

tried their best, and had utterly failed to redeem or elevate humanity—it was then that Christ came into the midst of this world and died for the ungodly.

There had been plenty of men who could say fine things, but here was some one who could *do* the things that needed to be done. They could advise, He could help. They could counsel, He could save. They could discuss the question of the life to come, He could say, "I am the resurrection and the life," and could call forth the dead at His word.

"When we were without strength," and when the world was "without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," and taught men the great lesson of self-sacrifice, and the still greater lesson of that divine power which He alone possessed, and without which men can never be redeemed.

To-day the world is as weak as ever. Weak in virtue, weak in integrity, weak in will, weak morally, mentally and physically, doomed to die, and utterly helpless to avert the fatal blow; they have counsellors in abundance, men who say much and do nothing; men who have no power with which to resist evil or triumph over death. The need of this world to-day is the conquering power and abiding Presence of the victorious and immortal Christ; He who has done the things which no other man ever did, and who is still strong to redeem and mighty to save. In His strength we can be strong. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength;" and if we are "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," "through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."—*The Christian*.

"LOVE CANNOT FAIL."

"Love cannot fail" when joy grows pale,
And Hope's blithe heart forlorn;
When Sin makes black the shining track
Below the hills of Morn;
When Faith is weak, and dare not seek
The Soul's abiding-place;
When Doubt doth lift, from Time's dark drift,
A wan, bewildered face;

When Pain's keen blade deep wounds has made,

From which we vainly shrink;
When life burns low, with flickering glow,
Above Death's sombre brink;
When Earth's ast light fades into night,
"And all is said and done,"—

"Love cannot fail," and must prevail,
For God and Love are one.

—William H. Hayne.

THE AFRICAN AND HIS DOG.

"ONE day," said an African missionary, "as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important but least attentive of my congregation, this exclamation, 'Oh, what a misfortune!' pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear. Quite concerned, I pushed open the door and went in.

"'What is the matter, Tamra,' I said. 'What misfortune has happened to you? Neither your wife nor your son ill, I hope?' 'No,' he replied, 'there's no one ill in the hut.'

"'Well, what trouble are you lamenting?'

"The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air. 'Why, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible you gave us.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the loss is not irreparable; I may be able to replace the leaf.'

"'Ah, but,' said the man, 'my dog is spoiled. He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I bid him. He will become as gentle as a lamb, as all our warriors do now who read that book. I tell you what, missionary, my good dog is ruined, and and it is all your fault.'—*Selected*.

OPPORTUNITIES.

BUSINESS men train themselves to watch for opportunities. Long experience has made many of them quick to detect momentary changes, and fortunes are made through sagacious forecastings. Away off our coasts, tugs lie in wait in the track of homeward-bound vessels, and those who put furthest to sea have often the best chance. If they lie in harbour until signalled for, their gains will not be great. Christian workers should also be on the alert. We are to pray to the Lord, but we are also to watch the opportunities He gives us. He is constantly among us, although unseen, and is working out His gracious designs. He has pieces of service for each of us to do, and has at times laid the burden upon us and given us splendid opportunities; but Jonah like, we have disobeyed His call and have run away from work which would have blessed others and enriched ourselves. If the Lord calls us to any special labour He will not fail us in it, and our highest wisdom is to watch His guiding hand at all times. Our hearts too often wax

gross and our ears are dull of hearing, and when He speaks we do not hear His voice. Were we wise we would ever have our ears open to catch His faintest whisper. An instructed and experienced heart is responsive to the slightest promptings of the Spirit. It has its secret communings with Him and is led to many quiet pieces of work careless Christians know nothing of. In the office, on the street, in the train a word may be dropped which may set a soul at liberty, comfort the sorrowing, or bring hope to the despairing. If we watch as those who watch for the morning we will continually see traces of our Lord's goings, and will often be lost in admiration at His marvellous wisdom, and at the greatness of His goodness to those who follow Him fully. It will become our chiefest delight to give ourselves over daily to be used by Him, and if we do so in humility and faith He will soon give us plenty of opportunities.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine*.

AS CHILDREN SEE US.

I WISH to speak, not of truthful children, but of the necessity of truthful parents—a necessity that, it seems to me, is largely overlooked. Unless we stop to think about it, a great many of us, who are earnestly trying to do right, never realize our danger of telling downright falsehoods to our children. For my own part, I had always thought myself a scrupulously truthful person, with no temptation to the vice of lying, until I caught myself on the very verge of it, more than once, with my own child. I remember one morning she came and asked if she could wear a certain dress in the afternoon, and I said "yes," and forgot all about it, and so did she. When the time came for her walk she was about to leave the house, when she remembered what I had promised, and came flying down the hall in delight, to get me to tell her nurse to undress her again, and put on the favored garment. I was in a great hurry for some errands to be done down town, the stores closed at six o'clock, and there was barely time, if the nurse hurried. For a moment I felt as if the child should bear the penalty of her forgetfulness, and go as she was, but one look into the bright little face settled that; the idea that I could break my word had never occurred to her, and I determined it