

quietly interposed the skipper. "All right, old chap," replied the giant, "Call it what yer likes, so long as you go ahead on the same tack as you've begun; for I reckon its the biggest blessin' out is that ere dispensary as you call it." "Aye, that it is," was the loudly expressed response from the crowd on the fish trucks.

M. D. S. F.

A skipper on one of the fleets had been away from his wife and family whom he had been in the habit of treating badly. One young girl had often heard her father being scolded by his wife for his selfishness, and bad treatment of her and the children. But through the mission, he had been brought to a sense of his sins and by the grace of God became a new man. One day he appeared arrayed in a blue guernsey bearing the letters above, on seeing which the sharp little girl said, "I know what that means." "What does it mean," said the father, but "mission to deep sea fishermen?" "No, it does not father," replied the girl, "it means mother doesn't scold father." There are scores of cottage homes to-day on the east coast, where mothers have ceased to scold fathers through the influence of these missions. When this story was told in the fleet, one of the men said: "I think I can beat that, it means 'Mother's doctor saved Frank.' My name is Frank and I am a living monument of what the mission has done."

THE MISSION VESSEL.

being thus at once church, chapel, hospital, dispensary, library, club, temperance hall and school, it is seen how important it is that each of the fleets should be provided with one or more of these vessels by means of which so much is being done for the moral, spiritual and physical well-being of men exposed, as these trawlers are, to every kind of danger. How stranger too, that so many years had passed before Christian men were led to think of and to

Pity these toilers of the deep

And teach them where, when angry tempests lower,
And thunders crash, and lightnings round them sweep,
They may for safety turn in each dark hour.

Tell them of Him, who, on the stormy night

Came treading down the Galilean wave,
Who to surpassing love adds boundless might—
A heart to pity, and an arm to save.

Since the above was written I have seen an extract from the report of the Fishmongers' Company, in which it is stated that £7,700,000 worth of fish were landed last year in the United Kingdom; that 250,000 persons and 45,254 boats were engaged in fisheries; that 154,090 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate Market alone. T. H..

Nice, France, March, 1888.

SCRIPTURE TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR,—“Scripture Temperance” is surely a moderate drinker, perhaps some times gets “full,” or he would not write about pulpits being desecrated by preaching prohibition, after quoting from the Old Testament three different instances of prohibition by God Himself. If he is not fond of his “wee drapple” let him announce his name that all may know who is the man so well versed in the Scriptures that fails, to quote 1 Cor. viii. 8, commencing, “Meat commendeth us not to God.” Does drink? And ending, “If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.” Would the apostle drink wine?

If he, as I suspect, likes his toddy, there is no use reasoning with him, his idol is as a beam in his eye and nothing will pluck it out but God's hand. Then he will see clearly that he who, for love to his mother, abstains from the gratification of his palate, and the exhilaration of his spirits is Christlike. But as it may be that “Scripture Temperance” is only a stickler for law and not abuse of drink, let me tell him a little story which will show him the kind of stuff he is arguing for the right to use. A Frenchman of illustrious descent, came to this land some ten years since. His family had been in uninterrupted possession of a famous chateau and estate for 300 years. It was peculiarly suited and adapted to grape cultivation, and its wines were and are famous. This is what this gentleman told the writer after being on this side the Atlantic for five years. All my family and friends and acquaintances used wine. I cannot remember the time when I did not use it daily as much as I chose. When I came here I naturally wished wine; bought and drank what was called wine over and over again at my place, when I have travelled over this broad continent. But out of all the drink I bought there was not one glassful of wine; and now I never touch the stuff, being convinced there is no wine in America. I like wine, I consider wine good, I would drink it if I could get it, but what is sold here is poison.

What is the use of “Scripture Temperance” quoting texts of Scripture in favour of wine where what is sold as wine is poison. when its name is a lie?

D. G.

Pastor and People.

THE CHURCH BUILDERS.

Build up with brick, or with boards, if you please;
Build on and upwards as fast as you please;
But, build your own temples
With thought and with care.
Lay sure the foundations;
Better lay them with prayer.

Building slowly day by day,
One by one the stones we lay,
Building temples for our King
By the offerings we bring.

Building by our love, are we;
And some day our eyes shall see,
In a glad eternity,
“Living stones” we helped to bring
For the palace of our King.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY HÄZEL.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

How obtained? Through the blood of Christ, Rev. i. 5; Eph. i. 6, 7; Matt. xxvi. 28.

Is free to all. Isa. li. 1; 1 Tim. ii. 4; Rev. xxii. 17.

Our need, Isa. liii. 6; John iii. 18-36; 1 John i. 8, 10; John xiii. 2.

The result of accepting—We have found Peace,

Joy,

Prosperity,

Protection,

Victory over the world,

And we shall reign with Christ forever,

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.

Rom. v. 1.

Isa. lv. 12.

Psa. i. 3.

James i. 5.

1 John v. 4, 5.

Rev. xxii. 5.

PREPARATION FOR EMERGENCIES.

