

ORIGINAL.

HE LEADETH ME.

"I am the Lord thy God which *leadeth* thee to profit, Which *leadeth* thee by the way that thou shouldst go, O that thou hadst harkened to my commandment! then had thy *peace* been as a river, and thy *righteousness* as the waves of the sea" Isa. 48th Chap. God ever leads us by *teaching*. We learn of Him, and follow where He leads when we walk in the way He directs. Just so far as He has taught us, and we follow that teaching, to that extent, and that only, are we led by Him. The Holy Spirit, through the Apostles revealed to us, the Father's will, show the way to escape sin, and how to reach "the realm of the blest." If we lovingly and reverently follow the words of truth, *spoken* by the Holy Spirit through the Apostles, we are "led by the spirit of God," consequently "we are sons of God" and "heirs according to the promise." And because you are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts crying Abba Father." This is the *Comforter* which is to "abide forever," which is given to them who obey the Saviour, by which we are strengthened with might in the inner man, which "helpeth our infirmities," and comforts in affliction and sorrow, bringing to our minds the precious words of truth, upon which the tired soul rests from its pain, and enjoys the peace of God which passeth all understanding. How often—when the way has seemed dark and rough to our feet, our hearts have been weary of the sorrows and cares of life, we have felt trials sore and bitter, when our brightest hopes have been blighted, our fondest plans destroyed, and our dearest friends taken from us, and storms of grief and sorrow have swept heavily over our soul—have we been comforted by His word, led nearer to him, and our hearts gladdened by the thought that Heaven is nearing us where sorrow and trials are no more. Truly through all this we have felt how securely "He leadeth" us, and how sweet to the soul is "the communion of the Holy Spirit." We cannot forget how God blessed the faithful ones of olden time who "walked by faith," and how He led them safely in ways of peace and holiness. "The *steps* of a good man are ordered by the Lord," "who *leadeth* thee by the way that thou shouldst go." The ways of God are far above the ways of man, let us *trust* Him simply and firmly, knowing that "He doeth all things well," and that if he spared not his own Son to die that we might live. He will most surely lead us into possession of all good things. If we are only faithful to *follow*, our Heavenly Father will lead and direct our steps, and although the way may be rugged and difficult, the darkness of sin and sorrow may gather around us, and even Satan may seek to win us away, let us never fear or grow weary, but earnestly press onward and upward, with an unwavering faith in Him who will never leave nor forsake us, who is ever near to strengthen, cheer, and comfort us as He leads us by the paths of righteousness—gently heavenward, "In all thy *ways* acknowledge Him, and He shall *direct* thy paths."

"He leadeth me: O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught."
G. J. B.

SELECTIONS.

"THE SIMPLE GOSPEL" IN PREACHING.

The expression is liable to misapprehension. A young preacher, wearied with work, or overcome by a revival of his unconverted laziness, pushes back his books and says, "I will not study any more this week, but give my people some 'simple Gospel' talk." Half educated men are pushed by others equally unwise into evangelistic work, despising sacred erudition, and trusting to the power of "the simple Gospel." Thus the expression has come to stand for common place thoughts, strings of trite sayings, threadbare harangues—a torn and drabbed fringe basted upon the beautiful robe of Gospel truth. With this use of the word we can understand a saying attributed to one of our wisest men, when asked why the pulpit seemed declining in power—"Too much *simple Gospel*," he replied by which he meant not enough *suggestive Gospel*;" the Gospel in platitudes, and not in pertinent application to men's consciences and needs; the Gospel as its hearers are turned to murkiness by passing through the dull brain of the preacher, and not flashing with its heaven-sent glories from a quick, deep-thoughted, spiritually polished soul. The Gospel is a deep well, the simplest, in the sense of the purest, most refreshing and quickening water of life, is that which comes from its deepest place. He does the best work who drops his bucket farthest down. And this can-

not be done by careless or hurried study extemporizing with the remnants of a half-filled memory; but will be accomplished only one who has the most correct interpretation of Bible words; is versed in the customs of people to whom they were addressed; is skillful in his diagnosis of moral and spiritual diseases, that he may realize the subtlety and potency of the sacred remedies which are in this *insidiosa Materia Medica*; who has learned, by protracted meditation and prayerfulness, the mind of the Spirit. A distinguished professor of philosophy and political economy recently remarked the writer of this article, that were it possible to live his life over, he would spend the bulk of his life trying to find out the *fulness of the Gospel*. A prominent preacher became interested in this reputed exegesis of a certain text. He read everything he could find written upon it, and pondered it deeply. In order to "fix" the results he wrote out his conclusions and gave them a portion of a sermon. He was afterwards requested that hereafter he would not elaborate his sermons as he usually did, but give some "simple Gospel talk" like that of the preceding Sabbath. Be sure that as the simplicity of Christ was in the effulgence of His greatness, so true simplicity of Gospel preaching will come from the greatness of our knowledge of the mind of Christ.—*The Review*

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led to the writing of one of his sweet hymns: One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking over the beautiful fields in summer time. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards a little bird. The poor thing very much frightened, was darting here and there trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and the man sitting by it, the bird flew in its terror toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as the trembling little bird did, that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

CONFUSED.

