

ual things. At first he hesitated. Satan suggested that it was no use. that in fact it would be casting pearls before swine. He knew that the Gospel ought to be preached to every creature, and thought that may be Christ had chosen him to preach it to this young man. He spoke to him kindly and earnestly of his danger and of God's offer of free salvation. (Rom. vi. 23.) To his utter surprise his words were neither received with ridicule nor with indifference. He found that the spirit of God had already been working in that heart, though no one knew of it.

That conversation led that young man to Christ, and for more than twenty-five years he has been seeking to lead others to Him.

Reader, do you always know when the spirit of God has been striving with a man?

When He calls you to speak to some acquaintance, neighbor, fellow-traveller, is it not probable that He has been preparing the soul for the message, and that if you are faithful you will be honored in leading that soul to Him?—*Rev. J. D. Kilburn.*

WELL AIMED.

Among Bishop Clark's "Reminiscences" is one of Dr. Bedell, who in his day was one of the most famous of American preachers. He had what Bishop Clark calls "a singular faculty in searching the hearts of men."

On a certain Monday morning, after Dr. Bedell had preached one of his most faithful sermons, he received a call from a parishioner, who expressed his surprise and indignation that his pastor should have singled him out as a sinner to be reproved.

The doctor made haste to reply that he had done nothing of the sort; the sermon was an old one, and no personal reference had been intended. But the parishioner on his way home met a friend, who, it turned out, was on his way to Dr. Bedell's house to remonstrate with him for the same personalities.

"Then you noticed it also?" said the first man.

"Of course I did. Nobody could help noticing it," was the answer.

"Well, then, this confirms my first impression. But I have just called upon Dr. Bedell, and he assured me that he did not have me in mind at all."

"Oh, I never supposed he was talking about *you*. I was on my way to call him to account for having selected me as his target."

In Bishop Clark's words, "Dr. Bedell had brought down two sinners at one shot."

THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

20th June, 1837-1897.

Let the note of joy ring out;
Heart and voice in concert shout—
God save the Queen!
Who has borne for sixty years
Cares of state, and hopes, and fears,
Facing duty e'en 'mid tears;
God save the Queen!

Peace with honor she has sought,
Yet for right has fearless fought,
Whole-hearted been:
Truth has been her much-loved guide,
Justice, linked with mercy wide,
Cherished ever by her side;
God save the Queen!

With the brave on land and sea
She has had full sympathy—
A witness keen:
Art has found a friend sincere;
Learning, too, a kindly ear;
Worth, a welcome frank, and cheer;
God save the Queen!

Nor have lowly needs of life
Been forgotten 'mid the strife,
Or careless seen:
Sorrow she has learned to share:
Hope to suffering loved to bear:
Kindness shown to soften care;
God save the Queen!

Queen revered she lives and reigns;
Duty still her life constrains:
God save the Queen!
Round her throne a people's love
Gathers strength, as time doth prove,
Lifts the loyal shout above—
God save the Queen!

—A.L., in *Light in the Home*.

HOME. SWEET HOME.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if

everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, every-day rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy?—*Exchange.*

HE GOT THE BLESSING.

Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who, hearing the Gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and, in his untutored way, said, "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend."

"Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' without it." And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of the man who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in reply to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine!" Then the name of this poor man went in the sad list of the "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."—*Selected.*