

mother approached a little bed, where lay a boy, who had just started from his sleep, to receive a warm kiss and embrace from his beloved parents, and to hear a loving prayer offered by them of "God bless you, darling, and may you have a Good New Year!" The boy returned the embrace with all his heart, but he could not forget his dream, when he thought he was an old man, sitting at the fireside; and so he prayed more sincerely than ever, and said, "I am resolved, God helping me, so to live, that when the books are opened at the end of my life, their pages may not put me to shame, or utterly condemn me, but so that Christ may be able to say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' May God so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.—*Norman Macleod, D. D.*

SPRING TIME OF THE HEART.

Nine parts out of ten of your griefs are cured the moment you accept with cheerfulness the lot which God has appointed you in this life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of a thousand of human trouble are only rebellion; and the moment a soul says, 'God, thy will be done,' that moment its trouble is over, and the time of the singing of birds has come to it. . . . Some of God's most heroic soldiers are bedridden ones. Look at that sweet child of eighteen, full of aspiration and hope, to whom has been denied, not loving father, not loving mother, not sisters and more than anxious brothers, but health. She has made weary fight for one year, for two years, for three years, and at last she says. 'If God has planted me to grow as a nightshade here; if I am to be as a flower in the forest, that knows no sun; if it is here that God wants me to show patience and zeal, then I am content with my lot, I accept it, and I will ask and expect nothing more. Let this be my sphere of duty, and let my life be spent on the bed, the couch, the cot, if God wishes it. If sickness be God's will, even so. His will be done, not mine.' The time of the singing of birds has come to such a heart. To such a heart spring has come, and summer is not far off. Such I have seen.—*H. W. Beecher.*

SEIZE THE ROPE.

Three years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara River in a small boat, many miles above the Falls. They were young and light-hearted. They had a merry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada side, and then embarked for their return. All went well until they neared the centre of the stream. Just then there came down upon them a fierce gale of wind, rushing down the mighty river. The boat shot forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than their's held them within that dark line of swiftly-moving waters.

They left the landing they aimed for behind them. They looked with speechless lips into each others' white faces.—They knew that they were going down the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only breast the current for awhile, relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold gone. Never a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face.—Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely, they were going down with the dark current.

Two of the five were Christians, and they gave me the joyful assurance that when the first great terror was over, they fell back upon hope and faith, and that to them the near prospect of death was swallowed up in victory.

Suddenly, when the hands of the oarsmen were bleeding and torn, when the signal of distress had long fluttered in vain, and the agitation and alarm had sowed the seeds of death in one fragile frame, a little boat was seen coming cautiously toward them. It turned back. It durst not venture too near. Not a word from the five. They seem very near God and eternity.

Another and stouter craft put off, rapidly at first, then very slowly. It must not come within the power of the infuriated current. One moment passed. No