

THE MISSIONARY AND THE INFIDEL.

A CANADIAN STORY.

"I remember," says the Bishop of Saskatchewan, "many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said, that some years before then an humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way; but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire, listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found that the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up, and said, 'My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary; but I will tell you a little story: A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror, I saw a canoe drifting down the stream, and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall, and be gone! He saw his danger, and heard him scream: 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water, and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land, and saved him. That man, whom I heard when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God nor heaven nor hell.'"—*Sel.*

THE FOLLY OF HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.

Adam and Eve had their own way in eating the forbidden fruit, and they were there upon ousted from the garden of Eden. Pharaoh refused to hearken to Jehovah's voice, and for a time had his own way. Upon him and his people were dealt ten blows, and when the last fell, there was lamentation throughout Mizraim. A han had his own way, and buried beneath his tent banned spoil from Jericho, but ere long the troubler was troubled, and his charred carcass was covered with a great heap of stones. Saul had his own way in sparing Agag, and the choice spoil of Amalek, but he was presently rebuked and rejected of the Lord. Maligners of Daniel had their own way, and for a night rejoiced greatly, but before the next came, they were mastered and crunched by lions. Jews had their way in crucifying

Christ with wicked hands. Upon them and their children has been avenged His blood, and the series of woes which issued, A. D. 70, in the destruction of Jerusalem has not reached the limit yet.

Men have their own way whenever they wilfully transgress or neglect Jehovah's requirements. That way, the transgressors way, they invariably find hard. They may be prospered pecuniarily and "flourish like a green bay tree;" but they pierce themselves meanwhile with many a sorrow, and are starvelings spiritually. To them, as to the lusting Hebrews, God may grant their request, but with it is sent leanness of soul. (Ps. 106: 14-15.)

Let, us, beloved, make persistently our own the just and true way of the Lord. His way is heaven higher and better than our own. Hard it may seem, at times, and narrow, but it leads invariably to pleasantness and peace, and shineth with increasing brightness unto the perfect day. For our sake, therefore, and for His let us walk circumspectly in the Master's way, the way our sainted father's trod, the blissful way to glory and to God.—*Sel.*

WHY NOT AN INFIDEL?

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: 'First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel.'"

Lord Lawrence says:—"Christianity, wherever it has gone, and nowhere more so than in India, has promoted the dignity of woman, the sanctity of marriage, and the brotherhood of man. Where it has not actually converted, it has checked and controlled; where it has not renewed, it has refined; and where it has not sanctified, it has softened and subdued."