

"I waited patiently for the Lord."

"Come, come, Lord Jesus, my Lord, do not I love Thee? Behold my heart, and see, Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee."

"Oh, dear! done with earth until it is renewed again, and we shall swell the triumph of His train. Ah, you see me in humiliation, and all because of sin, but thanks be to God. He giveth me the victory. He won't wear his honours alone. This is only the robing-room for a glorious eternity."

Almost his last words, "I want that Jesus may be glorified in me, whether it be in life or in death."

So lived, so died Henry Bewley. His wealth, and influence, and time devoted to the Redeemer. Who in Newfoundland will follow his example? Another of our "wants" will be supplied when those to whom God has given talents employ them in His service.

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH so much has been said and written of late years in regard to the conversion of children, I fear the Church has hardly begun to realise fully the importance of direct effort in this direction. If it is true that children can be converted and give convincing evidence of a change of heart, then are we bound by overwhelming reasons to labour, pray for, and expect their conversion. Let us remember God uses the means in saving children as well as in saving men and women. The lambs are to be brought into the fold; they will not find the way themselves.

Is it not our privilege to teach our little ones to kneel and ask a Saviour's forgiveness whenever they feel that they have displeased Him; to go to Him with childish troubles just as they would go to a mother, and to trust in Him fully for their safety and salvation? Can they not bring into constant exercise that all-constraining motive which so sanctifies human conduct, namely, the pleasure of Christ? If a child can understand what is meant by trying to please a mother, can it not also understand what is meant by trying to please the Saviour?

The writer holds a weekly meeting for the children of his flock. The short, simple prayers heard in this meeting must be music in the ears of angels.

I want to suggest the holding of children's meetings in every community. Pastors may hold them in the study; teachers may hold them in the homes of their scholars. Let him who leads have the confidence of the children; and in a quiet tender way he may call forth the prayers of the little ones. The readiness with which children pray in such little meetings is often a matter of surprise to those who have had no experience in leading children to Christ. Let us bring the lambs in to the Saviour's warm fold.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

TO present a petition is one thing; to prosecute a suit is another. Most prayers answer to the former. But successful prayer corresponds to the latter. God's people frequently lodge their petition in the court of heaven, and there they let it lie. They do not press their suit. They do not press their suit. They do not employ other means of furthering it beyond the presenting of it. The whole of prayer does not consist in taking hold of God. The main matter is holding on. How many are induced by the slightest appearance of repulse to let go, as Jacob did not! I have often been struck with the manner in which petitions to the Legislature are usually concluded—"And your petitioners will ever pray." So men ought always pray to God and never faint. Payson says, "The promise of God is not to 'th' act, but to the habit of prayer."—*News*.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

LET us have faith in our principles and faith in God. I mean faith; I do not mean what some people call faith. I do not mean the trust in Providence that was manifested by the old lady who said to the captain, "Are we in danger?" To which he replied, "There is nothing left for us now but to trust in Providence!" "Goodness gracious!" she replied, "has it come to that?" Some of us think we can treat the Lord as we see fit, as the poor washerwoman did when her shanty was burned down. "Now," said she, "you see if I don't work Sundays to pay for that." We get lessons of faith where we hardly expect it. Two boys were in a hospital together - one of them with both legs broken, and the other a wail picked up in the public streets. They lay side by side with each other, and one crept up towards the other as the sun was going down, and said, "Bob, Bob, did you never hear of Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him." "Why, Bob, I went to the mission-school, and they told me that Jesus would take one to heaven when he died, where there would never be hunger any more, if one would ax Him." "I could not ax such a great big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He would not speak to a poor boy like me." "Bob, don't you want your leg to stop aching? Don't you want to be hungry no more?" "Don't I!" "Ax Him." "How can I ax Him when I don't know where He is? And if I did know where He was, I could not go; my legs are broke." "Bob, they told me in the mission-school that Jesus passes by. That means, you know, He comes around. How do you know but that He will be coming around this 'ere hospital? You keep your eyes open. You would know Him if you seed Him, and you could ax Him." "I could not keep my eyes open. My leg aches awfully, and the doctor says I will die." "Bob, you can hold out your hand, and if He should come around He would see it." The hand was raised again and dropped. The third time the little fellow got it up, and as it dropped he burst out crying in his weakness. "Bob, you just let me prop your elbow up with my pillow." And he took his own pillow and propped up the child's hand. In the morning the boy lay dead, with his little hand rigid, stiff, and cold, held up for Jesus. That is faith, that is trust, that is absolute confidence. That is just what we want. Let us never mind results, but have faith in our principles, faith in each other, and faith in God, with the motto "Excelsior," and the hope that there is a better day coming by-and-by, and the prayer always offered in humble, reverent faith, "God speed the right."—*John B. Gough*.

GOD SPEAKS TO US IN SCRIPTURE.

GOD speaks to us in Scripture. . . It is true that the Holy Scriptures have been wounded in the house of their friends; it is true that priests and theologians, in their craving for infallible authorities, have thrown up the mere letter of them between the intellect and God, making them opaque barrier between us and Him of whom they were intended to be the crystal mirror. It is true that men who were their professed defenders have deprived them of their universality, reading them under the veil of bigoted misconception, or through the lurid smoke of sectarian hate, making the Gospel of life and love and liberty, little better than "the remembrancer of damnation and the messenger of hell." And yet there, in all its human tenderness, in all its Divine wisdom, like the lamp unquenched by the vapours of the charnel-house, for all who will use it rightly, that holy and blessed Book is laid up on the inviolable altar of truth and honesty, the eternal protest against the very sins which are committed in its name. Read it, not with a slavish superstition, not with a blind and literal fetish worship, but in loving humility, in intelligent faith; and you, as myriads of your fathers have done, will find it, if not the only, yet assuredly the best comfort in sorrow, the best warning in danger, the best hope in death; when all else is bitter, it still shall be "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb"; and when all else is dross, it shall be as ten times refined gold. — *Frederick W. Ferrar*.