Anstor and Reopte.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

IL-" EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICREP."

There is no more common proverb than this; no truth exercising a greater influence upon our dealy life, upon the destinics of the world, upon each man's greatisture, and yet there is no proverb has practically remembered—less noted on in daily life. This is, indeed, a two-sided, a double-edged proverb, having respect to this world and to the next, to all which man is now, and

which he shall be hereafter.

First of all, good reader, look at the great world in which we had; it is so entirely made as littles that it only there were any place where to blow them to, and some one look had chough to do it, the whole of it could be blown away in atoms not a thousandth part the size of the point of the pen I am writing with, and that is not a broad-nition are either. Vact as the world is, it is not ing but an amazing number of atoms stock a gether, or rather presed together so tightly that they form one great

This, then, is our world, made up of litties. And now allow me to state lutther, that the great power which rules the world is the power of littles. Just as of old the Lord was manifested, not in the great strong wind which rent the includians and brake in pieces the rocks, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the still small voice, so now the power which He permits to have most influence in human affairs of all kinds, is not the thender and five of great, but the small voice of little things.

So then, when we say, "Every little makes a mickle," we may be about to speak of matters of very terrous moment. Most people apply this proverb to mak-

ing a fortune; and, in truck, looked at with reterence to money-making, it quite true. Many of the great fortunes in this country have been built up of pence and half-pence -I might almost say of farthings. The odd halfpenny and three faithings that you 800 (if you look close) upon the ticketed article in the shop-window, forms one of the littles; and a prefit of hundreds of pounds, or often thousands, at the end of the year, forms the mickie. You need go no farther than Mr. Selvige, of Scivige Court, to see an instance of this. Service Court has three storeys, twenty-four bedrooms, one hundred teet of greenhouses, and fifteen acres of ornamental grounds, besides the park; and all that, with the Selvige horses and carriages and dinner-parties, and the lodge, and the fat man who sits in front of it to open the gate, is a mickle of ever so many farthings, conglemerated and stuck fast together by Mr. Seivige, he having gathered them together during many years' careful work-farthings dropping off yards of ribbon here, and buttons and tapes there, and a little profit everywhere.

I am not going to say a word against Mr. Selvige's fortune; he has earned it by honest industry, and he has a right to enjoy it, especially as I never see him down for a shabby tunea, because that is what every one else gives. He knows he can afford his five and ter, and he gives tike a man. I respect Mr. Selvige as a good hig honorable worthy mickle, made up of many lit tles, but not one what the less to be thought of on that account.

I can prove that Lord Hillandale is made up of graet-blades and wheat-grains if I like; that he, though a much greater mickle, is made up in the very same way as Mr. Service, only with atoms of abother kind; and that being the case, I shall go on to what I have to say, only premising this—that the itriumes which men make by littles are generally more enduring than those "inickies" which come easily, and equally easily go away.

Nothing ever impressed me with the value of intres more than a visit to one of the Au-trahau gold-mines. When the fortnight s yield of gold was turned out, it formed a cake about half the size of an erdinary latery apple-dumpling. The value was, of course, very large. But whence came this cake? From minute particles of gold so fine that they could not be seen even with a microscope in the quartz in which they were spread. No human hand could have gathered them together; no human eye could have even seen them; but quickeniver, which has a great affinity for gold, any lanking in want for them in a box, in which they were pounded, and stuck them and itself all together; and when the curning metal evaporated in the retort, and took itself off into a bucket of water, to gather itself up so as to be ab e to

which was north anything in uself.
So well do those engaged in the crush ing-mill know the power of littles, that they will even burn the wood of the cradie in which the gravel has been rocked, and then throw the ashes in water to catch any particle of gold which may have adhered to it, and which must sink when treated thus. Even in the rooms of tanks where the gold

is weighed, the dust is builted, and a onri-

play the like trick again, i. left behind mil-

lions of particles far amalier than the point

of a cambrio needle-s very valuable mic-

kle from mulions of littles, not one of

oue lump is the resuit, with gold, however, in it—something to add to the mickle from which shareholders look for their dividends.

Now, then, I say, that this proverb has to do with more than money or fortunes made by the little gatherings of many x long year.

"Every little makes a mickle," is the bistory of the progress of many if not of every mind and character and soul.

