

lift or die!" And they *did* lift. Up—up—went the frame. A stroke of the hammer, and all was safe. The reaction confined some of that number to the house for weeks.

We have often thought of the incident when a crisis comes to the church of God. The spiritual bent will rise before the power of faith, and then suddenly pause and hang in suspense before the tearful gaze of the believing heart. The Head of the Church issues his call to his servants, urged by the peril of the souls dear to them. If not obeyed, the falling bent crushes out the life which might have been saved.

And so in national and individual history, the *hour of decision* comes when the summoning of forces in heroic harmony of effort alone can save from fatal reverses. Wise and happy that church, that nation, and that soul, whose discernment and moral courage are equal to this "tide in the affairs of men."—*Tract Journal*.

THE KING AND THE POTTER.—In 1558, Henry III., then King of France, finding he could no longer withstand the clamor for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison. "My poor Master Bernard," said the King, "I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled in spite of myself, to imprison these two women and you. They must be burnt to-morrow, and you too, if you will not be converted." "Sire," replied the fearless old man, "you have often said that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.'" That is not speaking like a King! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay!" Not many months afterward, the two fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God, as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1559, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter died in the Bastile.—*The Art of Doing our Best*.

Poetry.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
 The woodman's axe descends,
 And she who bloomed so beautifully,
 Beneath the weapon bends;
 E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
 Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
 As if to token in her fall,
 Peace to her foes and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns
 To smile and bless the hand that spurns,
 To see the blow, to feel the pain,
 And render only love again.

One had it, but He came from heaven,
 Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
 No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
 But when in death's dark pang He sigh'd,
 Prayed for His murderers and died.