

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nahum i. 7.

be a call from the Lord and our prayers follow him.

Mr. Barrick has left with us a substantial *souvenir* of his stay among us, in the form of a beautiful Cabinet Organ, a most timely gift, as long service in "tent and field" has seriously impaired the efficiency of our old instrument.

THE WRONG DESTINATION.



WHILST awaiting the departure of a train from the Bristol Station, another train ran in by the platform on which I was standing, and a young man alighted from one of the carriages and asked an attendant the name of the station, — to which he replied, "Bristol." "What?" said the young man, looking bewildered. Again the attendant replied, "Bristol, sir." "Dear me," said the young man, "I never intended to come here; I wanted to go to Gloucester; I have arrived at the *wrong destination*!"

Ah, thought I, that is just how it will be by and by. Thousands will find out, when, alas, it is *too late*, that they have arrived at the *wrong destination*; they intended reaching the terminus of heaven, but they will find out that they have been traveling on the wrong line, which reaches the terminus of hell. Reader, as you glance at these pages, upon which line are you traveling—on the *broad guay*, that leads to the terminus of death? Or on the *narrow guage* that leads to the terminus of glory? You must be traveling as fast as the express train of time, at the rate of three thousand six hundred seconds per hour, can carry you, towards one or the other of these destinations. Examine your ticket. What is the ground of your hope? What are you building on for eternity? If you are building on anything that you have done or can do, you are building on a sandy foundation. Cast your doings down, and take the ticket which God offers—"without money and without price."—in John iii. 16,—"Whosoever believeth," and it will carry you safe to everlasting glory.—*Selected.*

MIXTURES.



WHEN the writer was a boy, and attending school in the city of Montreal, it was customary for many of the lads to buy lunch at a confectioner's shop close to the school house. The boy, if wise, would select such articles as would satisfy hunger and not affect health, but the confectioner had adopted a plan of making up 5 and 10 cent bags of what he called "mixtures," that is, cakes of different kinds, and usually including a piece of candy. Sometimes the package contained a very nice assortment, at other times (and by far the more frequent) the contents were stale, and not very desirable on the score of health. But we got so used to going for "*mixtures*" that a trip home for a solid meal was rather a punishment to us.

It occurs to us that there is a good deal of 10 cent "mixture" business in connection with the religious education of the present day. For instance, *socials*, with at times a *good piece* on top to make them look all right; or a *large bun* (in the shape of some special talent) to make the package look bulky. In fact anything or everything to keep the young christian from taking good solid meals from the Word of God. Suppose we invest in one of these packages and proceed to enjoy (?) its contents. Can we describe it in better words than the following:—"What surprises await us. A christian chairman, a holy hymn, a solemn prayer awe the soul. The scene changes and a few remarks are made on—The social nature of man,—the needs of the young for pleasant companionship,—the opportunities afforded for becoming acquainted, &c., &c.' Next comes something livelier; humorous recitations succeed. Now it is toned off by something a little quieter, probably a Moody and Sankey hymn, such as, 'Where is my wandering boy tonight?' Now jolly music and songs (not of Zion) with semi-theatrical and excessive applause, are in the ascendant

The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.