It is, first of all, the history of all human sequirement. The mori beautiful music is but a mickle of many little notes, and the of man, little moments of practice, many little efforts, many runnings up and down scales, and so forth; the going over little bits of perhaps ball a des n notes over and over and over again. The hearers of the perfect piece o joy a "mickle"-> great result; but without many little a they could have hed a leme performance at the hest. All the great scientific and mechant cal accomplishments of which we make so much are but the results of many little rooments spent in thought, many little circumitances observed, many little bints acted upon; the greet scientific mickle, whether it be the seent steam branner on land, or the Great Eastern it sen, or the Atlantic cable nuder the sea, a vall conglomerations of pumpy littles.

Or once more: take the elequent speech in Parliament, or the elequent sermen from the pulpit; to find the beginning of these you must go back to the nursery; and there, in hundreds of thousands of half forced words, and then half formed sen tences, you have the first littles of that mickle which has just now made such an impression. Littles represent the price at which mickles are purchased, as well as the component parts of which they are made.

Littles have an immense deal to do with the formation of character also. No doubt people are born with certain predicpositions, which have much to do after character; but character in the main depends upon training. An untrained predisposition to liberality will and in a man'a becoming a speedthrift; its opposite of prudence and carefulness in a man's becoming a miser. Mer and women become what they are made, and they are made by littles; not by the sledge-bammer sirekes of great events, but by the influences which surround them, and the teachings which they receive from day to day, and even from hour to hour. The littles of the mo-ther, of the nurse, of the servant, or even of other children, make up the final mickle of many a character.

Schrestraint is all-important in life. No man can get on well in the world without it; no man can he a great and noble man if he fail here. And how is this to be attained to but by exercise in little things? and every little that we conquer in is a help towards the mickle of a noble character. It may seem a small thing to train a child to be able to restrain himself in cating or drinking, or to forbear a cry, or an angry lock or word, or to be willing to part with a toy, or to oboy the moment he is spoken to; but that small thing in a "little" belonging to the "mickle" which you would hake to see him hereafter; and which would make him a blessing to others, and blessed himself.

Everything in this world has an effect. We might be said to live under a law of accumulation. The littles of money roll together to make a fortune, the littles of effort to make a character. There is nothing lost. What we do to-day will roll to other things of like kind to help to form us either for good or evil.

(To be continued.)

The Boy who Sang Himself to Sleep

He lived in London. His mother loved him, but she was not a Christian, and his father was a drunkard. Poor, poor little hey! What was to become of him, with a swearing, druking father and a godless mother? Perhaps he never thought. But God, who sees and knows everything, and who loves to eave poor sinners, whether they be old or young, had thought of this little boy. One day G-d put it into the heart of some one to ask this boy to hear the Gospei preached to children.

The little boy went away thinking only of what he heard. He did not stop to look into the great shop windows, nor did he notice the people or things in the street, but all the way home, if you had been n ar him, you might have heard him singing over and over again the words,

"I can believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me,"

When he reached his home he told his mother where he had been and what he had heard, and then went on singing as before. By end-bye the time came for his father to come, and his mother, fearing the father would beat the boy it he heard him singing a byinn, sent him to ted. But the little fellow's heart was so full of 2004 news, that from his little bed, in the dark, his voice was still heard singing.

"I can believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me; That on the ce as He shed His blood, From sin to set me free."

The sound reach his father's ears, who angriy asked, "Where has that hoy been?—why is he making that none?" Then he said to his wife, "Go up and teil him to be quiet, or I'll give tam something to make noise about." She dideo, but added, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning, only don't tet your father hear you." Then the mother left her son. However, the little boy still went on singing, only he covered up has head with the bed-clothes to keep the cound from reaching his father, and at length he tell askeep.

In the morning as the child did not get up he parents come to awake him, and what was their sorrow and surprise to find that he would never wake again. The Lord Jesus had called him away in the night, and the mother's words, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning," came strangely true.—The Watchman.

Whatever is pood will in the long run prevail. Honesty is the bost policy; so are charity, love, trutufalness, candor, manliness, and all the other virtues. Vice may flourish for a time, and even have a rapid growth; but it is goodness that continues and succeeds in the end.

For the Presbyterian.)

WORK AND FAINT NOT.

"Ana they glossfied God in Mc."—Gas 1.24

O Christian workers, why appear
So hopeless, faint and ad?
Think how one sinner saved by grace
Made early churches glad.

Yes, glad; for they had heard that he, Late hater of their Lord, And personator, new wenfound Preaching the glorious Word.

