

but on from this time through other weary days and nights, she lay on that uneasy bed of hers, never saying one complaining word, never exacting anything from the people round her, never expecting that anything should be done for her. "I know the 'o's something broke," she always said, but she never said it as if she thought that any effort should be made to find out what was broken. The thing was done, and, being done, it never occurred to Tabby's simple, untaught, unreasoning mind that she could do anything else than bear it, just as any other hurt, helpless wild animal might. "They don't have doctors for the likes o' me," she said to Janet once. "Bless you, it wouldn't pay 'em. And the doctors—why, I've heard they kills more'n they cures," said Tabby, shrewdly, thinking perhaps that on the whole she was well quit of them.

(To be Continued.)

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS"

Whither pilgrims are you going
Going each with staff in hand?

What is the answer? The question supposes the persons addressed to be so evidently pilgrims, that the difference between them and those around attracts notice. Is it so, dear friends, as it applies to us? Does the world see such a difference in our habits, likings, &c., that it is obliged to ask, "Where are you going?" Oh! it is a blessed testimony when lookers-on see a Christian so taken up with the things of another world that they are led to enquire the reason. I am afraid many are so like the world in their ways that they are not known to be pilgrims at all, they just seem satisfied with the same home, the same conversation, the same pleasures. But when the question is asked, if you can say it from the bottom of your heart, and your life bears out what you say, and people know it to be all true, it is such a blessed thing to be able to answer:

We are going on a journey
Going at our King's command
We are going to His palace
Going to the better land

Remember, if you are a pilgrim, you will be a stranger. The Apostle puts together "strangers and pilgrims," and they cannot be separated, because every one whose name is enrolled in the heavenly city is a foreigner upon earth. People say, "why don't you do this or that?" and our answer is, "I am a stranger, it is not worth while for me to do as the people of the land." Besides, if we are in a foreign land, the language will be strange to us, and however we may be inclined to settle down, the sounds we hear will always remind us that we are not at home. If we were to go to France or Germany, we might learn to speak the language, but we would know very well it was not our own.

Now God's pilgrims feel like this when they go into the world. There is such a difference in the conversation that they cannot feel at home, for though they understand the words, they cannot understand the things, and they say, "How I wish I could get among my own people!" just as an Englishman would long to get back to England.

I want you to understand that if you are pilgrims, you will be as foreigners here. You will have many blessings by the way that the inhabitants of the land do not get, and they will have many things that you are not able to seek after. They will get some kind of amusements they think very gay and merry; and money, perhaps, in a way you could not; and in earthly gains they may seem to prosper more than you, but you will have, as they cannot, a peace, a calmness, a satisfying joy, that will enable you to take any present loss very easily, and to give up things that you would otherwise like to have, just because you feel there will be plenty of time for the enjoyment of them when you get home, and that it is not worth troubling about them by the way.

"I'm a stranger."—Dear friends, do not try to cast off that thought. Some of God's own people, very, very anxious to be useful to souls, for it is one of the first wishes of a converted heart to be a blessing to this poor world, mistake the way. You will never do them any good if they see you sitting down as though this were your seat, and grasping with the same eagerness as they do its pleasures and its gains. I have seen Christians lose the power of doing good, or of witnessing for God, because they were not bearing the stamp of "strangers and pilgrims." People turn around and say, "These people care as much for money as they ever did," or, "They are just as selfish and unwilling to lend a hand to a neighbor. Look," they say, "how they run after pleasure; how they spend their time in this or that, though they talk about the joy they have. Why, they are not a bit more satisfied than we are!"

I say again, dear friends, if you want to be of any use in winning the souls of others, confess yourselves "strangers and pilgrims," and while ready to do a kind act for anyone, show that you care nothing for the straws the world

is running after. It is a great thing to let the world see we have got a satisfying portion. This seems to settle so many doubtful things. You say, perhaps, Why may I not go to this amusement to this show? &c., &c. I think of many things which we cannot exactly call sin. We have to say, "They are what the world runs after, and we have something better." If really a stranger and pilgrim, you must not look for pleasure and society where you will hear your Master's name blasphemed, and see many things that are grievous to Him. Every day you should feel this more and more, and depend upon it, acting in your character of "stranger and pilgrim," the world will not want you. People will soon find out that you do not like their trifling conversation, and cannot join in their sinful jokes—and the sooner they find this out the better, for you will then be in your true character, and only in this character will you be able to help them.—*Woman's World*.

COMING TO CHRIST

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought—he will do it, he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head. "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said, "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. The hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought, surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him,—that was Friday morning,—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it, they could not eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought his father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't," and that was all they could get out of him. The father could not eat any dinner, it was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his will being broken, it looked very much like as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—"me." And the little fellow said "me," and he sprang to his feet, and said "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came he said, "I've said it, I've said it." Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable one to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now, this night believe and thou shalt be saved.—*D. L. Moody*.

SET TIME FOR DEVOTION.

When Daniel was watched by his adversaries, it was discovered that he was in the habit three times a day, of praying to God. Now, of course, I do not mean to affirm that the rule which he had laid down for himself is a law for every one, so far, at least, as the number of times is concerned. Some may require more in order to keep up their spiritual strength, and for others, fewer may suffice, but it is essential to the preservation of heightened religious health, that we should all have some stated seasons consecrated to devotion

The importance of such a rule is all the greater in the present day, because, as regards this subject, we are passing through a period of reaction, which is not without its dangers.

