

mend it, inasmuch as it presents the essential truths of the gospel in a clear and forcible style.

We make two extracts from it, that are well worth perusal :

"Why is the mountain raised above the valley, instead of one dead level pervading the world? Is it not that it may collect the waters, and send them down to the lowliest spots to gladden, and fertilize, and refresh? Such is, or such should be, the position of the rich towards the poor. There is no dull uniformity in God's world; there is room in it for the lofty forest tree, as well as for the daisy which springs from the turf at its feet, and the bright fields of golden corn. All have their appointed place, their appointed use; and he would be equally a madman who would level the mountains, and cut down the trees, to realize a wild dream of equality, as he who would despise the precious ears of the harvest, because they rise not to the height of the oak. Rich and poor! there should be a bond of brotherhood between them, which neither envy on the one part, nor pride on the other, should be able to loosen or break! God help me to make such use of my wealth, that the needy may be helped, the industrious encouraged, aye, and the idle reclaimed, and may the poor feel that I only value my position as it enables me to be to them a more powerful friend."

"If there be one sin more stamped with the character of madness than another, it is the profane habit of swearing. It is not merely that it is the breaking of a solemn commandment—*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: Swear not at all: Above all things swear not!*—but it is a vice for which the great deceiver himself could scarcely invent an excuse or a reason. I was struck by an anecdote which I once read of a fisherman, who being questioned by a clergyman as to the baits which he used, mentioned the various things which he found most alluring to the different kinds of fish for which he angled.

"But I once," said he, "caught a fish *without any bait at all*; it seized my hook when there was nothing upon it!"

A strange idea rose in the mind of the clergyman. He thought of the Evil One angling for souls. He baits with gold for the covetous, with power for the ambitious, hope of enjoyment for the sensual and vain. But for the *swearer* he needs no bait on his hook, nothing to hide the sin or make it alluring; he finds victims ready to throw away their souls for that wherein is neither profit nor pleasure!"

Angus Tarlton,

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This is another of A. L. O. E.'s admirable productions for the young. It is a narrative of thrilling interest, intended and calculated to illustrate that the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

We make a short extract that illustrates a truth :

"But why are they called the fruit of the Spirit? If I ever have them, it is because mother and you have taught me to be good."

"We have tried to make you know the truth, my boy, but we cannot make you love it. We may put many a text into your head, but God's Holy Spirit only can write one on your heart. We may plant an apple-tree, and watch it; but if no sun ever shone, no rain or dew ever fell, it would never bring forth either blossoms or fruit."

"That is very true," said the little boy, thoughtfully. "I remember mother teaching me a little text last year, and it was very easy indeed to learn; the text was, *God is love*. It pleased me very much then, and I liked to think of it and repeat it to myself; but now that dear mother is sick, and father goes"—the child lowered his voice—"you know where, then the sight of my poor eyes is gone, and I can't see the flowers any more, somehow that text does not seem at all easy to make out. I can't think how, if God is really love, He lets us have so much trouble and sorrow."

Sarah clasped her hands and glanced at her mother; Widow Lyle paused in her occupation, to reply.

"When you were ill in the winter, and I gave you that bitter drink that helped to make you well,—did you think that I did not love you? When I stood by while the doctor cut your poor mother's arm, and put her to so much pain, did you think that I did not love her?"

"O! no; I knew that it was all in love."

"And last week I pruned your tree, which looks so beautiful now. I cut off some little boughs, even though they were full of blossom,—were you afraid that I should do harm to your tree?"

"O! no, granny, because you knew what was best for it."

"And shall we not trust Him who made us, and loves us, who has watched over us all the days of our lives? We know not what is best for us now,—God knows all,—and hath he not promised that *all things shall work together for good* to them that love Him, who trust in His wisdom and kindness?"