

## PREACH THE GOSPEL.

The other day a dear little girl with the softest of yellow curls and the sweetest of rosy faces, lifted her blue eyes and looked into mine, while she said, 'Won't you please tell me about Jesus when He was on the earth?'

So I told her one story after another, and at last the beautiful words of our Saviour, just before His ascension, when He told His disciples to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

Didn't you say that all the people who loved Jesus were his disciples? she said, looking a little puzzled.

Yes, dear

And the people that love Him now are His disciples too, then?

Yes, certainly they are.

But they don't all do as Jesus told them, do they, or else there wouldn't be so many little heathen children. Why do they not tell everybody about Jesus, when He is so good, and told them to?

Why, dear, I do not know, I said slowly. How could I tell the dear child, with her simple faith and love, that I was afraid it was because they did not care enough for the Lord to heed His command and obey it!

I should think they would, she said, and then lifting her eyes up towards the sky, Oh, I guess that Jesus is looking down from heaven to see if they are telling other people about Him, and I wonder what He thinks when He sees they don't do as He told them to. Don't you believe He thinks they don't really love Him?

Dear child, I answered, I am afraid that He does think so, indeed.

Then I thought within myself of the Saviour's agony in the garden and on the cross; of the love and yearning in His tender heart for the souls of men; of His sympathy with their sorrow, and the great price which he paid for their redemption.

Then of His command to them to spread His name throughout all the earth, and the promise that His presence should be with them all through their times and labour for His sake; and I said in my heart:

Oh little one, your words are true, for it is but the slightest proof we can give of our love and allegiance to Christ, when we obey His command and tell to those around us the joy we have found in believing; and, as one of the hearers of God's Word, extend to them the invitation to come, where He shall give

them rest; and can we say that we love Him, and will He own us as His disciples, if selfish even in spiritual things, we do not share with others, the joy which is ours?—*Can. Pres.*

## PRINCE AND PRISONERS.

A great English prince on one occasion went to visit a famous king of Spain. The prince was taken down to the galleys to see the men who were chained to the oars, and doomed to be slaves for life. The king of Spain promised in honor of the prince's visit that he would set free any one of these men that the prince might choose. So the prince went to one prisoner and said: My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you in this plight, how came you here? Ah! sire, he answered, false witness gave evidence against me I am suffering wrongfully. Indeed! said the prince, and passed on to the next man. My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you here; how did it happen? Sire, I certainly did wrong, but not to any great extent. I ought not to be here. Indeed! said the prince, and he went on to others who told him similar tales. At last he came to one prisoner who said: Sire, I am often thankful that I am here; for I am sorry to own that if I had received my due I should have been executed. I am certainly guilty of all that was laid to my charge, and my severest punishment is just. The prince replied wittily to him: It is a pity that such a guilty wretch as you should be chained among these innocent men, and therefore I will set you free. You smile, and well you may. How you will smile if Jesus does the same for you! Assuredly this is the manner of Him; he passes by those who think highly of themselves, and looks upon those who are self-condemned and plead guilty before God. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Congregational Club, of New York, has been discussing the question of liturgical services. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, was called upon for an opinion and said; 'I am surprised,' said he, 'to hear our old Puritan ministers getting into this state of Episcopal security. I never knew a working pastor in a Presbyterian church to desire a liturgy as an aid in his work. It seems to me to come entirely from theory and the Professors in Theological Seminaries, and to mean a lethargy instead of a liturgy.'