

## AN ILLUSTRATION.

I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another; and then at short intervals another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts in a loud voice—"Come!"

The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word, "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!"

So in this verse of Scripture, the Spirit and the bride say, first to all, "Come"—and then let him that heareth say—"Come"—and whosoever is ablest let him take of the water of life freely.

## REST A DUTY.

Rest is as sacred a duty as work. The best resters are the best workers. To be wisely idle requires as true a wisdom as to be wisely busy. The old Puritan notion that every moment must be profitably employed was all wrong; rather let us say doing nothing is sometimes the most profitable employment. God has appointed vacations. He has written His law in nature. The summer fallow repeats every season the text, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." The sleeping trees repeat every winter the same exhortation. Nature is so joyously active in spring because she has had a long vacation. The old fairy story of the *Dornroschen*, the Sleeping Beauty, is repeated every year in pantomime. The maiden falls asleep when winter weaves the spell about her; she awakens when the spring's sun discovers her and kisses her into wakefulness and life again. You cannot have your spring without your winter, your morning without your night, your joyous, abounding activity without your quiet, peaceful rest-hours.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Questions for the use of Advanced Sunday School Classes, suggested by Sadler's Church  
Doctrine—Bible Truth.

## THE BAPTISMAL SERVICES.

19. Besides the work of the Holy Ghost in individual persons, how does God effect man's salvation? St. John xv. 1-7.

20. Shew that those who have true personal religion must acknowledge the necessity of Church membership.

21. How are people made members of God's Church? 1 Cor. xii. 13; Gal. iii. 27; Eph. v. 25, 26.

22. What three distinct blessings are given in Holy Baptism? Acts xxii. 16; ii. 38, 39; St. Mark xvi. 16.

23. Does this remission of sin imply the destruction of sin in the individual? Rom. vi. 11, 12; 1 Cor. xii. 13 taken with iii. 3.

24. Shew that the blessings above mentioned are given *in—not before*—Holy Baptism. Acts xxii. 16; 1 Pet. iii. 21.

25. How are the baptized, even the unfaithful amongst them, addressed in the New Testament? Rom. i. 7; 1 Cor. i. 2; 2 Cor. i. 1.

26. What effect should these things which are said of the baptized as a body have upon them individually? Rom. vi. 4-12; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

27. Does the regenerate state of the baptized involve either their continued goodness or their final salvation? Gal. iii. 26, 27, compared with v. 15-26; Eph. iv. 25, 28, 31; v. 3, 4, 18.

28. When the baptized fall into sin is it because they had never received God's grace? 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; 1 Thess. iv. 1-8.

29. Are unfaithful members of Christ ever called upon in the New Testament to become regenerate or born again?

30. Why not? St. John iii. 3-5.

31. To what are they exhorted? St. Jas. i. 21; iv. 8.

32. Shew that the Book of Common Prayer connects Regeneration or the New Birth (as the Scriptures do) with Holy Baptism.

33. Shew that the Prayer Book regards the baptized as members of Christ's Body.

34. Shew that it teaches that the baptized may fall from Baptismal grace.

35. Shew that it does not teach that the baptized fall into sin, because God has withheld His grace from them in Baptism.

36. In the Baptismal Services what is meant by "spiritual regeneration?"

## THE DEATHBED A GREAT TESTER.

Dr. Elliott, who was well acquainted with the celebrated Col. Ethan Allen, visited him at the time when his daughter was sick and near to death. He was introduced to the library, when the Colonel read to him some of his writings, with much self-complacency, and asked, "Is not that well done?" While they were thus employed, a messenger entered and informed Col. Allen that his daughter was dying and desired to speak with him.

He immediately went to her chamber, accompanied by Dr. Elliott, who was desirous of witnessing the interview. The wife of Col. Allen was a pious woman, and had instructed her daughter in the principles of Christianity. As soon as her father appeared at her bedside she said to him, "I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe as my mother has taught me?" He became extremely agitated; his chin quivered, his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments, he replied, "Believe as your mother has taught you."

## THE STORM AND ITS LESSON.

An awful thunder storm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly that the bed-room in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds, and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bed-clothes, trembling and afraid, or peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering.

It was still early in the evening, and only the children were in bed. Passing backwards and forwards on the landing outside their door went a young housemaid who was arranging the other rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favorite hymn:

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure."

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bedroom, "are you not afraid? How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?"

"Afraid, Miss Annie? Oh, no," said the girl. "How can I be afraid when I know that God is here? He takes care of me, and nothing can hurt me without His will. Besides, He made the lightning and thunder and rain, and they all do a great deal of good, too, each in its way."

"Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But the lightning kills people sometimes," she added, with a shudder.

"Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it is only as God wills. It cannot do anything but just what He sends it to do. Don't be afraid; just try to think that you *must be safe in God's keeping*. He will take care both of you and me."

Then Jane kissed the young faces and bade them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comforted and with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of us"; whilst the young housemaid resumed alike her work and her song:

"Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same."

It was noticed in after years that when old people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling His word. Under the shadow of His wings will we rejoice."—*Child's Companion*.

## "HELP ME ACROSS, PAPA."

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands; and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to soothe with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. Oh, the awful, cruel strength of Death, the weakness, the helplessness of love! They who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait until the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed!

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "She is better! She will live!" Yes, she knew us; her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! Oh! how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless Him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest to her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted up his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving.

She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star, or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms, said in her weary, flutelike voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone:

"Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

Oh, Infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to Thee wilt Thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of Thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God?

THOMAS FULLER, one of the most quaint and graphic of the old English writers, strikingly defined "policy to consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil." It was he who said, "Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree while others are in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile the other is pinched."