While hasting in his ovil work A great light 'round him gleam'd, For Christ the Sun of Righteoneness, Upon his spirit houn'd,

C, word ous transformation, now, Created all anew, With raptur'd soul he eries, "O Lord Wha! wilt thou have me do."

Tais sicht "unspenkuble" sustemed dis vool in porn's roue, Chadry enduring that on birn Might rest Chefi t's raighty pow'r,

And coming down the mean of time,

Through all the goodel days,
O'er brands from burning pluck'd, the Church
Still sings her song of praise
A Bodford or a thardiner sunk

A Bodord or a flanding sunk. In class of deopert dvo, To depths of God's rich sovere in grace, Can fully testify,

All glory to His matchless grace
The se fier and profese.
Now comes with heast renew'd to tell,
The glories of His name

And saints to God ascribe the praise, For triumpus of His Word, "For not by ought nor power, but by My spirit saith the Lord." Ah. If the early church in Pani

Could florify God's name, So charches now o'or stations say'd Join in the glad accents

1 LIZABETH BECKET North Monaghan, Sept. 1-77

Arnot of Scotland.

Not William Arnot, of Glasgow, although he preached there with great power and popularity for twenty five years. Not William Arnot of Edinburgh, although he ended his fruitful ministry there as pastor of the Free Presbyterian "High Church." But he was Arnot of Scotland, with a name as familiar to the people as a Bible-text—from the Tweed to the Shetland—with all the "campy" humor and poetry and racy dialect of a genuine countryman of Burns, and with a loyalty to Gospel truth as unshaken as Schehailhon. Of all the Free Churon leaders who stood around Chalmers and who sleep beside him in the Grange Cemetery, Arnot was the youngest; and, with the exception of Alexander Duff, he was the last survivor. Such a galaxy of pulpit power and genius has not shone upon any one city at any other period in modern

William Arnol, like Burns, belonged to William Arnot, like Burns, belonged to the Scotch peasantry. He was honestly proud of it. The be convulsed with laughter a great the best of the Philadelphia Academy to be by a description of feeding a call the drawing upon his own rustic extension of feeding a call the best of the cover feed. His homespun father was both a farmer His homespun father was both a farmer and a ferryman. His mother was a godly peasant woman, who fastened her Bible to her spinning wheel, that she might snatch her dai'y food amid her daily toil, and who died giving birth to the son who has made the name of Arnot famous. In after years he leved to visit the cottage of his boyhood. He tells us in his "Autobio graphy" (just published) of the hum of the honey bees among the blossoms of a plane tree which stood at the edge of the garden. He says, very touchingly: "I should like to so beneath it again, on a warm summer evening, and hear that hum. I do not know whether it would gladden my heart again or would break it; but I would like to iry." In this smale line Arnot cives In this emgle line Arnot gives us a touch of that exquisite poetry and pathos which threw such a charm over many of his books and his discourses.

The story of his early battlings with poverly is very heroic. He was apprenticed to a gardener, and lived on the scarty tare of a bowl of oatmeal "brose" and a bit of coarse bread. So keen was his himger for knowledge that he carried a Latin grammar in his pocket, and while he was resting at the end of a turrow he would whip out the volume, snatch the conjugation of a verb, and then repeat it over to himself while he dug through the new furrow! By the same persistent pluck he alterward dug his way to the front rank of Scottish preachers and authors. His hatred of the national dripking usages-which made him in after years one of the temperauce leaders-begen in his boyhood. When he was initiated into his apprendiceship as a gardener be gave a "treat" to his fellow. gardeners, according to custom, in the village tavern, and the night was spent in a dance and a whi-key drinking. As he sat drowey and ashamed the next morning, at the breakinst table, his shrowd father sharp-ity said to him: "Oh! my man Willie, Mis-tress Lennox, the wife of the inn-keeper will be eatin' a fine fat breakfast this morn-ing aff o' your siller." This out him to the quick. He determined not to touch the bottle again. The powerful speeches and tracts which he afterward produced in behaltof the temperance retorm owed their first inspiration to the leathing he then tormed for the drinking customs of his countrymen.

