

## HEZEKIAH.

**A**LL Bible readers, particularly such as take delight in history, and the biography of the good and great, have been interested, many times over, in perusing the history of good king Hezekiah. "He was twenty and five years old when he began to reign, and he reigned twenty and nine years in Jerusalem. He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. He trusted in the Lord his God; so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him, for he clave to the Lord, and departed not from following him, but kept his Commandments which the Lord commanded Moses."

In the fourteenth year of his reign, the king of Assyria warred against him; the particulars are fully narrated in the Bible. See 2 Kings xix.

The cut adorning our fifth page, is intended to illustrate one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the kings of Judah. The haughty king of Assyria, who had successfully warred against other nations, resolved upon the subjection of Hezekiah and the Conquest of Jerusalem. He sent messengers in advance, charged to read a letter to the king. The writing was as follows:—"Let not thy God in whom thou trustest deceive thee, saying, Jerusalem shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done to all lands, by destroying them utterly: and shalt thou be delivered? Have the gods of the nations delivered them which my fathers have destroyed; as Gozan, and Haran, and Rezeph, and the children of Eden which were in Thelassar? Where is the king of Hamath, and the king of Arpad, and the king of the city of Sepharvaim, of Hena, and Ivah?"

Hezekiah received the letter at the hands of the messengers, and went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord as shown in the picture. There, with the letter spread out before the Lord, he prayed:—"O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth. Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear: open, Lord, thine eyes, and see: and hear the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent him to reproach the living God. Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them. Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only." You see he is kneeling at the altar of burnt-offering, and at the left of the picture is shown the famous seven-branched candle stick which was carried to Rome by Titus, and which may still be seen carried upon the arch of Titus in that city.

God heard his prayer, and sent the prophet Isaiah to assure the praying monarch that his prayer was heard, and that He, the Lord of Israel, would defend the city to save it for His own sake, and for His servant David's

sake. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred, four score and five thousand men. And the king of Assyria departed and went and dwelt at Nineveh, where, when worshipping in the house of his god, he was slain by two of his sons."

This interesting narrative should teach us to take all our troubles to the Lord in prayer; spread them all out before Him, and ask Him to direct us and save us. Let us never forget that our God is the hearer and answerer of prayer—never forget that the youngest child as well as the oldest grandfather, are sure to be heard when their hearts pray. Let us all learn to imitate king Hezekiah; spread our troubles before God in humble earnest prayer.

## TAKE CARE.

**T**AKE care of the pennies,  
For, know, they are seeds,  
No matter how few there may be.  
If prudently planted,  
In time they will grow,  
To a thrifty and beautiful tree!

Take care of the minutes,  
The jewels of time,  
Life's sweet opportunities given;  
The safer we keep them,  
The brighter they'll shine—  
Oh, waste not one day of the seven

Take care, as you journey,  
Along the highway,  
Good care of your strength and your health,  
Without them in vain  
Are the beauties of earth,  
In vain all the blessings of wealth.

Take care of your honor,  
Your name and your fame,  
Deal justly with men as you go,  
And reach out your hand  
To the poor and the sad,  
Who suffer so much here below.

Take care of your footsteps,  
And which way they tend,  
Press steadily on to the goal;  
Take care that you live right,  
And strive for the best,  
And God will take care of your soul.

## THE DYNAMITE ASSASSINS.

**T**HE *Sunday School Times* makes the following vigorous remarks on these miscreants:—"What is the proper course of our national government in dealing with the legal and political aspects of the question of surrendering or shielding refugees from other lands, may be a matter for statesmen and diplomats to settle. But, meantime, an unmistakable obligation rests on every lover of the right, and every lover of humanity, to have it understood that he condemns, and starts back from with loathing, any and every attempt to assad a ruler by dirk or dynamite, whether that ruler be in the United States, in Canada, in England or Ireland, or in Russia. Ministers, editors, teachers in any sphere, parents at home, and business men on the street, ought now to have it known, by both their speech and their manner, that they can give no tolerance to any expression of sympathy with, or any suggestion of excuse for, the human monsters who would perpetrate or plan such deeds of infamy as Russia and England are now not unnaturally excited over. Every American is himself on trial, as to his sense of honour and of common decency, in an hour like this, and his acquittal cannot be secured unless his own voice rings out clearly for the right, and against the foulest of wrongs. Silence is a sin, when crime bids for public approval.

## A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

"I SAY, James, who was that who called just now?" asked a lady of her husband.

"It was young T—. He came to pay some money. Why do you ask?" he replied.

"He brought such a horrible odour of tobacco that I could smell it all over the house."

