

chilled waters to the "best wine." The altar had been heaped with wood for the offering; it needed but a divine touch to kindle it to a glorious flame. Now, with a realizing sense of the divine presence, with what intense feeling, with what deep fervour, did he speak of Him whom his soul loved; how earnestly did he invite his hearers to come unto Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life! And like all those who, of old, had been thrilled with the sound of his Master's voice, his listeners " marvelled at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth." They felt the deep reality of the truths he preached. They "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus." And when at the close, he spoke, with deep humility and adoring gratitude, of the change which his own soul had known; how, in past time, he had "uttered what he understood not—things too wonderful for him, which he knew not; that in time past he had, indeed, told them of One whom he had heard of by the hearing of the ear, but could now tell them of One whom his eyes beheld, and with a saint of old, exclaim:

"No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone who hath *seen* in His heart,
Knows, *Love of Jesus*, what thou art!"

Then, indeed, were his listeners moved to the soul. Strong men bowed themselves and wept. It was a day much to be remembered; and many, as they left the church, felt that God was indeed "a God at hand, and not a God afar off;" and that His word was not a hidden or distant one, but was "very nigh unto them, in their mouth and in their heart," that they might "hear it, and do it."

MY MOTHER.

I never left my mother in my life but that she said to me, "I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and to your Saviour." It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she wrote to me in her life. On one occasion I was invited to deliver an address in Tremont Temple. The hall was crowded and the interest intense, and at a certain point the whole audience rose to their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood there alone amid this wild outburst of enthusiasm, I looked into the left gallery and saw one pale, unemotional face; it was the face of my mother. She is a little woman, and it seems as if I could lift her in the palm of my hand, but she had great love and faith, and when I met her she said, "I have given you freely, my son, to the country, but oh, if I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour, I would ask nothing more on this earth." And when I took my stand I went home directly to that mother. I don't know that I can get on with this part of the story, but you will all understand the difficulty. The stars in the skies scarcely outnumber the prayers she had given to her Father on my behalf, and I was going home, the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour, and her God was my God. We were all there, an unbroken and a redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child. There is a passage in Scripture, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I know what that means. I know what it is to feel as a little child if my hairs are gray with the footfalls of time.—*Gen. John L. Swift.*

SOME MEN'S WIVES.

Three men of wealth, meeting, not long since, in New York, the conversation turned upon their wives. Instead of finding fault with women in general, and their wives in particular, each one obeyed the wise man's advice, and "gave 'honour' unto his wife."

"I tell you what it is," said one of the men, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life."

"Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic, and exclusive, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants, and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own house-keeping until I was better off again."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and everybody said, 'Well, if he will marry a doll like that, he'll

make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of our marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue-stocking. She adored Tennyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo Emerson and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn, my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."—*Journal of Commerce.*

CHRISTIAN'S CLOCK.

"And Christian made a shrine for the hours the Lord had given him; and from the shrine a golden chain was linked to the great bell at the prayer gate, and when the bell struck, the angel opened the gate and gave back the answer."

The bell tolls one.
Teach me to say,
"Thy will be done."

The bell tolls two.
Help me each day
Thy will to do.

The bell tolls three.
I ask in Faith
To follow Thee.

The bell tolls four.
I pray for trust
For evermore.

The bell tolls five.
For Christian speech
Help me to strive.

The bell tolls six.
Teach me my Hope
On Thee to fix.

The bell tolls seven.
O, make my life
A way to heaven.

The bell tolls eight.
May I in peace
And patience wait.

The bell tolls nine.
Let Charity
Be ever mine.

The bell tolls ten.
I pray for love
To God and men.

It tolls eleven.
Let me each hour
Be nearer heaven.

Twelve strokes I hear!
Now perfect love
Hath cast out fear.

—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

A TRIFLING PREACHER.

