

BLACK SAM.

College duties were well over for the day and I had walked home to get my wood and chips for the morning fires. The sunlight still lit surrounding nature, and beautiful calm was pervading earth and sky. I noticed some smoke ascending from a pile of dry grass and leaves, and walked past the house to see what it meant. Black Sam had raked the yard and was burning the trash. As he stirred the pile and the leaves crackled and the flames danced, I said: "Sam, what are you going to do when you die and go to that hot place and be stirred as you stir those withered leaves?" "I am not troubled about that, sir, for I have His word, that if I love Him and serve Him the best my light will let me, He will care for my poor soul when I die." Sam raked the yard, and I gathered my wood and chips and went back into the house.

That night I dreamed a dream. I saw a flag floating over a grand, free republic. Small colonies of weary pilgrims had spread from a narrow strip along the Atlantic, way over to the broad Pacific. They filled the land from mountain to mountain, from the lakes to the gulf. I somehow floated over this broad land,

and could see its magnificent territory, splendid climate, busy cities and villages, and listened to the hum of its many industries. Its schools and colleges dotted the surface, and the many church spires pointed in the direction of the faith of its people. I took off my hat to my flag, and Sam stood by me, hat in hand for his flag, and we both had the same flag—the Stars and Stripes.

The scene shifted. I saw a babe lying in a manger in a faroff land. Wise men came and offered incense, and went their way. Then I saw a child, and then a man. That man spoke as never man spoke before. The great of the earth wanted to be thought great by the number of human victims strewn along their pathway, and the ruin wrought on land and sea. But that man stopped to give a blind man sight, and to make a deaf man hear. And He it was who said, "I go to prepare a place for you."

Again I stood hat in hand, for that was my Savior, and right by my side stood Black Sam, hat in hand, to his Savior, and our Savior was the same Savior—The Christ.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

JACK KIRKPATRICK.

Thomas De Quincey was an English author of the eighteenth century. He was a very voluminous writer, the American edition of his works containing twelve volumes. His productions are very exact and of a philosophical nature. Among the most remarkable of his writings is "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater." This book contains (as far as his word can be relied upon) a

full confession of his life as an opium eater, written after he had entirely renounced the habit.

He divides the story into three parts, namely: His Preliminary Confessions, The Pleasures of Opium, and The Pains of Opium. His preliminary confessions relate to his many trials and sufferings as an outcast in London. He is at last relieved by his friends and sent back to