

**"EVERY ONE OF YOU."**

When the murderers of Christ cried out on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter replied, "Repent, and be baptised every one of you; I shut out no one of you, for I am commanded by the Lord to deal with you as it were one by one, by the word of His salvation."

*Objection.* But I was one of them that plotted to take away His life. May I be saved by Him?

*Peter.* Every one of you.

*O.* But I was one of them that bore witness against Him. Is there grace for me?

*P.* For every one of you.

*O.* But I was one of them that cried out, "Crucify Him! crucify him!" and desired that Barabbas, the murderer, might live rather than He. What will become of me, think you?

*P.* I am to preach repentance and remission of sins to every one of you.

*O.* But I was one of them that did spit in his face when He stood before His accusers. I was also one that mocked Him when in anguish I e hanged bleeding on the tree. Is there room for me?

*P.* For every one of you.

*O.* But I was one of them that in his extremity said, "Give him gall and vinegar to drink." Why may not I expect the same, when anguish and guilt is upon me?

*P.* Repent of these your wickednesses, and there is remission of sins for every one of you.

*O.* But I railed on Him, I reviled Him, I hated Him. I rejoiced to see him mocked by others. Can there be hope for me?

*P.* There is for every one of you. "Repent, and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

O what a blessed "every one of you" is here! How willing was Peter, and the Lord Jesus by His ministry, to catch these murderers with the word of the Gospel, that they might be made monuments of the grace of God! How unwilling was He that they should escape the hand of mercy! Yea, what an amazing wonder it is to think that, above all the world, and above everybody in it, these should have the first offer of mercy!

**"THE ARCHER."**

There is a little archer,  
Whom I have never seen,  
But I have felt his arrows,  
And they are swift and keen:  
My path he ever watches,  
Whatever way I take;  
My ear he often catches,  
Whenever I'm awake

"Take care my bow and arrows!"  
I often hear him shout;  
And only by much praying,  
I get his arrow out:  
There never was an archer  
Could strike a dart so deep;  
And none that he has wounded,  
Can put his heart to sleep.

Most friendly is this archer  
To those who love the right:  
He goes with such to bless them,  
Through all the day and night.  
Once I was sitting thinking,  
And very near he came,  
And said in gentle whisper,  
That *Conscience* was his name.

**Lessons in the Sky.**

SOME children fret and grumble when the weather does not suit them. Uncle Philip had a way of reading the sky which he advised little Jenny to follow. He told her that the sky was to him a sort of lesson-book, and when he looked at it all clear and bright, the lesson he read was, "LOVE GOD."

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.



Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And when the clouds broke away after a storm, and the sun showed himself, the lesson then was, "PRAISE GOD."

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.



Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail: and the mountains were covered.

But sometimes it was covered with dark, heavy clouds, threatening a storm; then he thought the leaf was turned over, and he read, "FEAR GOD."

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.



Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

But when it was cloudy and threatening in one part, and patches of blue sky appeared in another part, the lesson he read was, "LOVE GOD, FEAR GOD, and PRAISE GOD," all on the same page.

And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to-ward men.

Jenny thought these were easy lessons, and she would read the sky every day. But Peter (who did not think she was much of a reader) said if she did she would be likely to read it wrong, and when the lesson was "Love God," she would read "Fear God."

"No matter," said Uncle Philip: "never mind that, Jenny; for you will please God whether you love or fear or praise him. He wants you to do all three, and they are all lessons of the sky."

**The Hedge-Hog.**

If the name of this animal leads you to suppose that it bears any resemblance to the common hog, you will fall into an error. The only similarity between the two is in the satisfied grunt they utter as they trudge along in search of their daily fare. The shape of the hedge-hog is more like that of the beaver; but he has no such soft coat of fur. A very coarse suit of hair suffices to keep out the winter's cold from his skin; and outside of this he wears the most curious suit of armor. It is made up entirely of little spines or quills, an inch or two in length, but very sharp at the points. We must not blame the poor creature for making free use of them when he is attacked by dogs or other animals, for they are his only means of defense. He is a very harmless animal. He can neither run away when molested, nor wound his enemy with his teeth or claws; still he is well provided for. When danger approaches, he slowly tucks up his feet, rounds up his back, draws down his head, and converts himself into a very fair-shaped ball—only a ball no one would desire to play with. The dogs may bark and worry around him as much as they please, he never stirs, but knows he is as secure in his prickly

castle as if he were cased in steel. By and by the dogs give it up as a poor chase, and travel off for some more profitable sport. If some poor fellow allows his temper to get the better of his judgment, and ventures to seize the creature, he is sure to pay dear for it. I knew of one dog who got his mouth and head full of these quills, and his owner was compelled to shoot him to put an end to his sufferings.

A gentleman had a nest of little ones, with their mother, brought to his place in order to watch their habits; but though there was an abundance of food given them, the mother ate up all her babies. She could not have been a very affectionate mother, or else she was not well pleased at losing her freedom. The Indians make many beautiful articles of birch-bark, worked with these quills, which they stain various bright colors.

**A Reason Worth Weighing.**

"FATHER," said a shrewd little girl some time ago, to a drunken parent, "I know how it is you are so wicked." "How?" said her father, as he ceased for the moment to blaspheme his Maker. "Because you never ask God to help you to be good."

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