

fish and bread are in fashion all round the world.

Dean Albert Barnes expounds fish as fish, and honeycomb as from the honey bee and other expositions we have consulted are just as far astray. Even the shop window of an English bakery will teach us something more of the precious word, if we are only quick to learn.

H.T.M.

THE GLORIES OF WAR.

Silly boys are captivated by gay uniforms, military music, and the pomp and circumstance of war. But men who have seen war know more about it. "War is hell," said one great general.

Speaking of recent military operations the *London News* says:

"To-day the engines of war are again at work. Carnage, havoc, such as we can but faintly realize, must be the inevitable result of the loosing of the dogs of war. This is no time to blind our eyes or turn away from a ghastly sight, because war is not in progress within a few miles of our own homes. We are separated, after all, only by minutes from scenes where the dying are in agony, where the shells scream through the air and plough up the earth, where regiments march at the word of command into the jaws of death. It is but a few minutes away. Before the last shot is fired we know how the battle began. It seems but yesterday that we inspected the machine guns which hurl a continuous rain of bullets, and latest rifles, acting like revolvers, and capable of carrying immense distances, and other so called improvements of modern means of warfare. The old soldier who explained the marvellous mechanism by which it seemed clear that a regiment might be almost annihilated by a few turns of a handle, grew grave when we questioned him as to the terrors of a battle in which such instruments were used. 'God keep us from it!' was all he said; and his memory went back to the never-to-be-forgotten field of Sedan. We have it on the authority of Dr. Russell, an eye-wit-

ness of the fight, that no nightmare could have been so frightful. 'No human eye,' he wrote, 'ever rested on such revolting sights. Conceive men's bodies riddled with shot, and scattered and dismembered limbs on every side, bodies lying with skulls shattered, faces blown off, flesh and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours; and then it is impossible, with the most vivid imagination, to picture the sickening reality of that butchery.'" And this is glorious war!

THE NEXT THING.

From an old English parsonage
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for Heaven;
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration—
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its guiding here;
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given;
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King,
Trust it with Jesus—
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer,
Do it reliantly,
Casting all care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command;
Stayed on Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings—
"Doe the nexte thyng."

—Churchman.

SAVED BY PRAYER.

Hudson Taylor is a man of great faith in God as well as a great missionary. An exchange relates a characteristic anecdote of his first trip to China in a sailing vessel:

When Hudson Taylor first went out to China it was in a sailing vessel.

Very close to the shores of a cannibal island, the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to tack about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for help of God.

"I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze."

The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm.

Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails."

And it was done.

While engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Who is there?"

The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have more wind than we can well manage."

And sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore, a strong wind had struck the sails of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated out of their human prey.

ESCORTING AS WELL AS INVITING.

Half-doing is no better in the Sunday-school than anywhere else. Inviting is often only half doing, if not followed by escorting. A young men's Bible class in New York is not the only one which has learned this. Its records show that the number of new members who have come to the class by themselves, simply on invitation, is a small percentage of the whole number invited. On the contrary, nearly all new members have been escorted, usually by the same person who invited them. "I will call for you on Sunday at such an hour" carries with it a definite, urgent, and personal invitation not easily resisted. But even when there is no spirit of re-