

"scattered his risks" a little. But Noah was an independent man; he had a mind of his own; he was firm. He wouldn't budge a hair from what he thought was best for anybody—not he. Noah's neighbors were undoubtedly very wise—say as wise, upon an average, as our capitalists in Wall Street. One day those sage men called a meeting of distinguished citizens to consider what was best to be done in regard to this boat-building business. There was a large gathering, and poor old Noah had to take it. The principal speakers called him a radical, a fanatic, a crazy man, and many other hard names. Finally, a committee was appointed to wait on Noah and expostulate with him for his folly. They took the first fair day to perform their duty. When they drew near, Noah was busy hammering away at his "oid hulk," as they called it. The following conversation occurred:

COMMITTEE.—Good morning. We have called to have a little chat with you on business matters. We want to know what on earth you are driving at—what you are about here—spending so much money in such a wild speculation.

NOAH.—Good morning, neighbors. Glad to see you—very busy, as you see—hav'nt much spare time. Take a seat on that plank—talk away, and I will keep right on, for I must spike on this flooring—fore sundown—I'll hear you—go on.

COMMITTEE.—Be good enough to tell us neighbor Noah, what in the world you are thinking of. Some of the good people hereabouts believe you are crazy—yes, they do. They don't think it right to waste so much time and money in such a moonshine operation. Why, Noah, you have been more than seventy-five years—ever since some of us were boys—hammering away at this old hulk, and we think it is high time to stop. If you *don't* stop, Noah, we "can't be responsible for the consequences," and, besides, when you get this great concern finished, what are you going to do with it? Where are you going to launch it, Noah? There isn't any water within forty miles of here. Don't you know it, foolish fellow? Come now—just haul off. You are an old man, and ought to enjoy yourself the rest of your days, and—

NOAH.—(Interrupting.)—Now gentlemen, excuse me, I think we shan't agree—am very busy, you see—must finish up my boat in just twenty-nine years, and can't be interrupted. Large investment, to be sure, but I think you'll say I'm right in the end. I intend to put my capital where it will be secure, and besides, I want to provide for the future—to look out for myself and family. There's trouble ahead, and I mean to prepare for it. You think you are right, while I *know you are wrong*. Am sorry, gentlemen, but I'm going—ahead; I believe if a man does right the Lord will take care of him.

COMMITTEE.—Well, Noah, we find that all we hear about you is true. You are no business man—no financier. You are a fanatic—a radical—and we advise you to stop short, or as we said before, "we can't be responsible for the consequences." Come, Noah, we expect a great time over on the Plain to-morrow—plenty to eat and drink. Come now, quit that nonsense—it will ruin you—you won't have a cent left if you go on; your friends will all forsake you. What say, Noah? Won't you join us?

NOAH.—Join you! Never!

Now, gentlemen financiers, we want to know what you think of Noah's investment—as it *turned out*. You conservative men, who are afraid it will injure your business to do right—what do you think of Noah? You faint-hearted men, what do you think of Noah? You who love ease, peace, and injustice more than God's righteous law—what do you think of Noah? Say, what do you think of the financiering, of the investment of Noah? Did it pay? That's the question and you know how to answer it.—A. C. Review.

#### GOD'S PROMISES.

"Give me where to stand" said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." The child of God has that "where to stand," and does move the world; not with physical fulcrum and lever, but by faith in Christ and prayer to God, standing upon the exceeding great and precious promises of God." The Christian has a foothold outside and above the world, a place of security and rest, where he may find refuge in this life when the waves of trouble surge high; and which shall endure, when the world itself shall pass away. The promises of God are facts and realities. They present solid footing; they are abundant; they are immutable and suited to every exigency. God is so munificent with his gifts that he can not find room for them all in the present, and so he fills up his book with promissory notes to which he signs his name; and his truth, his love, and his unmeasured bounty in the present, are a sufficient guarantee for their fulfillment. These promises apply to us in all of our needs. They cover us at every point, relating to this world and the world to come. They anticipate every phase in life, every condition of mind, every change in existence, and nothing pertaining to us is unprovided for. They are practical promises, taking hold of man as he is, and not simply as he ought to be. They are made to us as sinners and not upon the supposition that we are angels. They stoop to our degradation; they come to our sore and tried spirits; they take notice of our conflicts, and struggling with sin and self; they appreciate our inherent weakness. They are not bits of etherealized sentimentality; or like the ambiguous utterance of ancient oracles. They are rather like strong and loving arms thrown about us to lift us out of the mire and place us upon the rock. They go with us into the scenes of every day life; into our work-shops, and stores, into the midst of excitements and tumults, and into our secret hearts where cares may be gnawing away the life. The Bible is a bundle of promises. God appeals by