

shall Thine arrows stick fast in the hearts of the King's enemies, so that the people shall fall under Thee? When wilt Thou, by the attractions of Thy cross, draw all men unto Thee? "Come forth out of Thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth! put on the visible robes of Thy imperial majesty; take up that unlimited sceptre, which Thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed Thee; for now the voice of Thy bride calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."—(Milton.)

Be it ours, Christian brethren, to reserve the homage of our hearts for Him who alone is worthy to receive it, and whom the whole Church on earth and in heaven unites to adore.

The Fragment Basket.

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.—How vast the range of blessing your prayers may take! Who can tell the history, or trace the wanderings of you cloud that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom was filled with the vapours it is yet to shed back upon the earth? Perhaps, though now wandering over the tilled field and the peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance, and did its work of preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it. And even thus it is with the descending Spirit. Little do we know often of the secret origin of the dews of blessing that descend on the churches of God. In the recesses of some lowly cottage, in the depths of some humble heart, may be going on the work of pious intercession; in answer to which the grace of Heaven descends on us and on our children, on the labours of the wondering and joyful pastor, and on the hearts of the far heathen, until the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them. The time is to come, when from every home, brethren, such prayer shall arise. Let us sustain and swell, in our day, the ascending volume of supplication that is yet to roll round the globe, and never to fail until over a world regenerated and purified the morning stars shall again shout for joy and the earth, emerging from her long and disastrous eclipse of sin and wrath shall yet again walk the heavens in her unsullied brightness—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Till then we have no reason, no right to intermit our supplications; and it is only when, in the final accomplishment of David's prayer, his greater Son shall have come to reign king over all lands, and to have dominion from sea to sea—it is not until that prayer shall have been made for him continually, and he shall daily have been praised, that the believer remaining on earth will be warranted to adopt to his own lips the touching and triumphant close appended to the supplications of the crowned singer of Israel, "The prayers of David the Son of Jesse are ended."—*W. R. Williams, D. D.*

INEXHAUSTIBLE FOUNTAIN.—At all times and seasons faith and prayer find fullness of mercy and pardon and of grace to sanctify, in Jesus Christ. The supply is inexhaustible. Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the depths of the ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less, and we shall make them no less to those that follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

WANT OF LIBERALITY.—One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.—*James.*