If the Lord were to send down blessings from Heaven, as fast and as thick as the fall Of the drops of the rain, or the flakes of I'd love and I'd bless him for all; But the gift that I'd crave, and the gift that I'd

keep, if I'd only one to choose Is the gift of a broken and a contrite heart, for that

Why, what have I done, perhaps you'll say, that should make me fret and grieve? I didn't wrangle, or curse or swear, I didn't lie or thieve:
I'm clear of cheating and drinking and debt; well perhaps, but I cannot say;
For some of these things I hadn't a mind,
some didn't come in my way.

And there's many a thing I could wish undone though the law might not be broke, And there's many a word, now I come to think, that I could wish unspoke.
I did what I thought would answer the best, and I

said just what came to my mind;
I wasn't so honest that I need to boast, and I'm
sure I wasn't kind.

But we'll come to the things that I left undone, and then there'll be more to say;
And we'll ask for the broken hearts tha: I cheered and the tears that I wiped away; I thought of myself, and I wrought for myself— for myself and none other beside, Just as if Jesus had never lived, and as if He had

Since He's taken this long account of mine, and has crossed it through and through;
If he's left me nothing to pay He's given me enough to do. He's shown me things that I never knew, with all

my worry and care,
Things that have brought me down to my knees
and things that will keep me there.

He has shown me the law that works in Him, and the law that works in me, Life unto life, and death unto death, and He's asked how these agree.

He has made me weary of self and of pelf,—yes
my Saviour has bid me grieve

For the days and the years when I did not pray, when I did not love nor believe. -Sunday Magazine.

#### THE BATTLE FIELD.

Scattered here and there over the

surface of the earth are fields memorable from having been scenes of terrible conflicts. On some of them the grass grows greener and the corn is more luxuriant, from the blood and carnage which years ago enriched the soil. On others are erected costly monuments. reciting the triumphs of the victors, and shove them wave the banners which passed triumphant through the fight. But there are other fields where bloodless victories have been gained, and where many a man has proved himself stronger than he that taketh a city. There may be no monuments to mark these spots. The historians that keep the record of fields trodden by fierce warriors and slippery with human gore, may find nothing in them worthy of their pers. but the angels of God know the places where the legions of hell have been put to flight, and in the day of eternity there will be records of men strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

though young, was famous for his sucnear the church where Dr. Sharpe was | they were employed in all the matters in then the preacher, he paused suddenly and exclaimed:

grace of God, got it."

"Pray tell me about it," I replied. "It happened in the time of my clerkship," said he, "soon after coming from my country home to the city. "I left my room one Friday evening

standing here a moment, I was hailed were very attractive.

"Looking toward 'the Hill' over angels. there—then notorious for its haunts of

Having taking a few steps towards 'the Hill,' all at once the sight of the chapel in the rear of the church reminded me sometime on Friday evening at the weekly meeting there. But I was moving 'the other way.' It seemed now as if I heard his voice of warning: 'If you go yonder to-night, you will never again feel like going to the chapel. Which party will you join? Answer.'

bate was torture. I praved inwardly. Power came. I stopped short, mentioned the pledge given to my older friend, bowed off and bastened to the chapel.

"What a welcome I had there! I home there yet; in companionship with workers, who are trying under the leadership of Christ, 'to make the world better for being in it.'

"The epitaph of this 'good soldier' may be found at Forest Hill Cemetery :

three years old, wrote these words:-"By the grace of God I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dol-

"By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

"If am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits, and if I am ever worth thirty thousand I will give three-fourths, and the whole after fifty thousand dollars. "So help me God, or give to a more

faithful steward, and set me aside." He kept his covenant; and at one time on finding that his property had increased beyond fifty thousand dollars, he at once devoted the surplus, \$7,500 to charitable uses. This was the man who on his dying bed could say, 'I have been active and busy in the world; God has prospered me; I have every. thing to tie me here; I have property enough, but how small and mean does this world appear when we are on a sick-bed. My hope in Christ is worth infinitely more than all other things. The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ, none but Christ."

He being dead yet speaketh; and a correspondent of a religious paper published at Richmond, Va., enclosing \$500 for missions, said, "About ten years ago I began the world with what I saved from my wages for tending store. About the same time I read an account of certain resolutions of a Mr. Cobb, a member of a Baptist church in Boston, and I concluded by the grace of God, not only to follow his plan, but also the example and advice of Mr. Wesley, to make all you can, save all you can, and give all you can.''

The soldier of the Lord wins no barren victories. Angels wait and watch the mighty struggle between the powers of sin and righteousness; and the victory once gained shall send its influence throughout the rolling years of time to the remotest ages of eternity.-The Christian.

