

and straightforward utterances, will not easily fade from the memory of those who have had the privilege of being associated with him as members of the General Synod. The good Bishop has since been visited with another stroke of paralysis.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

The New York *Observer* tells the following story:

"King Victor Emmanuel finds it somewhat dangerous to sleep in a house that was once the dwelling-place of Popes and the seat of Popery. When he went to Rome he took lodgings at the Quirinal. According to Signor Ferruccio, he had not been long in that palace before he discovered a trap-door in his bedroom. It communicated with a vast gallery, in which the King and his attendants walked for twenty minutes without finding an outlet. It seemed, however, to lead toward the Castle of St. Angelo. His Majesty declined to investigate, and ordered the trap-door to be bricked up. Soon afterwards he discovered a secret door in the wall, which communicated with a narrow staircase leading up to the roof. It too was bricked up, but since this second discovery, whenever his Majesty sleeps at the Quirinal, two huge black dogs also sleep at the foot of the royal bed. These faithful servitors obey no one but the King, never bark, and would strangle without any parleying the first person who entered the room.

"They who are acquainted with the outs and ins of a house in which the Mystery of Iniquity has had its chief seat of power, will understand that these subterranean passages—in one of which a man may walk twenty minutes without finding any end—are parts of those arrangements by which what was called the temporal power of the Pope was made to serve the spiritual. As these secret passages were of use for *egress*, so they may now be employed for *ingress*, and as the 'ways that are dark' are known in all their ramifications only to the spiritual powers, it is not safe for the King to sleep where he may be at any time of the night suddenly visited by emissaries from 'the unseen world' of Papal hate and cunning. Therefore, as a wise man, though he is no coward, he prefers to lodge out, and when he stays at home he has the company of a pet dog or two to guard his life."

A CRITICAL TIME.

When the children verge toward manhood and womanhood then, in most cases, the trouble begins, so far as keeping them in Sunday-school is concerned. That is the transitional period in the religious lives of many. Then they are bound to the school and to sacred associations, or they are severed from them, perhaps hopelessly. Upon the teacher's duty at this critical time for his pupils a competent emporary gives these wise words: "We are persuaded, from our own experience with an intermediate class of boys, that while there is no department in which work and hard work may seem more fruitless and more thankless, yet it is not in vain. Years after, it may be, the result will be seen in the lives of men and women bearing the impress of the teacher's influence. We would suggest to those in charge of boys and girls, especially from twelve to sixteen or even eighteen years of age, that they exert their personal influence over their scholars in social ways as much as practicable. If they are known well in their every-day life, the teacher's words in the Sabbath-school will be much more certain to be aimed more wisely to meet some need of the scholar."

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

Christian! walk carefully—danger is near,
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;
Snares from without and temptations within
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly, exult not in pride,
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, He directeth thy ways,
To Him be the glory, to Him be the praise!

Christian! walk cheerfully—though the dark storm
Fill the bright sky with clouds of alarm!
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armour of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory and this thy reward,
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FORTITUDE AND TRIALS.

Oh, never from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart;
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honors sure though slow,
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on. Our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given;
A labor which shall fit for heaven:
When Duty calls, let Love grow warm—
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

BEFORE THEY CALL, I WILL ANSWER.

A Dutch minister, one evening, held a meeting in a strange city. While he was preaching and enforcing upon the hearts of his hearers the doctrine of the Cross, a police officer came into the room and forbade him to go on,—he even commanded him to leave the city. As he was a stranger in the place, and the night was dark, he wandered around the city gates. He was not, however, without consolation; for he remembered Him who had said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

He had long been in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the slightest intimations of His will. While he was thus wandering around, suddenly he saw a light in the distance.

"See," he said to himself, "perhaps the Lord has provided me a shelter there;" and in the simplicity of faith he directed his steps thither.

On arriving, he heard a voice in the house; and as he drew nearer he discovered that a man was praying. Joyful, he hoped that he had found here the home of a brother. He stood still for a moment, and heard these words poured forth from an earnest heart:

"Lord Jesus, they have driven thy persecuted servant out of the city, and he is perhaps wandering at this moment in a strange place, of which he knows nothing. O, may he find my home, that he may receive here food and lodging."

The preacher, having heard these words, glided into the house, and as soon as the speaker said "Amen," he saw his prayer answered. Both fell on their knees, and together thanked the Lord, who is a hearer of prayer, and who never leaves nor forsakes His servants.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH—A SERMON IN DISGUISE.

In the range of our common history we cannot fail to see the presence of this thorn in the greatest and noblest lives. It may be a thing, like Byron's club-foot; it shall torment, as if there were no greater misfortunes possible to man than to go halting all his days; or it may be as great a thing as Dante's worship of Beatrice, as he appears in the picture, with that face sad beyond expression, looking up to the beautiful saint whose "soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Or it may be a great vice, like that which seized and held Coleridge and DeQuincy and put them down in the dungeon of despair. Or it may be like the dyspepsia that darkens the whole vision of Carlyle, turning his afternoons into a grim and lurid sunset.

In Luther it was a blackness of darkness that would come, defying both physicians and philosophy, and beating down the soaring soul as a great hailstone beats down a bird.

With one man it is every now and then a black day, like those that came to Luther; with another it is the bitter memory of a great sin, or a great wrong, or a great mistake. It is a pain in the citadel of life with another, which cannot be removed, in spite of all that the doctors can do.

With men like Edward Irving and Robert Hall, and Jonathan Swift it is the fine edge, as sharp as that over which the Mussulman dreams he will pass into Paradise, dividing transcendent genius from its saddest ruins. There is a man, whose name will stand high in our history, of whom it might be said, "he must be one of the happiest of men." But there is a pain which follows him like a shadow; not a bodily but a mental pain, which he will carry with him to his grave.

Nothing can reveal a more beautiful manliness or womanliness than quietness and steadiness through intense physical or mental pain. To see the patient face on which sorrow has graven its lines, reflecting an unconquered soul, is a royalty, to which the purple robe and acclamation are a vain show.

STUDY.

A teacher must be a learner. He who thinks he knows enough of the Bible to dispense with special study in preparation for the teaching of any portion of it, is not fitted to be a teacher. The best teachers are the closest and most persistent scholars. Dean Alford, in concluding his commentary on the New Testament, expressed his sense of inability to fully fathom the simplest text of the Word of God. Albert Barnes gave a similar testimony in closing his series of Notes. Prof. Calvin E. Stowe said at one time, that while he had been carefully and critically over the Old and New Testaments in their original tongues, verse by verse, more than a score of times, he had always found something fresh, and eminently valuable, in each new examination.

If thou would'st know who dwells within the heart, watch well at Lipgate.

A MAN may die at threescore and ten, and die all too early for his eternal peace. He has not wrought the will of God. On the other hand, a child may drop out of life, and not too soon; it had more true wisdom than the man of many years. The prediction of the prophet may be fulfilled—"and the child shall die an hundred years old." Years of time are not the measure of life. The truest life brings eternity into its embrace. There is a depth and broadness about it which time cannot span.