

cause He sincerely offers it, because He says He will give it, because He knows we need it, because He has given it to millions, and because He has given us some already, and that is a pledge of more. For when did He ever begin to build, and find Himself unable to finish? When did He ever bid us ask in vain? He never mocks any soul that cries to Him for mercy while life lasts.

"He giveth more grace." Then I will praise Him, love Him, trust Him, give Him all my heart, and all my confidence.

"MODERN THOUGHT" IS MOSTLY OLD.

BY REV. G. LEON WALKER, D.D.

What form of opposition to evangelical truth in its main outline and essential feature is there to-day that there has not been in days gone by? What weapon is in its essential principle new in all the arsenal of unbelief? The hands that swing these weapons are the hands, indeed, of the living present, but the weapons are old, and the hands that once were broken in their swinging are dust, as the new ones soon will be. Chaucer said, hundreds of years ago:

"Out of the olde fieldes as men saith
Cometh al this newe come from yere to yere;
And out of olde bookes in good faith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere."

And it is as true of the scepticisms of our time as it is of any other of its belongings, the thing that is, is the thing that it hath been. The great record-house of Christian history has its alcoves where are gathered the cognate views and speculations of many ages. There sifted and analyzed, they are catalogued and put away in everlasting remembrance. And not an opposer of orthodox Christianity to-day, and not a speculation adverse to orthodox Christianity, but may find his and its substantial counterpart ticketed and pigeon-holed in those ancient alcoves of recollection. Arianism, Sabellianism, Pelagianism, Socinianism, Rationalism,—these are indeed musty old titles it may be, but they are as fresh as the spring's new clover leaves in their accurate description of what vaunts itself as many a brand-new statement of Christianity to-day. Marvellously would it abate the swelling pride of many a modern amender of our orthodox Christianity, within the church and out of it, could he but know (as he might know did he take the pains to inquire) that as to the substantial gravamen of his difficulty and device, the Church heard it and tired of it ages since.

Cease, then, desponding over the opposition to Christian faith. God lives. The foundation stones of His Gospel are set too firmly ever to be removed. The mortar He laid them in is adamant to men's picks and trowels. They will not be got out of position in our day.

The sin of man, the love of God, the incarnation of Christ, the expiation on Calvary, salvation by faith, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, life and death eternal, a divine revelation, an abiding Church—these are facts, and facts they will remain. And on the basis of these facts it is that God is carrying out His designs; and the design He has begun He will finish. If any stone attempts to block His chariot-wheels it is not the wheels, but the stone that is broken. So it has been; so will it be always.

Let us go into line with the inevitable order of things. Let us anticipate the victory by holding the truth that will conquer.—*Dr. George Leon Walker.*

MIRACLES.

It seems (says the "Pall Mall Gazette") that the supply of miracles is becoming in excess of the demand. The thing has been clearly overdone by the Vatican of late years. The extraordinary success of the Lourdes miracle of 1858 afforded a very natural impetus to the spread of stories of miraculous appearances; and instead of the Roman authorities being content to look upon miracles as rare and occasional phenomena, they made bold to demand from the faithful a belief in their frequent occurrence. At last a familiarity with miraculous appearances of the Virgin seems to have bred a contempt for them. They are now being disowned and discredited one after the

other. Only the other day the Bishop of Ratisbon issued a pastoral to his flock to discourage any further belief in the miracle of Mettenbach, prohibiting any pilgrimages for the future to the spot where the Virgin was reported to have miraculously appeared to some young children in 1876. The Bishop, after a careful investigation of the story, came to the conclusion that it had been altogether concocted by the children; and a similar opinion is said to exist commonly with regard to the miraculous appearance of the Virgin at Marpingen also in the year 1876. This supposed imposition the courts of Saarbrucken are now looking into, with every prospect of the fraud being substantiated. A similar attempt to upset the credibility of the La Salette failed, it is true. A Mlle. de Lamerliere won an action for libel against the two Grenoble priests who accused her of having played the role of the Virgin to the children who told the story; but these things are managed better in Rhenish Prussia than French Provence.

HEART'S-EASE.

A pretty little village, nestling among the great mountains that surrounded it on all sides, as if they would fain shelter it from all outside cares and trouble, and very peaceful indeed it looked, with the sunset glow of a summer evening flinging its radiance over vale and hill, and embracing the whiteness of the pretty little cottages that mainly composed the village. Old and young seemed alike to be enjoying the beauty of the evening, as they gathered in groups or rested quietly at their cottage doors. With one of the latter I tarried to speak a few words in admiration of the small flower garden which, I well knew, was the pride and delight of the old man's heart. "Did you ever see finer pansies than these, ma'am," he said, exultingly, as he gathered a few and gave them to me. Certainly I never did, for their rich dark beauty was only equalled by their perfect formation and the soft cream-like shading petals.

