

be so angry with his old master, who has made him all this trouble, that he will try to break his chain, and will clear the ashes out of his heart, and ask God to put some new kindness and love in it, and will try to make a pleasant home for the wife and children who have been unhappy so long. But I cannot tell. King Fire-water is very careful that his slaves shall not escape and his chains are very strong.

Dear Black-eyes and Blue-eyes! I know you will not have anything to do with this wicked king. You will always be afraid of the dreadful fire that may lie hidden in the bright crimson cup. You would rather drink pure water, bright and flashing like diamonds, the sweet cool water that comes up in the "old oaken bucket," or that you find bubbling up in the dim, old woods, and where, falling upon your knees, you scoop it up in your rosy pails—the nicest drinking cup in the world.

But you can do more yet. You must always be on the watch for the beginning of *little* chains. Give them a good pull whenever you get a chance, for they are always comparatively weak and easily broken *at first*.

THE PAINTED SHIP.

While standing at the wharf of a quiet harbour, looking at the shipping which lay at anchor, we heard a young lady remark to a friend, "That nicely painted ship I would choose for a sail across the sea." He replied, "I would not, but prefer the dark old vessel near it. For that handsome ship is unsafe; her timbers are rotten. She has been newly painted."

Very suggestive, we thought, of practical truth. There are painted ships on all seas. Upon the waters of life they are gaily sailing to eternity with an inward decay which will yield to the storm that awaits every mortal mariner.

In the church the formalist seems to himself and to others bound to the celestial shore; but alas, he is a painted ship, whose timbers are worthless, and will go down when the tempest comes. Out of the sacred fellowship of the saints, the moralist sails in a similar bark, with different colours only; and hopeless wreckage is near.

How much of human existence, hope, and destiny, is represented in that painted ship! How little, by the unpretending and solid worth of the sailor's home, floating on the same tide!

But there comes to the ear no sound of the disaster as the light forms of decay go down on the lee shore of despair; no shout of welcome and rapture, as the barks of infinitely precious freightage reach their desired haven, where the weary are at rest.—*British paper*.

"LIVE THE LIFE OF JESUS—ALL ELSE IS NOTHING."

Such were the dying words of the excellent and devoted Jean Louis Rostan, the companion and fellow-labourer of the faithful Felix Neff. When asked by the friend who stood by his bedside, a witness of the triumph of his closing hours, "Have you any personal counsel or advice to give me?" he replied, "*Live the life of Jesus; all else is nothing.*"

But to live his life, we must come to him with full faith in him as the only and all-sufficient Saviour; giving up all that we have and are to him and his service; asking, as the one great question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" confessing his name, obeying his laws, cherishing his Spirit, imitating his example, labouring for the extension of his kingdom, aiming in all things at the advancement of his cause and the promotion of his glory. Like the great apostle to the Gentiles, we must be able to say, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." "For me to live is Christ."

Such a life is indeed the only one worth living. It is the only life that can satisfy the sober judgment, or meet the demands of conscience, or fulfil the re-