

can here. When the coffee's ready, call me, and I'll come for it. Get on dry clothes as soon as you can, Reuben, for you can be of great service to us up-stairs. I'm astonished at you, Mr. Morton, you haven't any nerve at all—you who have dealt in conflagrations, murders, wars, pestilences, earthquakes, writing them up in the most harrowing, blood-curdling style; you have absolutely turned white and faint because the inmates of a farm-house were shocked. I won't believe you are an editor at all unless you call me within five minutes."

Whether because her piquant words formed just the spur I needed, or because she had a mysterious power over me which made her will mine, I threw off the depression into which I had reacted from my overwhelming excitement and anxiety, and soon had my slowly kindling fire burning furiously, dimly conscious in the meantime that deep in my heart another and subtler flame was kindling also.

(To be continued.)

THE PROMPT CLERK.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him:

"Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. That was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

We excuse a man for an occasional depression, just as we excuse a rainy day. But who could endure three hundred and sixty-five days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, sombre and charged with evil prognostication. We may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent is a gun that kicks over the man that shoots it off. Some must have got into heaven backward. Let us stand off from despondencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords. In a world where God has put exquisite tints upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom on a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the toad to croak, and the fault-finder to complain. Take outdoor exercise and avoid late suppers, if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unapproachable.

NO USE.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents to the children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up a motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The greatest of these is charity," while the tongue of the backbiter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while the money clinks in the pockets of "the head of the household," grinning to get out to see the light of the day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire? The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-hearted, charitable lives is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colours of pigment, and the worsted and the floss, have faded, and the frames have rotted away in their joints.

THE power which rules the universe, this great tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambushes—never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the over-worked brain to wander from the subject of its labours. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her cautional signals, "Go slow." She stands in her filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily,

and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do for ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain, as though it were a jibbling horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on at full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the signal and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisees did of old, and pass by on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colours flying right in front to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whisper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire, and beg that it may not hurt.—*Temple Bar.*

LET HIM WRITE.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
He sure He will not cross out one sweet word
But to inscribe a sweeter—but to grave
One that shall shine forever to His praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line
"Bondage to grief!" but He shall wipe away
The tears and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters—"Free to Serve!"
For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

God's agency does not exclude nor supersede our instrumentality. He gives the increase, but Paul must plant and Apollos water. He furnishes the wind, but we must spread the sails. He gives, but we gather. Prayers and diligence, dependence and activity, harmonize in the Scriptures, and are only inconsistent in the crudeness of ignorant and foolish men.—*Wm. Jay.*

SPURGEON had preached one of his strongest sermons on the doctrine of election. He was drawing the discourse to a close, when, stretching his hand toward the gallery, he said, "Perhaps there is now some poor sinner away up in the gallery who is saying, 'O I wish I knew whether I am one of the elect.' I can tell you," said Spurgeon; "if you are willing to be a Christian you are elected." And Spurgeon was right. Whosoever will, let him come.

THE latest word on the revised Bible is from the "Burlington Hawkeye," and is as follows: "There seems to be great anxiety and impatience on the part of the people to see the revised edition of the Bible, that they may see what changes have been made. The trouble with most people will be that they don't know enough about the old Bible to recognize the change when they see it. We heard a man say that he considered this unauthorized meddling with and changing of the sacred Book little less than blasphemy. And at the time of making the remark he was hunting all through the book of Job to find the quotation, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

SCANT feeding of man or horse is small profit and sure loss. One thing is as plain as a pike-staff; the labourer cannot afford to keep a public house going while he has so little for his own private house. He has not a penny to spare, I'm sure, but had need to take all home to the missus that he can make by hook or by crook. Miss Hannah More wrote two verses which every ploughman should read, and mark, and learn:

"We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are 'tis true!
But, drinkers, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

"The drunkard's tax is self-imposed
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as gin."

A LOOKING glass is of no use to a blind man. Some people hurt their eyes by using glasses which are not spectacles. I have tried to convince Joe Scroggs that it would be a fine thing for him to join the teetotalers, and he has nothing to say against it, only "he does not see it." All is blue with him now, for his furniture is nearly all sold, and his wife and children have not a shoe to their foot, and yet he laughs about "a yard of pump water." Can nothing be done for such poor fools? Why not shorten the hours for dealing out the drink! Why not shut up the public houses on Sundays? If these people have not got sense enough to take care of themselves the law should protect them. Will Shepherd says he has to fetch his sheep out of a field when they are likely to get blown through eating too much green meat, and there ought to be power to fetch sots out of a beer-shop when they are worse than blown through drink. How I wish I could make poor Scroggs see as I do, but there, if a fellow has no eyes he can't see the sun, though his nose is being scorched off in the glare of it.—*John Ploughman.*

ONE of the members of the French Cabinet predicts that before the present generation has passed away France will have become Protestant.

