

able to Sabbath-breaking The lamentable insanity and suicides of some of our most zealous Sabbath school superintendents might have been averted, had they remembered that no man can work more than six days in the week.—*Dr. Patterson.*

BECKONING.

AT the memorable supper in that upper chamber in Jerusalem, the beloved John leaned on Jesus' bosom. He had only to turn his head to whisper in Jesus' ear. Peter was farther off than John, and when he would know about a certain matter, he beckoned to John, that John might ask the Saviour for him.

How often is this scene repeated in common life! There are many who are so far from Christ, that in an emergency they never think of speaking to Christ themselves, but beckon to some one who, in their apprehension, is leaning, like John, on Jesus' bosom.

One morning, almost before I was dressed, a ring at my door-bell announced a stranger. Entering the parlor, I found a youth with tears in his eyes, and this message on his lips:

"Mother has gone blind, and we wish you to come and pray for her."

I went, and found that sudden inflammation in the eyes had extinguished the sight, and in the darkness that shut in the soul of the sufferer, she had discovered also that she was spiritually blind.

Now, there were in that house several grown-up children, but not one among them who could pray for a poor, blind, sin-stricken mother! They were so far away from Christ themselves, that they had to go to their neighbors to find some one who could ask Jesus in their stead for blessings which only he could give to a blind, trembling mother.

Once, in a chamber of sorrow, a child lay dying in convulsions. She had exhibited no decided evidences of piety. A large company of relatives and friends stood and sat around the bed of death. The mother, a daughter of Israel, in an agony of distress for her child, looked about the room, and, with clasped hands, cried out:

"Oh! any of you who can pray—pray for the soul of my child!"

There stood a sister—she could not pray. There stood brothers—neither of them could pray. There sat a father, who could weep, and wring his hands, in the anguish of his heart, but he could not pray for a dying child!

Perhaps, some who read these lines, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, are in such a spiritual state, that should one of the household fall sick to-night, and become sick unto death, they would feel themselves utterly unfit to offer prayer for the soul or body of the dearest of all earthly objects. Oh! let not another sun arise upon your soul in such position. In faith and repentance pillow your heads on Jesus' bosom.

Then, to what Christians do men flee for aid in times of sorrow? To the inconsistent, careless, worldly-minded professor, or to those whose heads they see pillowed on Jesus' bosom? Ah! we care not for the prayers of the mere professor; we covet theirs who pray daily and who love to pray.

Fellow Christians, this office of intercessor for our fellow-men, which we fill by virtue of our priesthood—"He hath made us Kings and Priests unto God"—is a blessed office! Let us get near, and keep near to Jesus, that we may be always ready when some finger beckons us to prayer.—*S. S. Times.*

SOCIAL PRAYER.

TO-NIGHT has been an epoch in my Christian experience. I have come home from the prayer-meeting with my heart thrilled with

"that sweet repose
Which only he who feels it knows."

I shall ever remember this night as one of those baptismal seasons in which God sometimes bathes afresh the Christian's heart with the influence of the Holy Spirit, and seals it anew as its own.

For more than fifteen years I have been in the habit of attending the prayer-meeting, and yet never until to-night have I had the courage to try to lead the devotions of others. I have been conscious all these years of enjoying sweet communion with God in