

lodging. At once he was sent to a boarding place, and our friend, Mr. Sottly, prison missionary, undertook to secure him admittance to the hospital. The following day he was received, but his stay was brief, as he died the third day after. It was a sad case, but not a solitary one. During the past month we have met with three or four similar cases of actual distress, and we feel thankful for the opportunity of lending a helping hand.

WORDS OF WARNING.



ASSOCIATIONS, are not exempt, any more than individuals from danger.

In all work carried on by committees, with more or less elaborate machinery, there is always risk that there may be great activity and appearance of zeal when the inspiring cause—the love for souls, the devotion for the Master—has slackened or passed away. Let us beware of such “dead works.”

The individual too may be deceiving himself, and in the excitement of overmuch serving may be losing the touch of the Master's hand. May this not be so with any one of our members!

The sectarian spirit may arise, and great watchfulness is necessary to prevent this.

The educational and material benefits provided, may, as it were, swamp the spiritual work of Associations, and, instead of being the handmaids of the Gospel, may actually become its enemies.

The insidious attacks of worldliness may invade us, and we may stoop to lower aims and meaner methods than become the children of light.

God forbid that any member with us should fail to remember that we are *Christian* first, and then—nay, *Christian first, and last, and all through.* The worst danger of all surely is that in our work educational,—social—physical,—missions,—temperance advocacy,—spiritual or evangelistic efforts of any kind, a lower motive should be present than the glory of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. —“*Word and Work.*”

ALL IN ONE.

(Lines written on the fly-leaf of a Steamship Bible.)

A **Mine of Wealth**, where every one may toil,
And for his pains grow rich in golden spoil.

A **Living Spring** with waters running free,
Where all who thirst may drink unastintedly.

A **Glowing Sun** whose light and warmth
are shed,
For wandering souls, whose light and warmth
are fled.

A **Lavish Feast**, and all way-farers woo'ed
No price in hand, to eat immortal food,

A **Spotless Dress** made ready to array,
All pilgrim's stained in sin's defiling way.

A **Hand Book** true, where they who run
may read,
To shun what paths, and what safe guides to
need.

A **Passport** sure, made out by Christ's
own hand.
For all who seek than earth a “better land.”

Mine—Spring—Sun—Feast—Dress
—**Guide—Passport—thou,**
O Blessed book! what lacks the traveller
now?

CHIEF END OF MAN.



VARRO, an eminent writer, reckons up no less than 288 different opinions, concerning the chief good or happiness of man. Alas, the world will not believe that there is “but **ONE THING** needful.”

We question whether Varro had met with the definition we read in a book of Etiquette handed in among the donations at our last Book Reception. In the opening paragraph the author says, “**THE CHIEF END OF A GENTLEMAN IS TO SHINE IN SOCIETY**” and then proceeds with a chapter on Dancing &c. Why, even a Butterfly is designed for other than to display his beautiful wings, and a Grasshopper was never made simply to show nimbly it can jump. There is, however, one sense in which “**Shining in Society**” may be said to be the Chief end of Man. “**LET YOUR LIGHTS SO SHINE before MEN THAT THEY MAY SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS, AND GLORIFY YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.** MAT V—16.