

Lessons for June.—Illustrations.

1. The destruction of the French armament under the Duke D'Auville in the year 1736, ought to be remembered with gratitude and admiration. This fleet consisted of forty ships of war, was destined for the destruction of New England, was of sufficient force to render that destruction, in the ordinary process of things, certain; and sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, for this purpose. In the meantime the godly in the land were apprised of their danger, and, feeling that their only safety was in God, had appointed a season of fasting and prayer to be observed in all their churches. While Mr. Prince was officiating in the the old South Church on this fast-day, a sudden gust of wind arose (the day till now had been perfectly calm) so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows. The pastor paused in his prayer, and looking round upon his congregation with a countenance of hope, he again commenced, and with great ardour supplicated the Almighty God to cause that wind to frustrate the object of their enemies, and save the country from conquest and Popery. A tempest ensued in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke D'Auville the principal general, and the second in command both committed suicide, many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The small number that remained alive returned to France. The enterprise was abandoned and never again resumed.

2. To-day it is fair, the next day there may be the thunder storm; to-day I may want for nothing, to-morrow I may be like Jacob with nothing but a stone for my pillow, and the heavens for my curtains. But though we know not where the road winds, we know where it ends. Israel's forty years' wanderings were, after all, the nearest path to Canaan. We may have to go through trial and affliction, the pilgrimage may be a tiresome one, but it is safe. We cannot trace the river upon which we are sailing; but we know it ends in floods of bliss at last. We cannot track the roads, but we know that they all meet in the great metropolis of heaven, in the centre of God's universe. God help us to preserve the true pilgrimage of a pious life.

A father with his little son is journeying overland to California; and when, at night, he pitches his tent in some pleasant valley, the child is charmed with the spot and begs his father to rear a house and remain there, and he begins to make a little fence about the tent, and digs up the wild flowers and plants them within the enclosure; but the father says, "No, my son. Our home is far distant. Let these things go, for to-

morrow we must depart." Now God is taking us His children as pilgrims and strangers, homeward; but we desire to build here, and must be often overthrown before we can learn to seek "the city that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

3. There are depths in the ocean, I am told, which no tempest ever stirs; they are beyond the reach of all storms which sweep and agitate the surface of the sea. And there are heights in the blue sky above to which no cloud ever ascends where no tempest ever rages, where all is perpetual sunshine and no night exists to disturb the deep serenity. Each of these is an emblem of the soul which Jesus visits; to whom he speaks peace, whose fear he dispels, and whose lamp of hope he trims.

4. A Kaffir young woman had renounced her Kaffir dress and customs, and put on European dress, as befitting a Christian convert. Her brother, still a heathen, wanted her to accompany him to a heathen dance. She refused. He fetched a stick and beat her till it broke. She never winced nor uttered a cry nor a word of reproach. He went to procure another stick, but some native women interposed and rescued her. He then covered her with some heathen dress, when she wept bitterly. "Why didn't you cry before?" he demanded. Some time rolled by, and the brother came again to visit her. He would not enter the hut, perhaps ashamed of his former conduct, he might have met with reproach. No. He mistook her; he had not yet learned Christianity. When she saw him she went out and met him at the entrance, gave him her hand, and with it a sister's kiss. That subdued him.

It used to be said of Archbishop Cranmer, "If you would be sure to have Cranmer do you a good turn, you must do him some ill one;" for though he loved to do good to all, yet especially he would watch for opportunity to do good to all such as had wronged him.

Hunter Prizes—Theological Hall, Halifax.

Three prizes of \$50, \$40, and \$30 respectively, will be awarded by competitive examination at the beginning of next session. The examination will be in writing. The following are the subjects prescribed: Greek Testament—Matthew, Mark, and from James to Revelation, inclusive. Hodge's Systematic Theology, Introduction and four chapters of Part I—being fully half of the first volume (pp. 1-365 Am. ed.) These subjects to be taken conjointly.