

[SELECTED.]

Saving The Colours.

YOUR picture serves to perpetuate a brave act performed during the late war in Africa. After the battle of Isandlana, the colours of the 24th Regiment were missing. What had become of them? Had they fallen into the hands of the enemy? Nay, from that they had been saved through the bravery of Lieut. Melville. He determined to save them, and he did, but lost his own life in the effort. He was pursued by the Zulus till he came to a broad and rapid river. Into this both horse and rider plunged. Anxiety for the flag made him lose the management of his horse when in the middle of the stream. With his precious burden he drifted down the current to a large rock on which another brave officer had landed. Lieut. Higginson tried to help, but both were washed off. In the struggle with the stream the flag was torn from them, and sank, borne down by its heavy fringe, and they beheld it no more. They reached the shore exhausted, and almost lifeless, yet perchance they felt the sacrifice



had not been in vain, for the stream had folded itself lovingly around the treasure; it would rest there, safe from the savage Zulus and from all dishonour which might have come to it. The colors were afterwards recovered, but the brave defenders never knew it, they were overtaken by the enemy and slain. If you had asked them why they had so acted, they would have said, "We simply did our duty." Let each reader do his duty in the same spirit. But no man can in the fullest sense of the word do his duty, until he has accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, for to "Fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of Man."

Dear friend have you enlisted in the army of the great King? If so, are you willing rather to die than see His flag dishonored. Doubtless had those men lived they would have received the

Victoria cross, or some other special distinction from the hands of their sovereign; but what is that to the approving smile of our gracious King, when He shall one day say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Refiner of Silver.

SOME years ago a few ladies, who met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the fuller's soap and the refiner of silver were the same thing, or both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed: "Is there not something remarkable in the expression of the third verse?— 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.'"

They agreed that possibly it might be so; and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which

he fully described to her.

"But, sir, said she, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied the silversmith; "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured."

At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace, but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and His wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered.