

for the noblest of her maxims; poetry for the loftiest of her themes. Painting has gathered here her noblest inspiration. Music has ransacked those golden stores for the grandest of her strains. And if there be life in the church of Christ, if her missionaries and ministers are carrying the torch of salvation through the world, where is that torch lighted but at these same undying altar fires? When a philosophy, falsely so called, shall become dominant, and seek with its proud dogmas to supersede this *divine* philosophy; when the old Bible of Joshua, and David, and Timothy, and Paul, is clasped and closed; the only morality and philosophy worth speaking of will have perished from the earth. Dagon will have taken the place of God's ark; the world's funeral pile may be kindled.

Love your Bibles, as they are the *souvenirs* of your earliest childhood; the gift of a mother's love, or the pledge of a father's affection; so let them be your last and fondest treasure; the keepsakes and heir-looms which you are most desirous to transmit to your children.—*J. R. Macduff, D.D.*

LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—
1 Cor. xv. 58.

Come labour on!
Who dare stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain;
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to day!"

Come, labour on!
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From lands far distant, from our own at home,
The call is, "Come!"

Come, labour on!
The work is pleasant, the reward is sure,
And blest are those who to the end endure:
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O, Lord with Thee!
Church Miss. Juv. Instructor.

"PERFECT PEACE."

A mind at "perfect peace" with God;
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood;—
This, this, indeed, is peace!

By nature and by practice far—
How very far—from God;
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the Person of His Son,
I am as near as he.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be:
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, "Mine is thine."

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Rev. Horace Bushnell, who is blind, a city missionary for twenty years in Cincinnati, in his last report relates the following;

"Leaving the omnibus one day, and feeling for the sidewalk with my staff, a woman's voice inquired;

"Are you blind sir?"

"Quite blind."

"Well, here's the sidewalk; but can you guess where you are?"

"Yes, at the corner of — and — streets."

"Well, you are good at guessing; but can you tell why God has deprived you, a holy man, of sight and left me, a drunken sinner, with my eyes?"

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

"Yes, he may be your Father, but he is not mine."

"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?"

"One God created us, but I am now an enemy and not a child."

"It may be so, yet through the blood of Jesus they who were sometimes alienated and enemies by wicked works, become reconciled to God."

"It may be you would be offended if I offered to lead you over this rough place?"

Now Simon, the Pharisee, said silently in my heart, if this man were of God, he would know what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner; but the scene of Bethany was present, and I said, "I will not be offended; take my arm."

She did so, saying, "Thank God! thank God!"

"For what?"

"That I may guide the feet of one of