William Arnot began his ministry in St. Peter's Church, Gia-gow, in January, 1839. He went into the Disroption movement enthusiastically four years afterward, and was a zealous Free Church man to his dying day. But he was always large hearted and liberal, advocated union with the "U. P. Church," sympathized with all Christ's people of every name, and had no patience with the bigotry which refused to sing God's praises in any other words than those which Jewish David had indited. He composed a few hymns himself, and when he was in Baltimore he was invited to preach to a small congregation of pealmanging descendants of the Covenanters. He wrote in his diary: "It is most vexa-

ing (in Scotch fashion) in a nut-shell, and not souching the mighty stream of the This city of three or four hundred thousand people knows nothing of them and their testimony for Rouses Psalms and Drumulog forever. Drumulog forever. Armor man soul to be equeezed into a put shell of any Arnot had 'oo big a description. His carly pea ant life gave him a sort of democratic simplicity, which made him exceedingly effective among the working classes, and oven showed itself in s free-and-easy carelessness of costume. When he called on Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, ho jots down in his diary: "I resolved, on seeing him, to dress more marly, hen I sit in my study." The only piece of factidioushess I over derected in my old intend was when he masted that I should not preach in his Edinburgh pulpit without bream in his framingra pulpic wimous defining my black neck-to and putting on his white erays. His reason for the ruggestion was that his congregation's attention might be attracted by anything ringular transfer or the state of the state o

lar in the preacher's dress.

My first meeting with Mr. Arnot (in never accepted the title of "Douto") was at the table of his beloved friend Or. James Hamilton, of London. They were as David and Jonithan; and Arnot wroter biography of Hamilton, swen years later, which is a matterpiece. John B. Googh had once told me that the most beautiful sentence he had ever head from human lips was uttered by Anot. I was deeply interested at once in the man—in his miribial humor, his keen, racy conversation, and in the manly devoutness of his character. At that time he had become known to the Christian world by the publication of his "Race for Riches," his "Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life," and his admirable volumes on "The Proverbs." He was then as ripe and as tull of precious jaices as a cluster of black Hamburg grapes.

The charm of Arnot's discourses and volumes lies in his illustrations. No preacher of our day—not Spurgeon, or Hamilton, or Beecher, or even Guthrio—has equaled him is fresh, pertinent, chaste, and exquisitely perfectly illustrations of spiritual truths, drawn from Nature and everyday life. If any young preacher wishes to know how to teach by the use of simile and parable, let him study William Arnot. His epigrammatic sentences stick to the memory like rows of pins. For example he tells us in his diary that as he grew older he grew more brief and simple in his closet devotions. He tersely cays: "I suppose there are really two kinds of brevity in prayer: one because you are far off and one because you are far in." None but a profoundly experienced Correstan could have penned that pitty sentence.

But in this short article I cannot more than outline a few of the many sided beau-ties of Arnot's massive and noble character. When Dr. Candlish was dying, he imagined himself in a meeting of the General Assembly, and was overheard to say: "That'e Arnot. I want to hear what he is saying. His son whispered: "Do you love Arnot?" The dying theologian answered: him? Who would not love Arnot? I love hum as a brother." And so did the humble American pennian of this tribute to his memory. He was my benefactor in the study of God's Word. He was one of my models of a grand and a godly manhood. I can see again the big, burly form of the old Scotchman among his family and his flowers in the Merchiston-Avenue home, and listen airesh to his racy humor and his fertilizing talk. He died in the early morning of a bright June day. As he listened to the warbling of the birds in his yard, he exclaimed: "These sweet birds, they are singing for me." Then, being heard to speak a few words, his wife inquired what he wished. He answered: "No, dear, I was not speaking to you." His departing snirit was already something to you." was not speaking to you. This departing spirit was already conversing with Him who had gone to prepare a place for him. These were his last words on earth. Within an hour or two there was another voice praising before the throne of GOD and of the LAMB .- Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in N. Y. Independent.

The Young English Girl.

