

be prompt; it ought to be cheerful; it ought to be without protest.

General Havelock once rose from his table and exclaimed: "I left my boy on London Bridge, and told him to wait there till I came back!" He hastened to the spot, and there the brave boy was, and had been for several hours! Such obedience was the groundwork of a noble character. That was a wise advertisement, "Wanted—a boy who always obeys his mother."

The mark of Christian obedience is to follow parental counsels, even when they "go against the grain," and require painful sacrifice or self denial. If a parent has a divine right to correct, it is the filial duty to submit to correction. "A wise son heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke." "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him."

THE FACE A BULLETIN-BOARD.

"What a fine photograph that face would make!" It was just opposite us in the street-car. The eyes were calm and deep, the curves of the mouth firm and restful, the poise of every muscle easy and confident, as though the very Christ who had stilled the tempest sat enthroned on that countenance.

"That face serves a better purpose than posing for a photograph; it is one of heaven's bulletin-boards. Don't you see PEACE written on it in big capitals?"

"Then tell me what is written on the next one."

The sharply drawn lines, the twitching muscles, the restless eye, seemed to placard in poster type the startling announcement, "A RIOT! POLICE!"

That man's conscience was reading the riot act to his practices. The spirit of the world was painting in black lines the sure signs of the unrest which the world gives.

A Christian's face ought to glorify God. There is room for an illuminated edition of the gospel of peace between his eyebrows and chin, whenever he is ready to give the orders to have the printing done. The homeliest Christian may have a face that will awaken in those who see it desires to share in the secret of its content; an expression as different from the self-satisfied smirk of conceit, or the flat, flabby placidity of mere animal amiability, as a Madonna is from a doll.

Why is this stamp of Christ's peace not plainer on the faces of all his followers? Because nature is as honest as a good clock, and the hands will not point to twelve on the dial when it is only six o'clock in our spiritual experiences. The face will not settle into lines of repose as long as there are unsettled issues in the heart between it and God.—C. E. World.

GLADSTONE AND GUTHRIE.

Dr. Guthrie was staying as a guest at Inverary Castle, the home of the Duke of Argyll, and there were many Dukes and Lords, and Nobles there. Mr. Gladstone at the time was Premier, the Duke of Argyll was secretary for India, and a number of the members of the Cabinet had met at Inverary Castle with the Premier to discuss some matters that were to be laid before the Queen. They spent about a week together, and there were many guests at the great castle.

Morning and evening worship was held as usual. It was the habit of one of the Duke's daughters, Lady Mary Campbell, to play the little organ, and they sang the Scotch Psalms, and Dr. Guthrie read the Scriptures, and exhorted every morning.

Amongst the most constant of his hearers, and close to his side every morning, was Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. Guthrie told me that the intense earnestness with which he listened was an inspiration.

One morning Lady Mary Campbell was not at her place, and there was no one to play the tune. Dr. Guthrie looked around amongst the assemblage, and invited some one to come forward and play the organ, but they were all bashful or something else, and did not do it.

"Oh, I wish I had my precentor," said Dr. Guthrie, "my precentor from St. John's; that was where he was a minister in Edinburgh. 'I want a precentor, for I cannot get an organist,' and with that he heard a voice by his side saying: 'Permit me, Doctor.' He looked up, and there was the great, tall form of Gladstone, who had taken the Psalm-book in his hand, and all the congregation rose, while, to the grand old tune of "Martyrdom," Gladstone led the morning Psalm:

"Be merciful to me, O God;
Thy mercy unto me
Do Thou extend, because my soul
Doth put her trust in Thee."

There was a pathos about his singing that made him, to his astonishment, find that he was singing almost a solo to the weeping accompaniment of many. The Premier of England in ringing tones sang that penitential cry to God. Holding the helm of the Great Empire, every one felt that it was true that he put his trust in God.

These, and things like these, have made the people of the British Empire honor the great uncrowned king, who refused any other title than the plain name with which he was born, "Gladstone," or "Gledstones," as it used to be called in Scotland. He might have been Marquis or Duke, if he had cared to be, but was known best of all by this, that he was a man of God.—Sel.