

DANIEL QUORM AND HIS CLASS ON GRUMBLING.

"There's scores o' good people who count that grumblin' is no sin at all. They'll confess their sins, and they'll own to unbelief an' scores o' things' But they never thought o' kneeling down an' sayin' : O Lord, forgive my grumblin' and help me never to do it again, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Yet we need to, my friends. I'm sure we need to. Grumblin' have been the death o' thousands; and if we don't take care it will be the death of us too.

"But there, it won't do for me to have all the talkin'. Come, Cap'n Joe, what have you to say about it? You aren't no friend to it, I do know."

"Well," said Cap'n Joe, "I've been turning over in my mind what you said about this grumblin' being so aggravating and insulting. So it is. I was thinking, suppose that we were lost among a savage people, our very lives in danger and a great price demanded for our freedom; then there comes One, and out of pure love and pity he gives himself up to be plundered and stripped for our deliverance. Now he comes to us, with all his bleeding wounds and marks of ill-treatment, and he says, 'Follow me. I will bring you safely to the Father's house. I will guide you. I have arranged for the supply of all your wants. I am able to protect you from all your enemies. Follow me!' Our hearts are full of love to him; and thankful and trustful we set out. But soon there comes a bit of a hill, and he hears us grumbling because it isn't level ground. He leads us through the forest and we grumble at the brambles. Ah! I think I see him look round upon us so hurt and so grieved. No enemy could ever hurt him like that. After all his love and promises, all that he had done for us and all that he is going to do, to go fretting and grumbling; it is a ghastly sin, as you do say, dear leader."

"And to treat him like that, friends—the blessed Lord Jesus!" and as Dan'el spoke the tears trickled down his face. "But go on, Cap'n Joe; an' I'm glad to hear o' you."

"Well, there was only one thing more that I thought of: 'tis such a shameful forgetting of the past. These grumblin' Israelites forgot all about the brick-kiln and the burning sun, and the task-master's whip and the drowned children. And they forgot all about the great deliverance: how they had come over the Red Sea, and how God had fed them with the manna."

"Zackly," cried Dan'el, his eyes twinkling merrily, and his face lit up, "zackly, Cap'n Joe. 'Tis always like that with this here grumblin'. I thought about it the other day when I met the coast-guard-man 'pon the cliffs. 'Well, friend,' I said, 'you are like Thankfulness.' 'How so, Dan'el?' says he. 'Well,' I said, 'it walks along 'pon top o' the cliffs with a telescope under his arm; and he spies out the Goodness of God all around. He has an eye upon blessin' that is ever so far off, keepin' it in mind; an' he sees the mercy that is only just turnin' the corner. That's Thankfulness lookin' far 'an near, findin' mercies everywhere.' 'Ah, Dan'el, I wish I was more like that!' says he. 'Is,' I said, 'an' I wish I was too, for 'tis a great deal better than bein' like poor old Grumblin'. He haven't got a spy-glass at all, or nothin' o' the sort. All he have got is a sort o' magnifyin' glass, and every little worry he can find he do put under that an' make it look so big that he do come to think that there isn't any thing else in all the world."

Farmer Gribble looked around in the silence that followed, and then began in his slow and almost drawing way; yet in his tone and manner, and in every thing about him there was a child-like simplicity that was very beautiful:

"Well, Dan'el, I be feared that I can't say nowt fur tew dew any body any gude. I dew wish I could. And I ought tew; for I've gone grumblin' for these years an' years; and I've a-heard muu say, 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' But I dew thank the Lord, I have n't so much as feeled fur tew want tew grumble fur the long while now. And I dew count that a taste of the love of Jesus be a sure and certain cure for grumblin'. He 'th made it all so different; why theare, 'tes no gude tryin' fur tew help it. I be forced to gude praisin' him all the day through, an' I have n't so much as a breath left fur tew grumble weth of I wanted tew. And I dew thank him fur it weth all my heart; that I dew."

Dan'el listened with delight, nodding his head as each sentence came slowly unfolding itself. To see the discontented and grumpy Mest' Gribble turned into this, was really something to rejoice over; and such joy came welling up in his soul that Dan'el took the Hymn-book as a relief. "Come, friends, we must sing a verse or two?"

"Long as I live beneath, To thee oh lot me live! To thee my every breath In thanks and praises give! Whate'er I have, whate'er I am, Shall magnify my Maker's name."

My soul and all its powers Thine wholly Thine shall be; All all my happy hours I consecrate to Thee: Me to thine image now restore, And I shall praise thee evermore."

