

sinners," more to be pitied than to be blamed. Nor does he offer to pray for them—thus teaching them to cling to his skirts or rely on his prayers for their salvation. Of such spiritual quackery he knew nothing. Those enquirers before him he recognized as free moral agents. They very properly demanded to know what they must do, and he gave them a prompt, pithy answer in one short, sharp word, "Repent!"

Suppose that some of them had said—what we so often hear in an enquiry-meeting—"We are penitent, we are pricked to the heart; we feel keenly and your sermon started the tears." Peter might have told them that a few days before he had himself "wrought bitterly" over his own sin, but the tears did not wash out the sin, or renew his heart. Repentance is something vastly deeper than tears or anguish, or a harrowed conscience, or a terror of the wrath to come. Bible-repentance is an act of the soul when that soul takes a right view of sin, and then, by God's help, abandons the sin. Or, as the good old catechism puts it, the soul, "doth with grief and hatred of sin, turn from it." This is true repentance. A convicted gambler looks at his pack of cards and his dice, and sees in them ruin for this world and the next, and then flings them into the fire. A dishonest man, stung to the heart by his own fraud, goes to the man he has wronged and restores the unjust gains, with the solemn vow to God never again to touch one dishonest dime. That gamster, that swindler have both exercised genuine repentance in regard to those two specific sins. They have both felt compunction over a wicked practice and then quit it. A young man said to me in an enquiry-meeting last night, "My besetting sin is to swear." Our answer to him was, "Confess your sin to God and stop swearing."

Whether it be one specific sin, or a whole life-course of ungodliness that is to be repented of, the method is the same. The thing to be done is to take a right view of sin and then quit it. This must be your own act. The undoubted fact that the Holy Spirit awakens you to penitence and promotes your penitence does not alter that other fact—that repentance must be the exercise of your own will. God's Spirit cannot do it for you. He will aid you with infinite help, yet you must repent, or perish! And do it also voluntarily. The dishonest canal contractor, who is only ashamed because he is detected, and only stops plundering until he can get another chance, is not a true penitent. Sin must be both abhorred and abandoned, or else there is not such repentance as God will accept. My friend, when you have looked at your own heart as utterly vile, and your own conduct as abominably wicked—when you have implored God to change your heart, and to help you change your conduct, you have taken one vital step toward salvation.

Is this the only step? No, there is one more, equally vital. The second illustrious preacher of the early church described it in one word also. When an anxious enquirer in the dungeon of Philippi asked him, "What must I do?" he gave back the swift reply—"Believe!" A better translation of the Greek word would be—trust on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved. This too must be your own act. We have but little patience with a class of well-meaning people who talk so much about faith as a mere passive feeling that enquirers after salvation get the false idea that it is only a "resting in the arms of Jesus," like a babe fast asleep. The trust that saves a soul is a trust that clings and follows. If I fall overboard from a ferry-boat, and a rope is tossed out to me, it is not enough for me to believe that the rope is sufficiently strong to bear my weight or that it was thrown in love. I must lay hold of it and hold on! Where that rope goes, I go—until the strong arms that lowered it land me on the deck. So faith in Jesus is simply holding fast to him. This is my "doing." He holds me. That is His doing. This is all the doing that is needful.

From the moment that you give yourself up to Jesus you must allow him to have his way. Paul might have given that Philippian jailer a leaf out of his own experience; and told him that the moment his hard heart broke down, it cried out, "Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?" Saul of Tarsus used to have his own way; it led right to hell. Paul let Jesus do with him just as he chose. He did not stop to bargain with Jesus for "comfort or joy," or, like certain watery professors nowadays, he did not everlastingly beg to be "happy." His joy was to do Christ's will; his crown was to save dying souls. If there had been any Brother Sankey with him in the cell, or on board the ship, he would have said, "Come, brother, let us sing—

Lord, there's a cross in every lot,  
And an hourly need of prayer,  
And the lowly heart that leans on thee,  
Is happy everywhere."

Now, then, enquiring friend, I have tried to show you just what God's Word bids you do. Quit sin and follow Jesus. This is the essence of Bible-piety. On whatever point Christ presses you, yield. When you yield even one

point to please him, the change is begun. When you are willing to trust on Jesus and to go with Jesus, you are a converted man or woman. Don't wait for ecstasies and floods of glory, if you are faithful to the end, you will have enough of them in heaven. Reader, take your Bible and go with it to Jesus on your knees. Shut yourself up with Him. Surrender your soul entirely to Him. One hour with Jesus alone, is worth a year of conversation with pious friends. Whatsoever He saith to you, do it.—*Christian Weekly*

STUMBLING-BLOCKS REMOVED.]

I fear I shall never stand, and so dishonor Him—my circumstances are peculiar.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day (2 Tim 1:12)

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy (Jude 24).

