

by no means alike to all. It came to Augustine in the ripeness of age. He was taken away in God's mercy from the evil that was fast coming on his diocesan city, for in the year 530, when Hippo was surrounded by the Vandales—his country's foes—that Augustine, then seventy-six years of age, was stricken with fever, lingered some days, with the penitential Psalms—in large characters—hung up before him, so that his failing sight might read them to the comfort of his soul, and then passed away to be forever with the Lord he so dearly loved and had so faithfully served. H.

#### ANECDOTE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

Now that the rector of Trinity church is so prominently before the public in his position as candidate for the bishopric of Massachusetts, a little anecdote which was published in the *Boston Gazette*, some time since, will be ill-timed. It is this:

"A lady was travelling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they had arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion, that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavoured to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceeding intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eye he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble; may I help you?"

As soon as he spoke she felt perfect confidence in him. She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her and whispered something in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston.

Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage; received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said, "Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service may I know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.—*Golden Rule.*

#### SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

THAT there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent seems to be an idea which some very good people have failed to grasp. The Mongols illustrate this thought in a story that runs thus:—

"Two geese, when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle.

"In this manner the three were making the journey successfully when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The frog opened his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

"Do not let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent."—*Golden Rule.*

#### WHERE TO BEGIN IN BIBLE STUDY.

IN the old days of the south, a negro slave, who was called a negro preacher, had a infidel master, and the master said to the slave one day, "You are a preacher, Sam." "Well, I tells about Jesus some, massa." "Well, if you are a preacher you ought to understand the Bible. Now, tell me what does this mean?"—and he opened the Bible and read—"And whom He did foreknow them He did predestinate"—words that have puzzled wiser heads than that of the poor slave. "And,"

said the slave, "massa, where is it?" "It is in Romans," said the master. "Oh, my dear massa! I will explain dis 'ole business to you. It is very simple. You begin with Matthew and do all the dear Lord tells you to do there; and then you go on to Mark, and Luke, and John, and when you get to that place it is easy enough, but you can't begin there." And so, dear friends, with this poor aching heart, look up to Christ, the perfect Saviour, and begin there, and all else will be simple.—*Bishop Whipple.*

#### RESTING IN GOD.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is He.

Know His love in full completeness  
Fills the measure of thy weakness;  
If He wounds thy spirit sore  
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
In His hand  
Lay whatever things thou canst not  
Understand.  
Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
From thy faith in pity turneth,  
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill  
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest  
Thou canst understand,  
Childlike, proudly pushing back  
The offered hand,  
Courage soon is changed to fear,  
Strength doth feebleness appear.  
In His love if thou abide  
He will guide.

Fearest thou at times thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
Though the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt Him not.  
Always hath the daylight broken,  
Always hath He comfort spoken,  
Better hath He been for years  
Than thy fears.

Therefore whatsoever betideth,  
Night or day,  
Know His love, for He provideth  
Good away.  
Crown of sorrows gladly take,  
Grateful, wear it for His sake,  
Sweetly bending to His will,  
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth  
Daily strength;  
To each troubled soul that liveth,  
Peace, at length.  
Weakest lambs have largest share  
Of the tender Shepherd's care.  
Ask Him not, then, "when," or "how,"  
Only bow. —*Selected.*

If we just thanked God for every mercy and pleasure received, we should find no time to complain of our ills.