

Church at Corinth, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the favour of the Divine Saviour and anointed Redeemer—His more full recognition of its members as His disciples, both in their own hearts and before men—the more clear and abundant proof of His presence with them. How could this be afforded, but by the richer bestowment of His own Spirit upon them! And so—He abiding with them—they should have a deeper, sweeter sense of God's love, that stoops and makes humble; the love that forgives and makes forgiving; and draws into a fuller enjoyment of the Holy Ghost, of power from on high and of consolation from God. Only let the members of the Church at Corinth be enriched with these signs of Divine favour, and then Paul would not need to commend to them grades in preference to gifts: for their possession of the one would sanctify their use of the other. He would not find it necessary to point out the more excellent way; they would know it, and walk in it. He would not need to defend himself; his work and reputation would be safe in their hands. He would have no reason to fear their future as a Church: for thus qualified, they would be able to bear a fitting testimony for Christ by loving, living and teaching His pure gospel. And thus replenished, they would build on the sure foundation, Jesus Christ, not wood, hay, stubble, but the gold, silver and precious stones that would stand the fire, that shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

With this Apostolic benediction I desire to close my ministry among you,—a ministry of which I now offer no description, no defence. Its record is on high. There we will leave it. I thank God for all I have done or striven to do for Him in this place; for all the success with which He has honoured me; for all the failure with which He has disciplined me; for all that has put to the test my loyalty for Christ and conscience, my sincerity and manhood; for all the happy scenes, Christian joys and social pleasures I have shared, and for all the trials I have experienced among you; and no less, for all the Christian friendships I have formed here, and which death will not terminate, but raise into the higher fellowship of heaven.

And now, feeling that no words can be more suitable than these, no spirit more fitting than the one they imply with which to close a Christian pastorate, let my review of the past, my prayer for the future, my final judgment of the one and my hope of the other; my summing up of all I have experienced among you, of my feeling towards you, of my wishes for you, of my counsel to you; of my secret thought before God, and expression of sentiment to men, be the Apostle's familiar, wise and noble Christian benediction.—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.—Amen."

A TRUE PATRIOT.—Young Lady Teacher (in Welsh Sunday-school).—"Now, Jenkin Thomas, what grew in the middle of the garden of Eden?" Jenkin Thomas (promptly).—"Leeks, miss."—*Punch*.

The chief difficulty in the way of stopping wife-beating is the fact that wives will not testify against their husbands. They will not acknowledge that they have been beaten.

For "The Christian Helper."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I sat me down at hush of eve,
When the day's toil was done,
To rest awhile, to think, to pray,
Ere sinks yon setting sun—
Ere lamps are lit in the parlour,
The evening's work begun.

As I watched the shadows deepen,
My thoughts took on their hue,
For life is never all sunshine,
Nor all friends tried and true;
But if we hold the hand divine,
He'll lead us safely through.

Like the changing sky before me
Life in the past has been,
Now dark, now light, shadow and shine,
As sunlight on the stream,
And ever bearing me onwards,
Like quickly passing dream.

How little we dread in childhood
What the future may disclose,
For all the briars are hidden,
We only see the rose—
We laugh and sing in "life's gay morn,"
Our sky with sunlight glows.

The years rolled by, and with them came
The loss of near and dear,
The vacant chair, the silent room,
Oft brought the sadd'ning tear,
And o'er my heart the shadows fell,
My hopes were dimmed by fear.

The opening flower, the ripened grain,
Fair youth and manhood's prime,
Were called by Him, whose right it is,
To leave this earthly clime—
I wondered why or wherefore thus:
I'll know in God's good time.

Ah, yes; I know 'tis better thus,
Better to suffer pain;
We would never prize the sunshine,
But far the clouds and rain;
And the fruit of heavenly discipline
Is often endless gain.

And ever I'd seek to praise Him,
Whose ways are in the deep,
Who catcheth down and raiseth up,
Whose dealings make us weep!
Who guides the erring in His fold,
His own doth safely keep.

So I'll buckle on my armour,
And battle for the right,
Seeking my strength alone from Him
Whose arm is full of might;
And, if I am only willing,
He'll lead me into light.

When within the walls of Jasper,
Arroyed in spotless white,
With a flood of glory round me,
I'll tell with pure delight
How the dear Lord safely led me
To land which knows no night.

J. B.

A certain Boston deacon lately formed his Sunday-school in line and marched them along the aisles, himself in front, singing "Hold the Fort." The consternation which seized all parties at the second stanza can be better be imagined than described:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."
The deacon has objected to new methods ever since.

Selected.

"NO METHOD."

BY H. A. BIRD.

Such qualities as method, order, and punctuality are regarded by some people as the lowest among the virtues. They are even despised as having something prim, priggish, "old-maidish" about them, and as indicating an absence of genius. For genius is popularly supposed to glory in want of method, to be above rules, to work by inspiration, not by patient plodding. However this may be, a vast number of the most serious evils that afflict ordinary people have their root in the fact that they have *No Method*. Existence is all at random. No plans are laid; or if laid, they are never adhered to. There is no "fashioning" of themselves (1 Peter i, 14), but they float about in daily life in the circumstances or moods of each day carry them. We are told that one difference between a fluid and a solid is, that a fluid has no form, but takes the form of the vessel or cavity which contains it. Such persons are like fluids. They do not, consciously and deliberately, shape, make, direct, or control their lives, but allow them to be moulded into any kind of shapeness figure by their containing circumstances. They have almost lost the use of their wills. They *wish*, but that is the utmost they can do. The feeblest outside conditions—the influence of weather and atmosphere, a fog, an east wind, a sunless day—can overrule and prostrate what ought to be a sovereign force, the will of an independent human being, who becomes, like any vegetable,

"Servile to all the skiey influences."

The consequences of No Method are banefully seen in domestic life. There are a great many families who live in a perpetual scramble. There is no regular hour for going to bed at night. When the days are long, if the evening is fine the very smallest of the children are out and "agate" till nine or ten o'clock. If an interesting gossip comes on the family party, and any visitors who have dropped in, stand talking it over till midnight, and much longer. As a natural consequence, there is no regular hour for getting up in the morning. You go in on business, thinking the day pretty well advanced, and you find the remains of breakfast on the table. "We were all late to-day." There is no particular time for the children to prepare their lessons for school. They do it sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another, and often stay out all the evening, and rush through their lessons the last thing, when they ought to be in bed. When you call, you are greeted by some such apologetic remark as—"Such a *throughther* house to come to!" or, "We are in a kind of muddle to-day;" but the house is "throughther" whenever you come to it, and the "muddle" exists equally every day. There is no regular period for paying the household bills. "Accounts at the butcher's and at the baker's are running up for weeks or months, and when they come in unexpectedly their amount seems appalling. The waste and destruction in such houses are incalculable. Nobody knows where anything is. There is a place for nothing, and