

ago as I've learnt to know it of late, what a different creatur' I should ha' been! I guess I shouldn't ha' wretted and fretted the flesh off my bones, and set everybody agin me, as I ha' done. There's no peace to them as keeps away from the Lord."

"But when we turn to Him,\*He comes to meet us as the father did his prodigal son, and fills our hearts with joy and gladness, and a peace that the world can neither give nor take away," added Flora, in low, soft tones. "Dear aunt," she added, "I am so glad that you are getting to know and love your heavenly Father, who has been loving you all along, though you did not know it. Our hearts so need Him that we can never be satisfied and at rest until His love is shed abroad in them."

George was listening intently, and when Flora ceased speaking he moved uneasily on his chair. "You feel this, too, uncle, do you not?" said Flora, turning to him.

"It's all true enough, my dear, but I'm one o' those uncommon folks as feels what I feels, and don't say much about it," he replied, rather nervously. "But I always like to hear you read and talk, only you mustn't expect me to make much observations about it, Flora. Don't think as I likes it any the less if I don't say nothink about it, you know. It's my way; but p'raps I may get over it some day."

The days passed on, and at length the thing which Mrs. Prescott had dreaded came to pass. One bright evening, late in June, the carrier came in, and finding his wife alone, announced to her that Harry Danvers wanted to marry Flora in August, and take her with him to America. With a momentary return of the bantering manner (which he had long since abandoned) he added, "You know I told you, Jenny, when she came as she wouldn't trouble us long, as somebody 'ud be sure to snap her up soon for a wife."

"Ah! I've been afeared all along as this 'ud come upon me," said Mrs. Prescott, as she hurried from the room to hide the burst of grief which she could not help giving way to. Flora presently came in and found her in her trouble, and would know the cause of it. "Dear aunt," she said, soothingly, as she put her arms around her, "the thought of leaving you makes me quite sad; but I shall come again to see you, be assured of that. We can come from America to England in a few days at any time."

"I shall miss you sorely," answered Mrs. Prescott, with tears. "But I shall ever bless God as you came to us, Flora. I shall never again be as lonely as I was afore you came; for George is a different man to me to what he used to be; and I've found an ever-present friend besides, as I'll never leave me nor forsake me. D'ye know, Flora," she added, "though I've never confessed it to you before, and I desay George haven't, neither, I was dead set agin' your coming here. I'd ha' kept you away, if it hadn't been for him, though you hadn't no home to go to. Wasn't it dreadful?"

"Did you dislike the thought of me so much, aunt?" asked Flora with a smile.

"Oh, I was so stony-hearted! that was it," replied Mrs. Prescott. "But you were so loving, that I couldn't help loving you. I hope you may be as great a blessing to your husband, my dear, as you've been to me. But I can't bring myself to talk much about him yet." However, when autumn came, and the marriage took place, Mrs. Prescott managed to give up her darling with resignation and cheerfulness; also to live contentedly without her when she went away to a far country.

One Sunday evening when she and the carrier were sitting cosily together, piously talking over the big Bible, she remarked, "Ah, Flora taught me a meaning which I might never ha' seen so clear in that text, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

## "BURNING WORDS."

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

### HEART'S-EASE.

MANY of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his

festivities, he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself, and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was with Shenstone. He sat down, and said, "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day, and pluck a little heart's-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit.

### CHRIST INDESCRIBABLE.

My Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in fall that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this One altogether fair. Oh, Thou flower of eternity, Thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all the people clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll Him through the heaven in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

### THE BEST FURCH.

I go out some summer day, and I find that there are two beehives quarrelling with each other. I come up toward them. I do not come near enough to get stung, but I come near enough to hear the contest between them. The one cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." The other cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I say, "Stop this quarrel. If you think that is the sweetest, go there; if you think *that* is the sweetest, go there. I want you to understand that that hive is the best that gets the most honey." I see different denominations of Christians in contest with each other, some preferring this field of evangelical belief, and some that field. I say, Take your choice. If you like that evangelical belief the best, take it—if you like this evangelical belief the best, take it; but understand that Christ thinks most of that church which gets the most of the honey of Christian grace in the heart, and the most of the honey of Christian grace in the life."

### JESUS.

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this One infinitely fair, to whom you, O sinner, are to-night invited.

### THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

That man who breaks the Sabbath, robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life, and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's-day, gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed, and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, and pore, and cell, and finger-nail demand the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulses in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket, declare: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

### SYMPATHY.

We think Mary of Bethany a little to blame for not helping Martha to get the dinner. If women sympathise with men in the troubles of store and field, let the men also sympathise with the women in troubles of housekeeping. Many a housewife has died of her annoyances. A bar of soap may become a murderous weapon. The poor cooking-stove has sometimes been the slow fire on which the wife has been roasted.—From "Burning Words." London: Dickinson and Higham.