

look into the face of her husband, and then turned to Jennie, who was shaking from head to foot with a nameless terror.

"Run lass!" at last spoke the mother, with white and quivering lips. "There's summat wrong, fetch somebody quick!" Jennie flew off without another word, and quickly returned with a neighbor, then went off for a doctor.

The neighbor, a kindly helpful woman, came quickly forward, and lifted the drooping head of the man who less than half an hour before had towered above them all in the full strength of manhood.

She saw at once that all was over, that no skill could avail. "Big Jack" as he had been called, was now passed all help! Truly to him "death had come as a thief in the night," and he had "gone to his own place."

She said nothing, however, but busied herself with what, under less serious circumstances, might have proved helpful. She loosened the collar and shirt. With the wife's help she laid him on the sofa, they chafed the hands and bathed his brow. Alas! All was useless!

Jennie returned in about ten minutes with a doctor, but he could only tell them, as gently as possible, what the kindly neighbor had refrained from telling them sooner—he was dead.

On the Tuesday he was buried—he who on Sunday morning just before dinner was apparently well and strong.

"Religion is only for dying men," he had said sneeringly. Yes, truly he was right, and yet he did not possess it. Why? The answer is easily given, he had not learned that in the "midst of life we are in death," and evidently he had not taken into account that other scripture which saith, "It is given unto all men once to die, but after that the judgment." Dear reader, the word of God says, "whosoever believeth in the Son hath life." Have you believed? Have you repented of your sins and cast yourself upon the mercy of God and trusted in the finished work of Jesus? If so you are safe for time and for eternity. The Lord grant that it may be so.

Havelock, N. B.

FREDERICK T. SNELL.

"Yet Forty Days and Nineveh Shall be Destroyed."

How solemn must have sounded, in that great city, the warning voice of the prophet—especially if those who heard it knew the strange and wondrous career by which Jonah had been forced against his will, to speak such warning words—it was no mere fanatic who came, but one whom God had sent.

There was in the proclamation a terrible certainty—Nineveh shall be overthrown. Its very days were numbered—forty days and then destruction.

How definite God's threatenings of judgment. He who speaks with no uncertain sound through His prophet then, has spoken to us in these last days by His Son Jesus Christ, and it is with a voice just as clear and distinct, for he says:

"He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." We like well enough to dwell on the loving invitations of the gospel, but we care not so much to be told that "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life." Yet God is a God who cannot lie and His word cannot be broken. Yes they are definite and clear, sounding forth today to a sinful world as of old Jonah's did in the streets of Nineveh, telling of judgment to come.

But God's judgments are for those who will not and do not repent while there is opportunity. Hereafter there shall come a solemn hour when people who have neglected this great salvation shall indeed come knocking at the door for admission, but their repentance shall be of no avail then. It shall be too late to cry for mercy when it is the time of justice.

But while we are active and the day of grace is still present, the threatenings of God may be avoided by repentance.

Why had God sent to warn the Ninevites at all, why had He not poured down destruction upon them at once, if it were not to give them a chance for repentance? They caught at this. They believed the solemn words. The happy logic of their troubled hearts ran thus:

"Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?"

They could but try—if they were to die it were better to die repentant than defiant—and it might be if they repented they should not die—and so they exhibited sorrow for their past sin, and what is more "they turned from their evil way."

True repentance is that by which we forsake sin. Many a man repents of what he has done, because he has learnt the truth by bitter experience of God's law. "Whoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He has discovered that sin does not go unpunished, and he is sorry for what he has done because he likes not to reap what he has sown. But true sorrow is sorrow not because of the future punishment, but because of the sin

which has been so hateful to God. The Ninevites give an example of true repentance. They sat in sackcloth, they cried mightily for mercy, they turned every one from his evil ways.

And then we note how wonderful is God's mercy when anyone repents and turns to Him. He is a God abundant in mercy. The wickedness of Nineveh was so great that it had but forty days allowed to repent, but when it did turn, then "God repented of the evil He said He would do." What was really a change in them and in God's corresponding dealings, is in condescension to human conception represented as a change in God, who in His essential righteousness and mercy changeth not.

