; and, at the time when Augustine established himself in the capital of Lombardy, the former of these sovereigns kept his court there.

With the proceedings of that court we have very little to do, except as they regard one of the friends of Augustine, and his pious and long-suffering mother, Monica.

Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, had long been contending with the followers of Arius, of whom Justina, the widow of Valentinian the first, was a decided patroness. After the death of her husband, she openly endeavored to instill her heretical opinions into the mind of the youthful emperor, and to induce him to compel Ambrose, by threats and persecution, to cease from opposing the pernicious doctrines of the Arians.

The bishop was not, however, to be thus deterred from his duty, and he earnestly exhorted the emperor to hold fast and support the doctrine delivered by the apostles. But it seems that Valentinian was more under the influence of his mother than of the bishop; for he one day commanded his bodyguards to surround the church in which Ambrose was ministering, and then ordered the prelate to come forth with his congregation. The reply of the holy man was worthy of a soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ: "I shall not willingly give up the sheep of Christ to be devoured by wolves. You may use your swords and spears against me; such a death I shall freely undergo."

The emperor did not then proceed to any further violence; but the bishop was continually exposed to the artifices and the opposition of Justina, who feared to make any more open attacks upon him, as she found that the people of Milan were generally inclined to support him, and that he also exercised no little

influence in the court and the council of her son.

By his talents in negotiation, Ambrose was instrumental in averting from the city of Milan, for a time, the invasion of the usurper Maximus. But even this good service did not soften the animosity of Justina; and in the year 386 she persuaded Valentinian to pass a law permitting the Arians to assemble, without any interference from the bishop.

Her next step was to introduce the Arian teacher, Auxentius, into the city; and he immediately sent a challenge to Ambrose; inviting him to hold a controversy on their respective doctrines in the imperial palace. But the bishop wrote to Valentinian, boldly declaring that it was no part of the emperor's business to decide on points of theology; and adding, "Let him come to the church; and, upon hearing, let the people judge for themselves. If they prefer Auxentius, let them take him; but they have already declared their sentiments."

More violent measures were then adopted; and at the suggestion of the Arian teacher a band of soldiers was sent to demand for him the possession of the church called the Basilica, with all the rich plate and furniture belonging to it, on the plea that it was unreasonable that the emperor should not have one place of worship where the services could be conducted in a manner agreeable to his own views and sentiments.

This argument was specious, but it was merely a cunning trap to catch the bishop. The emperor could, by his own authority, have enforced the use of all the churches in the city for the Arians; but his object, and that of his mother, was to draw Ambrose into an act of inconsistency, by inducing him to resign voluntarily one of his churches into the hands of the Arians, and thus indirectly to sanction and acknowledge the Arian creed.

Again they failed in their efforts. The bishop calmly replied to the officers, that "if the emperor had sent to demand his house or land, his money or goods, he would freely have resigned them, but that he could not deliver up that which was committed to his care." And to his congregation he that day declared that he "would not willingly desert his right; but if compelled, he knew not how to resist."

"I can grieve," he added, "I can weep, I can groan. Against arms and soldiers, tears are my weapons. Such are the fortifications of a pastor."

At the same time, Ambrose neglected no opportunity of inculcating loyalty and obedience to lawful authority. He had already served his prince faithfully; the court knew his principles, and had no fear of his either exciting or encouraging rebellion. They only wished, by intrigues and menaces, to compel him in some degree to countenance Arianism.

During the time that this affair was pending, Ambrose occupied the attention of his people by solemn services in the church. Chanting the responses had lately been introduced by the bishop into the churches of Milan, and the congregations took the greatest delight in this new manner of performing their public worship.

On the occasion of the controversy between the court and the prelate which we are now relating, Ambrose caused a doxology to be sung to the honour of the Holy Trinity. Augustine and his friend Alypius were both present; for, although neither of them had yet sincerely embraced the doctrines of the gospel, they were frequent listeners to the preaching of Ambrose. Augustine was a great lover of music, and the new method of chanting was peculiarly attractive to him. The zeal of the congregation for the honour of the Divine Trinity was greatly aroused by the solemn strains of the doxology; and Augustine has left it on record, that "his own soul was melted into Divine affection."

The firmness of Ambrose did not disarm the hostility of Justina. The demands of the court were even increased; and not only the Portian

church, which stood outside the walls, but also the great church which had lately been erected within the city, were claimed for the occupation of the heretical sect. One sabbath day Ambrose went to baptize several persons, who were prepared for that ordinance, when he was told that officers had been sent to take possession of the Portian church. He still calmly continued the service, until a hasty messenger informed him that some of his people having met Castulus, an Arian presbyter, in the street, had laid violent hands on him. Then the holy man was moved to prayers and tears, and he besought God that no man's blood might be shed; but that, if anyone were to suffer, it might rather be himself, who was ready to be offered up, not only for the pious, but also for the wicked. He then immediately sent some presbyters and deacons, who rescued Castulus from the hands of the populace.

After this incident the court issued warrants for the apprehension of several citizens; and soon the prisons were filled with merchants and tradesmen, who were guilty of no crime but that of adhering to the scriptural doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. Many of these were bound in chains; and large sums of money were extorted from them, which they declared they would willingly pay if it could secure to them the unmolested profession of their faith.

