

THE RANGE OF THE BIBLE.

Let us look at the vast range of the Bible; let us realize in the sacred history of the discipline of the world the largeness of the mode of God's action; let us ponder the manifestations of His love, of His patience, of His long suffering, sometimes even startling to our eyes; let us trace, if with aching sight, how He makes man minister to man, race to race, and generation to generation; let us notice how He accepts, in compassion varieties of service according to the state and means of those who render it, how He turns to a source of blessing what appears to our eyes simple misery and ruin, and hope will rise upon us which we often sorely want; a hope which will not cover with a dull, colourless cloud of indifference the religious positions of men, but on the contrary make us feel, since we have received a priceless heritage, what is perilled in our energy, what we owe and what we render to others who are heirs with us of a common salvation. — *Canon Westcott.*

"Happiness," says Dr. James Stalker, "is a comparatively shallow thing, and is liable to a thousand accidents. But blessedness is a state of deep satisfaction with the changes and chances of fortune cannot disturb. The happiness of some people is rather to be pitied than envied, because they are made happy by such questionable things. But blessedness is derived from a pure as well as an inexhaustible source. Yet this is not the best result of the blessing of God—that those on whom it falls are themselves blessed. It is a far nobler thing which is promised in the text: "I will make them a blessing"—they shall be the means of making others blessed."

"May a man plough on Sunday?" This is a question which the civil courts in the State of Tennessee have recently decided in the negative. Recourse was had to the Federal Court, but it refused to interfere. The decision was based upon the law setting aside one day in the week as a day of rest. It did not touch the religious uses of the Sabbath. It was held that the Sunday law meant for the protection of earners of wages, and must be maintained.

Christ says, "Wilt thou be made whole?" giving me to understand that he must do it; and therefore I will never attempt to make myself whole. I would do something for Christ, but I can do nothing for myself, and he, knowing this, did all for me. — *Rev. T. Adams.*

WHAT DRINK DID FOR HIM.

Boys, read this fact and see how whiskey does its work:

One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The "L" guard referred to above, wrote to a New York newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard, No. —." For a month, writes the Pittsburg Dispatch's New York correspondent, I watched the badges of the guards on that road as I made my daily trips back and forth. One morning I was rewarded by finding the learned man I sought. "How does it happen," I asked, showing him my card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?" He looked at me sadly, and his red face grew more flushed than usual, "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he said. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by whiskey."

"GRANDMA" MOODY.

Mr. Moody, the celebrated preacher and revivalist, owes much of his mental outfit to his mother, Mrs. Betsy Holton Moody. "Grandma" Moody, as she is known to the students at Northfield, Vt., is now eighty-seven years old, but still preserves much of the energy that carried her through great difficulties half a century ago. She was born in Northfield, and on the death of her husband, Edwin Moody, in 1841, she was left on a little mortgaged farm to support her nine children. With characteristic courage and determination she maintained the home and kept the little ones together until the sons in turn could assist her in her task. Her family and that of her husband came of old Puritan stock, their ancestors being among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts.

A holy life spent in the service of God and in communion with Him is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world. — *Melanchthon.*

Some sins are only half repented of. No restitution is made. Like an old stopper inside a bottle, they worry by choking the vent and forbidding a flow of good deeds. — *Lafferty.*