IN Spain, where Protestantism is having its resolute contest with Popery, the people are beginning to see that it cares for the body as well as the soul, elevating the person, the home, and society. The Protestant's house is clean, his children are clean, orderly, and well taught, while the Romanist's, next door, is dirty and disorderly. The Protestant schools are decent, bright, and airy, strangely in contrast in this as in other respects with the Romanist schools. These silent teachers are having an influence that the priests will find it hard to overcome.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MRS. CROSS (Geo. Eliot) is dead; also Frank Buckland, the writer on natural history.

THE dispute between Russia and China remains unsettled still, and it appears not improbable that war will result.

PROTESTANTS are henceforth to be eligible to the Lower House of the Brazilian Congress, as are also naturalized foreigners and freedmen.

THE City Council of Glasgow, after a discussion of three nights, has refused to grant permission to open the museums and art galleries on Sunday.

LUTHERANS in Germany are proposing to celebrate, on a magnificent scale, the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, November 10, 1883.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S creditors have not yet been paid one cent. The failure occurred two years ago, and the liabilities are about \$4,000,000.

DR. PIERSON, the well-known Detroit Presbyterian pastor, has declined a tempting offer to become the pastor of a Congregational church in Minneapolis, Minn.

OWING to the improvement made in its financial condition by the gift of Mr. McCormick, the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary hopes to retain Prof. F. L. Patton.

OFFICES last long in England. The first constable of the Tower of London was appointed by William the Conqueror, the last was commissioned in November by Queen Victoria.

THE anti-Jewish crusade in Berlin has gone so far that many Jews are preparing to emigrate to other parts of Europe. They find it very unpleasant to appear in public localities.

FIFTEEN Indians were at the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Idaho, one of them an ordained minister, four ruling elders, two licentiates, three applying for licensure, and all of them church members.

It is not pleasant to see, as the "Lutheran Observer" states, that ninety newspaper editors are in prison in Germany for publishing wild socialistic sentiments, or for insulting the government authorities.

M. BLANQUI, the aged French Communist, who not long since was permitted to return from exile, is now editing a paper in Paris, whose principles may be inferred from its title, "Neither God nor Master."

A NEW electoral reform bill for Italy proposes to bestow the franchise on all who know how to read and write, and who pay taxes to the amount of \$40 yearly. This would increase the number of voters 1,400,000.

WHAT a fact is it for Christian people to consider that is stated by an English paper, that more money is spent in Great Britain and Ireland in two days for intoxicating drinks, than is given in a year for the cause of missions, Protestant and Catholic.

THIS was a gloomy Christmas for England. From South Africa comes the tidings of a massacre of the 94th Regiment by the insurgent Boers; from Ireland continued disturbances and the spread of the Land League, notwithstanding the presence of 30,000 troops.

THERE seems to be a sudden and vigorous revival of the enterprise started by M. de Lesseps for cutting the canal through the Isthmus of Panama. Large subscriptions are made to it in Europe, and it is confidently claimed that its financial success is secured.

THE "Occident" and "The Pacific" have full reports of the meetings and revival services, meaning of course the meetings held by Mr. Moody in San Francisco. The Christian Convention of California Workers was to be held last week under Mr. Moody's direction in that city.

TWO missionaries sent out from Mr. Guinness' Training Institute in London, have begun Christian labours among the Portuguese in the Cape de Verd Islands. The people, who have been brought up Romanists, gladly hear and welcome the truth of Christ, but the priests bitterly oppose its introduction.

THE Atlantic steamers have never encountered more severe weather and terrific storms than during last November and December. One captain says that a gale against which his steamer was beating was so strong that with a full head of steam on and the engines doing their best, they were driven back twenty-five miles.

THE present republican government in France is the first that has ever really struck its roots into the national life. French republics have been in the past the creations of doctrinaires or of the Parisian populace; they have never been the outgrowth of popular sentiment among the great body of the French people. The French peasant, who stands at the base of the political structure, and whose industry and economy are the source of the marvellous national prosperity, has never before yielded hearty allegiance to a republican form of government, but has dreaded it as in some unknown way threatening the stability of his land ownership; for there is nothing which the French peasant cares so much for or guards so sacredly as the little strip of territory which he calls his own. The republican leaders of to-day, with a wisdom which their forerunners in other days never manifested, are making great and successful efforts to instruct the peasantry in the methods and character of republican government, and to win their confidence and faith in its good intentions and stability. The country districts have been flooded with tracts setting forth in the simplest and plainest manner possible the principles of republicanism, and instructing the citizen as to his rights and duties under the republican form of government. These tracts have been very widely read by the peasant proprietors, and the last election showed that they had borne fruit in a wide-spread popular conviction of the stability of the republic.