## THE EARLY USE OF BELLS.

A writer in the Troy Times gives the following information about the early use of bells :-

"It is evident that the earliest use of bells in churches was to summon the congregation: but superstition soon enlisted them into her service. It then became customary at their consecration to pray that they might be endowed with power to drive away devils and dissipate thunder storms, hail and tempests. In the opinion of those who originated the practice, the evil spirits were the cause of foul weather, and, begrander victories than earthly heroes ing terrified at the saintly sound of the have attained, which have been won by | bells, they precipitately fled. In parish accounts of the fifteenth century, bread, cheese, and beer are charged for the re-Says a correspondent of the Christian | freshment of the ringers during "thunat Work,-Years ago, while passing derings." So late as 1852 the Bishop through Chas. Street, Boston, in company of Malta ordered all the church bells to with a friend, a thriving merchant who, be rung for an hour to allay a gale. After the discovery had been made of cess and liberality, at a certain point | the potency of bells in terrifying spirits, which fiends were reputed to interfere. It was the weapon with which St. An-"Stop a minute! Just here, I once | thony fought the legion of demons who fought for my soul's life, and by the tormented him during his long hermitical life, and in the figures which were drawn of him during the Middle Ages he is represented as carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The passing bell which was formerly tolled for those who were dying or passfor a stroll by this Back Bay. While ing out of the world, as well as the peal which was rung after their death, grew by a young clerk whom I had often out of the belief that devils troubled the met in Kilby Street. He was two expiring patient, and lay in wait to years older than myself, smart, clever, afflict the soul at the moment when it with an air and manners that to me escaped from the body, and occasionally even to battle for it with guardian

"The Bishop of Chalons christened illicit pleasures—he said: 'I'm so a peal of bells in 1822, and in a sermon lucky to have met you. Now come up which he delivered on the occasion said : the hill with me, we'll have such a nice 'The bells placed like sentinels on the towers watch over us, and turn away "Young and social myself, it seemed from us the temptations of the enemy impossible to resist. How could I? of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform heaven of the necessity of earth.' 'If this be of an indefinite promise I had made to true,' says a writer, 'there is more viran old friend, that I would join him tue in the clapper of a bell than in the tongue of a priest."

# LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

A mother had taken her year-old babe with her on a visit. While she and her hostess were busy about something, the 'It was the crisis of my life. Here baby started on a voyage of discovery. I stood where two ways met. The de- He had managed to crawl under a table of peculiar construction and had become penned in by its legs. His cries called the mother's attention. She saw that the child was not hurt, nor in danger, and went on with what she was doing, only soon found myself at home, and am at remarking, "He got himself into the scrape, and he must get out again." The a band of young men, true fellow- child cried awhile, till seeing this brought no one to his aid, nor did it release him, he stopped and set himself at the problem in earnest. He tried one way. That didn't work. He tried another. that failed too, till finally by lying flat "To Nathanel Ripley Cobb: died on the floor and pushing himself out May 22ad, 1834, aged 36, and during a feet foremost, he escaped and went on ou make this blessed choice?" mercantile career of twelve years dis- with his play. "Why didn't you take

must learn to look where he goes; and

This was the man who, when twenty- if he must get himself out, he'll be more careful about getting into trouble."

It was another mother who, when her child wanted the candle although she had told him it would burn, let him have his own way so that he should find out what 'burn' meant.

To some their conduct would seem hard-hearted, but both understood the value of a little "wholesome letting alone." The first boy mentioned is a good deal bigger now, and the same self-reliance marks him yet. Character is formed much earlier than we think.

The giving of the care of a child mainly to a nurse whose sole business is to amuse him, buying all his toys ready-made, instead of giving him the materials and teaching him to make them himself, giving him money to spend that he had not earned—this course followed through a child's first ten years will go far toward making him helpless to think, to plan, or to execute for himself, or to withstand temptation. 'Killed with kindness" is by no means a paradoxical epitaph.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

EXAMPLE. We scatter seeds with careless hand, And dream we ne'er shall see them more ; But for a thousand years Their fruit appears, In weeds that mar the land,

Or healthful store. The deeds we do, the words we say,-Into still air they seem to fiset,
We count them ever past; But they shall last,-In the dread judgment they And we shall meet!

charge thee by the years gone by, For the love's sake of brethren deas, Keep thou the one true way. In work and play, Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

## SIMPLE MEANS BLESSED.

The autumn of 1859 had been pass ed at a small watering-place in the neighborhood, where daily intercourse with the honest, brave sailors and coastguardsmen, on the picturesque old wooden jetty, had resulted in many a hearty friendship.

We were enabled to meet on Sunday evenings for reading the Bible and prayer for a short time, after evening service in the church, by the kindness of the harbour-master who lent us his room on the quay for this purpose.

