

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.

Psalms cxix. 90.

“STUNG EVERYWHERE.”

BY REV. P. B. POWER, M. A.

MAGINE a man's having a bee always about him—a whizzing, buzzing, singing, stinging creature, now in his eyes, now on his ears, now about his nose—a bee that seems about as near being everywhere at one time as is possible for any creature in this world. And imagine this bee with not one sting but a thousand—with stings in his legs, and his wings, his head as well as his tail, so that he could shoot them into you by the dozen; and when he had treated you to two or three dozen, would be quite at your service for as many more.

And, moreover, suppose you could not get away from him; but that he had made up his mind to give up all his time to you; and pretended never to hear when you politely hinted that you thought “you'd like to be a little while by yourself.”

“Go!” not he, he has made up his mind to be with you at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and lunch, if you take that little refreshment; when you are dressing and undressing, when you are waking and sleeping—that is, if you can sleep; and that you should not sleep is just a part of the very business he has in hand.

A bee, armed with all these stings, would make your life miserable, and even if you were six feet six high, and fifteen stones in weight, small as he is, would prove too much for you—he'd make you run.

But there are more stings in existence than bee stings, and I am going to tell you of one which was the plague of a soldier.

“Ah, well, I wish I could go out and enjoy myself, like my comrades, but I can't, I am neither one thing, nor another, my conscience is stinging me wherever I go, and so I can get no rest.”

“Thank God, and may you never

find rest till you find it at the cross of Christ.”

“I don't say so, I wish I could quiet my conscience, I would very soon, and chance the consequences.”

Bad as a bee's sting is, you can pick it out, and get rid of it, and sooth the swelling, and with a little patience the pain will soon be gone; but this conscience sting is worse, for you can't get at it, although you know only too well how it can get at you.

Now, had this been one of the Queen's enemies, this poor fellow might have backed out of fighting with it; for he never agreed to fight a thing that wasn't flesh and blood—that didn't eat or drink or sleep—that couldn't be bayoneted or shot, or cut down in a reasonable and proper way. But you see the Queen had nothing to do with it, nor the commander-in-chief, nor the colonel of the regiment; nor any mortal being on the face of the earth; it was a private and personal quarrel between private Jones and his own conscience. Which won the battle I never heard; for aught I know the two may be fighting up to this day.

I have said it was a private, personal affair—and such are all these conflicts—they are nothing to any one but yourself; but oh! how much they are to *you!* When you think that it is your God who has put your conscience in you, and who has given it its commission to fight with you, it is a serious thing indeed.

Conscience is a blessed troubler. Happy is the man who has a persevering one.

Some people try to talk down conscience—some to put it to sleep—some to pooh-pooh it and pay it no attention; happy is he whose conscience will not be put down, and will fight the man still, even though he has, so to speak, wounded and cut it from head to foot.

Conscience will not allow a man comfort in sin. It cannot prevent his sinning, but it can prevent his sinning comfortably. Comfort in sin and a

They sought Him with their whole desire.

2 Chr. xv. 15.