A minister once preached a very awakening sermon. A young man in the congregation was much impressed, and finding that the preacher was to walk some distance home, joined him, in the hope of having some conversation as to how to be saved. The minister was walking with several others, and instead of conversation turning on religious matters, it was light, and even indecorous. Some years afterwards the preacher was called to see a dying man at an inn. As he entered the room, the dying man started. "Sir," said he, "I have heard you preach." "Thank God for that," "But, sir," continued the man, "I have heard you talk, and your talking has ruined my soul. Sir, do you remember the day I heard you preach? That sermon brought conviction to my heart. But I sought conversation with you, and I walked home with you, hoping to hear something about my soul's peace, but you trifled—trifled—trifled. Yes, you did, and I went home, believing that you knew all the solemn things you said in the morning were lies. For years I was an infidel; but now—now I am dying—I am one no longer. But I am not saved; but I will meet and accuse you before the bar of God." And so the man died.

HOLY women are to be found everywhere, but the prophetess is not so likely to be found in the city as in the hill-country.—*George MacDonald.*

FACTS ABOUT DANCING.

From time to time our opinion has been asked on the question of dancing. We prefer to state some facts touching the practice, and leave every one to do his own thinking, and reach his own conclusions.

1. It is a fact that the dancing mentioned approvingly in the Bible was carried on by the sexes separately, and generally, if not always, as a religious act.

2. It is a fact that modern dancing, however well done, adds no worth to the character.

3. It is a fact that a trained monkey can excel the best-taught young lady or gentleman in the use of the heels.

4. It is a fact that it requires no intelligence and no virtue to dance well.

5. It is a fact that there is no more honour in dancing well than there is in jumping, walking, running, or wrestling well. Dancing matches are on a par with walking matches, etc.

6. It is a fact that mixed dancing becomes extremely fascinating.

7. It is a fact that much valuable time is lost by this species of revelling.

8. It is a fact that money is wasted on dancing.

9. It is a fact that people who cannot entertain themselves and each other in a rational way and must employ their heels for this purpose, are to be pitied.

10. It is a fact that young ladies permit familiarities in the ball room which public sentiment universally condemns as dangerous to purity.

11. It is a fact that many females have been ruined by attending dances.

12. It is a fact that the best of young men, even of those who dance, do not wish their sisters to attend balls, and they do not wish to marry dancing girls.

13. It is a fact that the whole spirit and tendency of dancing is worldly.

14. It is a fact that no one was ever noted for piety and dancing.

15. It is a fact that when a professor of religion follows dancing, his influence for good is lost.

16. It is a fact that men of the world think dancing inconsistent with the Christian profession.

17. It is a fact that the best people in the world never dance.

18. It is a fact that a dancing church member is not worth anything much to the church. As the love of dancing comes in, the love of God goes out.

19. It is a fact that the most pious and considerate people in all the denominations are opposed to dancing, and earnestly advise against it.

20. It is a fact that no young convert desires to dance, nor any one else in whose heart the love of God burns.

21. It is a fact that no one ever dances to glorify God, but an apostle enjoins us to do everything to His glory.

22. It is a fact that the most ardent advocates of dancing always change their views in the presence of death.

All these facts can be proven, and are true beyond doubt. In the light of them it ought not to be difficult to any inquirer after the right way to come to a safe conclusion. Reader, if you are a Christian, and wish to decide the question, Shall I dance? with reference to your Christian growth, influence, and happiness, you will never dance. It is a safe rule, says one, to engage in nothing upon which and in which we cannot ask the divine blessing.

Apply this simple rule to the dancing question, and your feet will never be found in the slippery ways of the ball room.—*Baptist Record.*

NO soul was ever lost because its fresh beginnings broke down; but thousands of souls have been lost because they would not make fresh beginnings.—*F. W. Faber.*

THE night is long, Satan is busy; but the paschal moon is in the sky; the cock croweth; Peter repents and is restored. "Let not your heart be troubled."—*R. D. Hitchcock.*

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—*George D. Boardman.*

WE may deny Christ in our actions and practice, and these speak much louder than our tongues. To have an orthodox belief and true confession, concurring with a bad life, is only to deny Christ with a greater solemnity.—*South.*