Many of the city magistrates and men of high rank were harshly threatened, and the emissaries of the government urged Ambrose to submit to the imperial authority; but he answered with the same loyalty and firmness as before. "The Holy Spirit," said he, in his exhortation to the people, "has spoken in you this day, to this effect, Emperor, we entreat, but we do not fight." Nevertheless, the Arians, knowing how unpopular they were in the city, feared to show themselves in the streets; and a notary was sent to Ambrose, from the emperor, to ask him "whether he intended to usurp the empire?"

The reply of the bishop to this insulting inquiry shows what manner of spirit he was of. "I have an empire, it is true," said he, meekly, "but it lies in weakness; according to the saying of the apostle, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' Even Maximus will clear me of this charge, since he will confess that it was through my embassy he was kept from the invasion of Italy."

The court were wearied by his resolution; and, as the object of Justina and her son had been rather to obtain the bishop's sanction of Arianism than to exercise violence, they desisted from their persecution; and the guards were removed from the church, in which they had kept Ambrose and his congregation imprisoned the whole night, during which time they had employed themselves in singing psalms and hymns to the glory of God, after the example of Paul and Silas.

Now, like the apostles, they were set free; and the money which had been extorted from the tradesmen was restored. Peace was thus re-established for a time; but Ambrose knew that he had still reason to fear for his own safety; and, in a letter which he addressed at that time to his sister, he expressed a hope "that God would defend his church from all her enemies, and let them satiate their rage in his blood."

Again, at this juncture, Maximus threatened to invade Italy. This formidable threat threw the court of Milan into the greatest trepidation; and again Justina condescended to seek aid from the man whom she had reviled and persecuted, and she entreated Ambrose to undertake another embassy to the usurper. The bishop cheerfully consented; and he executed his mission with his usual ability and fortitude. This time he was not, however, successful—he could not stay the progress of the enemy. But the emperor Theodosius, who then reigned at Constantinople, came to the assistance of his colleague Valentinian, and put an end to the usurpation and the life of Maximus.

By the judicious influence of this Christian prince, the young emperor

was induced to abandon his mother's heretical principles, and to embrace those of Ambrose; to which, in form at least, he adhered till his death, which occurred in the year 392. He was then engaged in quelling another usurpation in the west; and, finding death approaching, he sent for Ambrose to baptize him. The bishop immediately set out to comply with the request; but while on his journey he heard that Valentinian had expired, at which he was deeply affected, and wrote to Theodosius, expressing his sorrow, and his hope that the young emperor had died a sincere Christian.

The death of Valentinian did not take place until five years after the period at which our story has arrived; but we have alluded to it in order to exhibit more clearly the charity, the generosity, and the indomitable firmness of the venerable Ambrose.

Such, then, was the pastor who presided over the Christian community of Milan towards the close of the fourth century. Such was the man by whose instrumentality the seed of true faith was sown in the heart of Augustine, and the germ of a saving repentance was implanted in his soul. The good seed was watered by the tears, and breathed on by the prayers, of a faithful and a loving mother, and it was strengthened by communion with his anxious and inquiring friend Alypius; but it was God alone who gave the increase, and brought forth abundant fruit in this "brand snatched from the burning."

(To be continued.)

The Odd-Minute Society.

"We might each do as much as to send a pair of children's mittens or stockings," said Grandma Spicer. It was one chilly autumn afternoon at the sewing society in the church parlor at Orchard Hill, and one of the ladies had been reading aloud a letter that she had just received from a young relative who was teaching a mission school in the Northwest, setting forth the needs of the children under her care.

"I don't know when I would find time to knit them," said Mrs. Harte; and Mrs. Holmes, her near neighbor, spoke up quickly:

"Keep your knitting-work on the south window-seat in my sitting-room and catch it up every time you run in empty-handed. I will find the yarn."

There was a general laugh at this, for Mrs. Harte did spend a good deal of time visiting; but she took Mrs. Holmes' suggestion good-naturedly, and said:

"Thank you, I will accept the yarn, and I will get out my dear mother's knitting bag and wear it on my arm, and when I have an odd minute I will knit."

"I have heard of a society somewhere—in London, I think—called the Odd-Minute Society," said Jennie Golding, modestly, "in which a great deal of work was accomplished. I suppose every one has odd minutes if she takes note of them. I know that I do, and yet I am called a busy person, in the main; but after this I am determined to give up useless fancy work and to devote my odd minutes to the Lord's service."

"I will engage to serve with you," said Jennie Sharp, who was always up to any good work; and her sister Clara took a sheet of paper and a pen from her pocket, and headed it "Odd-Minute Society. Members—Grandma Spicer, Mrs. Harte, Mrs. Holmes, Jennie Golding, Jennie Sharp, Clara Sharp."

"Nothing like being systematic, Clara," said the minister's wife—"put me down." "And me!" "And me!" sounded from all corners of the room until every one who was there had her name down. "She society will report two weeks from to-day," said Clara, folding the paper and tucking it under the big Bible that lay upon the table.