Every year a certain portion of the children of the London board schools enter into a competitive examination in Scriptural knowledge, for prizes which consist of handsomely bound Bibles and Testaments. The competitors write answers to printed questions, and the following specimens of their work illustrate that one result of the cramming process is to make "hash" of the children's knowledge:

"Abraham was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives. One was called Hishmale and tother Haggar he kept wun at home, and he turned tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime, and a pillow of fire by night."

Another on Joseph;
"Joseph wore a Koat of many garments. He was chief butler to Faro and told dreams. He married Pottiffers dorter, and he led the Giphans out of bondage and died in sight of the promised land."

This was offered on Moses:
"Moses was an Egypshon. He lived in an ark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het kwales and manner. He was korb by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absolem as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."—*Youth's Companion*.

There is a teaching which only suffering can convey to the soul, a searching hour when the furrows have to be deeply driven for the precious truths of God to get right to the bottom of these hearts of ours. Ah! there is the furnace of his affliction. Who knows what is the best for us, knows what pain is best, and disappointment best and everything which goes against the grain, as we say. But it is the hand of the Healer that wounds in mercy, the skillful surgery of the Great Physician which saves, though our nature shrinks in the ordeal.—*Guide*.

THE BELL ORGAN

"NOW SQUIRM, OLD NATUR."

A STINGY Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear trumpet directed upwards towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself—"I'll give ten dollars," again he said, "I'll give fifteen." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this quistic. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it the box, saying to himself as he did it—"Now squirm, old natur!"

"This was a victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. Old natur must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole market-book, may, by and by, get the heart into the charity-box, and then the cure is reached. All honor to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, besides pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature.—*The Canadian Missionary*.

We have read of the Christian man who died not long ago, and a short time afterwards, on his cash-box being opened, a strip of paper met the eye, on which with his own hand, he had written, "Ye are not your own." A good text in a good place. Too often we are willing to make splendid sacrifices for God, if the cash box is not unduly interfered with. Just let us give the Lord all our money, and taking it back from his hands, as stewards, very jealously use every penny of it as in his sight.—*Guide*.

And yet, on the other hand, money is the easiest gift for God, the biggest givers rarely pinch themselves, for they put into the plate of their abundance. But God wants ourselves. All our capabilities, aim, hopes, lives, everything that makes up our lives. He claims all, and will give no real and abiding peace while we keep anything back. It has been well said, "If you surrender to Christ all you have, he will bestow upon you all he has."—*Guide*.

Talmage says, if the people of his nation, or of any nation, could only understand what anarchy is they would crush out his life instantaneously. "Anarchy is abolition of right of property; It makes your store and your house and your money and family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defense, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means hell let loose on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous."—*Christ. Evang.*

Instinct never errs. To endow with reason is to expose to the liability of error, and its consequent ill. To endow with moral nature is to expose to the liability to sin, with its consequent curse. Herein is the whole philosophy of the "fall" of Adam.—*Disciple*.

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We have said the same thing in many ways and on many occasions, but it will bear to be repeated, and this time we do so in the language of *The New York Independent*:—"The doctrine of 'good men only, in private personal morality, for public offices,' is a maxim which every voter ought to honor in casting his ballot for candidates for such offices. The fact that there no special objections to these candidates, founded on their public or official action, is no answer to objections based on their private character. A man who is known to be licentious, or to be dishonest, or to be untruthful and utterly unreliable in his word, is at heart a bad man in the sense that he is governed nowhere by sound principle. If he will cheat in a private matter, he will equally cheat in a public matter whenever he deems it to be to his interest to do so. Such a man cannot be trusted with safety. What one really is, in his ordinary private conduct, is the best test of his real character; and if he is thus shown to be a bad man, that ought to be the end of all his hopes for public offices. The people cannot afford to honor such a man with the powers of office; and if they have right consciences they will not do so. By following this rule they will purify the politics of the country, elevate the tone of general morality, and teach all office seekers and all public men that personal morality is a cardinal qualification for the public service."—*Globe*.

It is possible for our lives, in the daily difficulty and roughness, to be chafed like the precious stone into polished beauty. But it is also possible—and, perhaps, with most of us is too often the case—that the worry frets and scratches us, scarring our tempers and multiplying our sharp edges. The difference in it is to be found in the neglect of the oil of the grace of God, which is at our service, without money or price.—*Guide*.

The foundation of good labor in any sphere is a good man, and all that is done to give breadth, depth and fulness to him will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.