The time of our stay at --- had just crawn to its close. The last meeting was over. On the following evening, whilst driving to the nearest railway station with two young friends who had been present at that meripture reading, we were remarking on the earnestness of the sailors' fine, frank countenances, as they had listened to the Word of life, and one inquired, "Have you seen any fruit of this seed-sowing Has any one been led to the Saviour

bg. it ?" "I know not of one," was the reply. · But we want upon our God to give the increase.

On returning home, we found a messenger had called to say that the captain of a small vessel, who had been at the Scripture reading the night before, had been seized with a sudden illness. and was believed to be dying. His wife had sent to entreat me to go to him immediately.

The night was dark and stormy gusts of rain were driving before the wind; and the sea was dashing at the foot of the cliff. A young friend had volunteered to accompany me; and with some difficulty, we found our way to the sick man's house.

His wife, who was anxiously watching him, said that his head was affected, as it had been apt to be at times: since ten months before, in the midst of a storm, the falling mast of his ship had struck him to the deck. But this time, in place of delirious swearing, his one cry was, "What shall I do to be

saved ?" The wild, wandering eye, showed me in an instant that it would be undesirable to encourage him to speak. So. kneeling by his side, I took his tossing hand, and repeated slowly and gently to him the inspired answer to the question, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Curist and thou shalt be saved;" and after commending him to that Saviour's mercy in a few short words of prayer I saw the poor sufferer's softened eyes fill with tears; and then he laid his head quietly down on the pillow, and

soon afterwards fell asleep. In a small, neat, sitting-room below, stood his eldest son, a noble-looking sailor, with grave, anxious countenance, waiting to hear what hope there seemed for the safety of his father's soul.

"For a man like him," he said, "subject to attacks that may bring him down to the grave any minute, there's nothing for it—but to be ready.'

"Yes, indeed, we may well wish it for him! But what of you, my friend! you nor I know that we shall wake up It never did any good. Ah! if this in this world to-morrow morning! Are world full of ugly people, and awkward you 'ready' if your call should come? Have you made your choice for God?"

In a low voice, trembling with emotion, he replied, "Yes, I have!" "Thank 'Since last night, at the reading in

The storm and the rain were forgot- before their eyes, unless with a pure ten in our gladness, as we walked home intention to uproot sin. So may a mirafter hearing such good news of the | ror without a flaw never be prepared grace of God.

The following morning we heard that the father was better, and sleeping as peacefully as a child. In the evening we found that his consciousness had fully returned; and that the anxious questioning had been exchanged for a in his own conceit. Let him be, and calm trust in the promise of salvation | the path to the grave will be easier for through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. him to tread; you will be worse, he no

A younger son, with a face as bright as his brother's was earnest—a sailor, esteem as his conscience will allow him too, and with the same manly bearing to cherish. It may be a pleasure to en--was waiting to welcome us into the sitting-room, where their two young and person, but it is certainly not a wives and their babies had been brought | duty. to make friends with us.

"Is it as well with you," I asked. "as with your brother? Have you given yourself up to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I was the first of us!—ar that reading, last Sunday fortnight, about the son who had made away with ad the goods his father had given him, and then came back and got forgiven for it all, without a word being thrown at him. And, said L. I'll arise too, and go to such a Father as that, and I hope He's taken me, and that He'll hold me to Him for ever.'

The next night the whole family gathered round the sick father's bed, for their first "family prayers."—The Hazen and the Home, by Miss Marsh.

#### CONSECRATED GROUND. A correspondent sends us the follow-

ing: "On reading the recent debate on the Eurials Bill, I was reminded of an incident which lends significance to the oft-repeated word 'consecration,' as also the prominent importance and supernal reality attached to the term. The incident was on this wise: In a parish not far distant lived Jim. Jim had actually been twice under the shadow of an ecclesiastical edifice; once, it was said. when he was baptized, but certainly at a wedding. It so happened that the said Jim loved the liquor, and freely used it. Moreover, he not only made sure of the whiskey, but he liked the girls, and occasionally a bit of a fight and sundry things of a kindred nature. Thus he was the ladies' lover, the village bully, the Squire's butler, all in one. There is no use blinking the matter :: Jim, was rather a notorious liver, and 'last of all he died also.' And now for the 'burial debate' and 'consecration.' From the clise of the shambles up to the Squire, all resolved his should be no 'dog's funeral.' Arrangements were made, and notice was duly served upon the Protestant priest, specifying the hour of busial; but to the consternation of many, the priest relied in direct and angry negatives. Jim should have no 'last ceremony :' no, not even a corner in the 'consecrated acre.' At length the Squire interposhad built the synagogue, he had conferred endowment, and on these grounds he begged hard for the decent interment of his old and faithful servant. Alas! the vicar was inflexible. Argument and intercession could not avail. Jim had lived and died a sinner almost as bad as a heretic. He could not be buried in consecrated ground. Look here,' said the Patron of Sports, | us get in?" "I will make a compromise. You need not attend, but for my sake put an end to these wakes and merry makings. Let the sinner be buried' and raise no row about the matter. But his reverence remained immutable. He was the 'custodian of consecrated yes-yes-say ten feet down.' right,' chuckled the triumphant chief, I'll plant him a dozen."—Nonconformist.

