

maintained the fact of His Godhead ; adding, 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me, and I know them, and I give unto them eternal life? Could any angel, however exalted?'

"Stop!" cried the dying man, with an excited voice, "Stop, sir; I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me—stop, sir!"

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a sort of preternatural expression quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed on Dr. F., he exclaimed, after a short pause, while big tears rolled down his cheeks:—

"Sir, you are a messenger of mercy sent by God Himself to save my poor soul! Yes, Christ is God, and He died to save sinners! Yes, even me!"

QUIET LIVES.

CHRIST'S lowly, quiet workers, unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God and go to their business or their household work. And all day long as they toil they scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth and along the hard path of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scripture the life of God's people in this world is compared in the influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but specially note-worthy is the quiet manner in which dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly.

It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It choseth the darkness of night, when men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful works. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosoms of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and the tender herbs, and plants, and in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, and the gardens are more fragrant, all life glows and sparkles with a new splendor.

And is there no lesson here as to the manner in which we should do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than to be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and secretly that no one should know what hand dropped them?

EXACT TRUTHFULNESS.

HENRY WILBERFORCE, when an English schoolboy, had on one occasion his truthfulness severely tried. Dean Mozley, in his "Reminiscences," tells that young Wilberforce met by accident a school-fellow whose acquaintance he did not desire. From him Wilberforce received an invitation to a "wine-party."

He would not accept the invitation, would not go, but could send no truthful excuse that would not have been offensive. The morning following the party, the two school-mates chanced to meet face to face in a narrow passageway.

They came to a standstill, and the eyes of each were fixed on the other. The one waited for an ex-