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with the Philistines (chap. xiii. 17), but also that He may give a great and final exhibition of His power to Israel and Egypt, and so be "honoured upon Pharaoh and all his hosts, that the Egyptians may know that He is the Lord," verses 17, 18. (See Isa. lxiii. 13, 14) Israel is bidden neither to fight nor fly, but simply to "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

2. *The Way Opened* (verses 15-22). And now comes the command from God, "Go forward." What! right through the sea? Impossible! Yet God says it,—"Go forward!" Take God at His word; face your difficulties and they disappear. "Take thy rod," says God to Moses, "and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it." Moses obeyed. "And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." (See Psalm cxiv. 3). "Go forward."—"Impossible," do you say? Nay, to God all things are possible, and what He commands, He enables you to do. "He made a way through the sea." And during all that night, while that wonderful "east wind" was doing the bidding of God, and Israel was going forward upon dry ground in the midst of the sea, the cloud which had gone before as a guide, was removed and stood behind them, thus separating the two hosts, and appearing all darkness to the one, and all light to the other.

3. *Israel Delivered* (verses 23-31). Thus Israel passed through the sea. But cannot the Egyptians do what the Israelites have done? They attempt it, and boldly plunge into the midst of the waters. Again God hinders them, taking the wheels off their chariots so that they drag heavily. Thus the Israelites are enabled to complete their escape before the hosts of Pharaoh can reach them. Now God's people stand safely upon the opposite shore. Moses is again bidden to stretch forth his hand over the sea. The water rushes back into its place, engulfing Pharaoh and his Egyptians, and completely overthrowing them in the midst of the sea. Well says Milton,

"The sea
Swallows him and his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls."
(*Paradise Lost*, xii. 195).

Wonderful deliverance! Glorious miracle! Can Israel ever forget how God thus brought "them out of the land of Egypt, and from the house of bondage?"

Family Reading.

"MY FINGER MARKS."

We were struck by a thought of Elihu Burritt's that thousands of our fellow creatures will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they might have carried thither had we never lived; "the sunlight of the world," says he, "will reveal my finger marks in the primary formations, and in their successive strata of life and thought." A party of seamen believed they had gained sixty miles in one day in their course, but it was proved by observation they had lost more than thirty; the ship had been urged forward by the wind, but driven back by an undercurrent. How many undercurrents of trivial actions or even looks and manners, influences scarcely heeded, may be hindering the Christian progress of others! but, on the other hand, how many an example that deems itself unnoticed, has been honoured by the Master as the means of doing immortal work for Him. Our concern must be present fidelity to God, leaving all consequences with him; the Evil One is ever ready to use the frailties of professing Christians as instruments of harm—may we all believe that every true, loyal, loving life is so employed by the All-seeing Christ as to move the waters of the River of Life to the healing and comfort of many? Angell James, a mighty instrument in the conversion and building up of souls, traced his solemn impressions to the consistent life of a lad with whom he was thrown into companionship. They shared the same bedroom, and he became powerfully influenced by the regularity with which his friend was wont to pray and read the Bible. That boy, leading his quiet Christian life, little dreamed that he was stirring thoughts and feelings that would inspire congregations at home and abroad, for the writings of Angell James are dear to countless hearts. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things," whispers the Master; he will take care that his faithful servant is made ruler over many things, setting in motion, though perhaps unconsciously, even "the fountains at which God's angels drink."—*The Quiver*

WANTED, SENSIBLE WOMEN.

Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable or even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a Greek scholar, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good allround education is likely to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our history, were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements, so much as for general character, and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshawe and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?—*The Fortnightly Review*.

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Are you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I don't know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the Temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to day, will you do as Jesus did? Not sit thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your Heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask? Not of learned doctors, but of Jesus Christ himself? He who once asked questions in the Jewish Temple now answers many a question in his own temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to day to tell you how you too can be about His Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which he wants you to do, you are sure, if you listen, to hear something else which he wants you to do when you come away.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

While we must see to it that our hearts are filled with love, let us not fail in the duty of "speaking the truth" to perishing souls. That truth must be clearly and forcibly spoken; otherwise the Divine method for their salvation will be frustrated. Love has been 'shed abroad' in our hearts for this purpose. Every Christian bears in the gift of love the divine credentials of ambassadorship. It is not possible for him to suppress the truth and please his God at the same time. Many persons seem to

think that the mission of their lives is fulfilled by seeking personal growth; the work of saving others has seldom stirred their deepest sympathies. This is truly amazing. Is this after the manner of the Lord Jesus, who, when upon earth, came to seek and save them that are lost? It may be well to tarry for a season, until we are endued with "power from on high;" but to spend our lives in waiting, without speaking the truth to the multitudes around us, is a most serious misapprehension of "power" and of its purpose when received by us. Believer, speak the truth! Do not delay. The opportunity will soon pass away. Let it never be said, as applicable to ourselves, "No man careth for my soul."

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

WELL SPENT DAYS.

Let me take you into the cheery looking kitchen where a woman, whom I will call Lucy Grant, sat alone reading. It was quite by chance she took down that particular book from the shelf, and quite by chance that her eyes glanced on certain lines of poetry—excepting that, though we habitually use the expression, nothing really happens "by chance," for God has to do with the ordering or permission of the slightest incident in our daily life. These were the lines:—

"If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
Which eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went;
Then you may count that day well spent."

There was sufficient reasons for Mrs. Grant to muse over this, and it was well that conscience was roused by the simple words. Nothing is more to be dreaded than the time when this inward voice—this God-given monitor—does not make itself heard, because we have neglected to listen until it has ceased to warn us. In her youth, husband and child had been taken from her, and this woman had—as she was wont to say—"none but herself to look to."

Unfortunately she began to take care of self with an utter forgetfulness of any living creature; from that time until now, when she was some forty years of age, I do not suppose she was one sixpence the poorer for any help she had afforded those whose needs were greater than her own. I do not suppose either that she had scattered any kind words or actions along the path of her daily life.

Lucy was thrifty and industrious, and had managed to keep a tidy home about her, and yet to lay by savings, as wise people should, against a "rainy day." But if this rainy day comes to a neighbour, God would surely be pleased and glorified by our giving than by our saving; and this is what Mrs. Grant failed to perceive.

Only that very morning a poor mother had come to her with a petition for help—just a trifle to buy food for six sick children; but the childless woman had shaken her head, saying, "It's no business of mine to do for other people; I've no one to work for me if I fall ill."

Her solitary life perhaps had made her a reader and a thinker; but if reading and thought do not turn to the best and highest subjects, many a poor ignorant creature, to whom the easiest word is a difficulty, may be nearer far to the kingdom of God than a clever scholar.

To-night, searching upon a shelf where long unused volumes were lying, this one—a simple tale of the duty and the power of kindness—was taken, and, having lit her candle, Lucy Grant sat down to amuse herself for an hour or two of the long November evening. As I have told you them, the lines already quoted seemed to rivet her attention, and as she read them a second and a third time, there flashed upon her a keen remembrance, not only of the poor mother who that morning had left her in tearful disappointment, but also of many and many such cases extending back through several years.