

DAILY DEVOTION.

"DEGENERATE souls, wedded to their vicious habits, may disclaim all commerce with heaven, refusing to invoke Him whose infinite wisdom is ever prompt to discern, and His bounty to relieve the wants of those who faithfully call upon Him; and neglecting to praise Him, who is great and marvellous in His works, just and righteous in His ways, infinite and incomprehensible in His nature. But all here, I would persuade myself, will daily set apart some time to think on Him who gave us power to think; He was the author, and He should be the object of our faculties. And to do this the better, let us take care that every morning, as soon as we rise, we lay hold on this proper season of address, and offer up to God the first fruits of our thoughts, yet fresh, unsullied and serene, before a busy swarm of vain images crowd in upon the mind, when the spirits just refreshed with sleep are brisk and active and rejoice like that sun which ushers in the day to run their course; when all nature just awakened into being from insensibility pays its early homage; then let us join in the universal chorus, who are the only creatures in the visible creation capable of knowing to whom it is to be addressed."—*Selected.*

SABBATH EVENING BEFORE
SUNSET.

It is as if the Lord had just ascended—
The air has grown so clear, so full of light—
And that white cloud with heaven's deep azure
blended,
Had just received Him from our fixed sight!
The radiance of His robe still seems to glisten
On the still waves of crystal, shining air,
And words of benediction as we listen,
Fall like a fragrance on the soul in prayer.
The golden ard, the silence, and the blessing,
The van'ish'd Lord, the hearts that in us
burn!
Breathless! we watch the pomp, our hearts confessing
His coming glory and His sure return!
—*Mrs. M. E. Gates, in Parish Visitor.*

DULL HEARING.

AN exchange gives its opinion at length concerning "Dull Sermons." And what it says thereon is pertinent and true. But there is good reason to believe that about the most prolific cause of dull preaching is dull hearing. And there is far more of the latter than of the former. It is really as necessary to prepare in order to hear well as in

order to preach well. "Their ears are dull of hearing," Jesus said of the people in His day. And it might with equal truth be said of many in our day. When people learn to go from the closet to the house of God, when they read the Bible instead of the Sunday newspaper before going to church, when they attend public worship with minds and hearts intent on spiritual things, and with souls hungry for spiritual food, there will be fewer "dull sermons" and less complaint about them.—*Apostolic Guide.*

HE COULD SEE THE POINT.

HORSEMEN take great pride in being able to see all the good points in a horse; but one man found a good point in a horse which his driver had never noticed before.

Dr. Plummer was once riding on the box of a stage coach alongside of the driver who was a Jehu in his line of no common order. He was profuse in his praise of his team, and especially of one of his horses, interlarding his praises with oaths.

"You have omitted one good point," said Dr. Plummer, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What is that, sir?" said the driver. "What is that? I have studied that horse over and over, and I did not think there was anything about him I did not know. What is it you have discovered?"

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "it is this: we have ridden so many miles, and up to this point I have not heard a profane word out of his head."

The driver looked at the doctor in surprise, and there was that same demure look, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thank you sir," said the driver, "thank you. You have made a good point, and I think I will try to go as long without swearing as my horses do."—*Good News.*

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.

A MINISTER once, in replying to the charge of credulity made by an objector against those who believe that God will raise the dead from their graves, gave the following beautiful illustration:

A workman of Faraday, the celebrated chemist, one day by accident knocked a beautiful silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and so

seemed utterly lost, and the question came up: "Could it ever be found again?" One said it could, but another replied that, being dissolved and held in solution by the acid, there was no possibility of recovering it. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and, in a little while, every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom, and he took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before.

If Faraday could so easily precipitate that silver and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had before formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decayed bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!—*Canadian Churchman.*

BREAK THE MIRROR, OR WASH
HIS FACE.

A MAN one day, whose face was begrimed with soot, looked into a mirror and was displeased that the face seen reflected was so repulsive. So he broke the mirror, but that did not cleanse his face. But after a time he came to his senses, took water, washed, and was clean. Many a sinner has quarrelled with the Bible, and has been angry with the preacher, and has had a controversy with God, because his sin has been set in order before him. But he remained a sinner, unlovely and unsaved, until he came to Jesus Christ in repentance and faith, and was made a child of God with a clean heart and a pure spirit.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

"BE AYE STICKIN' IN A TREE."

LORD SHAFTESBURY, in one of his speeches, gave an admirable concluding piece of advice to all Christian workers:

"I trust that you will persevere, and by God's blessing double and redouble your efforts. You cannot do better than take the saying in one of Sir Walter Scott's tales. An old Scotchman sends for his son, and says to him: 'John, be aye stickin' in a tree John, it'll be dein guid to the world when you and I are gone.' So be you everlastingly circulating books and tracts of the right kind; they will be doing good when you are gone, and many of you will live to see the good done in your own day."—*Montreal Church Guardian.*