God is ever ready to forgive the penitent, and if He at last destroys sinners, it is not because He is unwilling to forgive, but because they are unwilling to repent. When the Ninevites repented, their state of rebellion passed away, they humbled themselves before Him, they shut not themselves off from His mercy as they had done before, and so He forgave their sin, and spared Nineveh that great city.

And He is ever a God of mercy, ready to pardon all who will repent and believe the gospel. "For He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness."

As of old the King's servant proclaimed in Nineveh the solemn work which brought a whole city to repentance, so the King's servants today would proclaim to the men and women of this generation, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

May not the men of Nineveh rise up in the judgment against any who shall read these words, "for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and even now a greater than Jonah is in our midst."

Havelock.

FREDERICK T. SNELL.

Blessed are the Meek.

Meekness is that dominant quality which has power in the end to subdue and possess, and reign. It is no craven, slavish mood, but rather the seal of spiritual ascendancy. He who spoke this beatitude, was disclosing His own experience and prophesying His own triumph. Jesus Christ, who summed up in His character every beatitude, impressed men most of all by His unspeakable meekness. The Lamb of God could say, "I am meek and lowly in heart," in the same spirit which led him to the slaughter at last. And whenever our children kneel at night to pray, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," they are teaching us afresh that the everlasting love of Christ is supremely childlike and long-suffering, and patient, and peaceable, and forbearing. Herein are the might and the majesty of the Redeemer. He triumphs because his meekness never falters, because his gentleness endureth forever. Everything else on earth wears out and breaks down except this one invincible spirit. Christ has revealed the secret of his own victory. He has proved how best to conquer "want by wanting, and weariness by wearying, and pain by suffering, and grief by grieving, and death by dying." For this, and no other than this, is the divine way.

The Church has never quite forgotten her Lord's secret. Meekness, indeed, is no virtue of the natural man. It seems the last quality to be bred in a world of competition. Yet it remains one decisive token of the disciple of Christ. The Lord's servant must not strive, but be gentle towards all, apt to teach, in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves. Such was the typical Christian. And nothing in history is more wonderful than the way in which this type of character has survived in the long, slow struggle for existence. What could appear less fit to encounter the buffets of fortune than that ideal meekness which Christ initiated in his own person, and perpetuated in his followers? It looked so delicate, so defenseless, so ill-adapted for the stern battle of life. "Why one chief watchword of the Christian was to cease troubling about his own survival," to lay aside ambition and self-assertion, patiently to submit to injury, willingly to embrace the Cross. And yet by a miracle of divine persistence, the Christian type has never died out. Unreal and fragile as it seemed, it has proved "robust enough to endure the wear and tear of ages." It has thriven and multiplied and spread abroad, and possessed the high places of the earth, and pressed into the foremost files of time. The real victories of the faith have been won by meekness. The strength of the Church lies continually in "all those things which the world despises as fitter in themselves to pull down a kingdom than to build it up—in patience and simplicity and innocence and concession and forbearance and passiveness and resignation."

But to believe this goes against the grain of strong men's natures. It seems to contradict common experience and common sense. Was it by meekness that England founded colonies and subdued kingdoms in the past? Is it by meekness that Englishmen make their fortunes and win their fame today? To be sure, we may grow too ambitious, too aggressive and intolerant. But must we really turn into women?

Yet the truth remains that God's kingdom is never

governed by brute force or cunning or self-assertion. There is an energy far more irresistible and more divine. We Christians can overcome the world, if only we dare be innocent and unworldly. We shall inherit the earth, if only we have faith enough to be meek. For to be meek means to have the noblest will and the loftiest temper—a will submitted to the will of God, a temper subdued by the love of Christ. It means to become gentle and peaceful and forgiving, to be brave enough to suffer injuries quietly without desire for revenge, to be content to fail in appearance, to be quiet in obscurity and adversity, to be confident of eternal success. It means the endless patience of hope, the unconquerable sweetness of charity. And this one spirit shall outlast the pyramids, and smile at the wreck of all the kingdoms of time.

