

SELECTIONS.

What must you do?

Reader, do you feel the slightest drawing toward God, the smallest concern about your immortal soul? Does your conscience tell you that you are not forgiven, and have not yet felt the Spirit's power, and do you want to know what to do? Listen, and I will tell you.

You must go at once to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer, and beseech him to have mercy upon you, and send you the Spirit.—You must go direct to that open fountain of living waters, the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost. (John vii. 39) Begin at once to pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit. Think not that you are shut up and cut off from hope. The Holy Ghost is promised to them that ask him. Give the Lord no rest until he comes down and makes you a new heart. Cry mightily unto the Lord; say unto him, "Bless me, even me also; quicken me, and make me alive."

I dare not, for my part, send anxious souls to any one but Christ. I cannot hold with those who tell men to pray for the Holy Spirit in the first place, in order that they may go to Christ. In the second place, I see no warrant of Scripture for saying so. I only see that if men feel they are needy, perishing sinners, they ought to apply first and foremost, straight and direct, to Jesus Christ.—I see that he himself says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John viii. 27.) I know it is his special office to baptize with the Holy Ghost, and that "in him all fulness dwells." I dare not pretend to be more systematic than the Bible. I believe that Christ is the meeting-place between God and the soul, and my first advice must always be, *go to Jesus and tell your wants to him.*

Reader, remember this. I have told you what to do. You are to *go to Christ* if you want to be saved.—*J. C. Ryle.*

Links in a Chain.

The blast that drove the storm-clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The clouds burst, and the rain-drop filled the acorn cup. A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, hopped along the path when the storm was over, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his favorite perch in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his day-dream, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing.

The chant went forth into the great world

and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents beside the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted—she sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"My throat would have been too dry to sing," said the robin, "if I had not found that sweet drop of water that was in the acorn cup."

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn cup been there to receive me," said the rain-drop.

"I would not have been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the pl at replied, "Praise him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen and unknown channels, and bringing in due time by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm cloud.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

Sandwich Islands.

The Island Maunoloa one of the Hawaiian group was visited with a series of terrible earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. They commenced on the 27th of March, and it is said that by the 13th of April, 2000 shocks had been experienced:—

At Warischina the earth opened in many places and the tidal wave, sixty feet high, rose over the tops of the cocoa trees for a quarter of a mile inland; sweeping human beings, houses and every thing moveable before it. The terrible shock prostrated churches and killed many persons. In all one hundred lives were lost, besides thousands of horses and cattle. The craters vomited fire, rocks and lava, and a river of red hot lava five or six miles long flowed ten miles per hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea, and a new crater two miles wide opened and threw rocks and streams of fire one thousand feet high. Streams of lava rolled to sea. At one time the illumination extended fifty miles at night. At Warischina three miles from shore, a conical island rose suddenly, emitting a column of steam and smoke, while the Kono packet was passing, scattering mud on the vessel. The greatest shock occurred April 2nd. Prior to the eruption there was a shower of ashes and pumice. During the great shock the swaying motion of the earth was dreadful, so that no person could stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock eruptions of red earth poured down the mountains, rushing across the plain three miles in three minutes and then ceased. Then came the great tidal wave, and then streams of lava. The villages on shore were all destroyed by