

ing case did not fail to make a deep impression at the time. Some saw clearly the hand of God in the matter, others said it was a strange coincidence.

Let me merely refer to two cases of a different nature. An aged female, a liberal contributor to the funds of the church, had once a serious attack of sickness which confined her to bed for several months. One day I called, and found her convalescent. She offered me a pretty large sum of money, saying it was her church subscription. I said there was no hurry about the money—that she would better keep it till she felt stronger and she could hand me the subscription some other time. But ‘No,’ she said, ‘take the money, minister. I have cheerfully given it to the Lord, and I would not touch it for the world. Besides, I never miss what I grant to the Lord. He always makes it up to me some way or other.’

Another liberal contributor to the funds of the church once told me that he resolved, soon after his conversion, to lay out a certain portion of his income annually upon the service of God, and that he had always adhered to that resolution; ‘and God’ he said, ‘has blessed me with a large measure of worldly prosperity, and has never let me want any good thing:—*U. P. Record.*

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

There are places called telegraph offices, where they have some jars, and bottles, and wires, and chemicals; and these they place together in such a way as to make a sort of trap in which they catch lightning. Lightning moves so swiftly, that, for a long time, people thought it could not be caught. Besides, it went in such zig-zag courses, and had such a way of hiding itself in black clouds, and only being visible at certain times. But, in spite of all this, a few years ago a man invented a lightning trap; and they have these traps at all the telegraph offices. Now, when they have caught some lightning, they set it to work. For a long time it never seemed to do anything but set houses on fire and make thunder; but now *it goes our messages*. And because it can go so fast, and never stops on the road, we make it deliver messages all over the country. If you were to go to a telegraph office, you would see some wires coming out of a window and passing on to a very high post. From that they go to another post, and so on. These wires are supported by the posts till they get out of the city; and so they go on from one town to another, till they proceed thousands of miles. Many of you have seen the posts, and the wires resting upon them. These wires are the roads upon which our strange errand-boy—the lightning—travels. Well, when he is sent out of one office, he makes straight for the office at the

other end of the wire to which the man sends him, and delivers his message to some one who is there waiting to receive it.

Now, children, your hearts seem to me to be like telegraph offices; and all the feelings, and thoughts, and actions which come out of them, are like this strange errand-boy, the lightning. But, you will ask; where are the wires that come out of the window? and where are the other offices to which the wire goes? My dear young friend, the wires which come out of your hearts are unseen; but they do come out, nevertheless, in countless numbers,—above, below, by the side, and in front,—and they run all over the world to ten thousand other offices, carrying all sorts of messages. I cannot tell you about many of them, but I’ll tell you of one.

This unseen wire which I am going to tell about, comes out of your heart and goes up through the air, beyond the clouds, beyond the stars, till it enters heaven; and there, at the other end of the wire, is a great book, and in it the messages are always being written. It is the great book of judgment. It is sometimes called the book of God’s remembrance. Every little word which you utter, every thought of your heart, every deed of your life, flashes up that wire and is written in the book. But perhaps you will say, ‘It matters not what I write in that book, for nobody will read it.’ You are wrong. Some people have a fancy that the angels read it. They want to know what you are doing in the world; and sometimes the pages are so black with bad tidings of you, that they almost drop tears upon them, and they wonder why you do not make the book better; and they wait, day after day, for the news that you have become one of Christ’s lambs.

You can send a message from your heart up to Jesus the great Saviour as quick as lightning, praying him to blot out from that book all the bad things you have done. He can read the message you send, if it is only a *wish* in your heart. So do not delay to do this, for death may come, and then it will be too late to send any message to Him. Jesus Christ is now waiting to hear from you. Do not let him wait any longer. Only tell Him that you want to be one of His lambs, and He will send a kind answer back; for He loves children, and wishes to bless them, and make them happy for ever.

PIETY IN LOWLY LIFE.

The poor of this world are often rich in faith, and their contentment amid great privations, and gratitude for scanty favors, teach good lessons to the refined in high circles. Some of the volumes relating to missionary labor among the London poor, which has been republished by the Carters, record instances of a serene faith not unworthy of