

A SLEEPING CHURCH.

Mr. D. L. Moody relates the following : There was a little story going the rounds of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying "Pretty, pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all round, but could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response. Then going to a precipice some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briars he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping, the child had wandered over the precipice.

I thought, as I read that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice—a thousand times worse than that precipice—right into the bottomless pit of hell! Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public-house; it may be, reeling through the streets of London; it may be, passing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians, too—whose children are wandering away, while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back the dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? O, my God, wake up the Church, and let us trim our lights and go forth and work for the kingdom of God!

There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second is never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

ONLY A STEP TO HEAVEN.

I shall never forget one summer afternoon, when I was preaching in a village chapel about the joys of heaven, that an elderly lady sitting on my right kept looking to me with intense delight. Some people's eyes greatly help the preacher. A telegraph goes on between us. She seemed to say to me: "Bless God for that. How I am enjoying it!" She kept drinking in the truth, and I poured out more and more precious things about the eternal kingdom and the sight of the Well-Beloved, till I saw what I thought was a strange light pass over her face. I went on, and those eyes were still fixed on me. She sat still as a marble figure, and I stopped and said:—"Friends, I think that yon sister over there is dead." They said that it was even so, and they bore her away. She had gone. While I was telling of heaven, she had gone there; and I remember saying that I wished it had been my case as well as hers. It was better not, perhaps, for many reasons; but O! how I did envy her! I am always looking for the day when I shall see her again. I shall know those eyes. I am sure I shall. I shall recollect that face, if in heaven she is anything like what she was here, or bears any marks of identification. I shall not forget that inward fellowship which existed between a soul that stood with wings outspread for glory and the poor preacher who was trying to talk of that which he knew but little of compared with her. Well, well, it will soon be my turn. Good night, poor world! It will soon be your turn, and then you shall say: "Good-night." Let us meet in glory. Let us meet in glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Spurgeon*.

FOR THE DAYSPRING AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

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