

wisdom from above, or in gathering instructions from the saints.

There is a fine stroke illustrative of Christian perfection in the very expression, "swift to hear, slow to speak." It may be applied along a good many lines, such as, swift to detect error, slow to constitute ourselves heresy-hunters; swift to do good, slow to criticise other people's way of doing good; swift to obey the Spirit, slow to take every emotion or impression as from the Spirit; swift to believe, slow to the putting of our faith on a basis; swift to fire the loaded rifle of truth, slow to take aim at the right object before we shoot; swift to receive the light, slow to condemn others for not receiving it; swift toward God, slow toward self.

—G. D. Watson in *Guide to Holiness*.

TRANSFIGURED SORROW.

You may not know how it is supposed the pearl is formed. A grain of sand, or some foreign substance, getting entrance within the shell of an oyster, hurts its sensitive body, which, having no power to expel the cause of pain, covers it with a secretion, and by degrees rounds off all sharp angles, moulds it into a sphere, and finishes it with a polished surface. Thus it accepts the inevitable presence as a part of its life, and when it dies, yields up, shaped and perfected, a perfect gem, lovely with the tints of the skies, a jewel whose worth is far beyond the pain that gave it existence.

God often introduces into human lives some element of discomfort, unrest or suffering, a thorn in the flesh that cannot be plucked out, a burden that must be borne, a daily cross not to be laid down. Some souls thus dealt with chafe against the trial; they contend with it till their sensibilities are lacerated by its cruel edges, and their hearts become morbid and bitter. They make its presence one long, perpetual pain and poison. Others, recognizing the trial as heaven-sent, and therefore not to be escaped, accept it, not with joy indeed, but with meekness; and though it press hard and sharply, they wear it with a sweet patience that, day by day, enables them to carry it more easily. It even becomes the source of an inward development, the growth of a grace which at last proves to be the crowning, adorning attribute of their character, the especial quality which, rounded out to perfect symmetry, reflects the beauty of heaven.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

THY WAY.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Although I beg my own;
Heed not the body's noisy cry,
But the soul's undertone.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
This is my spirit's choice,
Though stubborn greed of present good
Drowns all with deafening voice.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Nor let me dread the proof;
Thine unguessed way must put me to
For some divine behoof.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Until my life attest,
That just the will to do Thy will
Is, of all gifts, the best.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
And oh, my soul, take care
To have thy daily attitude
In keeping with Thy prayer?

—Selected.

A MAN IN THE DITCH.

About eighteen years ago, three ministers were walking on a country road a little north of Aberdeen. It was late at night, and they had been attending a meeting in the country. As they went along, they noticed a countryman in a state of intoxication scrambling on all fours out of a ditch.

One of the ministers said, "I must go and speak to that man."

The two tried to dissuade him, telling him it was of no use, and he would get nothing but abuse.

But the minister said, "The Spirit of God bids me, and I must speak to him."

By this time the man had got out of the ditch. The minister began to speak to him, whereupon the fellow took off his coat, and wanted to fight him.

The minister said, "I can fight, but not with your weapons;" and getting down on his knees, he began to pray very earnestly for the man. As he pleaded, God touched the man's heart, and he got down on his knees beside the minister. By the time the minister had finished the prayer, the drunkard was ready to be spoken with; and he was pointed to a sin-forgiving Saviour.

They stopped at the first cottage on the road, and asked the people if they could lodge the man for the night.