

less you and I are against the old enemy. Blessed be His name, my shepherd never saith "Good night." He saith "Little lamb, I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee. But, little lamb, be not so eager after buttercups and daisies, that thou dost forget to keep a sharp look out, and when the old lion cometh, thou knowest what to do, dost thou not." "No," saith the lamb. "Keep close to my side, press up to me, run under the very shadow of my presence, and when thou art at my right hand no harm can befall thee then." Oh, that is it, it is just Jesus, Jesus always, Jesus everywhere, Jesus in everything, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus only. I would have thee forget all the words I have spoken to thee this evening, if thou wilt but take one word away with thee, and if thou wilt take His presence with thee. It is Jesus all the way, Jesus only. "Be perfect," for that is our calling: "Be of good comfort," because it is the dear and blessed Master who comes to do it all.

Mr. Boardman tells us that one day he was passing through a large city, and having an hour to spare, he called upon an old friend, a shot manufacturer. As they were sitting together his friend asked him, "If he would like to have the world at his feet?" Mr. Boardman understood the suggestion that they should go to the top of the shot-tower, and at once fell in with the proposal. Presently he reached a passage in which he saw a stone staircase going winding up in the darkness, and he began to mount the steps. "No," said the friend, "you are going wrong; it is down here." Mr. Boardman stopped and thought there was some mistake. "We are going up to the top of the tower, are we not?" he asked. "Yes," said his friend, "and you must go down here to get there. That is the old way, dark and dusty and full of