

DON'T WORRY.

A mother gives this experience in her own life: She said, "I was of a worrisome temperament, and I was wont to say, 'Oh, dear! I would rather be in prison than live such a life as this. I can never sit down a moment to read that Jamie wants something of me, and I wish I could have more rest and be alone for a little while.'" One damp May morning the little fellow was singing in an adjoining room,

I want to be an angel,
and the sharp cough cut the song in twain; the mother was worrying and fretting too much to care for the child. The child grew worse; the evening came and with it the father, and after the father the doctor, and the doctor said: "You should have called me earlier." The child grew worse, and soon all was over. The mother says: "I have plenty of time now; the books are never disturbed now; I can read when I please, I can write when I choose; but when I see gray-haired women leaning on their sons I cry to God, 'Oh, that I had had more patience, and had not been so worried and fretted.'"—*Rev. O. P. Gifford, in Baptist Weekly.*

CAN THEY SHOW US A BETTER WAY?

The Bishop of Liverpool, in the course of a sermon recently delivered in that city, remarked:—"It is cheap and easy work to sneer at dogma; to scoff at Inspiration and the Atonement; to make merry at the controversies of Christians, and to tell us that no one really believes all the Bible, or all the facts enumerated in the Belief. It is easy, I repeat, to do this. Even children can cast mud, and throw stones, and make a noise. But sneers, and mud, and noise are not arguments.

"I challenge those who sneer at dogma to show us a more excellent way, to show us anything that does more good in the world than the old, old story of Christ dying for our sins, and rising again for our justification. The man of science may say, 'Come with me and look through my microscope and telescope, and I will show you things which Moses, David, and St. Paul never dreamed of. Do you expect me to believe what was written by ignorant fellows like them?' But can this man of science show us anything through his microscope or telescope which will

minister to a mind diseased, bind up the wounds of a broken heart, satisfy the wants of an aching conscience, supply comfort to the mourner over a lost husband, wife, or child?"

THE LAST RECORD.

Josiah Quincy, formerly President of Harvard College, lived to be ninety-two years of age. He had kept a journal for many years. He was accustomed to sit in the morning in a large chair with a broad arm to it, which served as a desk, upon which he wrote his diary. July 1st, 1864, he sat down in his chair as usual. His daughter brought his journal. He at first declined to undertake this wretched task, but his daughter urged him not to abandon it. He took the book and wrote the first verse of that grateful hymn of Addison:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

The weary head dropped upon the bosom. The volume was ended. The soul had fled.

MY REFUGE.

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners crucified,
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I.
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yea, since I knew his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

—Ed.

Form in your children the habit of daily reading in the Bible. Say to each of them in your own way that which Sir Matthew Hale wrote to his child: "Every morning read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scriptures. It is a Book full of light and wisdom, and will make you wise to eternal life."—*Rev. R. Heber Newton.*

It is a Christian duty to help those who need aid according to our opportunity. It may also be a Christian duty not to help those who do not need assistance.