

## GOD EVERYWHERE.

**I**F I wake in the night I am still with Him. I have liberty to pour out my awed thoughts to Him in still and fearless reverence, and my gentle thoughts in confidential love, and my troubled thoughts in prayer, and my glad some thoughts in the songs of the Spirit. If I wish it, when I travel, I travel in Divine society; when I walk in the midst of trouble, He revives me; when I droop in the valley of the shadow of death, He comforts me; when I am engaged in no defined acts of devotion—when not a voice is whispered nor a look reflected—“Tender thoughts within me burn, to feel a Friend is nigh.” When I go out into the solitudes of nature I feel around me thinking, silent life, and “all the air is love.” “Surely God is in this place.” I hear His voice in the song of the winds and in the chime of the waters. The earth rocks to His tread in the tempest; at His smile “the wilderness breaks forth into singing.” When I return to my home, He who made “the desert rejoice,” makes “the solitary place glad.” I can find Him anywhere, at all times, and find Him as my Friend. In the workshop, in the loft, all hung with cobwebs, behind the screen of the shaded lane, I can find a “holy of holies”; and solitude of spirit, where I can find no solitude of place, is often to me “none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.”—*C. Stanford.*

## THE TABLE.

After meat half-hour take rest,  
Thus the better twill digest,  
Spend the time in lively chat,  
Welcome business after that.

**W**HERE is excellent wisdom in this homely rhyme. Why? Because when food has been taken, the stomach is immediately set to work to get it changed into that state in which it may be received through the blood into the system of the body. To do this well the stomach needs and draws upon the brain for a supply of nervous force. Any part of the body—a hand, an arm, a foot—on being put to work requires this nervous force. The brain itself needs it for its own uses. Now, when the brain or the limbs are actively engaged in using this precious nervous force for themselves, there may be too little left for the stomach, which therefore cannot do its work as it ought. This is the reason why, after a full meal, a period of rest is wholesome. It assists digestion, and without digestion there is little chance for health or happiness.

## A HINT FOR TEACHERS.

**A** SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher tells this little story about how a restless boy was won and controlled:—

One of the teachers in our Sunday-school who made it a rule to adhere strictly to the lesson, and pay no attention to outside remarks made by his scholars, had in his class a boy who became perfectly ungovernable. He declined to instruct him, and the superintendent brought him to me, with the remark that no one else would have him. I showed him to a seat, and his first act was to pinch the boys on each side of him. After correcting him, I picked up my Bible to read over the lesson, when he said, with a most forlorn look, “You ain’t going to read, be you? I don’t want you to.” “What shall I do, Johnny?” I said. “I don’t believe you’ll do it.” “What is it?” I asked. “I just want you to put them books and papers under the table, and tell us something scary.” I place them under the table, as requested, and told them the story of “Daniel in the lions’ den,” and never was I rewarded by a more attentive listener. When I had finished, he said, “You know any more like that?” I said, “Come again, and see,” and he did come, and has continued to come regularly, and is as obedient as anyone could wish. I truly believe if I had not followed his request all influence over him would have been lost.

A good many teachers, both in the class and in the pulpit, might profitably “put the books and papers under the table,” and say something fresh and interesting, if they can, by way of winning the attention and hearts of these hoy teach.—*Sunday-school Paper.*

## PASSIONS THAT INDUCE DISEASE.

**T**HE passions which act most severely on the physical life are anger, fear, hatred, and grief. The other passions are comparatively innocuous. What is called the passion of love is not injurious until it lapses into grief and anxiety; on the contrary, it sustains the physical power. What is called ambition is of itself harmless; for ambition, when it exists purely, is a nobility, lifting its owner entirely from himself into the exalted service of mankind. It injures when it is debased by its meaner ally, pride; or when stimulating a man to too strenuous efforts after some great object, it lends him to the performance of excessive mental or physical labour, and to the consequences that follow such efforts.

The passion called avarice, according to my experience, tends rather to the preservation of the body than to its deterioration. The avaricious man, who seems to the luxurious world to be debarring himself of all the pleasures of the world, and even to be exposing himself to the fangs of poverty, is generally placing himself in the precise conditions favourable to a long and healthy existence. By his economy he is saving himself from all the worry incident to penury; by his caution he is screening himself from all the risks incident to speculation, or the attempt to amass wealth by hazardous means; by his regularity of hours and perfect appropriation of the sunlight, in preference to artificial illumination, he rests and works in periods that precisely accord with periodicity of nature; by his abstemiousness in living he takes just enough to live, which is precisely the right thing to do according to the rigid natural law. Thus, in almost every particular, he goes on his way freer than other men from the external causes of all the induced diseases, and better protected than most men from the worst consequences of those diseases which spring from causes that are uncontrollable.

## TWO STRINGS.

**A**N honest peasant surprised an infidel one day, who was jeering at him for believing the Bible, by the reply, “We country people like to have two strings to our bow.” “What do you mean?” inquired the infidel. “Only this,” rejoined the poor man, “that believing the Bible, and acting up to it, is like having two strings to one’s bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be a better man for living according to it, and so it will be for my good in this life; that is one string to my bow. And, if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life; that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is. But, sir, if you do not believe the Bible, and, on that account, do not live as it requires, you have not one string to your bow. And oh, sir, if its tremendous threatenings prove true—oh, think what then will become of you!”—*Selected.*

## THE SIMPLICITY OF THE BIBLE.

**T**HE Bible is a deep book, when depth is required—that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And therefore the first, and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface, written in plainest possible (Greek, Hebrew, or English, needing no penetration or amplification, needing nothing but what we might all give—attention. But this, which is in everyone’s power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing anyone will give him. We are delighted to ramble away into day-dreams—to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words—to snap at an expression which suits our particular views. But the plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which everyone ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for; it being truly not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to our own feelings.—*John Ruskin.*