

a course, denominated "the course of this world," along which it drives furiously as some chariot drawn by maddened horses. Your course is to keep away from it; let not the splash of its wheels, as it drives along, bespatter you. Stand in calm, unswerving opposition to it. Do not let its maxims, its motives, its practices or its principles be yours; ascend into a higher arena, and keep there. But clean garments are only maintained so by communion with the person and word of Christ. If we conquer, it is through Him that loved us. The Lord gives us all needful things *in him* whereby we may prevail. Abiding in him, we shall watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation; and, cleaving to him, we shall render a cheerful and diligent obedience to his commands.

Such seems to be true religion—*Godward, manward, selfward*. That it is of surpassing excellence, is most plain; and that one's possession of it is ascertainable, seems clear. How, then, is it with us personally? Let us not put away the searching question!

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"You're one o' the impudentest fellows ever I met with," said an old woman to him one Monday morning, abruptly seizing him by the arm, as he was going down the Canongate. "In what respect?" "In what respect? Such a nicht as you had last nicht! You made me out to be the greatest sinner in the Canongate." "My friend, I don't know you; I don't remember ever seeing you before." "Never saw me before! Last nicht you never kept your eye off me a moment. I would have thought nothing o't, had you come and told me by mysel'; but to do it before a' yon folk—'twas too bad."

"Where is your house?" said the missionary, "and I'll go and see you;" for by this time a crowd had gathered on the pavement. "Come awa', then," was her immediate reply. And taking him up to the top-flat of a neighbouring "land," she ushered him into a dirty hovel, full of smoke. "This," said she, the moment they entered, to her husband, who was sitting by the fire, "this is the man that gave me such a redding-up last night." "But is what I said true?" asked Mr. Paterson, mildly, after they had sat down upon two rickety stools, which, with that on which the husband was sitting, composed the chief articles of furniture in the apartment. "True? it was all true; and if you hadn't been going about among the neighbours, you never could have known what you said." "Well, what was it I said that's given you so much offence?" "Said? I'm sure all you said was meant for me." "How do you think that? I never named you; as I said before, I didn't so much as know you." "What! you never took your eyes off me a' the time you were speaking; so you just meant me." "But tell me what struck you most." "You said that I was a liar, and that I would be cast into hell." "Well, then, are you a liar?" "Yes, I am."

"What kind of life have you been living?" "Oh!" she said with a tone of deepened feeling, "I've been living a bad, bad life; I've for many years been a *fortune-teller*, and I may say I have made my bread by telling fortunes; and that's just telling lies, you know." "Well, then, you needn't be angry that I said so. But let me tell you, it wasn't my words that I spoke to you,—it was God's words, and He knows your every thought, and every word you speak." He read to her Rev. xxi. 8—"But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." "If you continue in that sin," said he, "believe me, you shall never enter heaven." He next read Rev. xxii. 11—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still . . . And, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and