

thousand lively emotions, and fill the soul with a gush of feeling not to be described.

Now, Christ is the wisdom of God. He came from heaven to reveal the truth concerning our lost condition, our salvation, and the state of our souls in the future world. Hence these words of Christ retain their interest through all ages, and are equally applicable to all the human race. No change of circumstances can supersede them, or deprive them of their interest. They are all true, and contain the most important truths for every one to know.

The words of Christ are the only words of pure and unfailing consolation to sinful mortals, and on that account are entitled to perpetual and universal remembrance. All the consolation we enjoy in this life from books and friends, from honours, or riches, or science, is frail and temporary. The sources of it all, are human, fallible, and fluctuating, and will one day be exhausted or dried up. But the words of Jesus Christ spring up in our hearts as a well of waters. They comprehend the whole of our nature; they go to the root of our miseries and sufferings; they reach the source of all our ills and errors; they work within the soul the most wonderful and most glorious of changes.

The words of Jesus Christ, like pure gold, will bear the severest trial. How have they been sifted by jealousy, criticised by malice, assailed by infidelity, and tried in every possible way by the suspicions of friends, and the hostility of foes! But still they retain their unblemished excellency, their unimpeachable truth and authority. They are still worthy of all acceptance. In trials and afflictions, the Saviour's words are encircled with a glory they never had before. They teach us by experience the emptiness and deceitfulness of the world's promises, and demonstrate the stability of that foundation the Saviour has laid for our hopes.

Let the word of Christ, then, dwell in you richly in all wisdom. It will be a shield in temptation, a consolation in suffering, which will never fail. How often has the remembrance of a verse, or a single word, or the bare recollection that there is such a book as the Bible, stopped men on the eve of yielding to temptation, and armed them against it, and made them more than conquerors through Him that loved them. The Lord's word is sure for evermore. Not one jot of it shall fail. The assurance of this will bring relief to the soul in every trial and every temptation. In the strength of this assurance may you live; in the confidence of it may you die; in the anticipation of its everlasting accomplishment may you welcome the day which will present the world in flames, the Judge on his throne, and all the souls awaiting his final award.

"He ever liveth to make intercession."

For the Young.

TRUE GREATNESS.

"I was quite surprised," said Elizabeth, as with her mother she was returning homewards, after a call which they had been making in a neighbouring village; "I was quite surprised to find that Miss Myles lived in so small a house. I thought we were going to a beautiful place, like the Hartlands'."

"I did not say so, my dear," quietly returned Mrs. Owen.

"No, mother; but I expected it, because I have heard that Miss Myles has a great deal of money to spend as she pleases; and, of course, I supposed she would have lived in a very nice house."

"You are difficult to please," said Mrs. Owen, with a smile. "I think that Miss Myle's cottage is remarkably pretty, besides being in a most delightful situation."

"Oh, yes!" answered Elizabeth, "it is very well for a cottage; but I thought there would be spacious grounds, and a handsome entrance. Then did you notice how plainly she was dressed?"

"I must confess," said Mrs. Owen, "that I did not observe Miss Myles's dress so particularly as you seem to have done; but I was much struck with the neatness and pleasing simplicity of her appearance."

"She looked like a lady, certainly," said Elizabeth; "but still, mother, do you not think, that if she has so much money, she might live in a larger house, and have more expensive furniture, and wear better clothes?"

"I do not think," replied Mrs. Owen, "that Miss Myles is rich enough to purchase these things, without giving up other objects which she regards as much more important."

"What objects do you mean, mother?"

"Miss Myles is very kind and charitable, and does much good among the poor people of the village, many of whom look to her as their best earthly friend. She is also a liberal supporter of several benevolent institutions, both for our country and for distant lands. All this could not be done with her income, if she were to indulge in needless luxuries."

"Then, mother, do you think it wrong to live in a house like the Hartlands', and to have carriages and servants, and beautiful gardens, and all other delightful things, as they have?"

"Certainly not, my dear; provided such is the station of life which God has appointed to an individual, and if the claims of duty are carefully attended to, and the poor remembered and assisted as they ought to be. Provided also, I should add,

that the heart is not set upon these earthly possessions, nor the soul endangered by love of the world and forgetfulness of God. But I will try, my dear, if I can reconcile you to Miss M.'s small house and simple attire. And here," continued Mrs. Owen, stopping to tap at a cottage door, "I may, perhaps, obtain some assistance towards this end, from a person whom I have known for many years."

They entered, and found a poor woman, evidently very ill, but sitting in an easy arm-chair by the fire, propped up with pillows, and with many tokens of humble comfort around her. On the other side of the fire-place, was a young girl, busy at her needle. The house was clean; and there was an open Bible lying, with a few tracts, upon the table.

After a little conversation, during which it appeared that the sick woman, though greatly afflicted, was in possession of that "good hope through grace," which makes all earthly sorrows light, Mrs. Owen purposely mentioned the name of Miss Myles. Immediately the poor woman's countenance brightened with an expression of gratitude and pleasure. She spoke of her as the kind friend who had first told her of a Saviour, had read to her of his dying love, and prayed that she might be a partaker of his pardoning mercy. It was Miss M., too, who had provided her with a comfortable lodging in the abode of pious cottagers; and who, now that her last days were approaching, had sent for her daughter from a distant service, to wait upon her, and supply her wants. Ever since the time when she was left a distressed and ailing widow, with a young family dependent upon her for support, Miss M. had pitied and befriended her. "The Lord alone can reward her," said the poor woman, "for all that she has done for me and mine." After some further conversation, it became time for Elizabeth and her mother to leave the cottage.

Mrs. Owen perceived that an impression had been made upon her daughter's mind; but before Elizabeth could remark upon what she had just heard, they again stopped at a little low-roofed building, and lifting the latch, the door opened, and several rows of smiling, healthy-looking children met their sight. It was the village school, established and supported by Miss Myles, who gave to it, not only money, but a considerable portion of her time and attention.

Elizabeth looked at the work of the little needle-women, and examined their copy-books and their sums. Some of the older girls then read a portion of Scripture, upon which they were afterwards questioned by the governess, and their answers showed that they had been carefully instructed in the way of eternal life. Mrs. Owen pointed out to Elizabeth the value and importance of such an education to the children of the