

Humility—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness—"Seeketh not her own."

Good Temper—"Is not easily provoked."

Guilelessness—"Thinketh no evil."

Sincerity—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

CANADA: AN ODE.

From a Canadian in England.

Far from a western land
Wistfully wandering,
Seeing earth's cities,
And sailing its streams;
Hoping for happiness
Mine, not another's,
Lured on by visions,
And driven by dreams.

Distant lands beckoned me,
Promising pleasure;
Farther I fared
For the regions of rest:
But to the homeland
Presently bending,
I found, like Columbus,
The land of the blest.

—*Claude Bryan,*

A CONTRAST.

The Bishop of Winchester in a sermon drew a striking contrast between the infidel Voltaire and the Christian on the review of their lives. "Who," says Voltaire, "can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonder; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage, and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers, in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being

robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and I wish that I had never been born."

Now, let us hear the language of the excellent Hallyburton; who died as he lived full of confidence in God. "I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise Him for ever and ever. Oh! the thoughts of an Incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing. O, how I wonder at myself that I do not admire Him more, and that I do not love Him more. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What a mercy that having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul. I long for His salvation, I bless His Name, I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. Oh! blessed be God that I was born."

KEPT HIS BURDEN.

Many of us are like the man told of in the following story:

Foot-sore and weary, a man was trudging, one hot day, along a dusty country road, bent beneath the weight of a huge bundle which he carried on his back. A farmer, passing along the road in his wagon, overtook the foot-traveller, and, seeing how weary and worn he was, invited him to ride with him as far as the next town, some miles farther on. The man accepted the invitation thankfully, and climbed into the wagon. He did not remove the burden from his back, but sat bent over, with its weight still pressing upon his shoulders. "Why don't you lay that big bundle down and rest yourself while you have the chance?" the farmer asked in surprise. And the man answered: "It's very kind of you to give me this lift, and I feel that it is enough for you to take me, without having to carry the bundle too."

We may smile at this man who

was not bright enough to see that the farmer's horses were carrying his bundle as well as himself, even though he still kept it strapped to his back, and burdened himself with its unwieldiness. But are we not a little like him? Christ has asked us to entrust ourselves, with all our troubles and burdens, to Him. How often do we do it fully and freely? Is there not usually some burden, some trouble, that we will not give over to Him, but insist on carrying ourselves, even though we feel that His strength is upholding us?—*Weekly Magnet.*

HOW JOB HELPED ONE CHINA BOY.

Len Yen worked in my family nine years, and though he was always a good servant there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday afternoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression on Len Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came ready and quick, "All right; Job help me very much yesterday."

"Job help you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sabbath School lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job help me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I worked hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose all his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

—*Dartmouth Parish and Home.*