

ward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave. Let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when you have followed yourselves thither, and have seen yourselves laid therein, still ask yourselves the searching question, '*And then?*'"

May not this art of wise questioning be studied? The good soldier wields all sorts of weapons—carries all in his armoury, sharp polished ready for action. If he blunder in his first thrusts, and opens himself to assault rather than wounds his adversary, he acquires skill by practice, till he plants the stroke that asks no second. Even a simple, "*And then?*" winged with faith and love and prayer, and skilfully sent home, may prove an introduction to the great question, and carry a soul, as Filippo Neri bore the young lawyer, beyond the bounds of the seen and temporal, into that which is unseen and eternal.—L. J.

ETERNAL TRUTH.

Old books go out of date. They are written for a purpose, and when that is accomplished they fade and die. The reason is that they are human. Not so with one book—the Bible. It was born in the world's infancy, and tells the story of the world's beginning. It grew, whether under patriarch or prophet, shepherd or fisherman. In Rome, in Ephesus, in Jerusalem, in Patmos, tyranny and infidelity withstood it, but the old Bible lived. It came across the British Channel and was greeted by John Wycliffe. Churches gathered all along its path, stretching out hands of blessing, and each Sabbath morning there are ten thousand heralds of the Cross with their hands on this grand, free, open, old English Bible. But its mission will not be done until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland and crossed the steppes of China, and shed its glow over Australian mines, and scattered its gems among the diamond fields of Brazil, and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne—the throne of God—and all crowns shall be melted into one crown—the crown of Christ. Then, but not till then, shall the Bible have accomplished its mission.

Our conscience is as a fire within us, our sins as the fuel; therefore, instead of warming, it will scorch us, unless the fuel be removed. or the heat of it allayed by penitential tears.

As rivers and fountains proceed from the sea, and return thither again; so true grace in the heart, as a fountain, sends forth all its streams towards God, the ocean whence it flowed.

The sins of a good man are like weeds in a garden, which may hinder the growth of fruits and flowers, but (not permitted to get head) cannot kill them.

The casting down of our spirits in true humility, is but like throwing a ball on the ground, which makes it rebound the higher towards heaven.