

more than remove it from the pedestal to the floor. Then, having covered it hurriedly with a piece of carpet, they were compelled to leave it. Needless to say they were delighted to see it again, intact and perfect under its film of smoke.

On the following Sunday the Revs. Thomas and Charles Spurgeon conducted two services in Exeter Hall. The morning sermon was upon the text, 'Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire.' Mr. T. Spurgeon's address was cheerful; he expressed his love for the destroyed building. He had never been able to bring himself to believe that the Tabernacle was ugly, but once, when told that it belonged to the 'railway station class of architecture,' he had acquiesced, declaring that thousands of souls had started heavenwards from it, with through tickets for the New Jerusalem. He reminded the densely crowded congregation that though we have lost our hymn-books, we have not lost our songs; though we have lost our bible, we have not lost the Word; though we have lost our pew-cushions, we have not lost the rest and peace that Jesus gives; in fact, our essentials are not inflammable.

Our picture is taken from the 'Christian Herald' of April 28.

Misrepresentation.

(By Mrs. Peter Stryker.)

Here is a story which is worth reprinting. Said a white sister for whom old Aunt Hannah was washing: 'Aunt Hannah, did you know you have been accused of stealing?' 'Yes, I hear about it,' said Aunt Hannah, and went on with her washing. 'Well, you won't rest under it, will you?' went on the sister. Aunt Hannah raised herself up from her work, with a broad smile on her face, and looking up full at the white sister, said: 'De Lord knows I ain't stole nuthin,' and I knows I ain't, an' life's too short for me to be provin' an' 'splainin' all de time, so I jes' goes on my way rejoicin'. They knows they ain't tellin' the truf, and they'll feel ashamed an' quit after a while. If I can please de Lord, dat is enough for me.'

It is related of a celebrated man, that at one time a fiery fellow came into his office, and poured out his anathemas on his honored head. He never looked up. More and more violent grew the language. Calmly went the pen over the paper. At last having exhausted himself, the infuriated individual went away. 'Why did you not turn upon him?' inquired a bystander. Quietly laying down his pen he replied: 'There was once a little dog barked at the moon,' and resumed his writing. 'Well, what has that got to do with this?' was asked. 'The moon went on!' was the reply.

Reputation is one thing, character is another. A reputation may be very black, but the character may be very white. Reputation is what people say of us, character is what we really are.

Years ago, a person who was a popular writer, was described to me in such a manner by one who was well acquainted with him that I never cared to read his articles because I had lost all respect for him. Prejudice? Yes, I was wrong. I afterwards met him, and heard others speak of his useful life. He was a man worthy of respect and confidence. I am older now, and my experience has told me to hear both sides before judging. 'Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe,' was a copy written in my copy-book in my school-day life, and it was a good one. 'If all is true that I hear, I want to have nothing to do with him,' is an expression often heard, and it sometimes

means, 'My opinion is formed. I do not wish to change it.'

'Mrs. A. told me so, and I am sure she is truthful.' Yes, but Mrs. A. may have received a wrong impression. She may have heard the story from a reliable person, but the relator may have seen things from her own standpoint, and so have created a wrong idea, or she may have received it from one who was wholly malicious, and the listener had such confidence in the relator that she did not for one moment suspect malice.

A Christian minister once gave some good rules relating to reports, as follows:

1. 'Is it true?'
2. 'Is it best to be told?'
3. 'If best to be told, am I the best to tell it?'

Why, oh, why, is it so easy to believe the evil in preference to the good?

Why is it that among young people particularly, there is such a tendency to believe all is truth that comes to the ear? As we advance in life, we find that many of the slandered ones have borne all patiently, or have been so far absorbed in doing noble deeds and have lived so far out of the sphere of scandal, that they quietly moved on, all unconscious of the reports circulated, and have gone to rest with him who was at one time 'despised and rejected of men.'

I remember such a one. Unkind remarks never reached her ear. Sarcasm and bitterness was uttered and she worked in philanthropic deeds. She became aged and still active. She had reached her fourscore years and ten when a friend visited her, and in the conversation referred to some injustice done to her in former years. She cast an inquiring look at the speaker, who felt at once that she had trodden on the wrong ground. 'This is all news to me,' she said, 'I was not aware of it.' Ah, she had lived and worked, had given the warm pressure of the hand, had smiled on all, and knew not that unkind words were being circulated.

David must have experienced some of the bitterness of slander when he wrote the fifteenth Psalm.

Who among the older members of the Reformed Church (Dutch in those days) will not remember the following stanzas of an old hymn?

'Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And lives and walks by faith below.

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is
clean;

Whose lips still speak the things they
mean,

No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt,
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honored in his eyes.

Him to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor daro's to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

He loves his enemies and prays,
For those that curse him to his face,
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone.

This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

—'Christian Intelligencer.'

An Incident and a Sequel.

One of Dr. J. A. Gordon's favorite sayings was that God never makes a half-providence any more than a man makes a half-pair of shears. A good many years ago a little Scotch boy, four years old, was caught in a threshing-machine, and his right arm was torn off. That was a terrible accident in every sense of the word, for the boy not only lost the use of his arm, but was deprived of a future livelihood. He was a farmer's son, and, it was supposed, could himself be nothing but a farmer. Now, what would happen to him when he grew up?

This problem the boy's mother took to her heart. There she held her mutilated laddie, and prayed that God would make him a prophet. As his service on the farm was out of the question, she prayed that he might be used for a nobler husbandry. Thus the boy grew up, with his mother's prayers of dedication ringing in his heart, and in spite of himself, they formed his life. He could not evade them. Her prayers shut him in with God.

The lad grew and studied, and was admitted to the University of Edinburgh. He is the student of whom the story has been often told, how Dr. Blackie asked the country boy to rise and recite Geggie—for that was his name—arose and held his book awkwardly in his left hand.

'Take your book in your right hand, mon!' said the teacher sternly.

'I hae nae right hand,' answered the youth, holding up his stump.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the hisses of the class. Tears of mortification were in the student's eyes. Then Doctor Blackie ran down from his desk, and putting his arm about the lad's shoulder, as a father might, said:

'I did not mean to hurt you, lad. I did not know.'

Then the hisses were changed to loud cheers, and Doctor Blackie thanked the students for the opportunity of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was about that time that Major Whittle came to the university, and in the great awakening that followed, Geggie was the first to give himself up to the service of Christ.

Some time afterward Doctor Gordon was telling this story to his congregation in Boston. There was an impressive stillness, and after the service had closed with more than usual solemnity, a stranger walked up the aisle. The congregation noticed that he had only one arm. With a feeling of peculiar presentiment, Doctor Gordon came down the pulpit to meet him.

'I am your Geggie,' the stranger said, with great emotion.

Doctor Gordon, with a ringing voice, called his congregation back and told them that his illustration was before them. The student was asked to speak. He related the story of his accident, his mother's prayers, and how he had now consecrated his life.

As the congregation left the church that morning, the thought came to more than one: Every man's life is divinely planned. If adversity is inevitable, God makes the misfortune fit the plan. Many a youth, without knowing it, is working out the life to which his mother's piety devoted him; and her vows and the Infinite Wisdom are parts of a perfect providence.—'Youth's Companion.'

Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Listen to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit shall put in your heart. You will find that you will become more tranquil, that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and that, with less effort, you will accomplish more good.—Fénelon.