

sere." In God's reckoning of the human lives, there will doubtless be a great reversal of estimates, and for the comfort of those who make no headway against wind and tide, it will appear at last that

"They also serve
Who only stand and wait."

A HEART PIERCED.

The Rev. Dr. Punshon, at the meeting of the Metropolitan Wesleyan Chapel Building Fund, spoke as follows :—

When ministers preached in London, they never knew to whom they were preaching. This occurred in the metropolis, perhaps, to a greater extent than anywhere else in the world. London congregations were, in one respect, the most fluctuating congregations on the face of the earth. It was utterly impossible to tell, when a minister went into a London pulpit, who might be listening to him; because all the world came to London. They might possibly take hold of a man at one of his byways of life, just where Philip met with the eunuch, once in a lifetime. They might take hold of a man by what might be considered a chance word, which would, however, be an arrow sent by the Spirit of the Lord straight into the heart of that man just before he was going to the ends of the earth, and who, but for his providential entrance into the house of God, would never have heard the Gospel. On the very last Sabbath but one, when he was himself preaching in the Kensington Chapel, a poor, broken-down penitent came into the vestry afterwards, and looked up to him, with a face the expression of which he could never forget, and said, "You have cut me to-night; I shall never forget." He said to the man, "Let us talk a little." He had just before given an invitation to any who were impressed, as was his custom, to come and converse upon matters appertaining to the best things; and he got at last to this man's history. "Sir," said he, "I have been wandering about Kensington Gardens all this afternoon, and I am as miserable as I can be. What sent me to this place I do not know. But, sir, I am going to New Zealand, and the thought came upon me, if I went to New Zealand and the ship should be lost, and I was not saved, I should go to hell. I determined when

I heard your sermon—and it cut me to the heart—to find peace with God." He then said, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." That was the old thing. They had that many a time—the power of the Spirit going straight with the word into a man's heart there and then. That penitent did not leave the chapel until he was enabled to rejoice in finding peace.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white jewelled hands never have felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lyingsmooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the river.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and, crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the eastern window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lures us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.