

last, "because," he says, "as often as I essayed to think thereon, it always excelled the power of my intent thought, and the utmost grasp of my faculties." In the Prymer of Henry VIII.'s time (1545), it is described as "The A B C of godly love; the paradise of learning; the shop of the Holy Ghost; the school of truth. In which appeareth how the saints of God esteem the Holy Laws; how fervently they be given unto them; how it grieveth them that they should be despised; how fervently they desire to learn to walk in them, and to fulfil them."

What a happy world it would be, and what happy homes we should have, if all of us were of this mind! God's "precepts" are all "promises" of good; and, as Hooker said, "The highest law is the highest liberty."

Matthew Henry, in his own quaint way, describes this Psalm as "A chest of golden rings, rather than a chain of golden links," while Bridges compares it to "many pearls on one string, of equal but independent value." In the diary of William Wilberforce we find the following entry, written during a time of intense political excitement: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm in great comfort." John Ruskin says: "It is a strange thing that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which to my child's mind was most repulsive, the 119th Psalm, has become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love to the law of God."

It is the especial glory of this Psalm that it bears such noble testimony to the Holy Scriptures.

#### THANKING GOD FOR OUR THORN.

Dr. George Matheson, of Scotland, is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. He was a member of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast in 1884, and no man in all that body of great men was heard with more profound attention than he. In oratorical power he had few, if any, equals in that body

of eloquent men. He spoke with such fluency, power and magnetism that he swept everything before him.

It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of the spirit of this man. Although he lives, and must always live, in total darkness, yet he is a cheerful and happy-hearted Christian. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children:

"My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee; then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' — *Cumberland Presbyterian*.

#### LITTLE TRIALS.

Rust can best be removed by sand-paper or the file. Similarly we must be kept bright and clean. There must be no rust on our hearts resulting from inconsistency or permitted sin. To keep us from thus deteriorating is God's perpetual aim; and for this purpose he uses the fret of daily life, the chafe of small annoyances, the wear and tear of irritating tempers and vexing circumstances. Nothing great or crushing, but many things that gall and vex—these are the sand-paper and the file that God perpetually employs to guard against whatever would blunt the edge or diminish the effect of our work.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer*.

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Sept. 2.—St. Luke x. 1-12, 17-20.  
Sept. 9.—St. Luke x. 25-37.  
Sept. 16.—St. Luke xii. 13-24.  
Sept. 23.—St. Luke xii. 35-46.  
Sept. 30.—James i. 23-27

Most of our Sunday-school scholars are now back after the holidays at their week-day lessons and studies; but with all their duties we hope they will not forget the most important study of all—the study of the Word of God.

#### THE LIGHTHOUSE BOYS.

You have, perhaps, seen a lighthouse, with its tall tower and its great lamp sending bright rays out upon the dark waters. Maybe you have lived in a lighthouse far out on the rocky, wave-washed point, or on a cliff over looking miles of blue sea, or on an island where the breakers come roaring up to your door, and the spray is dashed by the wind against your window-panes. Out in the ocean there is an immense ledge, half a mile long, called "The Rock." On this rock in the sea stands a lighthouse tower, built of great blocks of granite. Close by the tower stands the stone house of the light-house-keeper. In the stone house live the keeper's boys with their baby sister. There is no place on the Rock for a garden. There are here and there bits of earth in the little hollows, but these spots are not large enough for one fat yellow pumpkin to get a living in. Five miles from the Rock lies the island. Just the place to raise dinners for the lighthouse boys is this fat, comfortable little island. So it happened that one November afternoon Mr. Lane, the light-keeper, got ready to go over to the island for supplies. As he started down the rocky way to the landing, Mrs. Lane called after him to be sure and remember the sugar and the condensed milk and the coffee.

"O papa," teased Bennie, as he tagged along at his father's heels, "won't you bring me one of Jim Tolman's kittens? They're big enough to eat fish by this time."