

Minister of Christ! do you feel that Jesus is with you when you issue from your study to enter your pulpit or to visit your people or neighbours at their homes? If not, do you feel that you cannot go without him?

Labourer for Jesus! how is it with you when you go to your class, or to hold your prayer meeting, or visit your district! Is it ever said after such meetings with them, or with each other, "Did not our heart burn within us while HE talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

THE DESTROYER AND HIS VICTIM—BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

On a hot summer day, a gentleman sat down to think over a subject on which his mind was greatly troubled. He was wondering how it was that so many of the young men of his acquaintance had yielded to temptation, and been destroyed. He was wondering how the great Tempter could so soon get them entangled in his nets, and never let them loose again till they were ruined.

While he was thinking over the subject, he saw a worm moving along softly in the footpath. He moved quietly, and without any fear. "Now," said the gentleman to himself, "that poor worm can go safely though it has no reason to guide it. There lies in wait no destroyer to entangle it, while our young men, with reason and conscience, are destroyed by scores!" Just then he saw a spider dart across the path, about a foot in front of the worm. She did not appear to be thinking of the worm, nor the worm of her. When he got quite across the path, she stopped, and stood still. The worm kept on, but soon was brought to a stand by a small cord, too small for our eyes to see, which the spider had spun as she rushed before him. Finding himself stopped, the worm turned to go back. The instant he turned, back darted the spider, spinning a new cord behind her. The poor worm was now brought up a second time, and twisted and turned every way to escape. He seemed now to suspect some mischief, for he ran this way and that way, and every time he turned, the spider darted around him, weaving another rope. There gradually was no space left for him, *except in the direction of the hole of the spider!* That way was left open, but on all other sides, by darting across and around, the space was gradually growing less. It was noticed, too, that every time the worm turned towards the hole of the spider, he was instantly hemmed in, so that he could not get back *quite* as far as before. So his very agony continually brought him nearer to the place of death! It took a full hour to do all this, and by that time the worm was brought close to the hole of his destroyer. He now seemed to feel that he was helpless, and if he could have screamed, he doubtless would have done so. And now the spider eyed him for a moment, as if enjoying his terror, and laughing at her own skill, and then darted at him and struck him with her fangs. Instantly the life began to flow out. Again she struck him, and the poor thing rolled over in agony and died. Mrs. Spider now hitched one of her little ropes to her victim, and drew him into her hole, where she feasted at her leisure, perhaps counting over the number of poor victims whom she had destroyed in the same way before!

When I see a boy who goes with bad company, and who listens to their profane and licentious conversation, I think of the spider and her victim.

When I see a boy breaking the Sabbath, by going off to fish, to swim, or to play;

When I see one disregarding his father and mother, and doing what he knows will grieve them;

When I see one occasionally going to the oyster cellar, and to the drinking saloon in company;

When I see one going to the theatre where nothing good, but all evil, is displayed;

When I have reason to suspect that he takes money from his father or his employer, which is none of his, but which he *hopes* to replace;

Why, I always think of the spider and her victim, and mourn that the great Destroyer is weaving his meshes about every such boy, and is drawing him towards his own awful home! The dead are there!