

TRUST.

THERE is a story told of Alexander the Great. He received a note from some one stating that his favourite doctor was going to poison him, and the doctor was with Alexander when the note came, and just as he was giving the Emperor the medicine, for he was sick. As Alexander took the cup of medicine he held up the letter, read it off to his doctor, and swallowed the medicine. That was to show the doctor that he had confidence in him. He did not believe what was in the letter. Some one was trying to injure the doctor, to get him put to death; but the Emperor had such confidence in his doctor that he just took the medicine, and didn't believe a word of it. That is what I call believing with all your heart. Now there might have been poison in that cup, but do you think there is any poison in God's cup? He offers you the cup of salvation. Do you think it is poison and death to anyone that will take that cup? Do you think anyone can perish that will trust God for salvation?

There is a story told of old Dr. Chalmers, who went to see a Scotch woman in her time of trouble about her sin. In the north of Scotland they spend a great deal of thought in just looking at themselves, and occupying themselves with their misgivings. This Scotch woman was trying to get faith. She hadn't the right kind of faith, and the doctor was going to see her. On his way he had to cross a stream, over which there was nothing but a thin plank, and he thought it looked rotten and insecure; and he went up and put his foot upon the plank doubtfully, and feared to trust his weight upon it; and the Scotch woman, watching him from the window, saw that he was afraid to venture out on the plank, and she came out and shouted, "Just trust the plank, Doctor." And the Doctor did trust the plank, and walked over the stream in safety. Afterward he was talking with the woman, and she hadn't the right kind of faith, she said, and was lamenting over her lot, and the Doctor, in his means to explain to her what was the trust she ought to have, at last hit upon the circumstance of his crossing the plank, and using the woman's queer Scotch expression, said to her, "Trust Christ, cannot you?" "Ob, doctor, is that faith?" said she; "is it just to trust Him?" "That is faith," said he, "just to trust Him as I trusted that plank. It carried me over, and you trust God, and He will carry you over." "Oh," said she, "I can do that." That means trust the plank. Just trust it, and it won't break under you.—*D. L. Moody.*

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

IT conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representations of the better, the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still, and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble carry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A VALUABLE SECRET.—Looking forward to enjoyment doesn't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle sunshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is making his mark, or he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he has gained what he has sighed for.

HOME.

AT twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream:—It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on working man's garb again, and delve in the mine and sweater at the forgo?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat down under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and beautiful group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, Home! Home! Home!

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

KEEPING THE TONGUE.

KEEP it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted, so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false colouring—to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of the truth—that we need to be on our guard. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie, who yet speak in such inaccurate, or exaggerated, or one-sided statements, that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method, "Go and tell him of his faults 'twixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of even if intent be not malicious.—*Rural New Yorker.*