"Now friends," Dan'el began as they settled down again, "I've got one or two things more I want to say, an' I'll try and be quick over it, too." Putting on his spectacles he drew from his pocket a bulky pocket-book, and found a page that was carefully turned down. "Here is a bit that I got from that old book; 'tis common good."

Stumbling a little over the large straggling handwriting, Dan'el read: "It tokeneth a man of very ill nature when the prick of a pin maketh the flesh to rattle and fester. So it is a sign of a corrupt sou: when every little trouble and affliction maketh a man break out into frettings and grumbles. The wound would be nothing but for the murmuring spirit. Then Dan'el tightened his lips and nodded his head."

"There's a text for a sermon there, friends, only I mustn't stay to preach it now. I wish folks would believe it: 'tisn't their worries that set 'em grumblin'; 'tis their own teasy an' fretful souls."

"An' then this grumblin' is such a catchin' kind o' thing. The old lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour. But there's one thing that's worse than the roaring lion—that's the bad sheep that goes spreading mischief all among the flock. Ah, that's the grumbler! He goes about poisonin' everybody. No wonder that he was 'destroyed of the destroyer,' as the Book do say. I can mind bearin', years ago, about an old sea-captain back in the old fightin' times; the brave old fellow, he used to say that, by God's help, he wasn't afraid o' Frenchman or o' storms, but for a grumbler there was no cure except the yard-arm."

"Well, dear friends, as Mest' Gribble do say, a taste o' the love o' Jesus is a sure cure for grumblin'. For that, as for everything else, we must get away to the Cross o' the blessed Saviour. Ah! when we do get a sight o' his sufferin' for us, that makes our sufferin' too light for to grumble about it. Only let us see him stripped o' everything, mocked an' beaten and crucified for our sakes—and and yet he opened not his mouth. Ah, bless his holy name, that takes all the grumblin' out of us; turns it right round into love an' praise. Only get away to Calvary and live in sight o' the Cross, friends, an' we shan't any of us have a breath left for to grumble with. But come, there's minutes more, if any body else has got a word for to say."

"Mat," as he was called now—the Californian "Diggins" of old days—sat, scarcely able to restrain himself. His heart glowed still with its "first love."

"Come Mat, you want to speak a bit I see," said Daniel.

In a moment Mat sprang up, his eyes streaming with tears, and his whole frame heaving with excitement. "I been tryin' to be quiet, but I can't, Grumblin'! Aw, I been thinkin' about it while I been sitting here. We've been an' got ourselves into trouble, an' now we're sent off to jail for it. We grumble agen the treadmill; 'tis such hard work. And the jailer do say: 'Iss, you should ha' thought o' that before, an' should ha' kept out o' the place; 'tis all along o' your own doin's.' But to think of friends, to have the King of Glory comin' down to take my place, and to bear my punishment, an' then coming to me with a free pardon. To have the Father's arms about my neck, an' his love ringin' in my soul all the day long!" Halleluah!" And the little room rang with the shout.—Rev. G. M. Pearce in Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

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ING THE SAB-

both the body also tend to in; for who does find in a body is ss of his busi- ss here? They six days will do better than those an proof of this ht be mentioned wo or three must Convention in tended by one delegates from States, a great that he had made g on the Sabbath would if he had cattle and sheep etter price than ntly kept travel- the neighbours in consequence over driven, he and this he the Lord's day. experiment of rest- it was thought admit of; but he season, that he many of his neigh- sion of kettles, for breakage and ents. Some years spell in harvest, then many farmers which, from being ly dry, was great- thers who feared mandments, were air's in good con- y is sometimes bath labor, as to in violation of the man, sell liquor on saps, more custo- day; but the sad and their families they only "earn with holes," and upon their ill-gotten adjoining county he had, for a long observations on this er known any per- arise from projects at on this day, but have followed them.

ES OF IMMERSION.

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FOR A CHILD.

wrote thus pleasantly eased be the hand that for a child, for there nd where it may again not almost everybody nd-hearted man who ness in the days of his riter of this recollects ment, as a bare-footed he wooden fence of a in his native village eyes, he gazed on the blooming there quiet- s of a Sunday morning- me forth from his little a woodcutter by trade le day at work in the coming into the garden to stick in his coat when He saw the boy, and most beautiful of his was streaked with red it to him. Neither receiver said a word- ng steps the boy ran here at a distance, after of so many years, the ude which agitated the boy expresses itself on arnation has long since ow it blooms afresh."