

the fluff flying, for it must be near one o'clock; but if the sun is getting ready for its gorgeous bed in the west blow gently, and the thistle-down will tell you truly—at least as truly as old Joe's clock.

But whether the finest English gold lever watch, or only a silver Geneva be yours; or if you have not a watch at all, but guess your time from the sun or the thistle-down, be sure you are always in time. An hour too soon for work is better than a minute too late. Waterloo was won and lost some say because some one was just too late; and there are other battles in the great campaign of life which may end disastrously for you and me if we do not make up our minds, God helping us, never to be behindhand in work, in play, in sympathy, in love, in helping a fellow-creature, in doing a kindly deed.—'Home Words.'

A Heavenly Message.

During the early years of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry he was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England. Feeling uncertain as to whether his voice would fill the immense area, he resolved to test it, and went in the morning to the Palace for the purpose.

He was thinking what passage of Scripture he would repeat, and just as he reached the stage from which he was to preach, this text came to his mind: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Pronouncing the words in a loud, clear voice, he felt sure that he would be heard; he then tried in a softer tone, repeating the same words, and, satisfied with his experiment, he left the building.

More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother was called to the bedside of a dying man.

'My friend, are you ready to die?' asked the minister.

'Oh, yes!' answered the man, in a tone of assurance.

'Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?'

'It is very simple,' he replied, his face radiant with joy. 'I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace. I was without God and without hope.

'All at once I heard a voice com-

ing from heaven, which said: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." By the hearing of these words I was convicted of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour; I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since.'

It was indeed 'a voice from heaven,' though uttered by human lips. God's Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it!—'Buds of Promise.'

One At a Time.

Referring to the old fable of the pendulum—one tick at a time—'I can mind once,' says Daniel Quorm, 'when I was a little boy helpin' mother to store away apples, I put my arm around ever so many o' them and tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one, and another, and two or three more, till they were all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed.

"Now, Dan'el," she says, 'I'm goin' to teach you a lesson.'

'So she put my little hand tight round one apple.

"There," she says, 'bring that an' fetch another.'

'I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much at once. Don't go tryin' to put your arms around a year! An' don't go troublin' about next week. Wake up in the mornin', and think like this:

'Here's another day come. Whatever I do, an' whatever I don't do, Lord, help me to do this—help me to live it to thee!'

Riches.

A rich young ruler came to Jesus to ask how he might be sure of eternal life. Jesus told him to be good and kind and to keep the commandments. But the young man said: 'All these have I kept.' Then Jesus said: 'Do one thing more. Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor.' This grieved the young man, for he was very rich and could not bear to part with all his wealth. As he turned away, Jesus said sorrowfully: 'How hardly shall they that are rich enter into the kingdom of God!'

We are all rich in some way, and we should be willing to divide our riches with those who are in need. If we are rich in money, we can give that into God's church. If we are rich in health and strength, we can run errands and wait on those that are ill or feeble. Even if we are rich in nothing else, we can be rich in love, and can share that with those who have few to love them.

If we would enter the kingdom of God we must give of our riches, whatever they are, to those who are in need, just as much as the rich young ruler who came to Christ.—'Mayflower.'

One of the 'Gods Many.'

(By Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Forward'.)

Once, thousands of years ago, the land of Egypt, the land of the great One River, was in mourning from sea to desert. What was the matter? Was the king dead in his palace? Was war threatening? Were the grain fields parched or laid waste? Had a new tax been levied on the poor, down-trodden people? No; none of these evils had happened; but the black bull, Apis, had died in the temple enclosure at Memphis, where he was worshipped, and no other had been found to take his place; for an ordinary bull would not answer the purpose. He must be black, with a square or three-cornered white spot on his forehead; there must be another white spot resembling a vulture, or eagle, on his back, and something like a beetle under his tongue. No wonder he was hard to find.

At last one was found that the priests of the temple said had these signs on him, showing that the soul of Osiris had entered into him. Then the land broke into rejoicings; the new god was taken in a chariot to Heliopolis, and there worshipped by the people for forty days, after which he was hidden away in the temple enclosure at Memphis, worshipped by images, and never seen again, except by priestly attendants.

Thank God for the revelation of the true Jehovah.

'For though there be that are called gods . . . as there be gods many and lords many . . . to us there is but one God, the Father . . . and . . . one Lord Jesus Christ.'