

cious we become of our failings, and weaknesses and unworthiness, as a writer so beautifully expresses it in a well known hymn.

And none, O, Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin,  
And they who fain would serve thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

Undoubtedly this is so. To keep ourselves unspotted from the world is a mighty task, and yet it must be done if we are to be what Paul styles "living epistles seen and read of all men." "Blameless and sincere, the children of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among whom shine ye as lights in the world." (Phillip II:15). This brethren, at all times, should be our aim. We cannot do this, however, if we at all conform to the things of this world. There can be no possible concord between Christ and Belial, no communion whatever between light and darkness. "We brethren are not in darkness, we are all children of the light, therefore let us watch and be sober." (I Thes. V). Temptation undoubtedly continually besets us, but God is faithful, and he will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear; and we know that our blessed Lord was tempted and troubled and tried even as we, yet succour never failed him in his hour of need, neither will it fail us. If we then be risen with Christ, let us seek those things which are above, and press on toward the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus, until we attain to that perfect stature of manhood in Him who will present us faultless before the Throne of Grace, where in the Father's

presence there is fullness of joy, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore.

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For the MESSENGER.

Niagara Falls in Winter.

BY ELIZA DAVIS.

DEAR BRO. KELLS.—As in compliance with an invitation from Bro. and Sister Lyon to visit them and view the beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls, and the Ice Bridge in their winter aspect, we did so on the 19th of February. I hope that a short account of this trip here sent will be interesting to you and the readers of the NAZARENE MESSENGER. On the date in question the day being very pleasant and the sun shining bright and warm, in pleasing contrast to the very cold weather that we had just experienced, we wended our way to Black Rock station, where we found a number of people waiting for the train, who like ourselves were going to visit the far-famed and wonderful winter scenery of Niagara. We soon took our seat on the cars, and after a pleasant hour's ride, arrived at the town of Niagara Falls. On alighting from the train we saw sad traces of the fire by which the railway station had been burnt to the ground a few days before. Leaving here Mr. Davis and I soon made our way to the home of Bro. and Sister Lyon, who were anxiously awaiting our arrival, and were indeed pleased to meet again, and on our part to gaze once more on the venerable features of