

that he is not all right in Christ. "But how do *you* know mens' hearts?" cries one. "What business is it of yours?" cries another. The pulpit says: "Fanaticism;" the pew says: "Wait for three years, and you will see if the head of a single woman can stand all this excitement." Shout at elections, you wordlings; shout to your horses, you farmers; shout when gentlemen are crowned or put into Parliament. But be quiet, and do not shout, you delicate Christians. You soldiers in the battle-field, do not for your life say a word until you have gained the victory, and then you can shout. Is this God's law? Did they wait until the walls of Jericho fell down before they shouted? I think if they had they would have waited a long time. But God did not call me to this work for mere curiosity. It was thought that this was a curious thing for me to leave my home so early in the morning, and so many things to contend with from the world. But it will never be known until the books are opened, and in the light of eternity it will be seen clearly why God so allowed the pulpit to preach down his people, and the pew to sing and hum down the Holy Ghost in the *hearts* of His people.

The Life of John Burns.

It was not easy to find a family where God was so honored as in my father's. My grandfather was a fond father and a kind husband, and in my father's boyhood, a man of good means. My father loved play and company, and always hated the grosser sort of company. He was favored above many others, with good and faithful advice from both his parents, and if they erred in any particular it was in over-indulgence. But I must not fail to tell of the way God bore with his foolish and boyish tricks. He was so fond of fun and jokes that he often was led astray by his jesting, and while he was often reproofed for it, he still forgot of the past reproof, and his good resolutions were time after time forgotten. His mother sought his welfare more, I think, than that of other sons; still she loved them, and often