

to themselves and give all the glory of their services unto Christ.

15. They value a heavenly home more than any earthly possession.

The Angel of Peace.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

A little child was standing on the top of a high hill, which overlooked a deep, beautiful valley. His face was towards the north, and the whole landscape was most charming, having just been washed by a gentle shower. Every leaf and spire of grass had something like a diamond hanging on it. The birds were bursting out into new songs, and there were smiles flung over everything. As the child gazed, there came forth from the storm which was rolling up the valley, a form that could not be excelled by that of an angel. It was an angel—that is a messenger from God, for that is what the word angel means. It came out of the dark cloud, and placed one foot on the west side of the valley, and the other on the east side, and then benched the space in a way inexpressibly graceful. It was clothed in light garments of different colours, so blended together that the eye could see no fault, and the mind could think of nothing more lovely. It stood still, and the little child was lost in admiration and wonder. At length he overcame his awe so far as to speak to it.

‘O, beautiful thing! who art thou?’

‘I am the Angel of Peace.’

‘Dost thou live here?’

‘No, not in particular; I live anywhere—sometimes seen on the mountain, sometimes in the valley, sometimes on the land, sometimes on the great sea. My home is in the storm, and I come out of the dark cloud and smile upon the path over which the storm has travelled.’

‘How old art thou?’

‘Nearly five thousand years old. A long, long time ago, an old man was looking off from Mount Ararat. He had seen a sudden and awful rising of the waters, and the coming down of the storm, and had seen a great multitude of people drown, and he was trembling lest other times would bring the waters again. So I was created and sent to him to assure him there should never be another flood, as long as the world lasted. O, how joyfully he gazed at me, and then gave thanks to the Mighty One who sent me to him. Since his day I have been watched by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by Moses and David, and a multitude more.’

‘Hast thou ever been worshipped?’

‘Never. Strange as it may seem, I have been admired by all generations. I have never heard one find fault with my form, my dress, or my mission, but I have never been

worshipped. I never had a temple or an altar consecrated to me.’

‘If thou art so old, why can’t we see thee all the time?’

‘O, I live only a few minutes, and then die and am forgotten. But in the twinkling of an eye I am revived and created anew very often.’

‘Does it hurt thee to die?’

‘Not at all. I live only in the sunbeams and the mists. I neither hunger, nor thirst, nor grow old. There’s not a wrinkle on my brow, nor spot on my garments. The pollutions of the earth do not reach me. I have a brother, and only one’

‘Where does he live?’

‘He lives in heaven. He is dressed in green, and hangs like a curtain over the throne of God, and few things, even there are more beautiful’

‘Is thy brother more beautiful than thyself?’

‘O, a thousand times! There is nothing there which is not far more beautiful than anything you have here on your earth.—Here everything fades away, there everything abides, and is eternal. Dear child, dost thou think thou wilt ever see my beautiful brother in that world?’

‘I don’t know. Canst thou lift me up there?’

‘No. But there is one who can. I am his angel—the Angel of Peace. He is the Prince of Peace. I show that the storm shall not drown the world.’

‘What is thy name?’

‘Rainbow.’

‘What is thy Prince’s name?’

‘Jesus Christ.’

Prayers of the Christians of Abbeokuta Heard.

A year ago, the flourishing and interesting Christian village of Abbeokuta gathered from the heathen of the west coast of Africa, by missionary labour, was threatened with destruction by the sanguinary King of Dahomey. Every arrival from that quarter of the world was waited for with painful interest, as the village seemed but an easy prey to its ferocious and powerful enemy.—Unexpectedly, inexplicably the siege of the place was raised and the heathen army withdrew, after laying waste the surrounding villages and putting to death a number of captives. A missionary, Buchler, who remained in Abbeokuta during the siege, thus writes:

‘From the 7th of March, when the enemy pitched his camp two hours off, till the 23d, we were kept in a state of most dreadful anxiety, expecting every moment that these bloodthirsty bands would take the city by storm. For myself, I was equally sus-