Some twenty years ago there was a young English girl in Paris. She was lying on her death-bed. One day, her sisters, giddy young English girls, came into the room laughing. "Ou," they said, "have you heard the news?" No; what is it?" "Oh, a mad tellow has come over from England. He can't speak a word of French, and yet he is trying through an interpreter to preach to the people. We are going to hear him, just for fun." After they had left the room, the thought came into her head, "I must hear him.' She rang for her maid, and when she c rae, said to her, "I want you to order the carriage, and dress me. "Why, Miss—, you cannot go out."
"Never mind, I must go; do as I tell
you." The carriage was ordered, she was you." The carriage was ordered, she was taken to the place where the Englishman was to preach, and like many who are late, she got seated right in front, on the platform. The preacher, who was an earnest and devoted servant of God, known to many in England, came to the front of the platform, and, fixing his eyes right upon eaid, after a few moments of silence-" Poor sinner, G.d loves you." She says, in re-cording her conversion, "I do not know what more he said. I know he said a great many more things that night, but I sat cobbing as if my heart would break. All my past life of wilfulness and disobedience and thoughtlessness came up before me, and in the midst of it all, God had been loving me all the time. It broke my heart. The more I thought of it the deeper and more dampable my sine seemed to me. got home, I scarcely know how, but found myself kneeling by my brdside, cry ing out as if my heart would break: God, is it true that Thou lovest me, in spite of all my sins? Is it true?' But still these wonderful words came back, 'Poor sinner, God loves you!' By my badside I lay broken to pieces by the thought of that love. At last, by the grace of God, I stretched out the hand of tath, and accepted God's meroy, and thus I rested on the great love of Hun who died for me." Word and Work.

preach to a small congregation of pealm-singing descendants of the Covenanters. In one were to go to the home of his kings, and I neighbor and deface his pictures, pull up his in a vesture flowers and cut holes in his best clothing, thous to see a handlul of good men testify-

Reunion in Heaven.

Heaven is not a solitude; it is a peopled city, a city ir which there are norno homeless, no poor, where ore does not pass another in the abrest with a gracting, where no one is envious of anoth r's minstreley, or of another's more buttent crown. When God said in the ancient E len, "It is not good for mun to be alone," tuere was a deeper signification in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want which the Creator in his highest wisdom has impressed upon the noblest of his That is not lite-you don't call that life-where the hermit in some moorland glude drags out a solitary existence, or where the captice in some cell of bundage trets and pines unseen? That man does not understand solitude.

Life, all kinds of life, tends to companionship, and rejoices io it, from the large and buzzing insect cloud, up to the kingly from and the kinglier man. It is a social state into which we are to be introduced, as well as a state of conscioueness. Not only, therefore, does the Saviour pray for his discipler, "Father, I will that those when "non best given one be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, but those who are in that heavenly tecompanies are said to have come "to the general assembly and Church of the first born written to heaven. Aye, and better then that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect."

The question of the recognision of departed trievals in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immorfality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy scolety; and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclothing of nature that ya possessionly the clothing upon itself.

only the clothing upon itself of a brighter and morely. Take comfort, then, history the dearest debeen severed by the those whem you have are not loet, except to phaps even now there are angel watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about, that would give you pain; but if you and they are alike in Jesus and remain faithful to the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think, if amd the multitude of earth's rensemed ones that we are to see in heaven, we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see? Strange if, in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them? Strange, if we did not hear some heaven-song, loarned on earth, thrilled by some clear ringing voice that we have often heard before?—Dr. Punshon.

Bandom Bendings.

During our days of light and joy we should prepare for these of darkness and grief. The latter are coming on, just as the chadews await the closing day, and their pain can be alleviated and even awestened by carrying into them souls made ready to meet them. No one will sing proporly at industry, with his feet in the stocks, unless he has learned his song by day, and when he had his freedom on the hills.

Nothing Craws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the corocation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Dr. Hamilton.

Two of the princes in South Africa are Christians, and are anxious for their a her's conversion. But he sticks to his heatheniam. "My sone," he said, "want me to be baptized. I say to them Christians here," pointing to the Westeyau station, "and Caristians there," pointing to the Anglican monks. "Christians there won't speak to Christians here. When one of them has converted the other it will be time to come to me."

"That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "han chosen his shelter, and is questly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to morrow's lodging, caimly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him." When I am assaited," he says, "with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pige rather than remain alone." The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

I no not respect any proposition merely ecause it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the sound-ness of scholarship is that it should contend with sobolarship, not once nor twice, but century after century, and come out crowned. But the intellectual supremacy of Coristianity in the nineteeth century is not a novelty. There are other battlefields worth visiting by those who walk and meditate, on which Christian trophies stand, more important, as marks of the world's agences and advances, than any that ever Greek erected for victory at lamis or Marathon. I lean on church history. I go to its battle fields and he down on them. They are places of spiritual rost. Gazing on their horizon, I see no narrow prospect, but a breadth of nineteen hundred victorious years allooking into the sky, as I lie them sometimes the beginning of sky, as I lie the anthem:—"As i now, and over sh Lobtain glimpse, behold a white h behold a white him is called the in a vesture dip are as a flame.