"Yes, I had to open the windows after he left."

"I thought he would never go, he stayed so long."

"I guess he was waiting to see the girls."

"See the girls. It would almost make them sick to go into the room."

Both girls at once: "We wouldn't go within ten rods of him if we could help it."

"Can you spare me some of the money he brought to pay some little bills?"

"I'll divide with you, my dear. Whew! how it smells! There take it all; I'm glad to get rid of it!"

"Well, I won't keep it long. Here girls disinfect it with some *Eau de Cologne*. Why will any one make himself so disagreeable? What must his home be like?"

"He was perfectly saturated with tobacco. No one has a right to make such a nuisance of himself, and to offend the nostrils of every one near him."

"I declare I am often made almost ill at church, in the street cars, and in stores, by the disgusting odour of tobacco."

If this young man had heard this conversation he would not, we think, be so proud of his meerschau pipe for which he paid ten dollars. Yet go where you will—in the public street, in the cars, at every railway station—the tobacco nuisance invades the rights and destroys the comfort of cleanly people.

## DRINK AND THE GOSPEL.

**M**OREOVER, nothing so prevents the progress of religion in the world, and frustrates God's gracious purposes for the salvation of the race, as the traffic in strong drink, and its inevitable consequence, intemperance. For this reason also, that traffic is especially noxious in His sight. It leads men to waste upon their lusts the material wealth, of which they are but His stewards, instead of promoting therewith the great policy for which the Son of God became incarnate. It is asserted by Dr. John Campbell that Protestant and pious Britain annually spends thirty times as much for strong drink as she spends for the world's salvation. During the last year the expenditure of the British and Foreign Bible Society was £217,390 19s. 10d., and the number of copies of the Scriptures circulated was 2,619,427. Even at this gigantic scale of operations it would take over three hundred years to supply every poor heathen in the world with a copy of the Word of God. In the same year there was spent in Great Britain alone £100,000,000 on intoxicating drinks. This money, thus worse than wasted, would give a copy of God's Word, in his own mother tongue, to every son and daughter of Adam on the face of the earth in less than one year!

Even in the Mission field itself the

evil effects of the traffic and its dread concomitants make themselves felt; marrying the efforts and frustrating the toils of the agents of the Churches.

In consequence of the prevalence of drinking habits among European residents in India, we are told on the authority of a returned Missionary that the word drunkard and Christian have become synonymous terms among the native castes. When the pagan Hindoo wishes to represent the Christian Englishman, he begins to stagger in his gait to counterfeit inebriation.

"The very ships," says Mr. Thos. Begg, "that bore the Missionaries and messengers of salvation to heathen lands were often freighted with intoxicating liquors, which, like some of the plagues unvalled in the apocalypse, were let loose to drown in their burning deluge every grain of Christianity before it could germinate in the heart of the half-enlightened heathen. They fired his nature with lusts foreign to the brute, and which never raged in his appetites, nor infuriated his passions before his contact with the vices of civilization. The spirit of intemperance, malignant ghost of the bottomless pit, slew its tens of thousands; and one sweeping fiery curse followed in the wake of Christian commerce."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts*.

## THE LITTLE PEDDLER.

**S**HE WAS busily sewing one bright summer day, And thought little Chatterbox busy at play, When a sunshiny head peeped into my room, And a merry voice called: "Buy a broom! buy a broom!"

"No; not any to-day, sir," I soberly said; But soon the door opened: "Pins, needles and thread, Combs, brushes! My basket is piled up so high! If you only will look, mama, I'm sure you will buy."

Right under my window, the sly little fox! Crying: "Strawberries, strawberries; ten cents a box!" I resolved to reward such persistence as this, So I bought all he had, and for pay gave a kiss. —*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

## THE ALCHEMY OF GLUE.

**W**HAT was Cooper Institute built? Glue. Bones and refuse were rendered into glue; glue into gold; gold into an Institute of stone and mortar; the Institute into manifold instruction for young and old; the instruction into character, culture, happiness, success. That is how one man transmuted his glue.

That is doing over again what beneficent Nature is doing. The foulest corruption and decay it is every day transmuting into flowers and fruit. Fruit and flowers, wheat and roses, jasmine and lilies, all that is good for food or fair to look upon, both beauty and strength, are the happy transmutations of filth. Out of tar come the aniline dyes; out of glue came the Cooper Institute.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE**.—The last two numbers of this excellent weekly contain the usual amount of good reading. We have noticed particularly "Corea," "The Vulgar Tongue," "Sketches in the Malay Peninsula," and "Sienna." "No New King," and "The Ladies Lindores" are continued.