

Beautiful Things.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but the few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn out hands—O beautiful sleep!
—Ellen P. Allerton.

The Sacrifice of Isaac.

AFTER Hagar and Ishmael were gone a way, God called to Abraham, and said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him for a burnt-offering, upon a mountain which I will show thee." Did God wish to make Abraham unhappy, and to kill his son? No, God only wished to try Abraham's faith; to see if Abraham would be obedient, and if he loved God more than his dear child. Abraham obeyed directly; for he knew God's command must be right, and he believed that God had power even to raise Isaac to life again after he was dead. All God does is good and right. When He sends us pain, or sickness, or sorrow, He does it wisely, for good, not for evil; we cannot know why, but God knows; let us ask Him to make us obedient to His will, as Abraham was.

Abraham rose in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two servants with him, and Isaac, and wood for the burnt-offering, and went to the place God showed him. As they walked along, and Abraham thought what he was to do to his dear son, his good obedient child, he must have felt sad; but Abraham loved God more than he loved Isaac, and God gave him strength willing to obey His command. After three days, they saw, afar off, the mountain where Isaac was to be offered. Then Abraham said to his servants, "Stay here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." So the servants stayed, and Abraham and his son went towards the mountain.

As they walked along, Isaac said, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" For Isaac did not yet know that he was to be the lamb. Abraham said, "God will provide a lamb, my son." So they went on, and came to the place of which God had told Abraham. And then Abraham built the altar, and put the wood upon it, and bound Isaac, laid him upon the altar, and took the knife to slay his son. But the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven, and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God, because thou hast not withheld thy son,

thine only son, from Him." Then Abraham looked, and saw a ram, caught in the bush by the horns, and he offered the ram for a burnt-offering, instead of Isaac. And the angel called again unto Abraham, and said, "Because thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee; and all nations shall be blessed in thy seed."

The Lord Jesus Christ was the seed of Abraham, who came to save sinners, to be a blessing to all people. "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." John iii, 17. Abraham gave his son to God; God gave His Son for us; "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." John iv. 14.

Position of the Temperance Movement.

NOBODY thinks in these days of sneering at the work of "teetotallers." In England to be always sober has become respectable. The highest dignitaries of the Established Church have thrown themselves into the temperance movement. Already the consumption of spirituous liquors has so fallen that the excise revenue has decreased in six years by £5,000,000, and it has actually come to pass in England that the income tax, which was to be abolished, has to be retained because the spread of temperance has made this great inroad upon the national treasury. In the United States the notable fact is to be chronicled that whereas the absolute failure of prohibition has been unceasingly proclaimed ever since the Maine Law went into effect, the original authors of that law have lived to see the prohibition principle accepted by the people of several other States. Not less significant is the fact that in Maine neither political party durst propose any relaxation of the existing restrictions.

A Happy Old Age.

From Dr. Ryerson's "Story of My Life."

In his cottage at Long Point, on his seventy-fifth birthday, Dr. Ryerson wrote the following paper. It will be read with profoundest interest, as one of the noblest of those Christian experiences which are the rich heritage of the Church.

LONG POINT ISLAND COTTAGE,

March 24, 1878.

"I am this day seventy-five years of age, and this day fifty-three years ago, after resisting many solicitations to enter the ministry, and after long and painful struggles, I decided to devote my life and all to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

"The predominant feeling of my heart is that of gratitude and humiliation; gratitude for God's unbounded mercy, patience, and compassion, in the bestowment of almost uninterrupted health, and innumerable personal, domestic, and social blessings for more than fifty years of a public life of great labour and many dangers; and humiliation under a deep-felt consciousness of personal unfaithfulness, of many defects, errors, and neglects in public duties. Many tell me that I have been useful to the Church and the country; but my own consciousness tells me that I have learned little, experienced little, done little in comparison of what I

might and ought to have known and done. By the grace of God I am spared; by His grace I am what I am; all my trust for salvation is in the efficacy of Jesus' atoning blood. I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I have no melancholy feelings or fears. The joy of the Lord is my strength. I feel that I am now on the bright side of seventy-five. As the evening twilight of my earthly life advances, my spiritual sun shines with increased splendour. This has been my experience for the last year. With an increased sense of my own sinfulness, unworthiness, and helplessness, I have an increased sense of the blessedness of pardon, the indwelling of the Comforter, and the communion of saints.

