

Wednesday, October 20 1875.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

"He doeth all things well!"
Then let the billows roll,
They cannot harm thee, trembling one,
Oh! stay on Him thy soul!
The waves may o'er thee sweep,
The billows wildly swell;
But "He doeth all things well!"
"He doeth all things well!"

When joying in His love,
How easy thou to say,
That all indeed is well with thee;
Such blessings strew thy way.
But God is glorified,
If thou of goodness tell;
When in the furnace thou art tried,
Yet trusting, "He doeth all things well!"

The night of weeping may
Be thine, but at thy side
He stands, and gazes lovingly;
For art thou not His bride?
And then I hear Him say,
"I bade the tempest cease,
To see if thou wouldst trust in Me,
To wait thy frail bark home."

Then, cheer thee! though thy path,
May be a thorny one,
The Master watches over thee,
His will, not thine be done:
And when His face is veiled,
And billows wildly swell,
Still trust, and sing amid the storm;
"He doeth all things well."

S. E. W.

THE FENCE STORY.

A man who prided himself on his morality, and expected to be saved by it, who was constantly saying, "I am doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest. I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life," this man hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from work, the man said: "Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?" "I canna say that it is all tight and strong," Jock replied, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts of it are a little weak, other parts are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there a grand wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say that it is perfect in every part." "What!" cried the man, not seeing the point, "Do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it, and gaps in it? Why you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the dry Scotchman, "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seemed to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment. When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried: 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back: 'There is a broken link in the cable.' Did the captain say, when he heard that: 'No matter, it's only one link. The rest of

the chain is good. Ninety-nine of a hundred links are strong. It's average is high. It only lacks one per cent of being perfect. Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it?" No, indeed, he shouted, 'Get another chain!' He knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable, as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable, it is not safe to trust it. We had better throw it away and try to get a new one that we know is perfect."

How a Snake Charmed a Boy.

For the last two weeks a son of Allen Rogers, aged eleven years, a wood-cutter on the Blue Mountains, about three miles from Hamburg, has been in the habit of leaving his father's home every morning about 9 o'clock, and not returning till noon. The parents of the boy have questioned him several times as to where he went, and the boy would reply, to play with a neighboring boy named Springer. On Friday last the father watched his son, and followed at a short distance, and when about a half-mile from the house, the boy entered a piece of thick sprout land, in from the road some two hundred yards, where he seated himself upon a large rock, and in less than ten minutes the father was horrified on seeing a monster black snake crawl upon the rock and put its head on the boy's lap. The father states that the snake was the largest he ever saw on the hills. It states that it was at least fifteen feet long and as thick as his arm, which is well developed. The boy had taken bread with him and was feeding the snake, which at intervals would stick a large tongue out as if hissing for more to eat. Then it would coil itself around the neck and body of the boy, and play with its mouth and neck with the boy's hands. The father had often heard of snakes charming children, and that if they were disturbed while they were in the act, they would kill the child. As the father turned to leave his boy with his deadly companion, he turned back, and the snake hearing the noise, once uncoiled itself and raised its body at least four feet from the rock and looked in all directions, and then it returned to the boy's lap, and the father returned home and waited the boy's return, which was, as usual, at noon. When told that he had been playing with the snake, the boy said the first morning he met the snake he liked to play with it; then he took it food, and he was so much pleased with his companion that something told him that he must meet the snake every morning. One morning he said he was late, and when he reached the place the snake was standing up, and it came out to meet him, then followed him to the rock. There is something very strange about a snake charming not only children, but I have read of adults coming under their charms. There is certainly some truth in the fascinating powers of snakes.

On Saturday morning the father and two of his neighbors went to the place with guns, and at the usual time the snake made its appearance when all fired at one time, killing the charmer.—*Reading Eagle.*

Success.

Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed by carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plan, and the sculptor his model, and all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a wellformed plan. Then every step is and advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port. Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into a closer likeness of the model. No effort or time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

The proprietor of a tanyard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up, for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were, one after another, adopted, and on further consideration rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail into it with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, entirely absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide dealer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" inquired the dealer.

"No."

"Do you want to sell hides?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are a farmer?"

"No."

"A merchant, may be?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to ascertain how that calf got through that auger hole."

A Cheering Home.

A single word may disquiet a whole family. One surly glance cast a gloom over a whole household,—while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the loving mother lives

in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle, and fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sorrows and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings, which have made their own earthly lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and doves to their windows;" while from abodes of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey. The class of men that disturb and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influence of Christian homes—but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.

The Decisive Moment.

God says: "Repent."
The sinner answers: "I mean to."

God says: "Believe."
"Yes, I intend to."
"Prepare to meet God."
"Such is my purpose."
"Turn ye; for why will ye die?"
"I intend to turn before the hour of death."

"Whatsoever thou findest to do, do it with all thy might."

"Yes, I believe that is the best way, and I intend to be zealous for God sometime."

"Now is the accepted time."

"No, not now."

"To-day is the day of salvation."

"No, not to-day; I must attend to other concerns to-day."

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

"But to-morrow will do as well, or next month, or next year."

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

"Go thy way for this time! when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

Thus does God invite, beseech, and command, and thus do people hesitate, temporize, and delay till all is lost.

Alas! "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Reader, you want salvation; you intend to have it. I have one question for you to consider, and that is, When?

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