

general deficiencies. He proceeded to say that perhaps it was sent to teach her *patience*. 'Oh, no,' she replied, a little aggrieved, 'it could not be for *that*; she had learned patience long ago!'

Her affliction became heavier, heavy enough to show her that she had not the needful patience to bear it well. It lasted on until she happily learned what real patience meant, until she became possessed with the joyful, willing spirit which suffers gladly, asks to be allowed to bear for Jesus's sake, and raises us 'from thankless slaves to sons.'

So true it is that, 'Though God deliver not out of trouble, yet He delivers from the ill *in* trouble by supporting the spirit. Nay, He delivers *by* trouble, for by trouble He cures the soul, and by lesser troubles He delivers from greater.'

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*FOR EVER.*

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One evening not long since a London clergyman was called upon by a respectable-looking man, whose haggard countenance and excited expression betokened great mental anguish.

'Sir,' he burst forth, 'I have heard you preach several times. I believe you to be an honest man. Answer me one question. What about the eternal punishment of the wicked? Is it really for ever and ever?'

'Certainly. There can be no doubt of it,' replied the clergyman.

'Do you solemnly assure me that such is your own firm belief?'

'I do most solemnly and distinctly declare that it is. How could I say otherwise? Nothing can be plainer than the teaching both of the

Bible and the Church on this subject.'

With a look of despair, but without a single word of explanation, the strange visitor rushed out into the darkness, leaving the clergyman with an uncomfortable misgiving; that the word he had been called upon to speak had been 'out of season.' Great was his joy, therefore, when about a week later the same man presented himself.

'Sir,' he now said. 'I have called to thank you for your faithful dealing the other evening. It saved me from something too awful to think of now. I'd got myself into dreadful trouble, and my misery was so great that I had made up my mind to put an end to myself that night. Only one thing kept me back—the fear of that place where I'd heard the worm never dies and the fire is never quenched. Still I tried to believe it was not quite as bad as all that, and at last I thought I'd like your word for it. Oh, if you'd kept back the truth, Sir, then, where should I have been now? Please God, I'll be His faithful servant yet.'

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*WISE COUNSEL.*

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Every clergyman is called upon frequently to baptise some child upon the sick bed, and this remark is often heard: 'I am so glad that the child is baptised, for I should be very sorry to have it die unbaptised.'

Very true, but is it not equally sad to have it live unbaptised? The Kingdom of God, into which the child is baptised, is not only future but present. The blessings of that Kingdom are for our daily life here; its training, its instructions, its work—all belong to us now as much as in the future. Parents should be