

and that the answer when it comes may exceed our expectations. While the blessing is being withheld, it is becoming more vast. While the mercies and favours are kept back, the store of them is increasing. While the heavenly rain is forbidden to descend, it is only preparing to come in more copious showers.

The sweetest and most blessed manifestations of the divine presence are bestowed on those who are most importunate and persevering in their requests at the throne of grace. By continued and fervent prayer, by long and earnest talking with God, a condition of mind is obtained that is well-pleasing to God, so that He can bestow the blessing that is sought in perfect consistency with the administration of His government. To bestow a peculiarly great and rich blessing on one whose heart was not in a fit state to receive it, would be unwise—would be contrary to the laws of His spiritual kingdom. Before God can wisely bestow extraordinary benefits, the heart must be set on their attainment, the desires after them must become intensified, and the purpose must be fully formed never to rest until they are obtained; and this state of mind can only be secured by prayers of uncommon fervour and perseverance. The soul must be full of burning earnestness, and the flame of prayer must ascend continually to heaven.

Get into close connection with the living fountain—the fountain of life in Christ—and then you may be the means of conveying streams of the water of life to others. If full of love yourself, you will kindle love in others. If full of light, you will communicate light. If full of the Holy Spirit and of power, other hearts will be divinely influenced.

FAMINE AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

During the last famine year, 1879, Ireland stretched forth her hands to receive the contributions of the benevolent all over the world. Appeals for bread for her starving poor were incessant, and their utter destitution was portrayed in language that brought tears from the eyes and generous donations from the purses of sympathetic altitudes. The total amount contributed for the relief by the British Government and by private charity, British and foreign, is stated at £1,261,000, or \$6,305,000, for the year 1879; whilst during the same year of starvation, the value of spirits and beer consumed in Ireland was about £9,375,000, or \$46,875,000! For every dollar received from charity in answer to most piteous appeals for bread, more than seven dollars were spent for intoxicating liquor! During the same year, in England and Wales, where no famine prevailed, the proportion of persons arrested for drunkenness was seven per thousand of the population; in Ireland, over eighteen per thousand! About one person in every eleven of the total population of the island, during this year of sore hunger and apparently still sorer thirst, "either received official relief or was officially arrested for being drunk!" Another item from British official statistics sheds additional light on the great source of Irish wretchedness. During the twelve months ending with March, 1879, the number of detections for illicit distilling and dealing was in Scotland two, in England eight, in Ireland 683. Alas for the people whose bread is dear but whose untaxed whiskey is cheap!—*Christian Statesman.*

MY INFLUENCE.

"Gather up my influence and bury it with me," were the dying words of a young man to the weeping friends at his bedside, as stated to the writer a while since by one to whom he was dear. What a wish was this! What deep anguish of heart there must have been as the young man reflected upon his past life!—a life which had not been what it should have been. With what deep regrets must his very soul have been filled as he thought of those young men whom he had influenced for evil!—influences which he felt must, if possible, be eradicated, and which led him, faintly but pleadingly, to breathe out such a dying request—"Gather up my influence and bury it with me."

My young friends, the influence of your lives, for good or evil, cannot be gathered up by your friends. After your eyes are closed in death, no matter how earnestly you may plead in your last moments on earth. Your influence has gone out from you, you alone were responsible; you had the power to govern, to shape; your influence no human being can withdraw. Such a request cannot be fulfilled. It is impossible. Your relatives and friends cannot "gather

up your influence and bury it with you." Young men, live noble, true, heroic lives. Possess this "moral courage" in full proportions and at all times—everywhere. —*Dalwin.*

CONTENT.

Not asking how or why,
Before Thy will,
O, Father, let my heart
Lie hushed and still!

Why should I seek to know?
Thou art all-wise;
If Thou dost bid me go,
Let that suffice.

If Thou dost bid me stay,
Make me content
In narrow bounds to dwell
'Till life be spent

If Thou dost seal the lips
That fain would speak,
Let me be still till Thou
The seal shalt break.

If Thou dost make pale Pain
Thy minister,
Then let my patient heart
Clasp hands with her.

O, if Thou sendest joy
To walk with me,
My Father, let her lead
Me nearer Thee.

