

producers of butter, have enjoyed from the manufacture of a costlier article may be diminished, is opposed to the interests of a large body of people, to the spirit of our institutions, and to the plainest dictates of justice."

WAIT A BIT.

When Johnny came a-courting,
I thought him overbold,
For I was but a young thing,
And he no' very old,
And though I liked him well enough,
I sent him on his way,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane,
And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
For granting of the bliss;
Although I'd like it ower well,
I ran from him away,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
With, "Jenny, be my wife?"
And vowed I never should regret,
However long my life;
Although I liked it best o' all,
I turned from him away,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a ninny,
He took me at my word!
And he was courting another,
The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
To mind me when I'd say,
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
I gin him a blink o' my eye,
And then he fell a-raving,
For want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
So I set the wedding-day,
With "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,
There's danger in delay!"

—*Jennie E. T. Dove, in the Century.*

CHOKED CHRISTIANS.

Mark tells us, in his version of the parable of the sower, that the "cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." It would seem, then, that there is a double danger of being choked by these thorns; a danger that lies in wait as we enter in—that is, a disposition to enter upon the Christian profession without deliberately forsaking all wicked ways; and a danger that threatens us—the peril of these things entering in our lives after we have entered into the kingdom.

It is a dreadful thing to be choked. Those who have either by accident, or design, suffered partial strangulation tell us that it is one of the most dreadful experiences. It must, to the all-seeing eye of God, be a dreadful thing to behold so many of His children gasping for a breath of life, being choked by the evil weeds, thorns and tares, indigenous to the flesh, or diligently planted there by the enemy of souls while they sleep. It is a sad thing to see the corners of a corn field left unreaped during the harvest (because the grain growing there among the thorns is not worth reaping) afterward reaped down and bound in bundles and burned, the thorns and choked product of a good seed together. It is a sadder thing to behold the lives of not a few Christians all overgrown and choked with thorns and weeds just ripening for the fire of destruction, because they are shrivelled and choked and not fit to be gathered into our Lord's garner.

Perhaps it will be well to suggest the things which do most choke these weedy professors. Our Lord gives a list of them: "The cares of the world," "the deceitfulness of riches," "the pleasures of this life," "and the lusts of other things." Look at this catalogue list of deadly thorns. "The care of this world" has swallowed up many a thousand professors, who have forgotten that they were the children of God, and have given themselves to anxious care about what shall be eaten and wherewithal shall the body be clothed; more who have "made haste to be rich," or have made riches their goal of life; while others have given themselves up to the pleasures of this life; and still others, who in general allow the lusts of the flesh and of the eye to dictate to them in all their earthly life. Let us be warned by these very suggestive pictures and teachings of our Lord, and look to our lives, and see if there be any of these evil thorns "springing up" or "entering in," to mar and hinder the work of God, and choke His good seed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

IN one of his latest sermons, which appears in the *Christian World Pulpit* of this week, Mr. Beecher, in dwelling upon the influences that help to make character, remarked: "I am what I am, in part, in consequence of old Charles Smith—as black a negro as ever made midnight ashamed of itself. In some directions he did more for me than my father's pulpit or the memory of my mother. Although I am not a negro, nor the son of a negro, I am the son of Charles Smith, the negro, in many essential elements of my life. Oh, you have strange relations, if you only knew them all! The teacher that is a teacher is not he that hears recitations, but he that enters into the docile mind and teaches its wings how to open and fly, and its feet to walk, and brings the man to a consciousness of the rebirth."