

power to stimulate, not force. For instance, Christ said, "Fast"; the Church said, "Do it now, in Lent"; Christ said, "Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood ye have no life in you"; the Church said, "You shall communicate at the least three times during the year, of which Easter is to be one"—oftener if you like, but let Easter be one. It was authority of all kinds that was irksome to men in these days of scientific enquiry, when everyone was finding out things for himself. But this Church authority was mercifully given to us by Christ to help us to carry out His will.

Did the Church do everything and satisfy us altogether, tell us all we want to know and give us perfect holiness? No; there was much in store for us. The Church was "for the present, whilst He was away from us, but "When I come again I will repay thee"—satisfy every want.

THE CHRISTIAN WITH A WARM HEART.

Such is the meaning of Chung-Te, an old man of Oh-long, in the Fuh-Kien province. He is an earnest and active worker for God. Mr. Wolfe writes: "Recently there was a fire in his village. As the fire drew nearer, the neighbours brought forth all their idols, and placed them in rows before the flames, to stop their advance. Some of the idols were placed in front of Chung-Te's house. This aroused the old Christian's zeal, and he took the heavy mattock with which he wrought in the fields, and with it belaboured the bodies of the idols, and in a short time demolished them; and raising his hands to heaven, he called upon the true God to save him and his neighbours. Suddenly the wind changed, the fire took a different direction, and the prayer of Chung-Te was answered. The houses of his neighbours and his own were saved."

BRIEF NOTES.

The daily struggle between the flesh and the spirit, the hourly conflict between the grace of God within us and our natural inclinations, is well illustrated by the reply of an aged man to his friend, who inquired, "What causes you so often to complain of pain and weariness in the evening?" "Alas!" said he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Impossible," said the friend, "no man can have all these things to do." "Yes," he replied, "it is only too true; it is exactly as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back lest they should run after evil and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work in order that I may be able to provide for myself, those who depend on me, and my brethren in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work therein, the sick man is my whole body, which is ever needing my watchfulness. "And this is daily fight, constant struggle, and requires much strength and watchfulness."

"He gave Himself for us, that He might purify for Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 14.

One of the bitterest enemies of the Gospel made it a matter of reproach to the Christians that their Jesus had come to form society of wicked persons. "He called to him," the infidel writer, "the sinners, and left the righteous; consequently he rejected all that there was good in the world, and took its off-scourings." "It is quite true," Origen said in reply, "our Jesus did come to call sinners, but it was to call them to repentance. He assembled together the most heinous transgressors, but it was to make of them new men. He finds us covetous,

and He renders us generous; unjust, and He renders us just; passionate and given to anger, and He renders us meek; ungodly, and He renders us pious." Such is the true effect which fellowship with Jesus Christ produces in us; it transforms us into His image, and thus holiness, charity, righteousness, are inseparable from fellowship with Him, for He came into the world to take away its sin, and to destroy the works of the devil.—*From the French.* J. Y.

CHOICE THOUGHTS FROM THE FATHERS.

I. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law.—Psalm cxix. 18).

Who ever found out the truth unless God discovered it to him? To whom has God ever made it known but by His Christ? To whom has Jesus Christ ever communicated it but by His Spirit? or the Holy Spirit, but by the seal of faith? God alone can teach us that which is to be obtained only from Him. It is, therefore, from Him and from Him alone, that we must seek the light we so need.—*Tertullian.* J. Y.

AN INFIDEL DOCTOR.

An infidel doctor called on a good old Christian and endeavoured to laugh him out of the fact that he possessed a soul.

"Did you ever," he demanded mockingly, "see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes," said the man, "I feel I possess one within me."

"Ah," said the doctor, "four senses against you to one on your side."

"Stop a minute, doctor," said the patient, "now let me ask you: Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

The doctor was compelled to say "Yes." The argument had gone against him; he took up his hat and left the house.

"Don't trust your senses too far, doctor," called the patient after him, "I go by something a bit more certain than either seeing, hearing, tasting, or feeling."

