

A CONTRAST.

"The Word of God is not bound."

Two lamps passed over the city at night. When the lamps burnt low and the stars were bright...

The first did in joyous accents tell How the work of the Lord it prospered well...

"I beheld," he cried, "the beautiful bow, Where hynns to the praise of the Lamb once shone..."

"On an altar all gorgeous with jewels I gazed, The light of a hundred tapers blazed..."

"Alas!" cried the other, in sudden tone, "A different burden I bear to God's throne..."

"The priest and the Levite have passed them by— They are none of ours," he their heartless cry...

"For none have striven those souls to win, And their only care is a temple to sin..."

"Yet these wandering sheep are dear to his Lord, And to save their souls brings a richer reward..."

And upward still did the angels soar; But only a vital tear each bore...

—Church Times.

"FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN."

The following are the concluding remarks of the Rev. Geo. M. Grant in his new book. They are characterized by sound philosophy, eloquence, strength and manliness...

Looking back over the vast breadth of the Dominion, when our journeyings were ended, it rolled out before us like a panorama, varied and magnificent enough to stir the dullest spirit into patriotic emotion...

A full-fed river sliding slow, By heads upon an endless plain, full-fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountain, and watering "the great lone land," over illimitable coal measures and deep wood...

"Where's the coward that would not die To fight for such a land?"

Thank God we have a country. It is not our property of land, or sea, or wood or mine, that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country depends not on its material resources. It depends on the character of its people...

The Empire, a common Imperial citizenship, with common responsibilities, and a common inheritance. With childish impatience and intolerance of thought on the subject, we are sometimes told that a Republican form of Government and Republican institutions, are the rage of our own day...

We have a fixed centre of authority and government, a fountain of honor above us that all reverence, from which a thousand gracious influences come down to every rank...

"In our halls is hung the armoury of the invincible knights of old." Ours are the old history, the misty past, the graves of forefathers. Ours the names "to which a thousand memories call."

A HOUSE ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

The loftiest house, and the most perfect in the matter of architecture, I have ever seen, was that which a wood-chopper occupied with his family one winter in the forests of Santa Cruz Country. It was the cavity of a red-wood tree, two hundred and forty feet in height...

The British and Foreign Bible Society has just ordered editions of the Scriptures as follows—10,000 Chinese New Testaments, 10,000 Bohemian Bibles, &c., and 12,000 Bohemian Bibles, small 8vo.

Says Mr. Spurgeon—"There is not a Christian beneath the scope of God's heaven from whom I am separated. The pulse of Christ is communion; and we go to the Church that seeks to cure the ills of Christ's Church by stopping its pulse."

A CHRISTIAN BRAHMIN IN A SCOTCH PULPIT.

On Sunday last, in the Free Church, Portree, the Rev. Narayan Sheshdhal preached both forenoon and evening. In the forenoon he chose for his text Ephesians ii. 1-9. The sermon was one which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it...

A MODERN MANAGER ON THE MODERN DRAMA.

"My dear girl, you do not know what you say. There is scarcely a respectable theatre in London; I mean respectable for such a girl as you, unprotected and alone. Heaven forbid that I should bring all the London managers; there are some noble exceptions to the general rule of infamy and degradation..."

FOR LADIES ONLY.

It has come to be pretty generally acknowledged, even by the male portion of the community, that ladies of the present day are over-dressed. Ladies may retort that this conclusion is arrived at by men from want of taste or fear of their pockets. A little book has just been published, entitled, "How to dress on £15 a year..."

THE HABIT OF READING.

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake...

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us...

ONLY TWO.

Only two ways. One broad, the other narrow; one leads to destruction, the other to life; many go by the one, few by the other. Which is your way?

Only two sorts of people. Many sorts in men's opinion; only two in God's sight—the righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the chaff, the living and the dead. Which are you?

Only two deaths—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked. Which do you think you will die? Which would it be if you were to die this moment?

Only two sides at the day of judgment—the right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right hand will be blessed—"Come, ye blessed of my Father." Those on the left will be cursed—"Depart, ye cursed." All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to receive the things done in the body, whether good or bad. What words will be spoken to you?

Only two places after death—heaven and hell. The one happy, the other miserable. In the one will be heard forever songs of joy and praise; in the other weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. God will be in the one, and angels and spirits, and all the redeemed of the Lord; in the other, none but devils and lost souls. Which of these two will be your place? Which, if you were to die now?

THE PRAYER MEETING.

