

ful thing that has survived the Fall. But is there anything in such union worthy of the name, as compared with that of which we have been speaking? The hearts that glow with large expectations, that start out with the loftiest ideals of one another, may come in the course of years to lower their respective estimates, and the hands which were united at the altar by the glow of natural affection may drop asunder when that affection has subsided, as it is likely to do amid the worries and the weariness of a purely secular existence, and when all the pictures and poetry of the bridal morn have vanished. But they whom God and holy love have united—whom the Spirit of all grace has covered with the beauty of holiness, know of no such failures. In the worry of life—in the hard battle which they may have to maintain in the world for bread—there may be occasional alienations and misunderstandings, when high principle is tested and affection is wounded; but these defects pertain only to time, and are daily disappearing under that light, more and more largely diffused, and in which they will see all things clearly. Onward and onward they go, more loving, tried and trusted still. Onward and onward, hand in hand they go, with a rich experience of the Gospel in their souls, till the shadows flee away. Onward and onward they go, growing nearer to each other, and nearer to God, till they sleep together beneath the long grass at the bottom of the hill, under the wings of the Almighty, till the trump of the resurrection shall break upon the ears of an astonished world.

Now read the hymn in this light, and say whether John Fawcett did not do a fine thing when, at the tears of an attached people that would not let him go, he bade away the golden offer from London, quietly unloaded the waggons that stood waiting for departure, and sat down to his poor living at Wainsgate on \$125 a year—whether he did not do a fine thing when in sitting down he wrote:

Blest be the tie that binds, etc.

Beatus sit nōlus
Qui colligat unā;
Affines terra spiritus!
Est similis spirā.

Pro throno, O Deus,
Offerimus precem;
Nostri cōnatus, spes, metus,
Solatia iidem.

Portūmus onera,
Alterius alter,
Et saepe fluit lacryma,
Nam mutuos dolor.

Saepe avellimur;
Sed tamen speramus
Venturos; et, actus dolor,
Jam laeti erimus.

Nos modo spes laeta
In viā animat,
Dum quisque jam vidat suprā
Et rem desideret.

Soluti terrenis,
Amore frui
Serēnis amicitiiis
Et praeiis cœli.

ENCOURAGE THE PASTOR.

Encouragement is needful in every department of life. Approbation consoles, invigorates and incites. The minister needs its exhilarating influence. His work being arduous, difficult and trying, confronted with discouragement and opposition, and dark pictures oft flitting across his vision, he prizes the voice of cheer and favour. His soul craves it as eagerly as the starving man demands bread. When received, it is as balm to his weary spirit. It is his right and privilege.

As he is benefited by it, so are his people. The reflex influence tells advantageously upon them in better preaching, more efficient work, a more kind and appreciative ministry, a fuller, heartier and more responsive service, a longer, sweeter and more fruitful pastorate, and a more refreshing, congenial and helping intercourse and association.

In all kinds of work men need sympathy, especially the manifested interest of those in whose behalf they labour. Under its manifestations zeal is quickened, and activity aroused. The workmen feel that they are not alone, but have interested, friendly co-operators. Herein the pastor is no exception. He yearns for the sympathy of those for whose benefit he prays and preaches and toils. If it be free, spontaneous and constant in its expression toward him, he works with more buoyant spirit, greater fidelity and larger success.

Our Young Folks.

ALMOST.

"Almost Thou persuadest me."
"Thou art not far from the kingdom."
"Behold, now is the accepted time."

So near the door—and the door stood wide!
Close to the port—but not inside!
Near to the fold—yet not within!
Almost resolved to give up sin!
Almost persuaded to count the cost!
Almost a Christian—and yet lost!

Saviour, I come, I cry unto Thee,
O, let not these words be true of me.
I want to come to the point to-day,
O suffer me not to turn away;
Give me no rest till my soul shall be
Within the refuge! Safe in Thee!

A STORY OF A HYMN.

A party of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881.

A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered courteously. "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words.

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion:

"I remember that night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man, created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to be alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew till this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the secret from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

TELL MOTHER IT'S BROTHER WILL.

At a meeting in Chicago, Major Hilton related the following incident which occurred on the Scottish coast:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning, the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard

before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh! how those on shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance, they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers: "Are they all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came. "All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What? leave one there to die alone! A fellow creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and dishevelled hair, who with agonizing entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother!

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. Oh stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril, there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With "a God bless you, my boy!" she released him, and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on the shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast-sinking ship, by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of the landing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother it is Brother Will!"

THE DOLLARS GO BUT THE LIE STAYS.

"Would you tell a lie for five cents?" asked a Sabbath school teacher.

"No, ma'am."

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am; not even for a hundred dollars."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Henry hesitated. He could buy many things with a thousand dollars. While he was thinking, Charlie answered "No, ma'am," very positively.

"Why not?"

"Because when the thousand dollars are gone the lie is the same."

Which of these boys was the stouter, morally? Ten cents would have measured the moral strength of some boys.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure and unambitious men are adequate. But the surest way to advancement is to be careful in little things.