

FATHER TAYLOR AND THE WHISKEY CASK.

ONE Sunday afternoon, preaching on the "Long Wharf," in San Francisco, and wishing to illustrate the distinction between a decent, well-behaved sinner, outwardly, and a violent, out-breaking sinner, I remarked, after stating the point,

"Gentlemen, I stand on what I suppose to be a cask of brandy. Keep it tightly bunged and spiled, and it is entirely harmless, and answers some very good purposes; it even makes a very good pulpit. But draw that spile, and fifty men will lie down here, and drink up its spirit, and then wallow in the gutter, and before ten o'clock to-night will carry sorrow and desolation to the hearts of fifty families. So that man there, trying to urge his horse through the audience," all eyes turned from the cask to the man,

"If He Had Kept His Mouth Shut, we might have supposed him a very decent fellow; but finding the street blocked up with this living mass of humanity, he drew the spile, and out gurgled the most profane oaths and curses. But, while there is now all the difference between outwardly moral and out-breaking sinners, as between a tightly bunged and an open cask of brandy, I would invite your attention to a time when there will be no material difference between them.

"Should you attempt to get this harmless cask of brandy through the custom-house in Portland, Maine, the inspector would pay no regard to the outside appearance, or separate value of the cask: he would extract the bung, let down his phial, draw out and smell its contents; then shake his head, and mark it 'contraband.'

My friends, God has a Great Custom House through which every man has to pass for inspection, before he can be admitted into His Kingdom. When you are entered for examination, do you imagine that the great omniscient Inspector will pay any regard to your outside appearance or conduct? Nay, my dear sirs, he will sound the inner depths of your souls. All who are 'filled with the spirit' of Christ will be passed, and treasured up as meet for the Master's use; but all who have not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, will be pronounced 'contraband,' and branded eternally with, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'—*Wm. Taylor, Bishop of Africa.*

A holy life has a voice: it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attractor or a perpetual reproof.

A LION STORY.

THE hot night was over, and it was just time to rise for the day's work. A black figure might have been seen running across the parched ground to a house rather neater and better than the mud-huts which formed the African village. This was the home of a missionary, and the African was urgent that the white man should come with him quickly. He said he lived on a hill called Mlima wa Riali, and wanted the missionary to go back with him at once to his home. A prowling lion had pushed his head through a hole close to the ground in the wall of the man's hut, and had seized his wife's leg. What might have happened no one knows had not her husband been there. A fire was burning (as is usual in these countries) to keep off the white ants, which will destroy anything of wood; and the man caught up a burning log, and beat the lion's face until he ran away. It was then that he flew off for help. In those days (1885-86) there were no doctors in the East African Mission, but the African heard that the missionary at Rabai knew how to cure sick and wounded people, and he begged him to come and see his wife.

No time was lost, not even to wait for breakfast. The white and the black man were soon hurrying side by side to the spot.

A sad scene met their eyes at the hut. The ground was red and the poor woman faint from loss of blood. There was fear that, even if she lived, she might never walk again. All that could be done for her was done; the blood vessels that had been torn were tied, and the wounds sewn up.

The woman, whom the missionary had to visit day after day, in order to dress her wounds, used to lie quietly and listen to the story of the Good Physician, who binds up the broken hearts, and heals the souls that are sick and wounded. She heard how the Good Shepherd is seeking the lost; how He has vanquished Satan, the roaring lion, and delivers His sheep.

Before the wounds had properly healed, so as to allow of the woman walking about again, the missionary had to go to quite another country. After some years he returned and found both husband and wife very grateful, and very ready to hear more of the beautiful story of God's love.—*The Children's World.*

—The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it fall as it leans. And the great question every one should ask himself: "Does my soul with all its affections and powers lean toward God or away from him.—*Gurney.*