"Pansies for thoughts," I said, "they suggest very peaceful ones, I think."

"Don't you like the old English name for 'em best, ma'am? Heart-ease. 'Pears to me like it fits 'em better. They allars seems to thrive so contentedly in any out-of-the-way corner you puts 'em in, so lowly too, for all their being so much richer looking than many of their tailer neighbours."

Quaint as the old man was, I was struck by the force and truth of his remarks.

The melody of a happy, trustful voice came floating out to us from an open window, and he added, "There's our village Heart's-ease singing now."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Only a neighbour of mine, ma'am, a young woman who has seen a deal of trouble, poor thing, but she is so happy and peaceful that the people round about here always call her 'our Heart's-ease,' and go to her whenever they are in trouble. They think it fits her just as it does the pansies."

A few days after, I determined to make the acquaintance of "our Heart's-ease," and made my way to the white cottage. Within a covered porch I found Alice Fern sitting, busily sewing on a little child's dress. As I looked upon the serene and peaceful face, I did not wonder at the name the villagers had given. After a little, I learned that she was a young widow, having lost her husband, a sailor, two years ago, just when she was expecting him home. Since that time she had been dependent on her own exertions, for supporting her invalid mother and her little child. A baby had died a year ago.

"How much you have had to worry you," I said.

"The blessings always came more thickly than the troubles," she answered brightly.

"You have found the silver lining to the cloud, then, I expect."

"That is it, ma'am, I have been a slow learner, but God has at length taught me to trust Him in the dark as well as in the light—when I cannot see the way as much as when I can."

"And you have found Him faithful that promised?" I asked. She looked up from her work as if surprised that I should ask such a question.

"I have found Him able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I can ask or think, for His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. No words of mine can tell what He has done for me," she answered simply.

"I do not wonder now that your neighbours give you the name of Heart's-ease," I said smiling.

"They seem to wonder why I am not worried and fretted and anxious as so many of them are. Poor things, I wish they would try my way."

"And what is your way?" I asked.

"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you; when that is done, what is there left to worry about?"

"But people are not willing to do that," I said. "I know it," she answered, "and I was not once but I have learnt the better way now, and it is such comfort that I want to get every one else to try it."

"It does seem strange that people should be so willing to keep their burdens and their worries, when they might be so easily rid of them all," I remarked.

"That is what I tell them, ma'am. If they could only once realize the comfort there is in leaving everything with Him—who knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him even, they would no longer wonder at the heart's-ease it brings to one."

"No, indeed, for the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him, and underneath are the everlasting arms," and with these words I bid her farewell, feeling she was indeed one who through deep waters had come into a fuller possession than many, of the "peace that passeth all understanding," the only sure foundation for the tranquillity and restfulness of mind, which was so truly Heart's-ease and having nothing to trouble her, because she had cast it all upon Him, the result was:

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

"HERRINGS FOR NOTHING!"

I was recently appointed to labour for a short season down by the sea on the coast of Lancashire. A large building was taken for services on the Lord's day; but from uncontrollable circumstances there were no local friends to help in the work. Accordingly, on the morning of the Sabbath I presented myself at the Assembly Rooms, and was shown by the hall-keeper into a very handsome and spacious hall, where all the needful preparations had been made for public worship. I had brought a boy with me to distribute hymns, and leaving him without, took my place to wait for the expected audience. The time announced was half-past ten . . . I waited until the time appointed; but no one came. I waited on, with the same result, feeling more miserable and depressed than ever before; still no one came. A few of the theatricals peeped in upon me, and some of the tavern waiters; but none entered; and at eleven o'clock my patience was exhausted, and I left the place, to meet at the door the feigned and mocking condolences of the theatricals and waiters aforesaid. The sea-beach was but a few yards distant, and full in view; and the long esplanade fronting the sea was literally black with people, walking, lounging, and sitting, in the calm sunshine, and inhaling the gentle breeze from the sea.

And as I walked along in utter loneliness, I felt most keenly the Master's wisdom in sending out two and two. If I had had only one friend, the feeling of loneliness would never have been experienced; but I was alone. Then I lifted up my heart to the Lord, asking that my utter failure might yet rebound to His glory in the attempt I now resolved to make to speak in the open air.

On a spot where the beach shelved gently down I took my stand, with my back to the sea and my face to the crowded esplanade above. I read, as loudly as possible, Isaiah lv., and then engaged in prayer. So prepared to speak for Jesus, I looked fully round for the first time, and there were hundred of people stopping to hear. I had to abandon the sermon I had prepared, and to cast myself on the Lord for a word in season; and then I commenced as follows:

"I want you to think of a bitter east wind, a declining day, fast falling snow, and a short muddy street in London, at the far east. Put these thoughts together