"Here, on bended knees, I give myself, and all I have and am, afresh to Him whom I have endeavoured to serve, but very imperfectly, for more than threescore years. All helpless, myself, I most humbly and devoutly pray that Divine strength may be perfected in my weakness, and that my last days on earth may be my best days—best days of implicit faith and unreserved consecration, best days of simple scriptural ministrations and public usefulness, best days of change from glory to glory, and of becoming meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, until my Lord shall dismiss me from the service of warfare and the weariness of toil to the glories of victory and the repose of rest.

"E. RYERSON."

As a Ripe Sheaf.

RIPE! yea, fully ripe—
As when the full-grained, golden wheat
Doth bow its graceful head to greet
The gleaner's swiftly hurrying feet,
And fall into his arms.
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—
As when the luscious fruit down low
Its richly freighted wealth doth bow
To fall into the lap below
Outspread expectantly.
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—
As when the flower its gentle head
Doth bow above the parent bed,
And load the air with odours shed
Ere yet it sinks to rest.
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—
As grain, or fruit, or odoured flower
That scents with love an earthly bower;
Ripe with all goodness for the hour
The Saviour called her hence;
Ripe! and garnered up.

The Loneliness of the Queen.

THE *Spectator* says: There is something very touching and motherlike in the frankness with which the Queen, through the Court Circular, asks her people to sympathise in the grief she feels for the loss of a devoted attendant. We wonder how many of her subjects ever reflect on the pathetic element in the Queen's present position. There is no one living who could address her by her Christian name, or, indeed, on any terms of equality; while all her children but one are married, scattered, immersed in business and households of their own. It is a lonely peak to sit on, at the top of the world, and as age draws on the Sovereign, who already has reigned so long that men passing middle age have consciously known no other, must feel this

more and more painfully, with a sadness which the movement of the world does not diminish. We are no devotees of monarchy, gravely holding self-government to be more educative and more dignified; but there has never been in history a reign like that of Queen Victoria, who, surrounded by an impenetrable etiquette, breaks it to tell her people that devotion, even in the humblest of followers, has aroused in her "real friendship." Republicanism in England sleeps, and will sleep while the Queen reigns. Is there not in that mere truism a sufficient biography?

The Grain Beside the Railroad Track.

STAND here on the railroad embankment. Two tracks are before us. As far as you can see the right-hand track has a green fringe of grain-stalks, but there is none along the other track. How did it happen? Along one track go the cars grain-loaded, and bound for the East. No such freight is in the west-bound cars.

Sowing where we go; sowing whether we intend it or not, and have as little thought about it as a grain-car; sowing because we must. These are the lessons taught us, and how it should sober every one! Every Sunday at church, every prayer, every chapter read in the Bible, every good deed, word, and thought, all that is seed. That boy idling at the corner, who pulls a cigar from his mouth only to drop out an oath, disobeying his parents and neglecting church—he too, is sowing, but how terrible the harvest will be from such seed! We sow as we go.

Brevities.

BE truthful in word and act.

NEVER fear, if you are doing right.

CULTIVATE a taste for useful reading.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

BRING your talents, your wealth, to His altar

And withhold not e'en life at his call;
In the light of eternity's morning
You will feel that the offering was small.

A MASSACHUSETTS jury being called to pass upon the question whether or not a certain young man was idiotic, rendered this verdict: "Not a confirmed idiot, but smokes cigarettes."

BESSIE, three years old, on seeing a fine bed of pansies in bloom, cried out: "See de funny litty faces 'out any heads?"

A YOUNG lady remarks that the reason the peculiar equipages seen at watering places are called dog carts, is that puppies always ride in them.

THERE have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

THE laziest man is on a western paper. He spells photograph "4tograf." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11worth;" another spelled Tennessee "10se;" but the address which troubled the mail clerk most was when the sender wrote Wyandotte "Y&."