

take place till after Conference, and so probably he would not even have the pleasure of witnessing the consecration of the building in whose erection he had toiled so earnestly.

There is probably no class of men in the world who more completely solve, by their life of labour, the Virgilian riddle:

Sic vos non vobis nificatis oves.
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

They labour, and another enters into their labours. Yet none are more zealous for the up-building of the cause of God than they, even in a neighbourhood which they expect soon to leave—probably never to see it again. In no Church is the unselfish, wide-hearted, comprehensive connexional spirit more grandly developed. Their sympathies are not circumscribed by any local limits. The progress of God's work at Gaspé or Red River—nay, at Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, or in Japan—causes the same thrill of happy emotion as a revival on the adjoining circuit.

So Lawrence toiled among these people as though he was to live with them all his life. Or, rather, he toiled harder, for he felt that whatever he would do among them he must do at once, for he might never have another opportunity. The people were exceedingly anxious for his return, and requested his re-appointment. But they could offer him no inducement beyond a hearty welcome, glad co-operation, hard toil and plenty of it, poor fare, and scanty remuneration. But for just such rewards, hundreds of brave, great-hearted men, are willing to spend and be spent in the most blessed service of the Divine Master.

(To be continued.)

THE INVALID AND THE VIOLINIST.

AN old and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, at Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers-by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Every one went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart, and showed itself in his withered countenance.

However, all at once, a well dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long, the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength left to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said, "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it, he said, "You take the money, and I'll play."

He did play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvellous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience, the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, and they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which every one present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-

player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want; and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy of doing good according to the Scripture, which says, "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul."—*Sel.*

COMING EARLY TO CHRIST.

BY TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

A LITTLE girl, when her mother was about going to church on a communion Sabbath, asked that she might go too, and sit with her at the Lord's table. And when the mother kindly and gently said, "I am afraid, my child, that you are too young," the little one replied, "Mother, I'm not too young to die, and not too young to love you, and why am I too young to love the Saviour?" The mother was deeply touched by the reply; and at the next communion service the child, who was only nine years old, was, after conversation with the minister and church session, received to full membership in the church, of which, to this day, she has always been a most faithful and consistent member.

Why should not our children, from their earliest days, be instructed and encouraged to devote themselves to the service of Christ, and to be known as his faithful disciples? Polycarp was converted at nine years of age, Matthew Henry at eleven, Robert Hall at twelve, Dr. Watts at nine, and President Edwards at seven. Mr. Spurgeon tells us that the many children who have early become members of his church have been found the most consistent and steadfast Christians of all in its membership. And Dr. Charles L. Mayo tells us he is satisfied that a large proportion of those who in later years profess Christ, in reality begin the Christian life in their early days, though perhaps not themselves then realizing that they are God's children.

If the parents of those mentioned above had prevented them from confessing Christ at an early age, in each case would not a most important step for good have been delayed or suppressed, and the Christian character of each have been less decided and earnest, and so the loss have been great both to themselves and the world?

Should not Christian parents and teachers remember that there is a grace of *Christian nurture* as well as a grace of *conversion*, and endeavour to lead their little ones, at their earliest days, to him who invites them so earnestly and tenderly to himself?

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."

"WHEN in Madeira," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying: 'Press on, master, press on; there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes

the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and brightness above, and beneath was the almost level sea, revealing the world below me and glistening to the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadows, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on there is light beyond.—*The Worker.*

Our Benediction.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she came
 To dwell with us, a little fragile thing;
 And day by day we watched her, fearing lest
 The new-imprisoned spirit might take wing.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she slept,
 And when she woke, or smiled, or wailed, or sighed;
 And when we planned her future, then we prayed
 No real good or gain might be denied.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she walked,
 And when she knelt to say her simple prayer,
 And when we laid her in her bed at night,
 And when we called her in the morning fair.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she went,
 Happy and proud, in school to take her place;
 And when she ran to join her comrades' play,
 And when we kissed her dimpled, flower-like face.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she went,
 With school-days all behind, in girlish grace,
 To read the valedictory, and take
 Among the graduates an honoured place.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she knelt
 To take the yoke of Christ, with heart so meek,
 So free from guile, it seemed to us that she,
 To find his kingdom, had not far to seek.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she stood,
 With orange blossoms on her sunny hair,
 Upon the threshold of her womanhood—
 The old refrain was still our loving prayer.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it yet again,
 When strangely white she lay in dreamless rest;
 And though we could not understand, we felt
 That now our darling was most truly blest.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

JAPANESE POLITENESS.

WHEN guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground, if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for sidst"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This, however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greeting. A conversation something after this style ensues:—

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion."

"How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?"

"Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you."

"How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?"

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath sucked rapidly in between the teeth, expressive of great *expressment*.

No true man can live a half-life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.