

single bottle by the neck, extract the cork, and then by means of a funnel turn in a little water at a time until it was filled; and then take another and repeat the process. You would get more bottles filled that way than with a hose and fire-engine playing upon them. So you may be able to accomplish more by working single-handed than in crowds. You may preach the word by the wayside or by the fire-side, for people need the same Gospel indoors as out."

We need to have the peace of God in our own hearts before we can do much good to other people's heart; and unless we can rule our own spirits, we shall not accomplish much in moulding the spirits of others. We notice a blacksmith uses a cold hammer to bend a hot iron; and after working with his tools a little while he plunges them into cold water. So, if you are to influence others, you must keep cool yourself; if you get your hammer hot you will not be able to bend the iron. It is useless to undertake to fight the devil with fire; but if you have the joy of God in your hearts you can smile at Satan's rage. You know the story of the old French General, who when he had besought the king to spare the Christians from persecution, and had been refused, said: "Sire, God's Church is an anvil that has worn out a great many hammers." Now, if you are filled with the Holy Spirit, you can stand a great deal of hammering, and the world will mock and sneer at you in vain; if you keep near the Lord you will ever triumph in His grace.

THE COVENANTER'S PRISON.

It was now that the cup of the suffering Presbyterians was filled to the brim. The Government, eager to improve the advantage they had obtained on the fatal field of Bothwell Bridge, struck more terribly than ever, in the hope of effecting the utter extermination of the Covenanters before they had time to rally. Twelve hundred had surrendered themselves prisoners on the field of the battle. They were stripped almost naked, tied two and two, and driven to Edinburgh, being treated with great inhumanity on the way, and on arriving at their destination, the prisons being full, they were penned like cattle, or rather like wild beasts, in Greyfriars Churchyard. What a different spectacle from that which this famous spot had exhibited forty years before! Their misery was heart-rending. The Government's barbarity towards them would be incredible were it not too surely attested. These 1,200 persons were left without the slightest shelter; they were exposed to all weathers, to the rain, the tempest, the snow; they slept on the bare earth; their guard treated them capriciously and cruelly, robbing them of their little money, and often driving away the citizens who sought to relieve their great sufferings by bringing them food or clothing. Some made their escape; others were released on signing a bond of non-resistance; others were freed when found to be sinking under wounds, or diseases contracted by exposure. At the end of five months—for so long did this miserable crowd remain shut up in the graveyard—the 1,200 were reduced to 250. On the morning of the 15th of November, 1679, these 250 were taken down to Leith, and embarked on board a vessel to be transported to Barbadoes. They were crowded into the hold of the ship, when there was scarce room for 100. Awful were the heat, the thirst, and other horrors of this floating dungeon. Their ship was overtaken by a terrible tempest of the coast of Orkney. It was thrown by the winds upon the rocks, and many of the poor prisoners on board were drowned. Those who escaped the waves were carried to Barbadoes and sold as slaves. A few only survived to return to their native land at the Revolution.—*Dr. Wyllie.*

SHADOWS.

Many things can be learned from a shadow. Let us make an example or two. First, suppose we are in a part of the country with which we are not much acquainted, and we want to know the direction in which we are travelling; we can tell by the direction in which the shadows are thrown. We have simply to note the time by our watch, and bear in mind that the sun rises in the east, and sets nearly south by midday, after which he goes west. We must, at the same time, bear in mind that the shadow is thrown in exactly the opposite direction, so that when the sun is southeast, as it always is before midday, the shadows are thrown northwest. We need not compare the direction in which we are travelling with the line cast by our shadow. Again, suppose we are out walking, near midday, in the summer, and we have no means of knowing the exact time, nor the direction in which we are walking. Take a stick—a walking-stick will do very well, indeed—plant it upright; its shadow will be thrown by the sun, providing it is shining at the time, and, as it is near midday, its shadow will be short, and we can tell whether it is before or after noon, for, if before midday, the shadow will become shorter and shorter; if just after, it will increase in length. So that in this experiment we get both an indication of the time of day and the means of telling the four points of the compass. In this lies the whole secret of the sundial.

LOVE PASSING KNOWLEDGE.

The Rev. William Arthur, that blessed Wesleyan author and preacher, said in a recent address:

"The Apostle, speaking for people just like us—people certainly not worse than we are, and perhaps not much better, but at all events men of flesh and blood, and with just the same temptations, and dangers, and weaknesses as we have, prayed that the Lord would grant them according to his riches in glory. It is not according to their deserts, but according to what he is, according to his riches in glory, 'that ye being strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' You say, 'I cannot know what passeth knowledge.' That is a paradox. No, it is not a paradox, and when you say, 'I cannot know what passeth knowledge,' you say what is not

correct. You don't know what passeth knowledge! The eye knows the sun, but the sun passes the knowledge of the eye, and the eye, by a fullness of light, can never make a day, but the eye may be so filled with the fulness of the sun that the whole body shall be full of light. And so the sailor knows the sea, but the sea passes his knowledge; and the botanist knows the plants, but the plants pass his knowledge; and every baptized child of God, upon whom has come the Spirit of the Saviour, knows the love of Christ, but the love of Christ passeth his knowledge—passes all knowledge. So may we comprehend this love of Christ which passes knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God—filled out of His fulness, filled by His power, filled so full that God should pronounce us full.

