

but how will it be when you come to die?" I remember still the cold feeling that crept over me, and the kind of horror with which I thought of death. I didn't know what to do; but at last I told a friend who had often helped me before. He said it was a temptation of Satan's, and added what I said to you, 'Wait till you're dying, and then dying strength will be given you. God's promise is, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

"Not long afterwards, I got ill with sore throat, and one night it became suddenly much worse. I was alone, and too ill to get up and call any one; I could hardly breathe; a heavy stupor was coming over me; I believed that I was dying, and that if I fell asleep I should never wake again."

"And were you not dreadfully frightened?"

"No, not a bit, for my God was true to his promise. I needed dying strength, so dying strength was given to me. I hadn't a fear, nor a doubt, nor an anxious thought; it didn't even seem lonely to be dying there by myself, for Jesus was so near, that I wanted no one else."

"But you recovered?"

"Yes, when I was almost gone, the abscess in my throat broke, and I got relief; and when the doctor came in the morning, all danger was over. But I cannot tell you how often I have thanked God for my having passed through that night; the thought of how graciously he helped me then, has so often encouraged me to trust him for the future. When I think of troubles and trials which may lie before me, and which I feel I have not strength to bear, I just say to myself, 'Wait till you want it; as thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

"But if a trouble should come suddenly—all in a moment?"

"Then why should not strength come suddenly too? Nothing can take God by surprise, and his store-house is never empty. It is not by looking at our own hearts, or by watching our own feelings, that we get faith and strength and courage; but by looking to the Lord and his promises. If only we trusted him as a little child trusts his mother, how much more peaceful and happy we should be; for surely if he takes thought for us, that ought to satisfy us, and to drive anxious cares away. And when Satan tempts us to perplex ourselves as to whether we could endure a martyr's death, or any

other or suffering, let us simply say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan; it is written, As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"—*Tract.*

BISHOP TAYLOR'S STEAMER.

The *African Times* gives the following account of this new steamer:—"The Bishop William Taylor's Missionary Society of New York has contracted with Mr. Richard Smith, ship-builder, Preston & Lytham, for a specially constructed light-draught steamer to navigate the inland rivers and lakes in Central Africa, which will enable them to visit, by water, their missionary stations lying far apart. The length of the steamer is ninety feet, beam sixteen feet, depth five feet; it is built entirely of steel and galvanized throughout, and a great speed will be attained. Accommodation is provided for, on deck, in two saloons sixteen feet long and eight feet broad each. The hold is arranged for carrying cargo. She is fitted up with the electric light, one arc lamp for the mast-head and ten incandescent lamps for the saloons. There is to be fitted up on deck a steam saw for cutting up the fire-wood gathered from the forests along their journey for fuel. The boat is to be built in pieces and packed in parcels not exceeding 65 lbs. each, shipped by steamer from Liverpool to the Congo, there discharge into barges and taken a distance of eighty miles up the river, then carried on the heads of natives some 230 miles up to Stanley Pool. The total weight to be carried in this manner is sixty-five tons. On arriving at Stanley Pool the boat is to be fitted together by competent men, under whose direction the conveyance of the boat is entrusted, and when all is completed, this boat, with all the appliances of modern steamships, and with the electric light illumining the shores, will be able to navigate some 5,000 miles of the interior of Africa on rivers and lakes. This is the first steamer of its size sent out."

The cost price of liquor manufactured in the country each year is estimated at \$300,000,000. It sells at retail for \$700,000,000. This is an enormous profit, both for the manufacturers and the retailers; and great waste for some other classes.—*Philadelphia Pres.*