

## A Minute.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown !  
And yet, how important it is !  
God calls every moment his own,  
For all our existence is his ;  
And tho' we may waste them in folly and  
play,  
He notices each that we squander away.

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly and strife ;  
But, oh ! no repentance or tears  
Can bring back one moment of life !  
But time, if well spent, and improved as it  
goes,  
Will render life pleasant and peaceful its  
close.

And when all the minutes are past,  
Which God for our portion has given  
We shall certainly welcome the last,  
If it safely conducts us to heaven.  
The value of time, then, may all of us see,  
Not knowing how near our last minute may  
be.

—Selected.

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## Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1888.

## The Patient and the Medical Students.

A WORKER says: "Not long ago a young man in Alexandria was brought to Christ. He became ill, and consulted a doctor, who told him that he was unable to form any opinion of the nature of his disease, and that he thought the best thing he could do was to consult a medical professor.

"The young man acted upon that advice, and the professor honestly told him that he had upon him a disease that certainly would end with his death. There was only one possibility of cure. If he would consent to undergo a painful operation he might be saved, but the result was not at all certain. The young man, after an earnest prayer to God to give the operator wisdom, prayed for the students, who had come in, that God would save such as were unconverted, and that he would bless them all. Then, casting himself upon the Lord, he declared himself ready.

"Many of the students were completely broken down, and the pro-

fessor himself was moved to tears, and turning to the students, he said. 'Young gentlemen, many of you have heard it said that there is nothing in religion; but I think that we must all see that there is something in a religion that enables a young man to look at death so bravely, and in the midst of his own overwhelming troubles to think of the salvation of others. I had much fear regarding the success of this operation, but now I have none.'

"The operation was a success; and while lying in the infirmary, the young man was visited by many of the students who thanked him for showing them the way of salvation—for that earnest prayer, offered in the operating-room had gone to their hearts."

## A Lad's Avowal of Christ.

AN Evangelist relates: "When I was addressing a gospel meeting in London, not long ago, among those who waited at the close of the service to be spoken with was a young lad, who told the worker that he would like to be saved, but he was afraid of his companions laughing at him. The worker showed him the necessity of confessing Christ, and that he need not go forth in his own strength; that God would be always with him to strengthen and uphold; and that if he were ashamed to confess Christ, Christ would not confess him before his Father. The lad accepted Christ, resolving to openly avow him. Next day, as the friend who had spoken to him was walking along the street, a bright-faced lad came up to him, and held out his hand. At first the gentleman did not remember the face, but a second look enabled him to recognize the anxious inquirer of the previous night. 'Well,' he asked, 'how did you get on?' 'Oh, I just told them the whole story, and after they had laughed and mocked a bit, that was all they could do.'

## Glorifying Christ in Japan.

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:—

"It seems to me like this: In spring my mother got some flower seeds—little, ugly, black things—and planted them. They grew and blossomed beautifully. One day, a neighbour coming in, and seeing these flowers, said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some too. Won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them. 'Twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity. When we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, 'We don't care to hear about these things—they are not as interesting as our



SAMSON CARRYING THE GATES OF GAZA.

own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too!'

"And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

## Tragedy, Indeed.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune and high social position was a moderate drinker. He came home one day in a state of great exaltation, and his little boy ran to the door to meet him, crying out, "Mamma, here's papa! Here's papa!" The father caught him up playfully, swinging him about furiously in his semi-delirium, and the little fellow's temple came in contact with the corner of a marble table, and he fell down dead.

The mother shrieked and fell to the floor in a state of absolute insensibility; and the father staggered off to a bed, upon which he threw himself, and was soon in a state of drunken stupor, unconscious of all the surroundings.

The pastor was called, and spent the whole night in that fearful scene—the wife in wild delirium, and she died without recovering consciousness. The father, when reason returned, inquired for his boy, and upon being told the facts, fell to the floor in spasms, became insane, and died in a madhouse.

The pastor, who saw the whole of that fearful tragedy, described it afterwards at a ministers' meeting, painting it in all its horrors. The pastor at the time was a most respectable moderate drinker. The scene he had

witnessed suggested nothing to him, and in ten years after he was himself an outcast and a drunkard, and is now a hostler at a tavern stable.—Neal Dow.

## Samson Carrying the Gates of Gaza.

THIS was one of the greatest feats of the strongest of men, carrying off the great gates of the city of Gaza. Observe the great web of hair he wore in fulfilment of his Nazarite's vow. It is a pity that Samson's piety and good sense were not as great as his strength.

## A Christian Railway Ticket Collector.

MR. D. J. FINDLAY observes: "I was travelling from Manchester to Bradford, a short time ago, and when we stopped to have the tickets collected, I noticed that the collector was a fine, bright young fellow, and I took the opportunity of speaking to him of his soul. 'I suppose there is sometimes an accident on this line?' I remarked. He laughingly replied that there was. Then, pointing to my companion, who sat beside me, I said, 'If there be a collision this run, my friend and I are going straight to heaven, if the Lord sees fit to take this life from us. If anything should happen to you, would you go there also?' 'Yes, I would,' was the confident reply. 'Then you are a Methodist?' I continued. 'Oh, no,' he answered; 'we do not need to be Methodists to be saved. All who believe in Christ are saved. Jesus does not save for the Church's sake, but for his own sake.' I was much pleased with this young man's answer, for I saw that he had built on a sure foundation."