

even he had never rejected the offer of salvation, as preached by Christ and His Apostles. Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?" "Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope." "Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion! You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now!" "How shall I begin?" "Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the great Physician in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next, even the most common duty of life, that you have to perform, do it as a service to Him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to the peril. Beware of delay—beware." "You are right; may God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."—*Selected.*

"DUST TO DUST."

Oh, blessing, wearing semblance of a curse,  
We fear thee, thou stern sentence—yet to be  
Linked to immortal bodies were far worse  
Than thus to be set free.  
For mingling with the life blood through each  
vein  
The venom of the serpent's bite has run  
And only thus might be expelled again—  
Thus only health be won.  
Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,  
Now since the leprosy has fretted through  
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,  
And build it all anew?  
Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again)  
A holy house where righteousness may dwell;  
And we, though in the unbuilding there will be  
pain,  
Will still affirm—'tis well.  
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

LAUGHING AT A CHILD IN HIS PRESENCE.

Nor long since I visited a Kindergarten where there were a great many children belonging to wealthy families. One little fellow would not join in the play or the work, preferring to sit in an outside room doing his work alone. About half an hour previous to the closing exercises, the mother and grandmother came in. The mother succeeded in getting him to go to a table and string some of the "Hail-

mann beads" with the other children, which made him very happy.

As the teacher was having the children come to her and bid her good-morning, she asked this little fellow if he would come. He walked up like a little man and said: "Good morning; this has been a very pleasant day, hasn't it?" in a very loud, important voice, as though he had been taught to say this for special occasions. The teacher paid no more attention to it than she did to the sweet remarks of the other children, but the mother and grandmother were so very much amused they were obliged to retire to another room. They took the boy with them, and I happened to be in the door very near them and I heard the mother say in a loud voice: "I didn't think he would go anywhere near her," and laughed as though it was the greatest joke she had ever heard; in the meantime she was putting on the child's wraps.

He was five years old, and the reason for his not joining with the other children was very apparent. He appreciated the entire situation, and will take advantage of it.

If some people really thought their children had as little discernment and appreciation of what was going on about them, as they seem to give them credit for, they would be very likely to disown them.

If we expect the children to be little men and women we must not treat them as we would dumb animals. It is such an easy matter and requires so little self-sacrifice and self-control to wait and enjoy the brilliancy of their remarks after they are out of our presence. But having had them with us since they were babes, it is hard to realize how soon they begin to appreciate their surroundings, and know they are being talked about and made the subject of special consideration.

How often is the sweet simplicity, which is the rightful inheritance of every child, stolen from him through laughing at it in his presence.—*The Kindergarten.*

THE effect of example is one of the most terrible things in life. No one can tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn multitudes of others—may go down through ages gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil.

SIN AND SALVATION.

WE hear people talking sometimes of giving up sin by degrees, but that is not God's method. Fancy a man in a burning building, or one on a sinking vessel, taking such a method as that. It is said that an ancient warrior was once presented by an enemy with a beautiful garment. Not suspecting evil, he put it on at once, but discovered the next moment that it was lined with a deadly burning poison which stuck to his flesh like flaming pitch. He did not wait and take it off by degrees. It fairly tore the flesh, but it had to come off instantly. And so must sin be treated by him who would be saved.

WEARY THE WAITING.

THERE'S an end to all toiling some day—sweet day!  
But how weary the waiting—weary!  
There's a harbour somewhere in a peaceful bay  
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay  
At anchor, somewhere in the far-away—  
But it's weary the waiting—weary!  
There's an end to the sorrows of souls oppressed,  
But it's weary the waiting—weary!  
Somewhere in the future, when God thinks best,  
He will lay us tenderly down to rest,  
And roses will bloom from the thorns in the breast—  
But it's weary the waiting—weary!  
There's an end to the world, with its stormy flow,  
But how weary the waiting—weary!  
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,  
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down;  
A crown—thank God!—for each cross a crown,  
But it's weary the waiting—weary!  
—Frank L. Stanton.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LAUGHTER.

THIS is a festive season. Gaiety is at its height. Merriment is in the air. There is much truth in the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat." Who does not enjoy a good hearty laugh? And yet it has been noticed that Christian people do not usually laugh so loud or so long as worldly people. Are they less happy? Surely not, for they have a "peace which passeth all understanding." They have a rest of soul which springs out of trust in the Lord who looks after their highest interests both in this world and the next. Even in the midst of sorrow they possess that which is an unailing source of consolation.