HE KNOWETH ALL.

The twilight falls, the night is near;
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me; all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

—*The Christian Age.*

SETTLED FOR EVER.

Some persons are always confessing, and reconfessing, repenting, and re-repenting, and never can look upon any of their religious experience as a settled and accomplished fact. A writer represents a minister to whom a deacon told over his tale of perpetual dolour, as saying:

"Deacon, I remember your son stoutly rebelled against your authority some time ago, but afterwards felt sorry, and repented of his sin, and humbly asked your forgiveness. Did you forgive him?"

"Of course I did."
"What did you forgive him for?"
"Because I could not help it, when I saw how sorry he was."

"And does he still ask forgiveness?"
"No—no! Nothing is said about it. It is all settled for ever."

"Now, do you believe that you can be better to your son than God is to you? He pardons like a father."

It is easy for a father to forgive his erring son. And sin once forgiven is settled forever between them. If the wanderer should come every day asking forgiveness for what was already forgiven, and pleading for mercy when mercy had already been shewn, would not the father feel both injured and insulted?

When the prodigal son had worn the best garments, and eaten the fatted calf, and had received such tokens of his father's pitying and accepting love, would it have been fitting for him to plead with tears for forgiveness and acceptance? Would not every petition have been a proof that he doubted his father's sincerity, and disbelieved his words of loving wel-

come? What excuse could he have made for thus marring the joyousness of that festal hour in which the father said, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found?" Would it have been fitting in him to have refused a place at the feast because he was unworthy, or to have hidden away in some corner, in shame and tears, while his father's heart was glowing with affection for his repentant son?

ASKING BOYS QUESTIONS.

If a speaker is not an expert in the art of asking questions, he had better avoid putting them to boys in a public meeting. The following story illustrates what may happen:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.
"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.
"That's right. And who will own all the property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.
"Right. Now tell me, did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."
"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.
"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys."
The questioner was thunderstruck for a moment, but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

DR. JOHN IRVINE, a South African colonist, has sent £500 to Dr. Stewart in aid of the work carried on by the latter at the Free Church Institution at Lovedale, with its branches, Blytheswood and Livingstonia.

THE total receipts of the Lyons Propaganda, from its origin (1822) to 1879, collected from all parts of the world, is \$36,943,935. Total receipts of Protestant foreign missionary societies, \$270,000,000. Of this, \$200,000,000 is the gift of the last thirty years. The Roman Catholics of the British Isles gave to foreign missions in 1879, \$40,560. Protestants of same land and year, and for same purpose, \$5,392,830. Roman Catholics in the United States gave for foreign missions in 1879, \$15,000. Protestants of the United States for same year, gave to foreign missions, \$2,623,618. These figures tell who is doing the saving work, and who ought to grow.

IN the Fiji Islands, fifty years ago, the inhabitants feasted on human flesh. To-day there are 25,000 communicants, and out of 120,000 inhabitants, 102,000 are regular attendants upon Church. In 1820, in the Friendly Islands, there was not a Christian. To-day there are 8,000 communicants and 20,000 worshippers. In 1860, in Madagascar, there were only a few hundred fugitive Christians. To-day, the queen and her prime minister, and over 253,000 of her subjects are adherents, with more than 70,000 communicants. A century ago, Captain Cook brought to light Polynesia, with its 12,000 islands—heathen to the last degree. To-day it is nearly all Christianized.

NOT long ago a missionary of Hangchow, China (Rev. D. H. Lyon), had been trying to sell tracts at a large market town near by, but none seemed disposed to buy of him. It then occurred to him that he should literally obey the Saviour's command to say, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." So he walked slowly along, and shouted at the top of his voice, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Repent! repent!" He had not gone far before the people came pressing from all sides, wanting his tracts. Some understood him to say that the heavens were falling, and that they would be crushed, others thought the rebels were coming again, but most of them understood him to mean that death and judgment were near, and that they must prepare for them. Such results were, to the mind of the missionary, an evidence of the awakening power of the very words of Scripture. They were the very words suited to arouse the people from their lethargy, and are equally suitable to every clime and age.—*Illus. Miss. News.*