

One is your Master, even Christ.
Matthew xxiii, 10.

THE DEAF MUTES' COMMITTEE reported a slight falling-off in attendance, but this is accounted for in the fact that many of the friends are spending their holidays in the country.

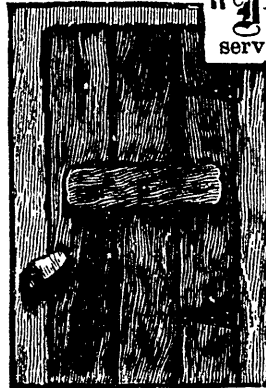
In all the other departments, the work is progressing favourably, and viewing the month's labours we are constrained to thank God, and give Him glory for all He has accomplished by us.

SOMETHING PRECIOUS.

LET us all resolve *from this day forward to prize the Bible more.* Let us not fear being idolators of this blessed book. Men may easily make an idol of the Church, of ministers, of sacraments, or of intellect. Men cannot make an idol of the Word. Let us regard all who would damage the authority of the Bible, or impugn its credit, as spiritual robbers. We are travelling through a wilderness: they rob us of our only guide. We are voyaging over a stormy sea: they rob us of our only compass. We are toiling over a weary road: they pluck our staff out of our hands. And what do these spiritual robbers give us in place of the Bible? What do they offer as a guide and provision for our souls? Nothing! absolutely nothing! Big swelling words! Empty promises of new light! High sounding jargon; but nothing substantial and real! They would fain take from us the bread of life, and they do not give us in its place so much as a stone. Let us turn a deaf ear to them. Let us firmly grasp and prize the Bible more and more, the more it is assaulted.

Reader, God has given you the Bible to make you wise unto salvation, and guide you to everlasting life. Do not neglect this precious gift. Read it diligently. Walk in its light, and you shall be saved.

USEFUL THOUGH HUMBLE.



"IF I cannot do any worthier service, it is not unworthy to be what I am," said the button on the old shed door. And then it went on to say: — "No doubt there are stronger and much better buttons than myself; but, after all, a

button's a button, whether it be of iron or brass, whilst I am but a plain wooden one. Well, but if my master does not despise me and I answer the purpose for which buttons are designed, I ought to be happy in being what I am, and thankful I've lasted so long. Many better things than buttons wear out in shorter time, and my labour is much less than others. The poor hinges have harder work, and therefore often crack and groan with the weight of the door hanging upon them, and the door itself would be roughly used by the wind and other causes were it not for me to fasten it; and therefore with all my poverty, who am but a humble wooden button, let me be thankful I have nothing more in my lot to complain of, and that I still can do the work for which I was first affixed to this post.

Brethren the humblest offices in society have their good uses, and those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary (1 Cor. 12: 22.)

Right views of ourselves will prove grounds for humble thankfulness. What have we that we "have not received"? Grace excludes boasting, therefore said St. Paul. "By the grace of God I am what I am."—BOWDEN.

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.
John xiii. 13.