COMPENSATION.

It was the time of Autumn,
When leaves are turning brown,—
Green to yellow and pied and black;
And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of autumn,
When fruits are gathered in,
Some for the press, some for the vat,
And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fell a-playing,
For that their work was o'er;
And rich men fell a-sighing,
That they could play no more.

For the summer-time is a merry time,
If a man have leisure to play;
But the summer time is a weary time,
To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the giver,
Who loves both great and small;
To every one he something gives,
But to no man gives all.

The rich who careth for himself
Finds after pleasure pain;
But the toiler whom God careth for,
Rests and is glad again.

HER ONLY ONE.

"Good dame, how many children have you?"
Then with a loving and troubled face,
Sadly she looked at an empty place:
"Friend, I have two."
"Nay, Mother," the father gravely said;
"We have only one; and so long ago
He left his home, I am sure we know
He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two—one a little child,
Comes to me often at evening light;
His pure, sweet face, and garments white,
All undefiled.
With clear, bright eyes, and soft, soft hair,
He climbs upon his mother's knee,
Folds baby hands and whispers to me
His evening prayer.

"The other, he took a wilful way,
Went far out West, and they link his name
With deeds of cruelty and shame.
I can but pray,
And a mother's prayers are never cold;
So in my heart the innocent child
And the reckless man by sin defiled,
The same I hold.

"But yet I keep them ever apart;
For I will not stain the memory
Of the boy who once prayed at my knee,
Close to my heart.
The man he grew to will come again;
No matter how far away he may roam,
Father and Mother will bring him home—
Prayers are not in vain."
The stranger stood in the broader light.
"Oh, Mother! oh, Father!" he, weeping, said,
"I have come back to your side, to tread
The path that's right."
And so the answer to prayer was won;
And the Father wept glad tears of joy,
And the mother kissed and blessed her boy—
Her only one!

—*Mary B. Burnett.*

A MISUSED TEXT.

Whenever a man wishes to make a decent apology for the growing secularization of the Lord's Day, he is likely to begin or end by quoting our Lord's words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." If the quotation is made in the same spirit in which the devil quoted Scripture to Jesus, not from reverence for the Scriptures, nor with any thought as submitting to them as "the testimony of God," but only as a missile convenient to himself and possibly embarrassing to a Christian, it may be no less our duty to rescue it from such misuse.

"The Sabbath was made," instituted, not by man, but "for man." By whom made? Is it not plainly intimated that it is a divine institution? The Sabbath, then differs (by the divine intention) from other days, for man's sake. It is not committed to men, to do with it as they will, but it has certain characteristics, adopting it to man, which belong to it by the authority and sovereign appointment of God. That this is so is manifest by the inference which the Sa-

viour draws for us. "Made for man,—therefore the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath." There are those who appear to reason,—It was made for man, and therefore it is lawful on the Sabbath to do our own pleasure. But our Lord says, the simple fact that the Sabbath was made for man makes it plain that it is the Lord's Day.

But there are those who admit that the Sabbath was given by God—to the Jews, and contend that Jesus, Himself a Jew, "of the seed of Abraham," was here reasoning with Jews on grounds common to Him and them, but of no wider application. This cannot be admitted. "The Son of Man"—the Messiah—"is Lord of the Sabbath." The Sabbath is, then, something pertaining to the Kingdom of Christ, to the new as well as to the old dispensation. He, speaking of Himself by the title which expresses His mediatorial character and His headship over the Church, declares the guardianship of the Sabbath to be within the lordship of the Christ. It is a Christian institution, and binding upon Christians.

This text, then, when examined with a very moderate degree of attention, is seen to lend no countenance to the too common notion, that men are at liberty to pervert the day to anything they like. Man is to accept it as the gift of God, for the purpose for which he designated it, to be used according to the will of Him who is "Lord of the Sabbath." So far from abolishing it, He virtually re-enacts it, as no longer a part merely of the law given to Israel by Moses, but an appointment under "the law of Christ." And all who are loyal to the King in Zion, the Son of God and Son of Man, are called upon to revere and protect the sanctity of the day He has blessed and sanctified.

QUESTIONS TO A FRETFUL WIFE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startling reply.

"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh! Auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are—in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured."

"Why, Auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan.

"To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen-floor bringing you the first ripe peaches; and all you did was to look on and say: 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floors all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said: 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it. When he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But Auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affections in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"But Auntie—"

"Yes, well you are not dead yet, and that sweet natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—*Selected.*

FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; it is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in the world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavour to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

COMMON QUOTATION ERRORS.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" was long attributed to the Psalms of David, until oft-repeated corrections have convinced people that the sentiment belongs to Maria in Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The epigram, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is still often quoted as one of the Proverbs of Solomon, and is rarely attributed to its author, Butler (see "Hudibras," Part II., canto 2, line 843). The nearest approach to any such phrase to be found in the Bible is the text, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son."—Prov. xiii: 24. The reference to "pouring oil on troubled waters" is often supposed to be Scriptural, though the Bible does not make any such allusion. "Man wants but little here below," is an expression no older than Goldsmith's "Hermit," though it is generally quoted either as Scripture or from a line of an ancient hymn. "Mansions of the blest" are mentioned in the Revelations not of St. John the Divine, but of the Monk of Evesham (A.D. 1496).