

of Bow Church, Cheapside, at the present day. When the old church was destroyed, preparatory to the erection of the present structure, the cock was disposed of by public auction, and purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, who caused it to be removed, and placed in the grounds of the villa built for him by Decimus Burton in the Regent's Park, where it may still be seen in good working order.

Probably the nearest approach to Martin's horologe in England is that at Wells Cathedral, originally designed by Peter Lightfoot in the fourteenth century. The dial is divided into twenty-four hours, and shows the motion of the two great heavenly bodies. Above, in a couple of niches or caverns, are seen eight knights on horseback, fully equipped, and tilting at one another. Four angels carved in relief, ornament the corners. Lightfoot, by the way, made this clock for the monastery at Glastonbury, whence it was removed to Wells at the Reformation. The original works, however, gradually wore out, and were replaced by new ones about sixty years since.

The most ancient clock in actual use during the present generation was that erected in St. James's Palace; next comes St. Paul's, a fine example of its kind; and another excellent specimen of eighteenth-century manufacture is that attached to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. The actual oldest clock in England was set up close to Westminster Hall in 1288, and paid for out of fines levied by the King's Chief Justice. Who made the first clock, or where it was manufactured, no one can tell. All we know is that Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, sent as a present to the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, in 1232, 'a machine of wonderful construction valued at five thousand ducats.' This clock, for such it undoubtedly must have been, was governed by weights and wheels. It told the time with 'infallible certainty,' as the world then supposed, although a few minutes' loss or gain in the hour was not considered of much consequence by our slow-going ancestors. As likely as not German artificers introduced clocks into England, as assuredly they did into Italy; and that at Westminster was soon followed by another placed in Canterbury Cathedral, before the century had run its course, at a cost of thirty pounds.

The Black Forest manufactures find their way all over the world. In the ninety-two parishes known as the clock-making country there are over four thousand masters, employing some fourteen thousand hands,—men, women, and children; and this industrial army annually turns out little short of two millions of timepieces, at an average value of ten shillings apiece. Less than thirty years ago all the clocks made in the Forest were hand-wrought throughout, and each artisan began and finished his work under his own roof. The introduction of machinery, however, has greatly altered the character of the trade, to the advantage of the consumer, and, he it said, of the excellence of the manufacture.

The magnificent clock of Christian Martin of Villingen, will be the pride and boast of the Forest for many a winter to come, among these sturdy, ingenious, independent agriculturist artisans, equally at home in the use of the spade and the hoe, the saw, the file, and the graving-tool.

Can you tell what it is to be a Christian?
To believe what Christ says.

Anything else?

To do as he commands.

Can children become Christians?

O, yes! Christ's commands are so easy, that children even can obey them.—Sunbeam.

Counterfeits.

Coins, yes, no doubt about it, and of various sizes, too. Here's a half-crown, a florin, and a shilling. Yonder is a six-pence and some smaller pieces. But whatever can they mean by exhibiting them in a railway booking office? A friend and I were standing in a railway booking office of a London and North-Western Railway Station, and about to take our tickets to go by the express for the north, due in a few minutes, when we observed what appeared to be a row of silver coins, nailed to the window of the booking office. The clerk smiled as he heard our remark, and said, 'They are counterfeit coins, sir, every one of them, that people have tried to pass as genuine silver.' 'And I suppose you have put them up there as a warning to others not to try the same game,' I said. 'That's it, sir,' rejoined the clerk. 'They certainly look very like the true thing. They are the same in size and outward appearance; in fact some of them look brighter than the genuine coins I was giving him in payment for my ticket. But they had not the genuine ring, and when tested they were found to be false.'

I had just time to see a small instrument fixed to the counter, evidently for the purpose of testing the doubtful ones, when the express steamed into the station, and in a few minutes we were off; but I often think of the counterfeit coins and the testing instrument, and of the likeness they bear to greater things.

There are real Christians in this world: men and women who have been born of God, and are on the way to heaven. There are many hypocrites, also; who try to pass themselves off as real Christians. They have all the outward show that is necessary, but in the sight of God they are base metal. They have not the genuine ring about them, and when the testing day comes it will be made manifest that they are counterfeits. People point at them and quote their inconsistencies, as if every child of God was a hypocrite because they are. But this is unfair. Reasoning in this way, I might as well conclude that every silver coin was a counterfeit, because the few on the window were so. But it is just the opposite. The very fact that there are false ones proves the existence of what is real. Counterfeit shillings would never have been coined but for the existence of real ones. But the genuine silver shilling is nothing the worse because of the counterfeit, nor is the true child of God any the less so because there are hypocrites.

Reader, are you a hypocrite? Do you keep up the outward profession of being a Christian, when in the sight of God you know it is a sham? Your day is coming. The mask will drop, and the voice of the Son of God will declare—'I never knew you.'—Christian Ambassador.

The Supreme Object.

A woman in poor health, poor in this world's goods, pressed down with the care of a large family, with the merest 'name to live,' in the church, and, when moving about amid her domestic cares, had these specific reflections one day pass with wonderful impressiveness through her mind: 'I shall die soon and stand in the presence of God. I do not desire to meet my God there on a short or slight acquaintance. I desire to know him fully by that time. From this moment it shall be my supreme object to know God, understand his way and find grace in his sight.'

Without relaxation of fidelity to family duty, she set her whole heart upon knowing and walking with God. What about her daily care she would have a bible upon

a shelf, so that as she passed around she could stop a moment and read a passage, and then make it the subject of meditation and prayer. With the same diligence she read the most spiritual works she could obtain, the Oberlin 'Evangelist,' especially. In prayer her importunity would admit of no denial. In a short time the baptism came, and visions of God filled her whole being. She beheld 'with open face the glory of the Lord,' and truly her 'fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.' As a consequence her character became mildly and gloriously radiant through the whole community. Even infidels—and there were numbers of them in the place—confessed that there was Christian character in its genuineness and perfection of beauty. In the revival of religion which followed, none had such power with the people as she. The sisters of the church came together and did up her fall and winter sewing, that she might visit from house to house. All the cavils of infidels, Universalists and worldlings were silenced under the divine radiance of her character.—Rev. Asa Mahan.

A Cry as of Pain.

(By Miss Sarah Stock.)

A cry as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading
main;

A cry from the lands that in darkness are
lying,

A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are
sighing;

It comes unto me;

It comes unto thee;

Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

Oh! hark to the call;

It comes unto all

Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly
thrall;

Come over and help us! in bondage we
languish;

Come over and help us! we die in our an-
guish;

It comes unto me;

It comes unto thee;

Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

It comes to the soul

That Christ hath made whole,

The heart that is longing his name to extol;

It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;

It comes with a plea which is strong and
prevailing;

'For Christ's sake' to me;

'For Christ's sake' to thee;

Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

We come, Lord, to Thee,

Thy servants are we,

Inspire thou the answer and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar thou shouldst
send us,

O grant that thy mercy may ever attend us.

That each one may be

A witness for thee,

Till all the earth shall thy glory see!

—'China's Millions.'

Giving.

A little girl six years of age, who was very desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others, when saying her evening prayers at her father's knee, hesitated a moment, and then added, 'Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake. Amen!' She prayed thus every night after giving her pennies for the missionary box.—'Good Cheer.'