

apartments, in expectation of a busy season, you wish your lodgers would always remember these words. You hope they will take care of the things you have got together with so much trouble and pains, and which, when broken or injured by careless persons, are often difficult to replace. Still, time and patience often work wonders, and a good "let" to kind and thoughtful people may do much to remedy the mischief done by others. But how to secure this "good let," you ask? Well, I think there are three promises, *on certain conditions*, in the Word of God, which may suit your case. "*Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come*" (1 Tim. iv. 8). See also Matt. vi. 33, and Prov. iii. 6. These "certain conditions," I may be able, with God's blessing, to help you to fulfil, by setting before you a few of the things which are not "your own."

I. "*Not yours.*" *Time.* God has *lent* you this precious talent to prepare for Eternity, and the seventh part of it *belongs to Him*, and you have no more right to spend it as you please, than you have to drink your lodger's wine, or to wear his clothes. It is a very sad thought: how very few there are of those who keep lodging and boarding houses, who ever attend any place of worship. I remember once speaking to a Christian man on this subject at B—. He owned he was wrong, but he said he found it impossible to leave the house in the height of the season, and there were so many things to see after. I cannot, however, but think that God would have taken care of his "things" for him, had his faith been equal to the trial, just as He did the land of the children of Israel when they were away attending the public services of God's house (Exod. xxxiv. 24). Some lodgers are very thoughtless in always insisting on late hot dinners on Sundays as well as other days; but I know at least one landlady who refused a good "let," because, as she said, she "never cooked on Sundays!"

II. "*Not yours.*" All that belongs to your lodgers, *whatever* it may be. It was so sad to hear of a poor invalid lady, a great sufferer, who had only left the house twice during five years, and on each occasion in a cab to change lodgings, in each case a matter of necessity, because her landlady had so over-charged her in the weekly bills! Many single and invalid ladies, who have lost all the dear companions of their youth, are often obliged with weary, aching hearts to seek the kindly shelter of your roof. Could you not make it more like "*home*" to them by a little sympathy and interest in their wants and cares? You do not know *how much* this would be valued, and all the more, perhaps, because unexpected. "Please forgive my intruding, but you looked so pale this morning I have brought you a glass of my home-made wine," my landlady used to say to me sometimes when staying with her. It was not the wine, but the kind thought and interest showed by the good woman, who has now, I trust, gone to a better home, that comforted the heart of her lonely lodger. Let me, however, add a friendly caution here—*beware of Drink*! It is appalling how many in every class fall victims to this besetting sin, which, more than anything else in woman seems to destroy all sense of honour and self-respect, and to sink her lower than the very beasts that perish.

III. "*Not yours.*" Your servants. Millais' touching picture of "Sunday below stairs," the poor young servant-girl, in her dirty every-day dress, washing up dishes in the kitchen below, while she sees with an envious eye, the well-dressed people going to church in the street above, ought to have awakened a more than passing interest in such. Ladies often complain about the dirty, slovenly girls by whom they are waited upon in lodgings. But how can they be otherwise, when they are "on the foot" from morning to night, often kept up night after night in London seasons, waiting for the return of gay lodgers from dancing parties or the opera, and *no Sunday either*? Yet these poor young people have souls too, and they are very susceptible of kindness. Do try to arrange for those under your care to go to some place of worship at least *once* on the Lord's Day. I know some who do. I was so surprised and pleased once when leaving some London apartments, where I had been staying with a friend, the landlady came and shook me heartily by the hand, and thanked me for the kindness I had shown her servants. (I had taken good care never to interfere with their hours of work.)

"*Is mine!*" God—Christ—Heaven—all *mine!* "*For all things are yours*"—whether "life, or death, or things present, or things to come; *all are yours*" (1 Cor. iii. 22). So live that you may be able to say this triumphantly at life's close.

Soon all of us, lodgers as well as landladies, will have to give in our final account to God. What a solemn reckoning that will be of all the deeds done in the body; and many lives that have passed muster before man, as tolerably fair and honest, will utterly fail before that all-searching Eye!

Jesus *alone* can save you, can blot out the past, and give you grace and strength to serve Him in the future. *Seek Him now.*

Here follows the testimony of one who has done so:

"My wife has lately given her heart to Jesus in answer to prayer. We have several children, and long for their salvation. Some time ago, I bought a concertina, and learnt to play 'Ring the bells of heaven.' One Sunday night, we all struck up with our music and singing, when, to our sorrow, our lodger and his wife came downstairs, and said, 'If you're going to kick up that row with the concertina, we shall give you a week's notice on Monday, as we won't stand it.' This was a disappointment to us, and so we tried to make things smooth, and shut our doors and windows to keep in the sound. But the lodger's wife opened the door to listen, the singing brought conviction to her heart, and she felt obliged to go to a place of worship. Many prayers were offered for them and, now they are both communicants and tract distributors."

On the Lord's day our friend still plays the concertina, and instead of being interrupted, all in the house unite together in singing.

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See, the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child."

WINGHAM.—The church here has purchased the building formerly owned by the M. E. denomination. The site is central, the building is new, and bought for much less than the actual cost. We send our greetings to the church at Wingham.