

tervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, quietly substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feebler and cease, in self-defence. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef-tea should never be omitted.

Don't shut out the pure air and sunshine. The physician will exercise his skill in vain if wholesome food, pure air and peace do not abet his efforts.—*Home Guardian*.

EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION.

In detail the inward evidence lies very much this way. First, a wondrous sense of change comes over the believer. Having believed in Jesus Christ upon the simple evidence of God, there is a work of regeneration performed upon him, and he feels himself altogether transformed. A young girl once said, "Either the whole world is changed, or else I am." Everything seems so altered, for it is seen with new eyes. The man undergoes a radical change of feelings.

Then again there is a wondrous power which goes with the Word of God, not always, but yet often. Are you not conscious, my brethren, of often feeling when you are reading the Word, or hearing it, as you never did feel when listening to any other form of speech?

We are also conscious of a wonderful rest—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding." We see that we are forgiven, justly forgiven, saved by mercy, but still not to the violation of the justice of God, and therefore we are perfectly at ease. Yea, and sometimes we rise beyond peace. I am not going to tell many of the high secrets of the inner life this morning, but yet I will confess that at times,

"Our joys divinely grow
Unspeaking, like those above
And heaven begins below."

And this witness is unanswerable. A man is told that a certain medicine is mere quackery. "See here," says he, "it healed me." What do you say to such an argument? You had better let the man alone. So when a Christian is told that the Gospel is all nonsense, he replies, "It saved me. I was a drunkard, and it made me sober, and more. I was a man of strong passions, and it tamed me, and more." What can you say to such facts? Why, nothing. It must be with you as with the rulers of old. "When they saw the man that was healed standing with Peter and John, they could say nothing against them."—*Spurgeon*.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

"Would you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to nurse whom she had lately come from Hampshire.

"Not now, thanks, my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly sinking under an incurable disease, and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lillian might surely listen, if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides a portion of the Psalms, and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lillian, whose days on earth might be few, tired with one short chapter!

"There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed for one day through sickness. "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God." Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures."

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened them, and, with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied:

"I do—they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all the morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"'Whom I shall see for myself,'" began Lillian, slowly; but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly—it is in Job; it comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course it means—well, it just means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question; for though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never once dwelt on its meaning.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," answered Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me," replied the invalid, "till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently; and then I searched in my own Bible, and found that the word in the margin of it is like that in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing scripture with scripture," observed Lillian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful daily to read a large portion from the Bible; but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin:

"What is the word which is put in the margin of the Bible instead of 'another,' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping her thin wasted hands, she repeated the whole passage on which her soul had been feeding with silent delight, "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger."

"O, Kate," continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose to her eyes, "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning while I have been in great bodily pain. I am in the Valley of Shadow—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and 'not a stranger.' He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow. And when I open my eyes in another world, it is the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my own Saviour, my own tried Friend, and 'not a stranger;' I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again, and the large drops, overflowing, fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse—nay, from three words in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole Book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures—she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of waters under which lie pearls; Lillian has dived deep, and made the treasure her own."

Let me earnestly recommend the habit of choosing from our morning portion of the Bible some few words to meditate over during the day. At a mother's meeting which I attend, each of the women in her turn gives a text to be remembered daily by all during the week; and in every family such a custom might be found helpful. It is by praying over, resting on, feeding on God's Word, that we find that it is indeed spirit and life, and to the humble, contrite heart, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."—*A. L. O. E., in the Advocate and Guardian*.

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who has redeemed man's nature from wretchedness, and first given to the race a security of immortality—an interest in an eternal world! Ashamed of Him who is the "express image" of God; "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" "by whom all the worlds were created," and who still sustains the worlds from annihilation by the power of His might. Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who was not ashamed to endure all the bitterest mockeries of sinners for my sake; for my sake to exile Himself for long years from the immediate glories of heaven; for my sake to wander among the lost and ruined of the earth, and still for my sake

to close a life of sorrow by a death of bodily and mental torture! Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who rose triumphant from the grave, and though no fleshly eye can behold Him, even now sitteth at the right hand of God, "in the glory of the Father," yet amid all His glories, pleads for my sake the obedience of Gethsemane and the sacrifice of Calvary! . . . Oh, may many of us be enabled to return such an answer as this to the calumnies and revilings of the world! Happy are they, and yet more happy in all that outward unhappiness which fortifies them more and more for everlasting bliss! Happy, indeed, are they who thus live, confiding, that however it may be delayed, a time shall come when the truth of that Scripture shall be proved: "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone and a rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Isa. viii. 14; Rom. ix. 33).—*William Archer Butler*.

"CLEAN INSIDE."

When through the labours of the first missionaries at Madagascar, some of the islanders there had been converted, a Christian sea captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book nor sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him, which make him different; so I become a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me to keep me from being bad."

Now that old chief had the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.

At one of the ragged schools of Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?

BOTH SIDES.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

Some enjoy what they have, while others are envious of what they have not.

One complains that there is evil in the world; another rejoices that there is good.

While some are thankful for their blessings, others are grumbling over their misfortunes.

A guest considers a man's house all parlour; the servants think it principally kitchen.

Two children were looking at a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

When it rains one says that it will make mud; another that it will lay the dust.

Two men being convalescent were asked concerning their health. One replied, "I am better to-day;" while the other grunted, "I was worse yesterday."

Two boys were hunting for grapes. One was happy because he found some; the other was sorry because they had seeds in them.

Two strangers came to New York. One of them saw the saloons and gambling-halls and thought the city very wicked. The other visited the homes and thought New York very good.—*Sunday Magazine*.

"THERE is a way that seemeth right unto man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

"HE that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."—*Rom. xxi. 28*.

A CANNON ball passing through a four-foot bore, receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul, in childhood, receives its direction for eternity.

ALL that we do depends upon what we are: he then who has left to the world the record of a noble life, though he may have left no outward memorial, has left an enduring source of inward, and, though inward, of outward greatness.

THE tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself, is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections and power, lean toward God, or away from him?"—*Selected*.