Unlooked for emergencies are the severest tests of character. A man's true self comes to the front in a moment of surprise. Nothing so reveals the character of our inward strength as the coming of some sudden, crushing crisis, such as defeat, disappointment or disaster. It is the truest wisdom to prepare for such emergencies.

Our preparation and readiness to meet such times of trial depend upon the character of the work we are doing when there is no such emergency upon us. The previous life and conduct of a man determine the character of his deportment in the hour of temptation. Reserve force accumulates through the faithful discharge of daily duty. The blacksmith is busy with his daily tasks, repairing or making the articles that properly belong to his line of business. But if he does his work faithfully, each hour of toil will leave its deposit of strength in his arm and of skill in the brain which are his preparation for some higher position and better work.

So by living a quiet life of love, trust and obedience, we are armed and equipped for the sudden surprises of life. Each day of faithful service will leave its deposits of reserve force which will prove our tower of strength in future emergencies.

We can not successfully resist a temptation, endure a trial, bear a cross, or even be faithful in these services which are the very least, without some acquirement of spiritual strength which will be our reserve force in that day of trial. It is in this way that we are enabled to rise each day to a moral plane, and to look down upon and battle with our foes from a continually increasing height of vantage.—Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

CHRIST AND YOUTH.

How deeply Christ sympathized with the tempted yet glorious years of opening life! Young men were among His chosen companions. He understood them; and they felt it. The sympathetic eye of the divinely human heart discerned the radiant possibilities which glow upon the threshold of man's estate. Christ knew what is in young people; their strong and beautiful powers; their warm and generous instincts; their grand and lofty impulses; their chivalry; their prowess; their tender faculty of for-

givenness; their wondrous power of self-forgetting love.

But He knew also their darker and more dangerous side; their heat of blood; their weakness for pleasure; their fondness for pursuing the rainbow. He saw them skipping through the wide gate, and gambolling along the broad road, and lounging in the delightful meadows. And He wept over their danger, because He yearned for their safety.

The greater their peril the greater the intenseness of His love. For He saw what they did not see. He saw that flowers of delight oftentimes distil poisons of misery; that at the end of the broad road destruction lies in hiding; that the wide gate of self-pleasing opens upon the dark pit of remorseful torrent.

And to open their eyes to the inevitable ruin of self-pleasing, the Son of God sacrificed Himself. For their sakes He shrank from neither pain nor shame. He drained the dregs of agony, that young people might know what lies at the bottom of the sweet cups of sin. The cross tears of the glittering raiment from the hypocrisy of sin, and exhibits it in vile and hideous nakedness. And that awful cross the young Christ endured, to save the young Christian from the deceitfulness and hypocrisy of sin.

Christ is, indeed, a chivalrous Saviour. And should not young hearts be stirred toward Him with impulses of a responsive chivalry? Can young and generous souls be so cruel as to deny to the agonizing Christ the one joy of His cross—the divinely unselfish joy of naming them and rescuing them? If not for the profit of its own advantage, yet surely for the pleasure of pleasing Christ, grateful, tender youth will let Him be its Hero, its Model, its Saviour, its Friend.—Rev. J. W. Diggle.

FAITHFUL SOLDIERS.

It was the fortune of that ambitious general, Napoleon, to be greatly beloved by his soldiers. Though he led them into fearful battles, in which they perished by thousands, yet they loved him with the most devoted affection. Indeed, most of them were ready to die for him at any time.

At the battle of Arcola, a sabre gleamed over Napoleon's head. An officer, named Murion, saw his danger, threw himself upon his person, and received the blow intended for him.

At another time, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers seeing his exposed condition, rushed to the spot, and encircling him in their arms, completely shielded his body with their own. When the shell exploded, it blew a hole in the earth large enough to bury a cart and two horses. Napoleon and the two grenadiers tumbled into the hole, and were almost covered with stones and sand, and pretty well bruised, though neither of them was killed.

On another occasion, a pioneer seeing Napoleon in great peril, stepped up to him, and in a tone of great authority said:

“Stand aside!”

The general gazed on the soldier with a penetrating glance. But the undaunted pioneer raised his strong arm, and pushed his commander aside, saying:

“If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?”

He then placed his body so as to cover Napoleon from danger. This rough display of love in the rude pioneer pleased him. When the battle was over he sent for the man, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said:

“My friend, your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a recompence. From this hour an epaulet instead of a hatchet shall grace your shoulder.” He then raised the hero to the rank of an officer.

Now all these acts of self-devotion were very noble. I know you admire those faithful and heroic soldiers. Perhaps you find a wish in your heart to do something noble and heroic yourself. This is a good wish. I will tell you how to gratify it. Devote yourself to the happiness of your sick mother. Be gentle to that feeble, timid sister. Be kind to that helpless brother. Deny yourself, that you may increase the joy of others. The boy who does these things is a true hero. He does not need to go to cruel battle-fields to be a hero. He can be a hero at his own fireside. Depend upon it, fireside heroism is better than the heroism of battle-fields.