Our fathers were very exact in their attention to the duties of the closet, but they somewhat lost sight of the importance of religion in common life. They drew very definitely the line between the sacred and the secular, so-called, but they seem to have, to some extent, overlooked the fact that there is a worship of God as real, and as acceptable, in the performance of ordinary business, and in the discharge of daily domestic duties, out of view to Him as there is in the devotions of the closet, or the fellowship of the Lord's Supper. They went, perhaps, to one extreme, but we are now in danger of running into its opposite.

Our popular religious authors are continually telling us that we may serve God anywhere, that there is worship in working for Him, and that we ought to make our entire lives so many hymns of praise or offerings of prayer. Now there is truth in all this—truth too, most wholesome and important,—yet we must not allow it to overlay this other truth, that we can continuously maintain that high spirituality of daily life only by observing stated seasons of communion with God. The apostolic precept "Pray without ceasing," must not be so expounded as to explain away the injunction of the Master, "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." The duty of serving God at all times, and on all days, must not be so enforced as to rule out of every day the "still hour" of the closet, or to shut out of every week the special and peculiar blessing of the Sabbath. Yet it is undeniable that this is the tendency of much that is said and written on this subject at present. It is affirmed that it is not so important to go regularly into the closet, as it is to have the whole life prayerful, and that it is not of so much consequence to give an exalted character to the Sabbath as it is to make every day a Sabbath.

But a business man like Daniel, bringing his common sense to bear upon this matter, brushes away all these specious and fine-spun utterances, as easily as one sweeps from his path the gossamer of the morning. He sees at once that such a course, instead of bringing the whole day up to the level of the closet, or the entire week up to the level of the Sabbath, will inevitably sink them both into the depths of earthiness and sin.

He knows that periodicity is, in some invariable way, the law of his being, and that if he set that at defiance, disaster must ensue. The tear and wear of the day must be repaired by the sleep of the night, and the exhaustion of labor necessitates the regular observance of set times for the taking of food. Now it is quite similar in spiritual matters.

The maintenance of vigorous religious life demands the stated enjoyment of the privileges of the closet.

We should ruin our physical constitutions if we were to give up our regular meals, and think to preserve our health by carrying in our pockets a supply of food, from which we should keep helping ourselves continuously throughout the day. So we shall destroy our piety, if, ignoring the closet, we seek to substitute for it the mere extempore ejaculations of prayer, which are pressed out of us by the emergencies of business as they arise.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said:

"I'll pay you for that."

So the duck flew at the hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she as she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at the dog; and the dog at the sheep; and the sheep at the cat; and the cat at the goose; and the goose at the duck; and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the

barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Norfolk*.

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND
THINE LEFT"

Cut it off! Why? It is a good hand. It might even prove to be a very useful hand. Why not keep it, restrain it, regulate it, use it in moderation?"

Because "it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

That is Christ's doctrine about anything that tempts to sin. It may be as harmless as a hand, as useful as a hand, cut it off if it is a perpetual temptation. It may be as harmless as an eye, as useful as an eye, pluck it out rather than let it lure you to hell.

This glass of wine—what harm in it? Is it not one of God's good gifts? Is it not a "fruit of the vine"? Is it not that which "cheereth God and man"? Shall I cut it off? Ay! cut it off, though it were as bright as the eye and as useful as the hand, if it tempts thee to evil.

But it does not tempt me; I am strong. The withes that bind other men have no power over me. I can sleep in Delilah's lap and wake and laugh defiance at the Philistines. It only tempts my brother, my child, my friend; or the poor, weak-willed creature that cites my moderation as an excuse for his self-indulgence.

It were better for one that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.

Till the wine-cup neither tempts you nor your weaker brother to sin, it is surely Christian to cut it off. Is it not?—*Christian Weekly*

SELECTIONS.

— Friends will not believe you love them if you constantly remind them of their little faults. Parents, above all others, have the privilege with their children; but they, too, should use it so as "not to provoke them to wrath."

— A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So, work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.

PRIDE.—Dr. Franklin says, Pride is as cruel as a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE SMYRNA WHIP.—Very many years ago when I was serving in one of H. M. ships at Smyrna, I remember my gratification at seeing the gentle method there adopted by the residents for urging on their donkeys—much employed by them in going between their country residences and their various offices and "establishments" in that important mercantile town. Nor stick, nor whip, nor goad, nor spur was ever thought of, but simply a small light iron rod about fifteen inches long, having an "eye" or loop at one end, and three or four small rings of the same metal attached thereto. These, shaken close to the animal's ear, made him again shake his aural appendages and go ahead forthwith. Let any of your readers try the experiment with a bunch of keys at the end of a small stick, and they will feel inclined, with me, to urge the general adoption of the "Smyrna whip" throughout the length and breadth of the land.—I am, sir, yours, &c.—*ASHLEY LA TORCHIE (Commander R. N.)—Animal World*.

A FAMILY JOURNAL.—In a certain farmhouse twenty years ago a great blank book was kept, and labelled Home Journal. Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cut of the baby's eyetooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night, or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta club, or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat." On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that. But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.—*Scribner's Monthly*.