

our hearts are filled with bitterness, and the friendship of years, it may be, ruthlessly destroyed, the only remembrance of our friend being the hasty word. Our dignity has been insulted, and we have no desire to forget it.

I remember hearing a lady reprove her little sister for some hasty word spoken to a playmate.

"Oh, sister," answered the child, "did she tell you *that*?" and then burst out with a grieved expression, "If she had only remembered the many kind words spoken that day, and not thought so much of *that one word*!"—*Selected.*

PUTTING OFF.

LOUIS PHILIPPE lost his empire. How? The Parisian mob came round the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defence of the place. Said the brave commander to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." How answered Louis Philippe? "No, not yet." Only a few minutes passed, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the imminent and distressing danger to which he was subjected, seeing the forlorn condition of the situation, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." Not excitedly, but coolly, the general answered: "No, it is too late now; don't you see the soldiers yonder exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Sure enough, it was too late. Down went the throne of Louis Philippe! Away from the face of the earth went the House of Orleans; and all this, as history tells us, because the king said, "Not yet! Not yet!"

Do you recall how Felix was almost saved, but lost? The sad answer is given in his trembling words: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Yes, but that season never came.

Now, as one reason Louis Philippe lost his empire and Felix lost the salvation of his soul was procrastination, so one of the most common and universal reasons that great multitudes miss great bargains in this life, and heaven beyond, is this waiting until to-morrow before putting forth immediate effort instead of improving the present. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief robbing many of their noblest impulses and sweetest joys. An opportunity presents itself for speaking a cheery, encouraging word, singing a song of gladness, giving a dime to one in need, bringing a little relief to some sufferer; but along comes some little imp pleading

for postponement until farther on the way. While waiting the heart grows hard, the warm impulse cools, the opportunity has passed perchance forever. Theodore Cuyler, that grand and good man, says: "A human heart is like metal; it can only be moulded while it is melted; to thrust either of them into a cold bath makes them un-malleable. To kill a noble impulse by delay is a sin." Boys, it is a terrible habit, this allowing one's self to get in the way of putting things off.—*Rev. G. R. Robbins, in the Boys' Brigade Courier.*

FEELING VS. TRUSTING.

"I CAN'T feel I'm saved," said an anxious man to a friend. "You do. I wish I were like you."

That friend handed him a chair, and said, "Sit down." He obeyed.

"Do you feel you are on the chair?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"You didn't until you sat down, did you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Nor will you feel that you are saved until you sit down on the promise of God, and repose the whole weight of your guilty soul upon the arm of God."

The Spirit blessed the simple illustration; the man saw the truth, and found rest; not by *working*, not by *wandering*, not by *waiting*; but by being *willing* to rest in the chair made by Christ from His cross, cushioned with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and covered with the crimson of a perfect atonement. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Rest in the Lord" (Psalm xxxvii. 7). "Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee" (Psalm cxvi. 7).

How many are like this anxious one, and want to feel before they trust, forgetting that they must first recline before they feel repose, according to that promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3). As the hymn says:

"Cease of fitness to be thinking,
Do not longer try to feel:
It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal."

Our friend trusted the work of another when he sat upon the chair; we trust the work of another, even God's Son, when we stay our mind and repose our confidence in the salvation of Christ. The result in one case is rest to the body, and in the other rest to the soul.—*Good News.*

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