How often the Church is found relying on something more carnal than meekness! We strive, and cry, and turn bitter, and grow vindictive and partisan in Christ's own cause. We yield to the perpetual temptation to adopt a pushful policy in promoting God's cause among men. Yet the meek shall inherit the earth, and no one but the meek. We shall discover at the end of the day how the Church's very life lies not in inflicting evil, but in enduring it without a murmur. We conquer (as one says) "by turning the cheek to the smiter, by suffering kindness to the unthankful, by succoring the poor. We conquer by fortitude, and constancy, and fairness, and disinterestedness, and moderation, by sheer patience in enduring ill, by sheer perseverance in doing well." We can overcome evil with good. This was how the Lamb of God himself overcame the evil that is in the world.—T. H. D., in British Weekly.

Baptist Hymns.

"Awake my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!"

The author of this hymn, Samuel Medley, was born at Chesnut, Hertfordshire, England, on June 3rd, 1738. He was first apprenticed to an oilman in London; but, disliking the business, claimed the privilege—as he had a right to do—of finishing his apprenticeship in the navy. In 1755 he was a midshipman on board the "Buckingham," and was transferred to the "Intrepid," under Admiral Boscawen, with whom he served in the sea fight off Cape Lagos, in 1759. Being wounded in this engagement, he was taken, on the return of the fleet, to the house of his grandfather, Mr. Touge; who, being a religious man, did all in his power to induce his grandson to lead a different life. One Sunday evening he read to him a sermon by Dr. Watts, from Isaiah iv. 2, 6 and 7. To the wounded sailor it was the means of salvation. In 1760 he joined the Baptist church in Eagle street, under the pastoral care of Dr. Gifford. Being encouraged to preach, he made his first attempt in 1766. His ability justified the trial, and he became pastor of the Baptist church at Watford, Herts. After remaining there five years, he removed to Liverpool, where he did an excellent work among the sailors, being peculiarly qualified for work among them by his former seafaring life. In 1798 an illness connected with the effects of his old wound, caused his death. When near his end, he said, "I am thinking of the laws of gravitation; the nearer a body approaches to its centre of attraction, with the greater force is it impelled; and so the nearer I approach my dissolution, with the greater velocity do I approach it. A friend who stood by remarked, 'Sir, Christ is your centre.'" "Yes, yes," replied the dying man, "He is. I am a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbor; and oh how sweet will be the port after the storm." Thus he departed in peace, on July 17th, 1799.

W. B. HINSON.

Harpstrings and Heartstrings.

BY MISS R. B. PINRO.

It lay not far from where I stood,
A dainty thing;
Fashioned of burnished dark red wood,
And silver string.
But as I slowly drew it near,
And swept the chords,
A deep discord smote on my ear
Too harsh for words.
"It is out of tune in every string!"
And I took the key;
And tried discordant tones to bring
Into harmony.
As I sought once more the note to try
Beneath the strain,
There quivered forth a wailing cry,
As of one in pain.
"Poor little tortured thing!" I thought,
"Does it hurt so much?"
"That is the way sweet tones are wrought
Neath the Master's touch!"
His hand may sweep in the noisy noon,
Or careless hours,
And find so sadly out of tune
These lives of ours,
That He gently draws a heartstring here
Till it almost breaks;
Then tunes them all to His practised ear,
Till the blending makes
One full sweet tone that shall loudly roll
Or softly float,
His hand alone can tune the whole
To the grand key-note.
Even so dear Master send the strain,
The measured beat;
Into my life give sufficient pain
To make it sweet.
The lives that are lived beneath Thy care
Are not far wrong;
And the heart that has had the most to bear
Sings the sweetest song.
Sheffield Mills, N. S.