# LET THEM ALONE.

Never try to rob any one of his good opinion of himself. It is the most cruel thing you can do. Moreover, it is by no means doing as you would be every outcast who enters Jesus sees of done by. Crush a woman's self-esteem. and you make her cross-grained and snappish. Do the same to a man, and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but that all should should come to Him but you'll never do it. The people who think best of themselves are apt to be best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often crop out after one has been told she has them. It only gratifies a momentary spite to force your own unfavorable You may die before him yet! Neither opinion of him deep into another's mind. people, silly people, and vain people. knew their own deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have! The greatest of all things that God for that! And how long is it since a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which he calls "I" pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise he Reader, will you accept the invitation beings alone; hold no truthful mirrors now .- Young Reaper.

for you. In those things which we cannot help, may we ever be blind to our own short-comings. We are neither ugly, nor awkward, nor uninteresting to ourselves if we do not know it. fool may have the wisdom of Solomon better. Leave every man as much selflighten people as to their faults of mind

# Our Young Folks.

### SECRETS. The moment a girl has a secret from

her mother, or has received a letter she

dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those who are about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course. A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman. The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her great experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right-just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

# "CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

Coming rather late, one stormy aftermoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held. I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the ed. He had bestowed the 'acre,' he heavy rain; apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly: "Is there anything to pay to get in ?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said; and in the three ran at once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingered outside, till one of them shyly asked me: "Can the like of

Glad I was to be able to say yes: 'O, yes; all are welcome;" and we

all three went in together. But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They had all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and ground, where an outlaw would never they wanted to get in. The door was lie.' 'Come, now,' said the Squire, open, and a kind welcome awaited them naively and warmly, 'how deep down inside. They kept themselves out by does your consecration go?' The learn. thinking the invitation could not be ed divine was confounded with the meant for them-that they were not fit mathematical element introduced, and to come in. Here, then, is my lesson: he staggered at the novelty of the ques- God has, in His infinite love, provided tion. 'How many feet deep would you a rich feast, to which He freely and think?' said the Squire energetically. fully invites all. Before God could give Well, said the cleric-'well, really- you and me-guilty sinners-this full hem! hem! Yes, quite so. It goes, and free invitation, His only-begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that He might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. But now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. x., 19, 20;) and in the travail of his soul and is satisfied. Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, and live. The Holy Ghost saith: "Teday, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say: "All things are ready, come; ""Whosoever will, let him come;" "Whosoever," that means you, you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance" (Matt. ix., 13;) and He has declared: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37.)

ponsed pour of forty thousand dol- him out?" was asked. "Because he the harbor; and I hope He'll keep me is utterly wretched. Let your fellow- and come just as you are? And come

Sunday

LESSON VI JOSEPH IN P

TIME-11 ve

The Lord w

time of Joseph

one have often

the favorites of of Joseph's im an explanation this our human suffer for it; a we have not ou perity. Short! Joseph was ledged, and all red upon him. all is right, m with this poeti But this is no Are these, ther -horses and and the knee with these thi Everlasting What was J rank conferre pure, to be ha morse; to see the King in h feel that he is this the dun: that to this h any thing? God. Gave i keeper. The viously acqua had access t crime laid to all the integ there was a h " the Lord w

Committed prisoners. nature of hu ence of rank men equal in there will b quired influe prisoners we but very soon

Chap. 40: butler. Not seer of the r wine-cellars dreds of pe every thing preparing of Both officers in ancient E rank and im fidential nat well as their they were ge princes of th

Pharaoh. house," and on the mo for king; a peror of Ru for the gove Charged

of the guar was most phar himse suggests) being, it w fied of the Hebrew, th exposure of dent to de uncertain. tuitous tha into prison perhaps, still more have char have had apparent in the c Joseph's

tion. They dr of Pharac during ( generally ed as of s terpretati tion, God will to be surpri tation. dreams as dream highly si

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the tend observed his fello feeling v he unde often re ly neces pathy. There that th much in wants of

dream. tions be minded pretenti first rela dream ' branche Yet wit up thin restore deliver the form butler" aged by dream, To this