

kept it locked up, and the governor was executed. His name is still honored by the Manx, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory to the music of the spinning-wheel. We must all feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man, who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say, 'Thou art the man!' Thou hast a pardon in thine hand to save thy fellow sinners, not from temporal, but eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designed for all; thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of presenting it to him, and urging it on him as the gift of salvation?—Rev. H. Stowell.

### The Voice of the Spirit Quenched.

When I was a young boy, before I was a Christian, I was in a field one day, with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text,—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the Kingdom of God. He went from one village to another, and got nothing to do. He went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text:—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

The text went down to the bottom of his heart. He went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text:—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately:

'No; I will first get wealthy.'

He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feeling, to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

'My mother died,' he said, 'and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said, "I will try to become a Christian."' The tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued, 'I could not; no sermon ever touched me; my heart is as hard as that stone,' pointing to one in the field.

I couldn't understand what it was all about; it was fresh to me then. Soon after I went to Boston and was converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back I asked my mother:

'Is Mr. L—— living in such a place?'

'Didn't I write to you about him?' she asked. 'They have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there, he points with his finger up there and tells him, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."'

When I got home again my mother told me he was in her house, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking-chair, with

that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he pointed at me and said:

'Young man, "seek ye first the Kingdom of God.''

Reason was gone, but the text was there.—D. L. Moody.

### The Power of Simple Confidence.

A young man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of 'sincere prayers' and 'heartfelt desires' after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not 'feel any different in spite of it all.'

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry:

'Well, did you ever learn to float?'

'Yes, I did,' was the surprised reply.

'And did you find it easy to learn?'

'Not at first,' he answered.

'What was the difficulty,' his friend pursued.

'Well, the fact was I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once.'

'And then?'

'Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink.'

'And is not God's Word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; he commands you just to rest in him, to believe his word and accept his gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and his word to you now is, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—"Occident.'

### 'Lights.'

A lady, going after nightfall through the arched court of a newly-finished building, stumbled over two or three steps which stood midway in the court, and gave her ankle a severe sprain.

'Is there no light under that arch?' asked an indignant friend, condoling with the sufferer.

'I believe so. But it was not lit this evening.'

'Was the electric light not burning?'

'Oh, yes, indeed, bravely; it was doing its best, but the steps were out of its range.'

We should try to understand all we who claim to be heirs of the Father, what the Book means when it speaks of the 'children of God' as 'lights in the world.' Let us fix our minds upon it until we feel to the soul our individual obligation. For it is a solemn thought, indeed, that if that part of the world where we were meant to shine is dark, some one may stumble and fall, because our light failed them when they needed it.

Perhaps we may have thought 'he has a pastor, a Christian teacher, strong religious friends; let them come up to the help of the Lord and save him.'

Yes, but not a hundred feet away from the spot where the lady fell the great electric light was blazing to its full height, yet it could not make her way safe. Her security depended on the one insignificant(?)

burner which ought to have been lit under the arch—and was not.

The pastor, the teacher, the steadfast friend may be doing well their duty, but it is with none of them; it is with us, perhaps, that the responsibility rests—with us. Can we bear the weight of it if we cause one of these little ones to stumble?—'Forward.'

### Jesus Knocks.

Dost thou not hear that sound?

Must it be always drowned

By clamorous voices of the world replying?

It is the voice of One that standeth crying;

Of One that standeth at a fast-closed door Patiently knocking—knocking evermore,

Dost thou not hear that sound?

The snow is on the ground

To-night, the cold north wind is blowing chill;

But surely must that heart be colder still—Frozen with cold, and fettered hard with air.

That cannot take this blessed Stranger in.

Thou dost not ask what door

Is that He knocks before,

Nor who it is; for thou art well aware It is none less than Jesus standing there! He waits, He pleads, as only He knows how

Thou hast not always listened—listen now!

I think I hear Him say,

'Thou wilt not turn away,

Thy truest Friend? I shed My blood long years

Ago for thee. To-night I shed My tears

If still I find no entrance to thy heart.

Is it some sin from which thou canst not part?

'Is it the love of gain

That makes My pleading vain?

Didst thou but know what treasures I have brought,

What peace! what pardon!—thou wouldst count at naught

All else beside. Right dearly were they won,

For I have died for thee, My son! My son!

'The thorns have pierced My brow;

The nail-prints even now

Are in My hands—these hands that bring to thee

Such gifts; Oh, say at last thou lovest Me, For I have waited many a weary year,

He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear.'

Thus Jesus knocks, Oh, might

There only be to-night

One door by eager, trembling hand unbarred

To let Him in; one heart, however hard, Touched by the greatness of this Love divine!

Whose shall it be? O brother, why not thine?

—'Friendly Greetings.'

### The Find-the-Place Almanac

#### TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 14, Sun.—The Lord is King for ever and ever.

July 15, Mon.—The Lord is in his holy temple.

July 16, Tues.—I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

July 17, Wed.—The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

July 18, Thur.—The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men.

July 19, Fri.—Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?

July 20, Sat.—He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart.