

sun ; I say none of them, or all of them put together, can offer half so much.

Go, ye who like the gaudy trapping of Babylon—who love the millinery of religion, and the frippery of a dispensation ! There is nothing there fit to feed a hungry soul ! Such sewerages of religion were never fit for a child of God to feed on ; 'tis but the show, the outside. The substance of religion is the substitution of Christ for the sinner. Christ, carrying our sins on His shoulders, and burying them in the depths of the sea—blotting out every sin ; the complete adoption of the soul ; the setting the feet on a rock—keeping the spirit safe—despite hell and Satan, till the day Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven, to take to himself all for whom His blood was shed, and who on His name believe, and put their trust in Him.—*Spurgeon*.

SAYING AND DOING.

Two brothers used to go to school together. One evening they thought they should like to have a holiday the next day ; so they asked their father to give them one. He said, " I cannot, because it will put you back in your studies ; so mind you go to school." One of the brothers said, " Yes, I will," but the other said he would not, and his father was very angry with him.

The next day the one that said " Yes," played truant, but the one that had refused went to school. Then the father said to them in the evening, " Both of you are in the wrong ; but you that promised to go and broke your promise are the worst of the two."

Our Father in heaven speaks to us every day, and says, " Do my will ;" and whenever we kneel down and say, " Thy will be done," we answer God and say, " Yes, I will." Now if we say we will do God's will, and yet do not try to do it, are we not like the boy that first made a promise and then broke it ?

Some people never pray to God at all, and never promise to do His will. Perhaps you are inclined to say, " They are very bad people." But if you promise and do not try to keep your promise, are you not worse than they ?—*Parables for Children*.

IN AGE AS A LITTLE CHILD.

THERE lately died in America, at the age of 89, and after an almost apostolic ministry of more than half-a-century, the eminent Dr. Spring. Among his last words were some very remarkable.

Having spoken with great freedom and calmness of his approaching death, he said, " I feel it to be a very solemn thing to go before God, and give an account of myself ; but I know there is One who shall give account for me ; He is my rock, my refuge, my strength, my joy, my hope." As he uttered the last two words, his face beamed like the sun.

Then, immediately after this sublime confession, he repeated those lines of Dr. Watts' well-known Cradle Hymn :

" Hush, my dear ; lie still and slumber,—
Holy angels guard thy bed ;"

then the child's prayer—

" Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;"

and then added, " Now, Lord, make me a good boy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

And the last sayings, as well as the first, were the words neither of second childhood, nor of a wandering mind, but of a man of long and rich experience, clearly apprehending his real condition and relation to God.

How like is the faith of the most advanced Christian to the faith of a little child ; and how lasting the impress of true, early piety !

A YOUNG SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.

SOME years ago, a young sailor, ragged, shoeless, and penniless, begged permission one night to sleep in the stable at the " White Lion," Monsel, near Godalming. The ostler gave him leave ; but the master hearing of it, ordered him off the premises.

The ostler, who had perhaps been in Jack's circumstances, recommended him to apply at a widow's cottage in the village, which he did.

The widow gave him shelter in her cottage, some straw for a bed, a basin of milk for supper, and another for breakfast next morning, and sixpence to help him on his way to London, desiring him to call on her daughter (who