

cheers as this Gospel of the Cross. It is the string of a harp that rests the weary with its gentle music, and yet a bugle, whose clear, ringing blast stirs the flagging columns again to battle. Let it come out clear, distinct, strong, this blessed truth that Jesus Christ died as the Saviour of sinners.

"Say it again" in the Sabbath school. There is nothing that comes so close to children's hearts as the crimson cross. "The man on the cross," as a little one said to me when looking at a picture of the crucifixion. How he wins the children. How their young hearts go out like tender vines feeling for the support of a trellis.

"Say it again" in your work, on the street, in the shop, from house to house. Tell it to that man at the saloon door, trying to break his chains. Whene'er to the youth wavering before temptation, and stay him up with the cross behind his back. Let it fall on the despairing ears of the aged.

"Say it again"—in that room of sickness, by that bedside of death. "We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, and into the gloom of eternity he went, as into a night radiant with stars. Said an estimable officer of my church during his last sickness: "My sufferings are now so great I can think of little else. I can only lie and trust. I have been a poor, sinful, unworthy servant of God, and have nothing to look to but the blood of Christ." A friend repeated these words, "His blood can wash us white as snow." He said, "Yes, if it were not for that what could I do now? 'Tis wonderful, wonderful grace that saves a sinner like me."

ON THE SPOT.

On a bitter winter night, many years ago, two persons stood talking together at the corner of a street in New York. One of them (who had been bred as a mechanic) was a warm-hearted Sunday school teacher. He so loved to do good that he never lost an opportunity to say a judicious and faithful word for his Master.

The other person was a young fellow from the country, who had come into New York to earn his living, but was in great danger of falling into the traps of the drinking saloons and the dance halls.

The older man stood and pleaded with the younger one to decide there on the spot to begin a life of service to God. The wind howled through the street and blew the snow in their faces, but the good man held on, and kept saying, "Now is the time, and God is, through my words, calling you to decide."

An hour passed. The storm howled on; but the teacher was so much in earnest that he did not mind the cold. At length the youth said, "Mr. P—, I will decide for God to-night. I will give myself to Christ and to His service."

Nobly did he keep his promise. He not only became a devotedly religious man, but he determined to enter college and prepare to preach to others the glad message he himself had accepted. By-and-by he came back to New York, and was so useful a preacher that nearly two thousand persons were won to his Master by his persuasions. He is an old man now; but when I saw him a few weeks ago he was as happy as a lark. All his long, useful and honoured life has turned on that winter night talk at the street corner, when he decided, on the spot, to heed God's message.

It does not take much time to make a right start when you are in earnest. What that young man did was to give himself to the divine Master. His reason was convinced that he would be a better man, and a nobler man, if he did what it is the duty of every person to do, and this is to acknowledge God's claims for love and obedience, and accept them as a rule of life. It then took him no more time to say yes than it would have taken him to say no. When anything to be done is right, the quicker you do it the better.

One of the greatest generals in the world was asked how he had gained so many victories. His answer was, "By never putting anything off." Young friends, you will conquer evil and win heaven at last, if you will resolve always to obey God, and to do right on the spot.—*Youth's Companion.*

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favours of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps, but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstruck their hands and touched the public ear. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

JEST AND EARNEST.

During the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great accompanied his soldiers on a mountain march. Count Schmettau was his lieutenant, and a very religious man. The king, impatient over the tedious route of the artillery on foot, up the narrow mountain pass, indulged in jesting to drive away ennui. He liked a little to tease Schmettau. He knew of a confessor in Berlin whom the Count would visit, and allowed a stream of jokes and derision to flow freely.

"Your majesty is more witty and much more learned than I," answered Schmettau, at last finding utterance. "More than this, you are my king! The spiritual contest is in every respect unequal; nevertheless you cannot take from me my faith, and as it now goes you will certainly injure me immeasurably, and at the same time make yourself insignificant."

The king remained standing in front of Schmettau; a flash of indignation came from his majesty's eye. "What does that mean, monsieur? I injure you by taking your faith! What does that mean?"

With immovable tranquility, answered the general: "Your majesty believes that in me you have a good officer, and I hope you are not mistaken. But could you take from me my faith, you would have in me a pitiful thing—a reed in the wind; not of the least account in council or in war."

The king was silent for a time, and, after reflection, called out in a friendly manner: "Schmettau, what is your belief?"

"I believe," said Schmettau, "in a Divine Providence; that the hairs of my head are all numbered; in a salvation from all my sins, and everlasting life after death."

"This you truly believe," said the king; "this you believe is right with full assurance?"

"Yes, truly, your majesty."

The king moved, seized his hand, pressed it strongly, and said: "You are a happy man."

And never from that hour has he derided Schmettau's religious opinions.—*From the German.*

HOW TO TREAT BROTHERS.

Girls, be kind to your brothers. Don't be afraid you will spoil them by shewing them plenty of sisterly attention. They are tiresome chaps sometimes, consequential and overbearing, treating their sisters like inferior beings. But never mind that, girls; carry with you the two bears—bear and forbear. The consequential age generally passes off with the growth of the incipient moustache, and when real manhood dawns upon them, they will realize how gentle and kind their sisters have been. Make home pleasant to them: let them see and feel you enjoy their company sometimes equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. If you sing or play the piano, do your best for brother Will or Bob, or whatever his name may be, and reward him with a smile when he turns over your

music or gives up his seat to you, just as you would any other gentleman. Lay aside your work or book to have a pleasant chat or innocent game with your brother; draw out of him with whom and where he spends his evenings outside of the family circle. Encourage him to speak of his associates. A sister has often more influence with a brother than a parent. If he can confide in his sister regarding his friends and amusements, you need have no fear of how he spends his time away from you. Let him see you take an interest in his studies or his business. When he asks you to sew on a button or mend his glove, don't put on an aggrieved air; do it cheerfully, willingly. He will reward you in his secret heart with wealth of brotherly love, though he may not treat his friends with politeness, even if they are not your style. Throw all the safeguards you possibly can around your young brothers, by sisterly kindness and forbearance. Try to make home the happiest and dearest place on earth.

WHEN Latimer was on trial for heresy, he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says that he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record-book in which our every syllable is taken down.

WHILE a good many are crying out against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon to the position of Governor-General of India, a notice of motion has been made in the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh to the effect that "the Presbytery welcomes such appointments as a testimony to the principle of religion not being a test of eligibility to civil position," and "as fitted to maintain the peace and consolidation of the Empire, inasmuch as they assure our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects that, however strongly the governing class in the nation may be opposed to their religion, official position in national affairs is yet to be free to them equally with Protestants."

Is the offering of a handbill to a passer on the street a criminal offence? It would seem to be so in Ireland at any rate, for we are told that a tract distributor, named King, was tried recently in Dublin, Ireland, and fined \$5, with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment, for handing a priest a handbill inviting to a meeting for "friendly discussion." An appeal was taken to the Court of Queen's Bench; but the Court refused to quash the conviction. It was not proved that the man had used offensive language or obstructed the priest; but the judge held that the offering of a handbill of the kind was an insult to the priest, and might have led to a breach of the peace.

WHAT THOMAS CARLYLE THINKS OF DARWINISM.

Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvellous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this as a sample:

"I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraved with this legend: 'Omnia ex conchis'; everything from a clam-shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his 'Origin of Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of man was this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in parlour fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more come back to me the sentences in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper the meaning becomes. 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."—*Exchange.*