The two weeks ended in a fine day and a general turn-out. The works of the "Odd-Minute Society" made a goodly show as they were deposited on the centre table, and the members grouped about Clara as she wrote an entry against each member's name. "Mrs. Harte, three pairs of mittens, two pairs wristlets."

"It was astonishing how many odd minutes I found when I came to look

after them," said that lady; and several others, who handed in stockings, hoods, and warm flannel garments, echoed her words.

"I have put away my crazy quilt," said Etta Holt. "It looks like such foolish work, when you put it beside making clothes for shivering, needy children."

"I only had time to hem a handkerchief," said Mrs. Barton, "but I wanted to do something."

"I told you so," said Grandma Spicer. "Every one has brought something. We will declare the Society a success. Now shall we do these articles up in shapely packages and send them through the mail to gladden the heart of that affectionate teacher, and see what two weeks more will bring forth?"

They brought abundant fruit, for several new members had joined, and that very night the mail brought a letter of thanks and suggestions from the recipient of the work of their odd minutes. This encouraged them to go on, and the good work still continues. The mission schools in the Northwest are not the only ones benefited. The Odd-Minute Society have realized their full share of pleasure and profit in the garnering of precious time and in gratification at having done what they could for the Lord's needy children.

They have all grown interested in missions, and, as is almost inevitable in any country church where bright, active, young minds gain an intelligent idea of the Lord's great uncultivated harvest field, there are some loving hearts ready to consecrate their lives to his service, and to pursue their studies with the assurance that in good time the Lord will show them where their work is to be.—*Religious Herald.*

THE LAST KISS.

An Incident of the Wreck of the City of Columbus.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

"Among the confused mass who were struggling and screaming were noticed a middle-aged man and his wife. There conduct was in marked contrast with that of the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by them, but their blanched faces told that they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or nerves was that produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood close together, their hands clasped in each other as if to fulfil the marital vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's fortunes and misfortunes. As the wreck careened with the gale from one side to the other, and while the spray and waves were drenching them at every moment, the husband turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus embraced a heavy sea broke over the wreck and both were washed away and not seen afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain upon his memory until his dying day.—*Boston Herald.*

The breakers roar, the mad winds howl,
Sharp smites the icy blast;
Her stout sides riven by the rocks,
The doomed ship sinks at last.

With dreadful din and thundrous shock,
Their wide mouths flecked with spray,
The hungry billows leap on deck,
Like wolves upon their prey.

Against the onset of the sea,
The fury of the gale,
What human heart may hope to stand?
What arm, save God's, prevail?

Alas, alas! O, cruel Death,
Thine is the victory!
Gorge with an hundred victims more
Thy monstrous maw, O, Sea!

But look! Who stands so calmly there
Upon the reeling deck,
Unmoved amid the shrieking throng,
The clamor of the wreck?

A stately form in manhood's prime,
Stern-browed and eagle-eyed,
A slender woman, sweet and fair,
Close clinging to his side?

Scourged by the sharp sleet's stinging
thongs,
Drenched by the ice-cold sea,
They shrink and shiver, and their cheeks
Are wan as dead men's be;

It is the lashing sleet that makes
Their bodies shrink with pain,
And not the dread of death that cowers
The hearts of croven men;

For see, how calmly, heart to heart,
Hand closely clasped in hand,
Amid the riot's maddening din
The wife and husband stand!

Stand as they stood, long years ago,
Proud groom and happy bride,
She fair to him as angels are,
And he her fond heart's pride.

Ah, who can know the thoughts that
burned
Those brave, calm brows beneath?

The ages in that moment lived,
There, face to face with Death?

A shock—a lurch—an awful crash!
The shark-like rock-fangs rip
The steel-clad sides, and with a roar
The wild waves whelm the ship!

One brief embrace of loving arms,
One long, fond farewell kiss,
And wife and husband, heart to heart,
Sink in the dread abyss!

O, Death, thou hast thy victories,
O Life, thou hast thy fame,
Yet love can do heroic deeds
That shall your triumphs shame;

But never a diviner deed,
Even by love was done,
Than when her apotheosis
In this last kiss she won!

—*Southern World.*

Atlanta, Georgia.

MY OLD FRIEND.—A gentleman who had been afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years used Minard's Liniment and is perfectly cured. It is our old friend for all aches and pains.

FACETIE.

"How do you pronounce 's-t-i-n-g-y'?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a great deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

A Sabbath school teacher, says an exchange, had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said his teacher. "Dead ones!" shouted the little fellow at the extent of his lungs.

"Gentlemen," said the Professor to his medical students assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease; and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he is a member of a brass band. Now," continued the Professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I plays de drum," said the sick man.

Rev. Dr. Allen, of the Freedman's Bureau, is not averse to telling stories on himself. He was making a speech for his cause before the Synod of Kansas at its late meeting, and said very emphatically that "we colored people," were coming to the front. An old brother who was waiting at the door to speak to him, took the playful remark in right down earnest, and as he shook hands with him said, "Bless de Lord for dat speech. I knowed you had some colored blood in you, or you couldn't talk dat way 'bout our folks."

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