

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

WHILE the well-known missionary Dr. Coke was journeying in America he attempted to ford a river, but his horse lost its foothold, and he was carried down the stream; the doctor narrowly escaping drowning by clinging to a bough which overhung the river-side. A lady in the vicinity gave him entertainment in his distress, sent messengers after his horse, and did him much kindness. When he left her roof he gave her a tract.

For five years the good doctor toiled on in the cause of Christ in England and in America. Whether his tract had been destroyed, or had pierced a human heart, he knew not—nay, had forgotten its gift. But one day, on his way to Conference, a young man approached him, and requested the favour of a few minutes' conversation.

"Do you remember, sir, being nearly drowned in the river some five years ago?"

"I remember it quite well," replied the doctor.

"Do you recollect the widow lady at whose house you were entertained after escaping from the river?"

"I do, and shall never forget the kindness she showed me."

"And do you also remember giving her a tract when you bade her farewell?"

"I do not; but it is very possible I did so."

"Yes, sir, you did leave a tract. That lady read it, and was converted. She lent it to her neighbours, and some of them were converted too. Several of her children were also saved. A society was formed, which flourishes to this day."

This statement moved the doctor to tears. But the young man, after a brief pause, resumed, saying, "I have not quite told you all. I am her son. That tract led me to the Saviour. And now, sir, I am on my way to Conference to be ordained to the work of the ministry."

THE USE OF TRIALS.

How much we all desire exemption from the trials of life, forgetting that without these life itself might be a failure! The rough sea makes the good sailor, and nothing but battles can produce veterans fit for the fiercest fights. An untried man is but half a man. His strength has never been tested, his powers are unrevealed. Only in the deep waters can we know the strong swimmer's skill. Only the fury of the hurricane can show the might of the eagle's wing.

And as only temptation and trial can reveal our weakness and our strength, so nothing else can disclose to us the power of Him who watches us in our trials, who helps us in all our infirmities, who stands by us amid the terrors of the darkest hour, who "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, and who has given to us this blessed and assuring word, "My grace is sufficient for you." "My strength is made perfect in weakness."



THERE'S ONLY ONE.

THERE'S only One on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only One who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only One who knows the truth
Amid this world's deceit and lies;
There's only One who views each case
With just, unselfish, candid eyes.

There's only One who marks the wish,
Nor cruelly, severely blames;
There's only One too full of love
To put aside the weakest claims.

There's only One whose pity falls
Like dew upon the wounded heart;
There's only One who never stirs,
Though enemy and friend depart.

There's Only one, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only One to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only One who's never harsh,
But tenderness itself to all;
There's only One who knows each heart,
And listens to its faintest call.

There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring,
And each perplexing inner wheel.

There's only One who can support,
And who sufficient grace can give
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

There's only One who will abide
When loved ones in the grave are cold;
There's only One who'll go with me
When this long, painful journey's told.

There's only One I'm sure will watch
O'er every dear one whom I love;
There's only One can sanctify
And bring them safe to heaven above.

Oh blessed Jesus, Friend of friends,
Come, hide us 'neath Thy sheltering arm;
Come down amid this wicked world,
And keep us from its guilt and harm.

Thou art the One, the only One
For whom no love too warm can flow;
Thou art the One, the only One
In whom there's perfect rest below.