

agents of God's kind attributes. . . . But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done; as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not. The impulse of creation forwards it: the strength of powers seen and unseen has its fulfilment in charge. Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and in blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and in blood do we trace the record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our own experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence. Tired wayfarer, gird up thy loins; look upward, march onward. Pilgrims and brother mourners, join in friendly company. Dark through

the wilderness of this world stretches the way for most of us: equal and steady be our tread: be our cross our banner. For staff we have His promise, whose "word is tried; whose way is perfect:" for present hope His providence, "who gives the shield of salvation; whose gentleness makes great:" for final home His bosom, "who dwells in the height of heaven:" for crowning prize a glory, "exceeding and eternal." Let us so run that we may obtain: let us endure hardness as good soldiers: let us finish our course and keep the faith, reliant in the issue to come off more than conquerors: "Art Thou not from everlasting mine Holy One? WE SHALL NOT DIE!"—*Charlotte Brontë.*

## CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

### STRAY ARROW.

Dr. Hodge, in describing the preaching of Dr. Archibald Alexander, gives the following illustration, which every Princeton student will appreciate:

"There was another peculiarity in Dr. Alexander's preaching. He would sometimes pause and give utterance to a thought which had no connection with his subject, and then resume the thread of his discourse. He seemed to think that these thoughts were given to him for a purpose, and he sent them forth as arrows shot at a venture. When a boy, I attended a service which he conducted in the old school house, which stood on the ground now occupied by the First Presbyterian Church. I sat in the back part of the room, on a shelf, with my feet dangling half-way to the floor. The Doctor suddenly paused in his address, and stretching out his arms to attract at-

tention, deliberately uttered this sentence, 'I don't believe a praying soul ever enters hell.' That bolt, I suspect, pierced more hearts than one. It may well be believed that more than one poor sinner in that little assembly said to himself, 'If that be so I will keep on praying while I keep on breathing.'"

### AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb,