

meets on the Sabbath. Let us urge again and again upon the indifferent the privilege and duty of attendance. And let us each sustain the leader appointed by our co-operation, and "we shall conquer, never fear."

Lonely Labourers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labour. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labours and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well. Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them. Never mind where you work; care more about how you work; never mind who sees if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed that makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour you are not alone; for God, the eternal One who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

Rain-Drop, Snow-Flake & Co.

That is a firm equal to the doing of a vast amount of irreparable mischief. Let "Co." represent a quantity of time, say five days, and what a wrecking business this firm can accomplish! All that is needed is to combine these elements. Let there be a few days of warm rain, warm, soft-footed rain, pattering down on the lonely, stretching fields of snow, days of gray vapour sailing through the valleys like a vast, spectral fleet, and what a result follows! A great angry flood boiling and frothing, and rushing and roaring! Down through the valley it drives, snapping off the great pines as if weed-stalks, whirling away houses and barns for a dance of death, while the bridges are braids of straw that it tosses scornfully upon its waves. The one condition of this disaster is combina-

tion. Would you not prevent it if you could? Would you not bring to a halt the march of the rain, scatter the snow before the wind, and save life and property? It is prevention that is the best treatment for the combination of such elements.

There may be a fresher among your Sunday-school scholars. Take "Bob." In his character, there is a large amount of thoughtlessness. Let that combine with a certain coarse, sensational style of literature he finds in the public library (alas that it should be there!) or a quantity of evil society in the neighbourhood, or that irreverent, prayerless, irreligious element in the school or store, and then add the item of time, and you will have a fresher in that boy's life. Old barriers against purity and reverence and religion will be swept away. Prevent it. Think for "Bob." Ask about his reading. Have an eye to his associates. Arouse his conscience to the necessity of habits of prayer, and what a work of prevention you will accomplish! Saved from the freshest of death! Saved under God's blessing to everlasting life!

Lost.

SOME months ago the body of a young man was found in the River Mersey. In his pocket was a paper, which, though wet, could easily be read. It contained these words: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot."

There was nothing to indicate the young man's name, nor could any clue to his identity be discovered. The simple fact of the discovery of the body and of the manuscript was published in the newspapers in different parts of England. In less than a week, the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over the kingdom asking for a description of the young man.

What did this indicate? That in over two hundred English homes there was mourning over more than two hundred sons, who had left the parental roof and had gone, none could tell whither. It means that these sorrowing parents had seen that in their wayward sons, which led them to suspect that they might meet an untimely end.

There are lost ones in our own country as well as in England. Speak to that young man who comes to your neighbourhood a stranger. Away from the restraints of home, exposed to allurements and temptation, he may be in danger. A word from you may save him. You may bring him within the holy influences of a godly life, and perhaps snatch a brand from the burning.

Speak to him!—*S. S. Journal.*

A LITTLE girl of three explained the meaning of the Golden Rule after this fashion: "You must do everything that I want you to do; and you mustn't do anything that I don't want you to do."