

THE CHILDREN AT BEDTIME.

Every parent who has been in the habit of reading or talking to the little ones after they are safely tucked in bed, will bear witness to the value of this influence. With laying off the clothes, the angers, the worries and discontents of the day subsiding. With the brief season of prayer, they fly still further into the background. And when the little form rests in bed they seem to vanish out of sight. The body is at rest. The heart is plastic to the touch of a loving father or mother.

Now is the time to exert a moulding power. At this hour the little ones listen with the hushed attention to what is read to them. Hymns, the Scriptures, Bible stories are heard with close attention, until the reader's voice is stilled, or the hearers sink into a state of rest. Conversation may take the place of reading. The will that was in a state of resistance an hour ago is now relaxed. The anger that blinded moral discernment has passed away. With open heart the child utters his confessions and gladly receives the forgiving kiss.

Plans for the morrow can be discussed, and duty can be made to put on an attractive form. Irritation can be looked at quietly, and admonitions to watchfulness may be dropped with soothing efficacy into the listening ear. And then how delightful the embrace with which the young arms clasp your neck, the intense "dear mother" with which the "good night" is said. Parents, if you have not thus parted from your birlings at the evening hour, you have something yet to learn of hopeful instruction, to experience of love's delights.—*Baptist Weekly*.

HEALED BY HIS STRIPES.

A remedy for your sins and mine is found in the substitutionary sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and in these only. These "stripes" of the Lord Jesus Christ were on our behalf. Do you inquire, "Is there anything for us to do, to remove the guilt of sin?" I answer: There is nothing whatever for you to do. By His stripes we are healed. All those stripes He has endured, and left not one for us to bear.

"But must we believe on Him?" Ay, certainly. If I say of a certain ointment that it heals, I do not deny that you need a bandage with which to apply it to the wound. Faith is the linen which binds the plaster of Christ's reconciliation to the

sore of our sin. The linen does not heal; that is the work of the atonement of Christ. "But we must repent!" cries another. Assuredly we must, and shall, for repentance is the first sigh of healing; but the stripes of Jesus heal us, and not our repentance. These stripes, when applied to the heart, work repentance in us: we hate sin because it made Jesus suffer. When you intelligently trust in Jesus as having suffered for you, then you discover the fact that God will never punish you for the same offence for which Jesus died. Thus with his stripes we are healed.—*Spurgeon*.

GROWING OLD.

The realization that we are getting old, that more and more of this world is getting behind us, and that soon very little of it will be before us, need not necessarily be a sad one. It will not be, it will in fact be found a very pleasant one, if we have made the world, as we should make it, a brighter, purer, and better world by our acts of benevolence and mercy while in it, and by using it and teaching others to use it, not as a finality, but as a preparatory school, a sort of robing room, for an eternal and an unutterably happy and glorious life in a world unseen by mortal eye, although it nearly touches this. If we have lived aright, and are still living so, this matter of growing old is simply one of an earlier release from burdens of responsibility which have always proved heavy, and have often seemed ready to crush us; from troubles and worries and annoyances, very often causeless, it is true, but always afflictive; from a blasting of hopes which once seemed so stable and so promising; and from a thousand other things which we need not now stop to think about. But this growing old is something better than a promise of a near and nearer release from the things which have made this life a burden and a sorrow. If we have lived as it is both our privilege and duty to live, we are only approaching an open door through which we shall pass to that perfection of peace, that fulness of joy, that radiancy of glory, that eternal reunion with the loved and lost of time, and that eternal communion with the Triune God and the unfallen angels, which are reserved for all who are here the faithful followers of the Christ. Why should we object to growing old? Why should we not love to grow old?—*N. Y. Evangelist*.