

From the centre of the Dark Continent comes this sad refrain from the heart of a woman on hearing for the first time the story of redeeming love, "We would sing if we only knew Him."—*The Silver Cross*.

TWO THOUGHTS.

I. EXALTED character is the supreme attainment possible to man. It matters little where one is, what he has, or even what he does. But it matters everything what he is, at the centre of his being. The man is always more than his station, whatever that may be. Even the teacher reproduces his own character far more certainly than he does the truth he would fain teach. Exalted character is, therefore, the first requisite for any kind of true success in life. But such character is to be obtained only by dwelling constantly in the presence of one's own ideals of perfection. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

II. Human happiness invariably comes unsought. It is manifestly right to be happy, and a happier world would be a better world. But no one ever yet obtained true happiness by purposely pursuing it. He who begins the day with the determination to seek his own happiness will close it with a consciousness of his own misery. But he who sincerely strives to make another happy, whether he succeed or fail, will, at all events, be happy himself. Happiness, like a coy maiden, is not to be won by constant wooing. Unselfishly give her up to another, and she becomes all the more securely your own.—*The Silver Cross*.

SAVED.

Two years ago, coming from California to Liverpool, the mate fell overboard. The vessel was running eleven knots an hour, so that she went some distance before a lifeboat could be lowered. Two life buoys were at once thrown out, and the drowning man got one. Our sailor and five more manned the lifeboat, and rowed back to the poor fellow, who was holding on. "Saved"—yes, in a sense. Too many are just spiritually "holding on." I want something more than a "holding on" sort of religion. It is too uncertain and risky.

When the lifeboat came along, the mate no longer held on to the life buoy: the rescuing party took him into the boat, when, not his "holding on" upheld him, but the boat. Religion is only a life

buoy: Christ is the Lifeboat. "In Him" is better than "holding on." Christ saves out of the sea, not in it. "All he could say was, 'Thank you,'" added the teller.

Shall not we say, "Thanks, Lord," for our greater deliverance at the cost of our Deliverer's own life?

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

CONSIDER the fretfulness of restiveness under the discipline of life. Unbroken colts that champ the bits, and toss their heads, and pull against the reins—you have seen them, how they are hot, and breathless, and lathered with foam. And the strong hand holds on with steady pressure, till they are worn out with resistance, and succumb. That is the discipline of life. God's hand would hold us still, till we can feel and get our part in the magnetism of His calm and patient purpose; and grow patient, and calm, and strong, in harmony with Him. Fret not thyself. The old Greek word for patience means lying under the pressure and the presence of God's hand, till we learn to suffer and be still. It is St. Peter's thought to "humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt in due time."

We use the word "broken" of a horse, not meaning mean-spirited and cowed, but trained and lifted up to the dignity of conscious self-control. So I would have you not break your hearts, as birds against the bars, or colts against the bits, with the fret of vain resistance to the wise, strong Will; but only let yourself be "broken" in this better sense of training, that shall develop in yourself mastery, and the dignity of discipline.—*Selected*

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and color, which is the most attractive form of beauty; there is the beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features and redeems them from the charge of plainness; and, lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God, and is the reflection of His glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when it is said that all that sat in the council looking steadfastly at Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire it if they choose, and this is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay.

We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest and the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young, whose natural beauty it heightens and adorns; and whenever we see it we may be sure that he or she who possesses it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God—a child of prayer, for it is prayer and meditation on holy things which makes the face, as it were, "the face of an angel."—*Selected*.

LIBERTY BELL.

AMONG many other wonderful things seen at the World's Fair, in Chicago, was a remarkable bell, called *Liberty Bell*. It was made in the city of Troy, State of New York, and is composed, it is said, of "200,000 historic relics, melted down and molten into one." The conception of this bell was suggested by a poem, written by Mrs. Wagner, who had the honor of first causing the bell to sound. It was to have been ready for its place in the exhibition on the fourth of July, to proclaim the anniversary of America's independence as a nation; but was delayed, and had to be rung for the first time in the city of its birth.

In this extraordinary bell, we are told, there are "filings from chains worn by prisoners in the mines of Kara, the flint lock from the gun of Thomas Jefferson, bits of cannon from the field of Waterloo, twenty things dear to the memory of George Washington, particles from the Vendome Column, a link from the chain which bound Bolivar, metal mementoes in memory of Lincoln, a cow-bell from the home of William Tell, and medals worn by heroes who served under Garibaldi." All these together tell the tale of tyranny and cruelty, from which so many have suffered in the generations past, and remind us of the happy change that has come over the spirit of the present age. And what has largely helped to bring about this better condition of things is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For did not He come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound?—*Selected*.