

He never thought of being a porter after this. He made himself acquainted with English grammar; he began to learn mathematics, which you know is a higher branch of arithmetic; he began to write books.

So he went on till Griffith Davies, the quarry-boy, became known as one of the first men of his age. Men listened to him at public lectures; the great and the noble sought him; and wherever he went his talents made way for him. Medals were given him, honours showered down on him, and he was at last made a Fellow of the Royal Society, which is the greatest reward of merit which science can bestow.

And how did the once humble Griffith behave? Was he set up by his good fortune? Did he forget the little white cottage on the Welsh hillside?

Oh no; he was the same man in the halls of science as he had been a boy in the slate quarry—simple in his tastes, quiet in his manner, and best of all a Christian as well as a mathematician. At his mother's knee he had learnt to love his Bible and trust his Saviour, and he never wandered from the faith of his childhood. His intense love to his arithmetic never took the place of his love to Him. All other claims gave way before His. Amid the many interests of time he never forgot eternity.

His father and his mother were made comfortable in their old age, and his father lived to the age of ninety-three.

Well, I am afraid you have been thinking all this last part rather dry, and so, having carried our quarry-boy high up in the world, we had better say good-bye to him.

But we will first take away a lesson from his life as a boy as well as a man. He was a boy of one thing. He had one aim before him which he was always working up to. He knew quite well what he wanted to do in life, and whether he was trudging to school over the mountains or teaching others in after years, he did it.

That is the way to get on. If you want to be wise and learned you must give your mind to it, and you will win the prize. Half-heartedness never does much. You must be, as one great and good has said, "a whole man (or boy) to one thing at a time," and you will surely succeed.

Especially is this the case with heavenly wisdom. Would you wish to be a soldier of Christ and fight under His banner? Would you wish, like St. Paul, to win the crown and run the race and gain a place in that better than earthly kingdom? You must be in earnest; you must give your whole heart to Jesus and not half of it; you must say, "This one thing I do." See what the Bible says about this single-heartedness: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," says David. "One thing I know," says the blind man restored, "that whereas I was blind now I see." "One thing thou lackest, and one thing is needful," says the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. "This one thing I do," says St. Paul; "I press towards the mark." That was what Griffith Davies did, he pressed towards an earthly mark. May God's grace enable you and me to press towards the heavenly one, for His dear Son's sake.

Y. K. M.

## IS THERE A MESSAGE FOR ME?

THE city of Paris was closed in by a besieging army. For four long months it had withstood the enemy, refusing to yield either to assaults from without, or to the more terrible power of famine and disease within. Many of the defenders saw their wives and children pine and die around them, while those were also sorely tried who had sent their loved ones from the scene of danger before the siege began, and could obtain no tidings of them.

But to some of these last there came relief. A very ingenious plan was devised, by which their exiled relatives could communicate with the besieged. Their messages were printed on the advertisement page of a public journal; this page was then photographed in miniature, the size being reduced to that of a half-crown piece; and the photograph was tied to the tail feathers of a carrier-pigeon, which, in almost every case, passed unharmed across the lines of the besieging host. When secured, the precious missive was taken to an office, where, by means of a powerful magic lantern, the photographic impression was cast in an enlarged size on a white sheet, while several clerks wrote down the messages on separate slips of paper. These messages were then carried to those whose names and addresses they bore, unless at once claimed by one and another of the eager crowd, which, as soon as the report arose that a carrier-pigeon had arrived, collected at the door of the message-office.

People of all ranks were there: ladies dressed in velvets and furs, seated in carriages drawn by half-starved horses; respectable citizens and artisans, all more or less in military attire. But whoever they were, one question was on the lips of all, "Is there a message for me?" And as the office-doors were closed, in token that the last message had been issued, and the crowd dispersed, those whose longings were gratified departed with a look of relief, in some cases with a look of joy, on their faces; while the disappointed turned away sorrowful and anxious. Some of these, indeed, could hardly be persuaded that there was no word for them, and lingered in hope that some mistake had been made.

Reading of this touching scene in the besieged city, I thought to myself, Surely it is just in this spirit, with the eager inquiry, "Is there a message for me?" that we should draw near to receive the Word of our God, the message of His redeeming love; which, if only we are willing to hear it, not all the enemies of our salvation, not all the hosts of the Prince of Darkness can hinder from reaching us. Here, as in the case of those besieged men and women, the only sign of real interest in the tidings from the better country, namely, the heavenly, is a personal interest. As concerned the affairs of their imperilled town, there was a community of feeling, a strong bond of sympathy among those who had undergone long months of common hopes and fears, suffering and want; but as regarded their absent loved ones, whose welfare was dearer to them than life, no one could intermeddle with another's grief