

breast, and commanded him to read no further: the doctor smiled at his insolency in that sacred place, and not all terrified, said HE would do what became a divine, and he might do what became a soldier; so the tumult for that time was quieted, and the doctor permitted to proceed."—PLUMK'S "Life of Hackett."

NO ROOM.

On a fine bright June day, I went to visit a poor blind woman, living in a small room, in one of those decayed streets in London that have known better days. She was plain and uninteresting in appearance, rather deaf as well as blind, with a loud harsh voice, and an abrupt manner, that was not altogether unpleasing, as under it lurked a certain honesty that somehow attracted me to my poor blind friend. On this afternoon I chose the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel to read to her. She listened quietly till I came to the seventh verse, "And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Here she stopped me exclaiming, "Well, there! no room for Jesus! I'd hev made room for Him somehow, would not you?" She made some further remarks, which I have forgotten, but I never read or hear that verse of St. Luke's Gospel without thinking of the words of that poor blind woman.

AGNES JONES.

AGNES JONES gave herself to the service of a large Workhouse Infirmary. That service was not long, for she died in her prime; but I do not doubt her reward is eternal, and that she has gone where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick. Well-born, well-bred, young and pretty, Agnes Jones desired nothing so much as usefulness in the Church of Christ. She gained her mother's leave to be trained in a German charitable institution, and then she passed a year in St. Thomas' Hospital.

Soon afterwards came before her the great, though short, work of her life. Twelve years ago, a gentleman nobly proposed to the Liverpool Guardians the employment of skilled nurses in that Union, offering to pay the expenses connected with such a change. He invited Agnes Jones to superintend the nurses, and to take the management of his wise scheme. She accepted this office of unpaid labour after much prayer. Having entered upon its duties, Agnes began by spending three hours daily in going round the wards. At 5.30 this active lady matron unlocked the doors; at 6 o'clock rung the bell for rising; at 6.30 she conducted the prayers; breakfast followed. Often, however, Agnes had seen her patients before the prayers, and if there were any anxious cases she was up all night. She gave her orders, and was busy with the stores in the morning. The first dinner was at noon; then she dined with the nurses and probationers. The afternoon was spent in attending on calls, or special patients. At 4 o'clock tea; then an evening of care for the surgical dressing. By 9 the night nurses were on duty, when their loving superintendent saw each nurse at her post. Prayers with the day nurses took place at 9.30; but in was often much nearer midnight before Agnes Jones could lie down. When she thought the watchers did not well understand their work she would get up to visit their wards.

Agnes admitted all the new nurses with prayer; every Saturday and Sunday evening she went into the rooms of her nurses that she might talk to them about the blessed Lord Jesus.

Once, forty children were sent into the Union on one day. Eighty paupers were at her Bible class. Notwithstanding all her love, well might she sometimes write, "Weary, weary!"

The people for whom she laboured were some of the lowest and the worst, who could be guilty of great outbreaks, while even little ones were steeped in the knowledge of evil. Yet Agnes Jones would not let herself be cast down. Now and then a happy death cheered her. Now and then there was a bright treat. And she was not without change herself. She provided all the little pleasures she could for the nurses and patients—pictures, flowers, illuminated texts, and the like. Still the toil was immense, when she had three hundred inmates over the regulated number; or tragic scenes with deserted infants, and yet more wretched mothers. At one time there were a hundred men in the small-pox ward, with eyes fixed on Agnes, while she spoke simply of Christ's Gospel. She said she was generally very happy, but surely her strength was over-taxed.

At length came the great Master's call. She was taken ill with typhus fever. Many prayers were offered for her both in and out of the house. She had the tenderest nursing, but inflammation of the lungs came on; and soon, looking lovely and calm like a very angel of mercy, Agnes passed away, scarcely ending her almost last sentence that she would be better when with Jesus.

Should there be one loving woman moved by the examples of Agnes Jones to offer herself for some good life-work amongst Christ's poor, a fresh and most beautiful flower will thus adorn this true Christian's grave.

KING GEORGE III.

On the 29th of October, 1795, the king was going to open Parliament. The carriage window was struck by something that broke it. His Majesty was leaning back, but immediately came forward, and addressing himself to Lord Onslow, who was in the carriage, said, "My Lord that is a shot." Lord Onslow said, with an exclamation, "What shall we do!" "What shall we do," said the king, "go forward, to be sure; there is the same Providence to protect us here as there is anywhere else."

THE VIOLENT.

"The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—St. Matthew xi. 12.

If the angels in heaven are busying themselves in noble and honourable employment, how industrious should we be who are getting up the hill of God, and have not yet arrived at a state of glory. Is salvation-work so easy? Can a man be saved by a leap? Can he leap out of the devil's arms into Abraham's bosom? O no! there must be offering violence.

Some think free grace will save them, but it must be in the use of means: "Watch and pray."

Others say, the promises will bring them to heaven; but the promises of the word are not to be separated from the precepts. The promise tells us of a crown; but the precept saith "So run." 1 Cor. ix. 24. The promises are made to encourage faith, not to cherish sloth.

But, say others, Christ hath died for sinners; and so they leave Him to do all for them, and they will do nothing. Then the text is out of date, and all the exhortations to striving and fighting the good fight of faith, are in vain."

PARTAKERS OF THE INHERITANCE.

THE kingdom of heaven is the Church of God. Christ is King over it. He fixes the way to enter it, and to stay in it. He makes its laws. He rewards the faithful subjects, and punishes or casts out the unfaithful. There is only one Church: part of it is fighting and suffering and being trained on earth; part is at rest in paradise; part is in glory in Heaven.