Ho hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee (Hebrews, 13:5).

I fear my sins are too great to be forgiven. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers:

But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot (1 Peter 1:18, 19).

When I see the blood I will pass over you (Exodus 12:13).

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool (Isaiah 1:18).

My earthly prospects will be ruined—I shall be cast out.

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus (Phil. 4:19).

But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Matt. 4:4).

And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life (Matt. 16:29).

I do not feel my guilt as I should I am waiting for conviction.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it (Jeremiah 17:9)?

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding (Proverbs 3:5).

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them (Matt. 7:24).

They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced (Zechariah 12:10).

I do not see that I am such a great sinner. But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away (Isaiah 64:6).

For there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God (Rom. 3:22, 23).

If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us (1 John 1:10).—*Ralph Wells.*

THE JAPANESE AT WORK AT PHILADELPHIA.

The most curious part of today's work was driving of a number of piles, each six feet long and ten inches in diameter, upon which is to rest, like a corn-crib, a rectangular structure, eighty-four by forty-four feet, and in general appearance like the pictures of Japanese houses that children see in their primers. The way in which the Japs managed the pile-driving brought many a burst of laughter from the bystanders. They had a portable tripod about twenty feet high, with two fixed pulleys under the apex, from which was suspended by a grass rope a cylindrical iron hammer, weighing three hundred pounds. Six Japs on each side of the machine seize a grass rope which passes over one of the pulleys, the foreman stands at one side, holds up his forefinger, closes one eye, and then, apparently not satisfied with this, picks up a short stick, holds it in a vertical position between his two forefingers, rights the pile with it, and at last winks with both eyes as a signal to the workmen that the ceremony of Japanese plumb-bobbing is concluded, whereupon the hammer moves up and down very rapidly, driving the pile an inch into the earth at every descent, until it is time for the foreman to do a little more plumb-bobbing. One pile struck a rock, and while everybody was wondering how things were to be managed, one of the gang ran off and brought back something that had teeth like a saw, but which was shaped like a butcher's cleaver, but the panting Jap had severed the stick in about

half the time required for a saw of American make to do the same work.

The Japs draw their planes toward them instead of pushing them from them, and use an ink line instead of a chalk line. It resembles a tape-line case, and contains a sponge which may be saturated with ink of any color. Through this sponge the cord may be drawn and then wound up, dispensing with the tedious process of chalking. The holes for the piles were marked out in this odd way, two posts, one at each end of the foundation, were connected at the top by a tightly-drawn cord, from end to end of this the mandarin foreman walked with his rule, measuring off spaces, which he marked by tying bits of string in bow knots to the main cord, and then standing off to go through his delicate operation of plumb-bobbing, which he repeated every time that his men removed the tripod to drive a new pile. Their adze is a remarkable tool, chiefly on account of its handle, which is shaped as Hogarth's line of Beauty might be if warped by torrid weather. The wielder of this tool stands over his timber and hacks away, driving the steel far underneath his foot at every blow. When the ropes of the pile-drivers were too long the foreman fastened blocks of wood in slip knots to shorten them, but one of these slipped and dropped on the head of a young Jap, causing him to let go the rope, fall backward and roll over to a big log, upon which he sat down to rest himself and laugh.

The Japanese square is eighteen and a half inches long and nine and a quarter wide, and is graduated, like the rule, by the decimal system, nine and a quarter of their inches being equal to eight of ours.

In the bamboo building not a nail will be used, all the material is there, dovetailed, bevelled and mortised, ready to be fastened together with wooden pins. The artisan lives in a frame structure within the enclosure, do their own cooking and laundry work, and live on soup, rice and dried meats which they brought with them in hermetically sealed cans. The officials having charge of Japanese operations in the Park refuse to give the slightest information as to what they are doing. When asked about their building and intended exhibition, the questioner is invariably put off with, "Wait till comes time; you then see." It displeases them when spectators laugh at the uncouth mechanical operations of the flat-nosed and tawny-featured Orientals.—*Philadelphia Times.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS

BY JOHN S. HART, LL. D.

The time was when the difficulty in this matter was to find books enough to stock a library with reading that would be attractive to children. The difficulty now is all the other way. No literature is so abundant. There are at least eight great publication boards or societies engaged in the production of religious story books for the young, the publications of any one of which would be more than any ordinary school could keep pace with, to say nothing of an equal number of enterprising private publishers whose lists are scarcely less formidable than those of the boards. The number of these religious story books now in the market cannot be much less than ten thousand, and they are increasing at the rate of more than one a day all the year round.

In the face of such a fact, the Sunday-school worker is compelled to pause as he can no longer safely order books at random for the Sunday-school library. We must perforce make a selection. If we would not do a great wrong, we must be willing to give the time and the labor needed to make this selection wisely. We have no more right to place books in the Sunday-school library, without knowing something of their character, than we would have to fill children's cups at table with something to drink, without stopping to enquire whether that something is water or gin. Gin for breakfast would in fact be not much worse for the body than are to the mind some of the stimulating novels to be found on the shelves of Sunday-school libraries.

What are some of the features that *prima facie* should exclude a book from the catalogue? To give them all would require a treatise. We give two or three.

First, no book which is a story of love and matrimony. No book in which the interest of the plot is made to depend in any perceptible degree on this subject. If any reader is simple enough to think that there is no need of a positive, absolute, prohibitory rule on this subject, his experience in such literature has been more fortunate than ours. The extent to which such books have become debauched by catering to a precocious taste for this sort of thing is really alarming; and those who have the control of our Sunday-school libraries should set their faces like flint against every book in which the young actors fall in love, or in which the passion of love is in the slightest degree made a motive power in the development of the plot. Until buyers come to a fixed determination on this point, and r-

fuse point blank to buy for the library any book in which there is a love affair, no matter what the merits of the book in other respects, our writers and our publishers of religious story books for the young will not mend their manners.

Secondly, no book in which the writer speaks of the actors in the story as "heroes" or "heroines," or which, even if they are not so called, the young reader would be likely to think of them as belonging to this superlative type. This sort of stuff is only next door to love and matrimony. It may do for the dime novel, but is utterly out of place in the Sunday-school library.

Thirdly, no book which does not teach something. To be merely an interesting story is not enough. To be something which the children will devour is not enough. If the reader, on closing the book, does not feel that he has learned something, that he has some new idea of duty, that he has some new ideas of right and wrong, or that his old ideas on this subject have received a new enforcement, the book has no business in the library. No matter how thrilling the story may be, no matter how much the children may be enchanted with it, the book is not what you want. You might, with just as good reason, give your children champagne and sweetmeats for their daily bread. They need food. You give them a song.—*S. S. Times.*

THE AFFECTIONATE HAWK AND ITS PET KITTEN.

A lady was once walking amid the scenery of the Isle of Wight, when she observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank, in all the security of a midday nap. It was a beautiful little creature, and the lady gently approached, in order to stroke it, when suddenly down swooped a hawk, pounced upon the sleeping kitten, and completely hid it from her sight. It was a kestrel. Our friend was greatly shocked, and tried to rescue the little victim, but the kestrel stood at bay and refused to move. There he stood on the bank, firmly facing her, and all her efforts to drive him from his prey failed. The lady hurried on to a fisherman's cottage, which was near at hand, and told of the little tragedy with the eloquence of real feeling.

But the fisher-folk were not so disconcerted, and, laughing, said

"It is always so; that hawk always comes down if anybody goes near the kitten. He has taken to the kitten, and he stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep."

The case was so remarkable that the lady enquired further into its history, and learned that the kitten's mother had died, and that the fisherman's family had missed the little nursing. After some time, they observed a kestrel hawk loitering about the cottage; they used to throw him scraps of meat, and they noticed that he always carried off a portion of every meal, dragging even heavy bones away out of sight. His movements were watched, and they saw that he carried the stores to the roof of a cottage. A ladder was placed, some one ascended, and there, nesting in a hole in the thatch, lay the lost kitten, thriving prosperously under the tender care of its strange foster-father. The foundling was brought down, and restored to civilized life, but the bandit-protector was not disposed to resign his charge, and ever kept at hand to fly to the rescue whenever dangerous ladies threatened it with a caress.—*Dumb Animals.*

WHERE BREAD GROWS!—Where the bread grows! Where is that? If we would find bread growing we should go away to the Indian Archipelago and the Islands of the Pacific, such as the Society Islands, where the best society, that of copper-color savages, is more exciting than agreeable. In those places the people would be badly off for food but for the bread-fruit tree, which yields them a plentiful supply nearly all the year round. The trees are much larger than our apple-trees, and among their dark foathery leaves the fruit shines, ripening from green to a golden shade. It is as large as a coco-nut, but quite round, with a thick rough rind, and the natives gather it before it is ripe, when it has not yet turned quite yellow. They dig a hole in the earth for an oven, light a fire, and bake it nearly black. On being taken out as soon as it gets cool enough for their brown fingers to hold it, they scrape off all the outside burnt part of the rind, that leaves their fruit or loaf, which ever you like to call it, of a pretty light yellow color, and on being cut it is temptingly white inside. The crumb is said to taste "as soft and sweet as a new baked roll." Some who have eaten it think it has the flavor of roast potatoes, but is in no other way like potato; it is so crummy and white, that we should be more likely to call it a peculiar kind of bread.—*Little Folks.*

A PERMANENT HOME.—To have a home which a man has himself reared or purchased—a home which he has improved or beautified—a home indeed, which, with honest pride and natural love, he calls his own—is an additional