The prayer meeting is not for the head, but for the heart.—It is a family gathering of the disciples, where each one comes bringing some leaf or bud of "experience," to cheer and comfort others; and the pastor is present as one of the family, a brother in the Lord, and the less of sermonizing and expounding, or exhorting in the prayer meetings the better; and in proportion as heart speaks to heart its joys and sorrows, its victories and trials, will the hour of prayer be freighted with permanent strength and joy to the church. If it is advisable to have a religious lecture during the week, then appoint an evening for this purpose, but do not kill the prayer-meeting by trying to marry the two.—Abbot E. Kittredge.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent—"Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—"Who art in heaven."

It breathes the saint's reward—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive and obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Deliver us from evil."

And last of all an adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

A drowning man plucked out of the jaws of death is nappier with three feet of bare rock, than others with thousands of broad acres; so the humble Christian happier with the hope of Heaven than the men of the world are when their corn and wine do most abound, and all things go well with them.

CAN AND COULD.

Do you know them? You must, I think, for Can and Could live in your neighborhood.

Last night I found Can at his arithmetic lesson. It was a hard lesson. Not a boy in the class had mastered it that day, and the teacher had given it out a second time. Can said "No" to a moonlight skating, in order to give his time and mind to the lesson.

"I can master it, and I will," said Can. "This lesson don't beat me the second time."

"Shall I not help you?" asked his older sister.

"I'll try," answered Can. "I feel like going into it with a will; and where there's a will there's a way." That is the spirit which accomplishes. Nor did he go to bed till every example was carefully ciphered out.

Let us look at Could, who is in the same class.

"If I only 'Could' learn this horrid lesson," he said, looking on his book and then looking off. He took up his pencil, made a few random figures on the slate, and then went off to dogs' heads. Such funny dogs' heads as he drew!

"Is that studying your lesson?" asked his mother.

"If I only 'Could' get it!" he said, fretfully. "It is too hard and dry for any fellow."

Can and Could both have cows to drive to pasture and work to do in the yard. Can is up bright and early. In Summer weather, his cow is cropping her breakfast on the hillside long before Could is out of bed. "If I only 'Could' wake up!" he says. "Pie, Could! Be up to your work like a man!"

When they grow up, Could will look around upon the want and ignorance there is in the world, and say, "If I 'Could' only be a George Peabody, I would build houses for the poor and better the condition of the lower classes."

Can has no grand projects in his head like that, but he quietly orders a load of coal to the house of a poor widow whom he knows; shows a man where to put a fine grapevine on his premises which will give beauty, shade, fruit, and enjoyment to his little family; slips a five dollar bill into the hands of a struggling student, making this one and that one all the happier and better for having known him.

Could sees the wretchedness and crime which people get into, and cries, "If I 'Could' only be a Howard or a Father Taylor, how much I would do to reform men!" and he speculates and speculates on the matter until he falls asleep over the fire and does nothing.

Can is no standstill. He sees a poor man in the gutter and runs to lift him up. He persuades him to take the pledge, finds him work, and stands by him with kind and encouraging words. The man is rescued and once more becomes a useful citizen and a comfort to his family.

Follow up all the sayings of "Can and Could," and see if your observations do not agree with mine. You are one of the other, I dare say. Which are you, which will you be, which do you mean to be, "Can or Could?"—Child's Paper.

Random Readings.

Gifts may differ, but grace as such is the same in all God's people. Just as some pieces of money are of gold, some of silver, others of copper; but they all agree in bearing the King's image and inscription.—Toplady.

When Christ is with the Christian, the means of grace are like flowers in the sunshine, smelling fragrantly and smiling beatifically; but without Christ they are like flowers by night, their faint tints of fragrance are sealed by the darkness.

In the gut of the Lord Jesus, we have obtained pardon, justification, sanctification, and eternal life, all of which contain a mine of wonder. Perhaps to penitent hearts the chief of all these is forgiveness of sin, and of such sins as ours.—Spurgeon.

Some one, in casting up his accounts, put down a very large sum per annum for his idleness. But there is another account more awful than that of our expenses in which many will find that their idleness has mainly contributed to the balance against them.—Fuller.

It is so little we spend in religion, and so very much upon ourselves; so little the poor, and so without measure to make ourselves sick, that we seem to be in love with our own mischief, and strive all the ways we can to make ourselves need more than nature intended.—Jeremy Taylor.

Religious truth cannot be demonstrated the same way as mathematical. Still the evidences of a design in all things are almost as strong as positive demonstration. All nature reveals the supernatural. And the strongest of all these evidences is in the great and ingenious mechanism of the human system. We are truly fearfully and wonderfully made.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them.—Payson.

Another peer, following the example of the Duke of Somerset and Earl Russell, is about to publish a book on the claims of Christianity. Viscount Stretford de Redcliffe has written a work with the title, "Way am I a Christian?"

A pension of £300 per annum has been conferred on Dr. Livingstone, in recognition of the value of his researches in Central Africa. During Livingstone's absence the pension will be paid into the hands of trustees.