

"THE LORD'S NO DEAF."

A poor old deaf man residing in a Fifeshire village was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through this resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till three years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thomas?"

"Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister?

"Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne."

"Well, well, Margraot, don't be so short. I thought it was not necessary to call and pray with Thomas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot here me."

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "the Lord's no deaf."

And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

CHRIST'S CARE.—Christ cares for us, else he would not have died for us—he would not have made such ample provisions for our salvation—he would not have called after us so often by his Spirit, and so freely have pardoned us—he would not have watched over us with a shepherd's vigilance and tenderness. Yes, he does care for us! How cheering the thought—

"Yes, for me, for me He careth."

In the solitude of life, when dark clouds brood over us, and the roaring thunder threatens our destruction, and when it seems as if "*no one cares for my soul*," there is a cheering ray of light and hope in the thought that nevertheless Christ does pity us and love us, and he stands ready to save us out of all our trouble. Even when the dark, appalling waves of death are about to overwhelm us, his care will be more abundantly manifest, and his support will be ample. Let us remember these things, and in all our anxieties, "cast our care on him that careth for us."—*Morning Star.*

WHICH IS THE BLACKEST.—Boswell and Johnson were conversing upon the conduct of a planter, who so flogged his slave that he died. The doctor thundered savagely.

"Well, but," said Boswell deprecatingly, "I have always held the man with the black face to be a connecting link between a man and a brute."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, rolling his huge form from side to side, "and I have always held the man with a *black heart* to be a connecting link between a brute and the devil."

He then went and dined with Boswell at the Mitre.

INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sear and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing, and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of paradise evermore. Let us strive for, and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scenes of life stands the saddest despair. All homes are haunted with awful possibilities, for whose realization no array of threatening agents is required, no lightning, or tempest, or battle; a peaceful household lamp, a gust of perfumed evening air, a false step in a moment of gaiety, a draught taken by mistake, a match overlooked or mislaid, a moment's oversight in handling a deadly weapon—and the whole scene of life is irretrievably changed!—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

THE MAN OF FAITH.—In truth, there is a divinity about the man who lives in this gross world by faith, who endures as seeing Him who is invisible who looks to the Lord daily for bread, water, and raiment, who leaves all mysteries to the solution of heaven, who refers the perplexities of time to the adjustment of eternity, and who trustingly considers himself a little one cared for by the good Shepherd of Israel. To borrow an illustration from superstition, the man leads a charmed life. There is a strange mystery in him, a holy secret which he cannot impart to the uninitiated, for they do not understand him, and which he need not speak of to the initiated, for they understand him without words.—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

The good man—the man of Faith—shines in the firmament of humanity with light received from his Lord. It may be only in miniature, like the features of the father on the face of the child, but the likeness of God may be traced in the character of His adopted sons.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms—How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by loud, coarse talking.