HONESTY.

In the fight for life and daily bread which goes on all around us, we are tempted at times to stray from the straight path of strict honour and honesty. The day labourer is not particular as to the minutes he wastes of his master's time, the tradesman winks at the adulterations of the goods he sells (why should he not make as much as his neighbour?), and so it goes on, till men's eyes are so blinded by error, that the path of right is almost lost.

The story of an old German will furnish a good example of thoroughly honourable conduct under trying circumstances.

War was raging in his fatherland; the enemy's troops were advancing in force, and demanding food for themselves and their horses as they passed through the country; and it was close on harvest-time.

The captain of a troop of dragoons stopped one morning at an old peasant's cabin door. "I need forage," he said briefly. "Conduct me at once to a field where I can obtain sufficient grain for my cavalry."

The old man never dreamed of resistance. He simply bowed, led the way up the valley. Coming shortly on a fine field of barley,—

"Stop, friend," cried the officer. "This is capital; no need to go further."

"Excuse me, captain," said the peasant, "come a little higher up, and you will do yet better."

The troops proceeded, still following their guide. Another fine field of barley was before them; they dismounted and reaped a sufficient supply for several days to come, binding up the sheaves and laying them on their horses.

The old peasant stood by, gravely watching them.

"Friend," said the captain, "this is good provender, but not better, methinks, than the field below, which we first visited. Why did you recommend us not to tarry there?"

"Because," answered the man quietly, "that field belonged to my neighbour—this is mine."

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

The middle and lower classes of people in India sleep on mats spread on the floor; only the upper class and sick people sleep on beds. The children use mats from the leaves of the pandanus, or screw palm, to sleep on; these are spread out on the floor at night, and in the daytime are rolled up and hung on nails, the benches being put back in their places ready for school next morning. These rooms have plenty of doors and windows, which in so hot a climate as India, are kept open from sunrise to sunset, so there is plenty of air. "The upper school-house is built almost entirely of wood, and thatched with the leaves of the cocoa-nut palm; it had been built by a Brahmin as a training-school for Hindu boys, and was considered so sacred that no woman was allowed even to touch it. When but newly built, an evil spirit was supposed to have taken up its abode in it, and in consequence of the omission or improper performance of certain ceremonies at the house-warming, this evil spirit brought misfortune or death on all who lived in the house. The late Rev. H. Baker, who was wishing to build a boarding-school near his house at Cottayam, for girls (from the large and unhealthy district of which he had charge), heard of this house, bought the wood-work, floated it down the river which runs not far off, and put it up again, at less than it would have cost to have bought timber and engaged workmen to build a house. The raised wooden beds on which the Brahmin priests slept are now used as writing-tables by the children, and in the rooms in which heathen boys were taught the sword-dance, and to sing hymns in honour of the wicked Vishnu, the preserver of the Hindu religion, Christian girls now sing the praises of Jesus Christ, the true Preserver and Healer of His people."

THANKFULNESS.

"If it should come to pass that I were permitted to give but one piece of advice"—said a wise and good clergyman of our Church—"I have no doubt at all what I should choose to say—'Be thankful.' These are the words I should repeat."

We have lately been furnished with two remarkable instances of thankfulness amongst those who might seem to many to have very little to be thankful for.

The first is that of a boy—a foundling. He was brought up with no more care or tenderness than is to be found in the workhouse—without a single relation or friend to love him. He had just come to the age when he was to be put out into some poor situation, to earn his bread as best he might, when he caught small-pox of so virulent a kind, that there was soon no hope of his life.

When the chaplain of the house came to minister to the dying boy, he felt almost a difficulty in speaking to him of God's love—so outwardly sad and cheerless had been his lot, both in life and in death. But, conquering the feeling, he bent over him and asked, "Do you love God, my child?"

"Do I love Him?" was the answer; "to be sure I love Him. Why, didn't He die for me; and what more could He do?"

In the great Irish famine, many years ago, the same clergyman was told of a girl who was "down with the fever"—the terrible, wasting, famine