

the banks of the river a spirit small in stature, but none the less glorious for that; thinks he can't be mistaken, for he overheard the name. Makes boldly up;—

“You must have felt awful when the angel met you in the temple, and made you dumb.”

“I was a great sinner once, but never dumb.”

“Am I not speaking to the father of John the Baptist? Pardon me.”

“No; his name was Zacharias; mine Zaccheus.”

“O, ah, yes. Zach—something. O yes, you are the brother that climbed the sycamore-tree.”

“Right at last, and for once,” said the preacher, “and that on a matter of no great consequence. Brethren,” he added in solemn conclusion, “I only suppose such a poor, Bible-ignorant soul in heaven; and have spoken not irreverently or lightly of heavenly things, but only in keeping with the extraordinary supposition. How unfit for the companionship of heaven would any such be! The gulf between Dives and Lazarus is hardly wider than that between such Bible-ignorant souls and those who delighted in God's word, and meditated on it. In the case of infants, and heathen, and idiots, and those who followed the best lights they had, I can conceive God's goodness using means to bring them up to their company; but can those who neglected the appointed means of heavenly knowledge expect preternatural helps to remedy the defects of mundane indolence?”

Begin to read up, brethren! Get ready for the company as well as the place you profess to be going to. Saints have communion there as well as here.—*American Paper.*

YOUR SINS.

Our Lord Jesus said, “If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins: and whither I go ye cannot come.” (John viii. 21–24.)

Dear reader! What an awful thing it would be for you to die in your sins—to come before the bar of God in your sins—to have the wrath of God abiding on you for ever, because of your sins. Now God will pardon your sins, if you believe

in Jesus crucified, risen, and exalted at God's right hand; for “to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts x. 43.)

Happy, indeed, eternally happy you lot, dear reader, if you believe in Jesus.—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” But only think of the eternal misery that awaits you, if you die in your sins. “Whither I go,” said Christ, “ye cannot come”—shut out for ever from the Redeemer and the redeemed, and banished from the presence of God; and shut in for ever with the devil and his angels, in outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Reader I beseech you, solemnly, to consider these eternal realities!

SAVE A MOTHER'S TEAR.

Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India. The other a female friend, part of whose family resides in that far-off-land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in hers, to save postage.—This he politely declined, saying, “If it be sent separately it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*” His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt, with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man, and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tears.

ONE DROP AT A TIME—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more in length. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our character are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.