

### I Feel it Pull.

**W**ALKING one day past a row of cottages that ran along one side of a common on the outskirts of the town, I noticed a large paper kite in the air, and soon saw that the string was held by a little boy, who was standing quite motionless on a door-step, his face raised to the sky. In passing, I turned to look at the child, and a thrill of pity went through my heart as I saw that he was blind. And yet the upturned face was so full of gladness, that I thought I must surely be mistaken; and stopping, and speaking as gently as I could, so as not to startle him, I said, "My boy, you have a beautiful kite up there."

"Oh yes," he answered, in a happy tone, as he turned in the direction of my voice.

"Then, can you see it?" I asked.

"No," he said, the bright look spreading over his face like sunshine, "but father can, and he tells me what a beauty it is; and I feel it pull."

I stooped down and kissed the gentle face, speaking a few words of kindness, and then as I walked away I felt that no sympathy of mine, however sincere, could repay the child for the life-long lesson he had taught me.

I had for many days been burdened with perplexity, a thick cloud hiding from my view the next turning in life's road, and forgetting that when my heart was overwhelmed within me, then a heavenly Father knew my path, though I did not. I fretted at my blindness, until the terrible inner darkness of rebellion was well nigh being added to the outer darkness of God's providence. But the light on the face of that blind boy showed me a more excellent way. He had got a firm hold of a possession out of sight; and receiving, with a child's trust, his father's description of its beauty, he let his imagination give form and colour to it, and with every pull of the invisible string that bound him to his cherished treasure, his heart was so taken up with the thought of it that he forgot to be sorry for his blindness,

I understood then that the true cure for all earthly disquiet and discontent is to believe so simply and strongly a heavenly Father's description of our "treasure in the heavens," that it will be impossible not to set our affections upon it; and as I walked along, new light was flashed on many an instance of bright Christian endurance that had hitherto seemed to me almost unaccountable.—*Every Week Series, Tract No. 487.*

**T**HE very worst and deadliest of all hindrances to sincerity of prayer is a bosom sin. If we pray with a secret determination to continue in sin, we pray false prayers, and cannot be heard."

### The King's Ear.



**I**N a private letter of Mr. Spurgeon's to an American friend, we recently read these words: "Don't forget to pray for me whenever you have the King's ear." It is a high honor and a gracious privilege to have the ear of the King of kings.

There are those who by their holy obedience and submission to the divine will, enjoy the most confidential fellowship with the Lord; those who so abide in him and have his Word abiding in them, that they ask what they will, and it is done for them. Such never ask amiss, or presume on their intimacy with the Lord. It is those that have an ear to hear what the Spirit says to them, that have the ear of the King to ask what they will. Of Luther it used to be said: *There goes a man who can have anything he likes of God.*—Selected.

### Gathered Home.



**R**EV. DR. W. P. MacKAY, of Hull, the well known author of "Grace and Truth," and editor of the "British Evangelist," has been suddenly called home, at the age of 46 years. He had been spending the summer months at Oban, and had crossed over to Skye on a visit.

Returning, a false step on the pier precipitated him into the sea, and falling between the boat and pier he was severely bruised; but when rescued, no fatal results were anticipated. A couple of days after, congestion of the lungs set in, and he died ere his loved wife had time to reach his bedside. Dr. MacKAY's visit to America will be long remembered by many to whom his words were blessed of God, and there are thousands more who have been led to Christ through his several publications. He now rests from his labours, but his works do follow him. The September number of "The British Evangelist" contains an article from his pen, closing with these words:—

"Dear fellow-servant, get so accustomed to serve your Lord Jesus Christ and Him alone, that your entrance into glory will not be unnatural, and thus an abundant entrance will be yours."

He has entered into glory. May we heed the words of advice he has given, and get "accustomed to serve the Lord Jesus Christ and Him alone."

**CHRIST** has brought the highest style of living within reach of every one of us.