

When Samuel Rutherford lay dying, he was continually exclaiming, "Oh, for a well-tuned harp!"

"He that offereth praise," says God, "glorifieth me."

It was when the singers were of one heart and one voice, saying, "For His mercy endureth for ever!" that the cloud filled the house, and the Lord made Himself known in the fulness of His grace.

A WARNING TO ABSENTEE SCHOLARS.

An old man, of slow gait, wrinkled forehead and cheeks, and bended form, was seen wending his way to our Sabbath School door, and, as he entered, he uttered these words—"I should like to see it once more; I was a scholar here."

Presently the Superintendent recosted him; when he said in an audible voice—"Sir, I was once a scholar here, may I speak to the lads?" Being permitted, he told this sad tale:—"When I was a scholar in this school, two lads were always persuading me to break Sabbath, to get me with them into the fields, instead of coming to school. They often tried, but I refused to join them. I lived to see *both of them put in chains, and sent from York Castle to be transported*; but here I am, *thank God*. Take warning, take warning, my lads. I love you all—I love you all." May this uncrabbed fact stimulate our teachers to warn the parent, and make the careless absentee scholar the object of his special love and prayer.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*

NO ENTHUSIAST.

ROWLAND HILL's manner and the power of his voice were almost overwhelming. Once, at Wotton, he was completely carried away by his feelings, and, raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast, but I am not, mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of a mile: help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then, and, when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing, I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel.