

O you who use a cross as an ornament, why do you so? Will you make an adornment of that which was your Master's death? I had as soon wear about my neck a butcher's knife, which had killed my mother, as a cross on which my Saviour was murdered. It looks as if you sided with his murderers and gloried in the instrument of his torture.—*Sprurgeon.*

In these days the cross is an ornament. It is jewelled, gilt, pretty. It tinkles among the trinkets of the mincing girl, who hangs it round her neck before the glass. It is worn by the painted harlot, as well as by the simple nun. Forget not its rudeness, its suffering, its terrible truth, its burning, blushing shame.—*Rev. Harry Jones.*

WORKS OF NECESSITY.

When Mr. Hartshorn began in business he determined that his works, as well as his family and himself, should rest upon the Lord's day.

It was not long before the foreman came to say there was something wrong about the machinery, and that it would be necessary to have it repaired upon the coming Sabbath. Mr. Hartshorn asked if the work could not be done after hours, or a night couldn't be taken for it?

"No, that would be impossible," replied the foreman.

"Then we must use a day. We will have no Sabbath work here," said Mr. Hartshorn.

The foreman looked astonished. "Take a day for it!" he gasped. "Stop the works! and with such a press of orders as we have on hand?"

"Certainly, if there is no other way," said Mr. Hartshorn decidedly.

The foreman went off, and somehow another way was found. The works were not stopped, and the repairing was not done on the Sabbath.

In connection with his bleachery, Mr. Hartshorn had something like a mile of shed-room, where the cloth was spread to dry, and when it was not ready to take down on Saturday, several men were needed to look after it during the Sabbath.

"This will not do," said Mr. Hartshorn. "Everybody and everything belonging to me shall have rest upon the Lord's day."

"It can't be helped," said the men. "Thousands of yards of cloth will be mildewed and spoilt if they are not looked after. Any one can see that this is a work of necessity. There is not one week in four when the cloth is all fit, to be taken down on Saturday night. And look at the Globe bleacheries over here. Isn't Deacon Green one of your Sabbath men? Deacon of the Baptist church; should think he ought to be as particular as anybody; and he'll tell you it is impossible to carry on the bleaching business and not have some looking after it done on the Sabbath now and then."

"We will try it, however," said Mr. Hartshorn. "We won't have any cloth put out later than Thursday if the weather seems doubtful."

It is twenty years since Mr. Hartshorn began work on this plan. His bleachery has prospered, and he is a rich man, and to-day stands at the head of his business. And in all these years he has never found Sabbath work to be a work of necessity, nor, as I have it from his own lips, that his business has suffered in the end from resting on the Lord's day.