

ty-two human bodies. Now all is changed. Miss Gordon-Cumming wrote of the time of her visit, 'Every family in the length and breadth of the seventy-two inhabited islands begins and ends each day with the singing of Christian hymns, reading the scriptures in their own tongue, and devout prayer offered by the head of each household, and concluding with the Lord's prayer, in which all audibly unite. I doubt if there be any other corner of the world from which the outgoings of morning and evening waft to heaven so united a voice of prayer and praise.' Baron de Hubner, the great German scientist and traveller, once asked a Wesleyan missionary how he accounted for the change. He replied, 'I cannot account for the change that has taken place, except in one way. . . . I believe in God, and I account for it by the influence of the Holy Ghost.' The Baron bowed his head reverently, and answered, 'So do I.'

### None But Christ Can Satisfy.

An old lady was dying; and over her, a fair, flaxen-haired girl was bending, anxious to catch her last messages. After she had given what messages she could, she said, 'Oh, my dear child! my greatest sorrow is leaving you—I fear for you!'

Doubtless it was the attractive face that made the mother dread that her child would have many temptations; and it might be that she had seen the confiding, simple, sweet ways of her loved child; besides which, the mother knew that Christ had never gained her heart's affections, and that to her the world was very attractive.

'I have prayed for you, and must leave you to my Lord.'

Later she ceased to speak audibly; but her lips were moving; and the girl tried to listen, but could not catch the words.

'Oh, mother!' she cried, 'what is it? Can I do anything for you?'

With a great struggle the mother whispered:—

Now none but Christ can satisfy,  
No other name for me!

It was the last effort; and soon she passed away to be with him who would fully satisfy her.

The daughter lived on and drank somewhat deeply of the pleasures of the world; attractive, sweet, and winsome, she had many false friends, and went on in the whirl of folly.

A good many years had passed when I heard from a friend that the daughter—now the mother of several fair, flaxen-haired children—was living near me; and, for her mother's sake, I went to visit her. Referring to the mother's dying words, I asked if she had been satisfied by the life in the world which she had lived.

She said, 'No.' And then she owned that she was most unhappy, and that the unhappiness increased, even although she had tried various remedies—amongst others, religion. She had changed from church to church, and was now attending a very high church. She had sought counsel from clergymen, and latterly had been going to frequent early morning communion, and even to confession; but still she had no peace. She knew her mother had possessed a peace and joy to which she, as yet, was a stranger, notwithstanding all her religious services and attempts.

'How did you think of going to confession?' I asked.

'The clergyman advised it, and I went one evening to church. I had to wait an hour,' she said, 'in the dimly-lighted building, and I felt so cold, and it was so strange, that I

never went back again; besides, I did not think I got any good from it.'

'How many sins did you confess?' I asked.

'Three,' she replied.

'Well,' I said, 'I don't want to know them, but I know one which I am sure you did not confess, and which, if you persist in, will condemn you, and land you in a lost eternity.'

'Oh,' she said, 'I am not so bad as you seem to think me; I am not guilty of any such sin as that. What do you mean?'

I said, 'It is the sin of keeping the Lord Jesus outside of your heart. He has loved you and given his life for you, and now comes with his pierced hands and with the marks of the spear-thrust in his side, and he says to you: "I have died for you; I want your heart's affections—let me in"; you have had a heart for anything and everything but your Saviour, who still stands without, and you keep him out at your peril, for he alone can save you. Your mother knew, I added, "that none but Christ could satisfy, and what you need is Christ. You have owned to me that you have tried everything else, and failed: try letting the Lord in.'

After a little more talk, we knelt together in prayer; and, as I parted from her, she held my hand, and said—

'I cannot tell you how happy I feel since I opened my heart to the Lord.'

'And so you have let him in now, have you? I am indeed glad to hear you say so,' I said, and left her.

We often meet now, and the smile on that once so sad face tells me that Christ has satisfied the daughter as well as the mother.—'Faithful Words.'

### A Quaint Remark and Its Effect.

(By Dean Stanley.)

What do we mean by 'heaven?' What is 'the kingdom of heaven,' whether below or above? What do we mean when we speak of 'heaven upon earth?' We mean, and the bible means, many things, things 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard'; 'unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.' But we all mean this, and the bible teaches us this, and it is far beyond what was known by our heathen forefathers: 'In heaven there is no sin.' They believed that in the other world, after a short respite of peace and love, the powers of evil would again break out more strongly than ever, and that everything good would be trampled down and destroyed, even more than upon earth. To us, the hope of heaven is the hope that the evil which vexes and tempts and defiles and deceives us here will never appear before us again. Whatever good we are doing here, whatever good we see others doing here, will be continued there. Whatever evil we have done here, whatever others do to us here, will, if by God's grace, we reach that better land, be left behind us, never to be seen again.

Let me tell a tale which is perfectly true, and, though it relates to one humble calling, has its lesson for all.

It was about thirty years ago, or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had made a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Norwich to London. It was a cold winter night, and the coachman, as he drove his horses over Newmarket Heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language, as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with

a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said, 'What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?'

The clergyman said, still with his eye upon him, 'I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven.'

The coachman said nothing more, and they parted at the end of the journey. Some years after the clergyman was detained at the inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up in a bedroom in a loft, hung round with saddles, bridles, bits and whips, and on the bed amongst them, lay the sick man.

'Sir,' said the man, 'do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much as he drove over Newmarket Heath?'

'Yes,' replied the clergyman. 'I am that coachman,' said he, 'and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered your words, "I cannot think what you will do in heaven." Often and often, as I have driven over the heath I have heard these words ringing in my ears, and I have flogged the horses to make them get over the ground faster, but always the words have come back to me, "I cannot think what you will do in heaven.'

We can all suppose what the good minister said to the dying man. But the words apply to every human being whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good, and being good, and who delights in doing and saying what is evil. There is no money-making in heaven—there is no promotion—there is no gossip—there is no idleness—there is no controversy—there is no detraction in heaven—I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven.' Let these words ring in our ears, and tell us as we read, that nothing except goodness gets into heaven.—'Good Words,' for 1861.

### Learn by Heart.

It is very proper to search for the meaning of the lesson text. We must understand before we can teach, and we must study before we can profit greatly by a recitation. To study the lesson is a necessity to teacher and scholar alike. The best teacher cannot atone by the fullness of his knowledge or thoroughness of his method for lack of study on the part of the class. Patient thought, in the use of available helps; close, consecutive reasoning under the invoked help of the Holy Spirit is a condition of an interesting and edifying time in the recitation.

But we must not make exclusive use of the reflective or reasoning powers of the mind. God gave us a memory—a truly marvellous mental faculty. We must use not memory less, while using reason more. We must lay up in our memory abundant material upon which the other reflective powers may be employed when no copy of the scriptures is at hand. It is a duty of parents and Sunday-school teachers and officers to encourage the young in our homes and Sunday-schools, to commit to memory regularly portions of the Word of God. Usually in our lesson helps certain verses in each lesson are designated as the most suitable to memorize. But to the extent of my observation, but little of this kind of work is being done. It is a great weakness in current methods of teaching the word of God. It needs to be pointed out, and against it should go up a general and prevailing protest.—J. B. Kanaga.