To be an inheritor of that kingdom is a high dignity. It is to be a fellow citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. It is to be in union with those who are in the light of God's presence, where there is no night, or shadow of ignorance or sin or sorrow. It is to have a real share and right in all the good things which God has prepared for those that love Him. We have not now in full the joys of that kingdom, nor the free use of all that God makes ours. We are not yet fit to be trusted with so much: we need to be trained and taught, and to grow up in wisdom and in power. We are like children, born to high estate, who are under tutors and governors till we reach full age; but who have all provision made out of our inheritance to educate us for the time when "our portion of goods" may be safely given up to our control. We have now as much as is good for us of the blessings and privileges of the kingdom. They can be enjoyed and felt to be real and precious, more and more, as we make use of them, and draw nearer to the fulfilment of our hope. Unless we prize and turn to account our present privileges, the inheritance in the future can never be gained. We may sell the birthright; we may waste our substance in a far country, and never return to our father.

We are "heirs of God" because we are "children." How is it that we are children? Is it because we think and feel and act in certain ways? Surely not; this may prove that we know our relation to our Father; but it does not make that relation. It may prove that we act as children; but it does not make us children. We are shewn to be the sons of God when we are led by the Spirit of God; by Whom we were baptized into Christ, and we put on Christ. When we were made members of the Only-begotten, then it was that we were made partakers of the Divine nature, and so, in very truth sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Our part is now to see that we do not despise our birthright, on think scorn of the good which our Father has in store for us; but live as those who have been called to a high place of spiritual dignity, which leads on to a state higher and more glorious still.

LINCOLN'S GREAT CARE.—In a recent public address Rev. Dr. Tyng related the following anecdote of President Lincoln: During the war, at a time of greatest doubt, a convention of scientific men met in Washington. It was about to adjourn when it was suggested that the delegates should pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln. After they had formed themselves into a half circle in the East Room of the White House, Mr. Lincoln entered with that emphatic form of his—he seemed always to be an interjection point, giving emphasis to what he said and did. He listened to some fulsome flattery with a look of suspicion and doubt, but when the head of the delegation said: "We trust that during this time of trial God will be on our side and give victory,"—Mr. Lincoln stopped him. "Sir," said he, "my concern is not whether God is on our side. My great care is to be on God's side, for God is always right."

LITTLE SINS.

IN "Gulliver's travels" we are told that the hero of the story was wrecked on an unknown shore. He fell asleep on a grassy bank; and, wearied with his struggle for life, he slept till the sun rose high. When he awoke he found that he could not stir his head: it was held fast to the earth. Looking round, he saw a great army of very little men, with very small bows and arrows, ready to shoot at him, if he tried to rise. They had found him in their country asleep, and had tied the hairs of his head to the blades of grass. So he was held as securely as if he had been bound with one strong rope.

The writer of this story had in his mind the politics of his day. But the story may be used to teach a religious lesson. Many a man is like the fabled Gulliver. While his soul is sleeping and he is off his guard, one little foe after another creeps up, and lays hold on him, and binds him. He would feel it, if the rough chain of some dark and threatening looking sin were not cast around him. He would fear, and shake himself free. But there seems nothing to disturb his rest, and so he is quiet. When, at last, he is roused to ask whether something is not wrong, he finds that he is fastened down by a multitude of fine but strong bonds, which cannot be broken without pain; and that he has allowed himself to fall into the power of foes whose united strength he is unable to resist. One great mastering sin does not hold a man down from God more securely than a number of sins which are called "little," but each of which does its work in weakening and enslaving his soul. A man with any fear or love of God will be startled by the assault of a sin that openly threatens his soul's life. So these sins are indeed less dangerous, for men will awaken, and seek strength to resist. But the sins that hardly seem sins, and come silently upon the soul, allow it to sleep on, dreaming of peace, till its freedom is gone.

Some years ago, people were shocked by a dreadful murder. A man had, for months, given very small doses of poison to his wife. The work of death was done so slowly and gradually, that no help was sought till strength and life were broken down past hope of recovery. So it is with the poison of sin: those who hate man's soul and mix it with what is pleasant to his taste, and give it in a way to bring him gently but surely to death.

PROVIDING FOR DAUGHTERS.

THE way to happiness and comfort for single middle-aged women, would be made much easier if a different method were pursued by parents towards their daughters while they are still young. Nothing, of course, can recompense a woman for the loss in her life of the love of husband and children; but there is no reason why, added to this bitterness, she should have the humiliation of dependence. Half the terrors of a single life to a woman lie in the fact that she will never have a home of her own, but must remain a dependent on her father and brothers; the beneficiary on sufferance in the family, though she actually work twice as much as the actual members. A father naturally sets his boy on his own feet at coming age; but as naturally he keeps his daughters dependent on himself. It is as much a pleasure, perhaps, to him to give her her gowns and pin-money at thirty as when she was thirteen. He does not reflect that she has the longing equally natural to every man and woman, to take her own place in the world; to be a rooted plant, not a parasite. The difficulty is easily solved. If the father is wealthy, let him settle absolutely on his daughter, when she is of a marrying age, the amount he would have given her as dowry, instead of doling out the interest as constant gifts; if he is a poor man, let him give her some trade or occupation by which she can earn her own money. This course would obviate the mercenary necessity of marriage which rises night and day before the penniless, dependent woman.