

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the sable secretary answered again, "No, dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but it is not according to de last," and he was obliged to take up his coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the courteous but dignified official; "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

BY THY CROSS AND PASSION.

"Good Lord, deliver us."

THE Cross is raised on Calvary, and there
The tender holy body is laid bare;
The gentle hands, so often stretched to heal
And ne'er to wound, are there outstretched to feel
The tearing nails; and the dear sacred feet
That Mary late anointed with the sweet
And priceless ointment, lo! they, too, are torn,
And over the dying head, in scorn,
They write His blessed Name, with jeering smile,
"Jesus of Nazareth - King of Jews," the while
He—God's own Christ—all uncomplainingly
Suffers three hours of untold agony.
Aye! on the cross, three weary hours, He hangs
The while; not e'en the worst of all His pangs
Moves His pale lips to utter one weak word
Of pain or plaint. Nay, the dear, dying Lord,
Bending calm eyes of pity on the crowd
Who mock at Him, with curses deep and loud,
Speaks tenderest words of loving, pleading prayer
To God for every murderous sinner there;
Meets with forgiving looks the dying eyes
Of the poor thief, and grants him "paradise;"
And true to Mary, to the mournful end
Leaves her the solace of His gentle friend;
Then desolate of God Himself, the cry
Comes, of His passion's deepest mystery.

Oh! patient, suffering Saviour, dying Lord,
Write on our sinful, straying souls each word
Heard from Thy cross, and give it grace and power
To shield our souls in dark temptation's hour;
Teach every sinner that he is forgiven
Through the rich power of Thy last plea with Heaven;
Give every sinking soul the swift belief
And calm repose of the repentant thief;
And plead with every careless heart the cry
Of Thy mysterious, lonely agony.

—Banner of Faith.

THE CHIMES OF LONDON.

"The chimes, the chimes of mother-land,
Of England, green and old,
That out from thane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled!"

OFTEEN thought of Coxe's beautiful ballad when, after a day spent in Waterloo Place, I have listened, on my way homeward, to the chimes of Marylebone Chapel sounding sweetly and clearly above the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibration which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes wearied of a

continued toll—the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal—but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning—and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist—or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than is wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry.

I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tremulous sweetness, the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away through dark, silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the careworn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit voices which at such times speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be to those who dwell within the limits of their sound to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss! I love these eloquent bells; and I think there must be many, living out a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The nature of the very cockneys, who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is, to my mind, invested with one hue of poetry.—*Bayard Taylor.*

ARCHDEACON FARRAR says of missionaries: "Is it nothing that through their labor in the translation of the Bible the German philologist, in his study, may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of 250 languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in Central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceania, America, and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Tingar Fu? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A missionary." This important aspect of the case is frequently lost sight of.

THERE is no possibility of standing still on the pilgrimage to God's Heavenly Temple. Each day that passes over our heads makes us better or worse Christians. If I am not at the end of the day more heavenly-minded, there is only one alternative—I am more earthly-minded. He who finds that he is not going up may assure himself that he is going down.