

and very ripe. Wherever boys are left without careful parental training they seem to glide into profanity as if by a law of gravity. The peculiar aggravation adheres to this sin that it defiles all on whom it falls. Sounds reach ears as light reaches eyes; one cannot escape. While you are walking along the street on your lawful business these sounds fall on your ears—these blasphemous thoughts are thereby conveyed to your mind—engraved it may be on your memory, so that you cannot wash them off.

When the physician finds the tongue of his patient foul, he does not occupy himself with efforts to scrape the coating off. He administers remedies with the view of reaching and removing the malady that is coursing through the system with the life-blood. If he succeed in subduing the fever that throbs in the heart the incrustations will of their own accord quickly drop off from the tongue. This method holds good also in the spiritual disease. We must reach the root. The swearer cannot cast off his profanity and remain otherwise as he was. When he gets a new heart the lips will be found renewed also. When he comes to Christ for pardon of his sin then will he begin to cease from sinning. It is a secret of the Lord, revealed to them that fear him, but concealed from others, that a man does not really loathe and dread his sin until it is forgiven. It is when he knows that it shall not condemn him that he puts it away. He never really learns to hate it, till he knows that it has crucified Christ. The apostle Peter writes a list of impurities that disciples should cast away from their hearts and their lips—"all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings;" but he does not expect that these can be shaken off, except by the power of God's forgiving love already experienced, for he says, lay these aside, "if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

You turn the Gospel upside down when you tell a wicked person to get quit of his wickedness, first by his own effort, in order that thereby he may obtain the favour of God. Offer him, as Jesus offered, the favour of God and the free forgiveness; and that favour accepted will be a power in the believer's heart that will drive the wickedness out of his members. In matters of the soul, as in matters of the body, a heart healed of its disease will soon show its effects in a clean tongue.—*The late Rev. W. Arnot.*

WHAT SHALL I DO?

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Acts ix. 6.

THE answer to this question entirely depends on what you are. If you are a sinner seeking salvation, then the less you do the better. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If you have just been brought to believe on His name, then profess Him in baptism, unite yourself with His people, commemorate His love at His own table, and walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless. If you are a baptized believer in union with his church, then he would have you consecrate yourself to his services. Visit His sick ones, relieve His poor, circulate His truth, teach His babes, comfort His sorrowful ones, strengthen His weak ones, bear your testimony for Him whenever an opportunity offers. Be much with Him in private, read and meditate on His word, aim to honour Him in everything, always and everywhere; carry your religion with you wherever you go, carry your religion into everything, be thorough, out and out. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Make Christ and His glory the great object and end of your life, so that you may be able to say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain"—so that it may be said of you, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's." Let every purpose you form, every work in which you engage, and every pleasure you enjoy, say, "I am the Lord's." Live for the Lord, work for the Lord, suffer for the Lord. Make His precepts your rule, His honour your aim, and to please Him the end of every action of your life.—*Rev. J. Smith.*

As the rose, a flower of all others most pleasant, is gathered upon rough briars or brambles, so of diligent and painful labours there cometh at length pleasant profit and great gain.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I heard this story of a little child;
A Sunday scholar—tender, gentle, mild:
One Sabbath morn her father bade her go
And buy his beer: she meekly answered, "No!
No, O my father, do not send me there;
The day is holy, and I may not dare!"

"Go, or I'll flog thee: do as thou art bid!"
Again the child, with clasped hands said, "Nay,
God's law forbids it; that I must obey."
"If not," he said, "I'll flog thee": and he did.

She sought her humble room, but shed no tear:
The father went himself and bought his beer.
While he sat drinking it, he heard a moan,
Something between a murmur and a groan—
At least, he thought so: and went up the stair:
To hear his kneeling daughter's prayer:
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"
He heard and went; but soon was on the stair—
To hear again his kneeling daughter's prayer:
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"

He sat alone—alone: what made him think
Some bitter mingled with his usual drink;
And that he saw a light, dispelling gloom—
Filling the cheerless and half-furnished room;
And then a hand that pointed to the stair?
And who will say nor light nor land was there?
He rose and went: a third time heard the prayer:
"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:
O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!"

His Guardian Angel, though unseen, was near;
What whisper was it entered heart and ear?
Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept!
On the stairhead he also knelt—to pray:
"Teach me Almighty God, to bear my part:
O, dear Lord Jesus, change her father's heart!"

The prayer was heard: from that God-blessed day
He drank no poison-drop; and never more
Crossed he the threshold of the drunkard's door:
The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept.
And dearly does the good man love to hear
His little kneeling child's thanksgiving-prayer,
That fills the house and makes all sunshine there:
"Thank thee, O God! I bear my easy part:
For Thou, Lord Jesus, changed my father's heart!"

From "An Old Story." By S. C. Hall.

OVERCOMING EVIL.

WHEN I was a small boy," says the poet Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. A number of my playfellows and myself were one evening collected together at our sports, and began to torment the poor black by calling him 'Nigger,' 'Snowball,' 'Blackamoor,' and other degrading names; the poor fellow appeared very much grieved at our conduct, and soon left us.

"Not long after we made an appointment to go skating in the neighbourhood; but on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'Oh, yes, Robert, you may have them and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them I found Jim sitting by the fire, in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I returned his skates, and was much obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't ever call me "blackamoor" again,' and immediately left the room. The words melted my heart. I burst into tears, and resolved from that time never again to abuse a poor black."

A Chinese Emperor once heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces. "Come, my friends," said he to those about him, "follow me, and I pro-