

good little monthly. The *Happy Home* is published by Nelson, much in the style of the *Children's Paper*. *Golden Hours*, *Sunshine*, the *Children's Prize*, the *Children's Friend*, are neat and cheap Magazines for the young. They are charmingly illustrated, and filled with readable matter. *Guthrie's Magazine* is also to be had at the Depository, and also all the publications of the London Tract Society.

Fireside Reading.

Th^e Christian's Recompense.

The following quotation, from the correspondence of our office, shows the manner in which the MASTER of the vineyard reveals himself to those who in patient self-denial serve Him, and with joy confidently look to his appearing. It breathes so much of the spirit of the Reformers, and of the fathers, who walked by faith and not by sight, confident that their reward was sure, that our own souls have been greatly refreshed in reading it; and we transfer it to the *Record* in the hope that other of God's hidden ones who suffer in the body toiling for Jesus may take comfort in spirit and know that their recompense is sure. Would that every minister of the world could enjoy such heavenly intimate communion with the Master! How different would our earthly Zion appear.—Brethren, you may have the blessing. This brother says:

"Circumstances cut me down to a small and fluctuating salary, and throw the risk of the enterprise upon my shoulders; but I am labouring for the cause and glory of our blessed Lord, and I am more than comforted and strengthened by his sweet words to my inmost soul, 'Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' How much greater the blessedness of working for the Lord Jesus than working for money. And how often this blessed Friend comes into my room, and sits with me, and gives me the privilege had by Mary, of kissing his feet and bathing them with my tears of contrition and love. I am sure I could not be more sensible of his presence were I to see Him with the eyes of the body. He gathers me in his arms; He draws me close to his bosom; He lets my weary head be pillowed near his heart as I whisper, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.' And as I was this morning lying flat on my face, in early prayer at his feet, O how did I feel the delicious luxury of prayer. Through seven and

thirty years of toil, conflict, humiliation, and temptation, I have been following the footsteps of this precious Friend; and this blessedness has steadily increased till it has grown to be well nigh an habitual thing, till I adopt the words as my own,

"Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her Beloved's gone."

"Surely it ought not to be a thing incredible that they should say this who are walking by that 'faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' And how true is it that they who are most anxious to depart and be with Jesus are most willing to remain and labour. I can see how an angel is honoured by being sent on a work of mercy to this world. Is it not then an honor for us to be retained here to toil for Jesus? Yet will it be sweet to go in to be with him, not with the anxiety of Esther, but knowing that 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.' Oh how often do I feel home-sick, and realize the words, 'Blessed are the home-sick for heaven, for they shall come to their Father's house.'"
H. & F. Record.

Everlasting Giving.

"Oh! this everlasting giving, giving, giving, giving, all the time. Never done! No sooner done with one thing, than another comes up. It is for this, that, and the other, all the time. It is for meeting houses; then for Sunday schools; then for books and papers; then for missionary societies; then for the soldiers; then for this 'commission,' and that 'society,' and the dear knows what all! I am almost tormented to death. How can we give to everything and to every one? Oh! this everlasting begging, begging, begging, all the time! Every man you meet is a beggar.—The very life is begged out of you. Every preacher that comes along is begging for something. I should think he would get tired of everlasting begging himself. Must we always be giving? When will it stop!"

When the Almighty stops your mouth, sir. Stop now; you have gone far enough. You speak not as a Christian, but as a miser.—Yes, as a miserable miser in the church! Who gave you what little brains you possess? Where did you get that little, narrow, contracted heart of yours? Who gave you your eyes to see with? ears to hear with? hands to work with? feet to plod with? Who gave you muscles and maulage, bone and body food and fodder? Who gives you the early and the latter rain, seed-time and harvest, golden grain and teeming flocks?