

the pale nations of "the dead, and the place that knows him now will know him no more forever."

Has he no place of abode after death? I answer, yes! "God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

At first he was in a happy state, but he ate of the forbidden fruit and his eyes were opened; and he was as God knowing good and evil.

He sinned grievously against God, and as the Lord visited judgment upon him it tended to harden his heart more and more. There was no one to undertake his place for "all had sinned," so God looked down from the realms of glory upon man that he had made and schemed the great plan whereby man could be justified in the sight of God. He loved us while we were enemies to Him so well that He "sent His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life."—John 3: 16.

"May the God of grace keep our minds in perfect peace," and when the great change comes when we shall be removed from earthly eyes and earthly shapes, and leave behind us all that is near and dear, "for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," may we be enabled to sing the song that angels can't sing, for our blessed Redeemer's sake. Amen.

THE BEST CLASSICS.

The best classics are the word of God. I will put the story of Joseph against any narrative in any language. The oldest epic is not that of Homer, but the book of Job. It is full of scientific truths, of beautiful imagery. If some of his expressions were found in Aristotle, they would be canonized by the philosophers. Take the narrative of the raising of Lazarns from the dead, as recorded in the New Testament—could it be amended? I think not. There are twelve verses in the 12th chapter of Romans, which a little girl could commit to memory before breakfast, that contain more true principles to put us through this life than all the writings of heathen philosophers or sages.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults, pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home, and from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company, we know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not? the old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know, have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan, and find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure ere others' faults I tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be no worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let the faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin to slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do to those we little know.
Remember—curses, sometimes, like our chickens—"roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults, until we have none of our own.