

## THE ESQUIMAUX'S VISIT TO PARIS.

SOME years ago Prince Napoleon took two young Esquimaux to Paris, and showed them all its wonders and pleasures. They lodged and fared well, and a guide was placed at their service to take them everywhere, and to show them everything. They drove through the most beautiful drives; they were shown the palaces and other great public buildings; they were taken to see the picture-galleries; they gazed their fill at the splendid shop-windows; they went to concerts, and theatres, and balls; in short, everything that was gay and delightful seemed placed at their disposal.

But very soon they became quite weary, and their listless looks made it plain that any little interest they had taken was completely gone. At last they could endure it no longer, and falling down on their knees before their patron, they begged for mercy. Would he, they entreated, take pity on them, and grant them a boon? He was most wishful to do anything he could to oblige them, and inquired what they wished. To close the shutters, they said, to pass their time in darkness, and to be supplied with food as like as possible to what both Parisians and Englishmen would deem the coarse and sickening food of their native land.

They had very likely looked forward with eager expectation to the delights of Paris; and yet, when they actually tried them, they caused nothing but weariness and disgust.

A striking illustration this of the truth that neither place, nor society, nor pleasures, nor circumstances of any kind can make men happy unless they are adapted to their feelings and tastes.

Almost everybody thinks that if he were to get to heaven he would be sure to be happy. It is such a beautiful place; the music is so sweet; there is no sickness, no trouble, no death. How, then, people think, could they fail to be perfectly happy?

Perhaps, dear reader, that is what you have thought about it. Now, supposing it were all you thus fancy, we are not at all sure you would be happy if you got there. People live in beautiful houses; they can hear sweet music whenever they like; they are never sick, they never think of dying, and they never lost a friend; and yet they are anything but happy.

But there is a great deal more in heaven than all this, and unless your heart is changed by the Holy

Spirit you would have far less pleasure in its enjoyment than those poor Esquimaux found in the gaieties of the great city. There are none in heaven but the good—holy angels, holy men and women. Is that the kind of society you love best? Every one there serves God with his whole might, and does His will perfectly. Do you read your Bible attentively to know what God wishes you to do? and do you then seek His grace that you may obey all His commands?

They are all worshippers there. They are never weary of praising God, and they sing evermore, "Salvation to our God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb." Is it a pleasure to you to praise and pray? Or are Sunday and the services of God's house a great weariness? If you do not love the Lord Jesus, and serve Him now, how can you think that it will be a pleasure to serve Him in heaven?

But you cannot be admitted if you are "yet in your sin," for "nothing shall enter that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie;" only "they that are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Thank God, you can be "made meet for the inheritance," if you will only go to Jesus. Confess your sins, believing in His precious blood. He will forgive them all. Ask Him to "create in you a clean heart." He will hear you, and so make "old things to pass away, and all things to become new," that it will be a delight to you to serve Him. Thus forgiven and changed in heart, you will be prepared to enter into

those pleasures which are at His right hand for evermore.



*Preparing for the fight.*

## PUTTING ON THE ARMOUR.

THE Christian is often ready to say with Gideon, "If God be with me, why is this befallen me?" Why do I find such strugglings of sin within me? The answer is soon given—Because you are a wrestler, not a conqueror. When one is made a Christian he is not called to triumph over his slain enemies, but carried into the field to meet and fight them. The state of grace is the commencing a war against sin, not the ending it. Your soul may take comfort in this, that you are a wrestler; this struggling within you doth evidence two contrary natures—the one from the earth, earthy; the other from heaven, heavenly. Yea, for thy further comfort know, though thy corrupt nature be the elder, it shall serve the younger.

*Gurnal.*