

Flower Basket.

BEAUTY.

It fills the world, 'tis here, 'tis there,
It rests on all we see,
It shows God everywhere
In hill, and dale, and tree.

It decks the lovely rainbow's form,
Quick moves in Northern light,
Red crimson hues the brow of morn,
Bright gems the noon of night.

It dances on the foamy crest
That crowns old ocean's wave,
It sits across the river's breast,
It cheers the gloomy grave.

It blossoms in the opening rose,
It burns in spring-tide bud,
It lives where'er Jehovah goes,
It is the voice of God.

—Rev. J. A. R. Dickson.

THIS WORLD A BOG.

They pass best over this world, said Queen Elizabeth, who trip over it quickly, for it is but a bog. *If we stop, we sink.*

A volume might be written on the various methods which God has taken in providence to lead men first to think of him.—*Richd. Cecil.*

I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.
—*Campbell.*

AN OLD STORY.

The worshippers of Mammon, says a Constantinople correspondent, have discovered that there is another power beside that of gold, and another God who is above the idol of worldly wealth. During the time the cholera lasted it was pitiable to see the fright of all those who used to boast that they had no religion and no creed save that of Nature. The 'Young Turkish' school of Moslems who had many of them thrown off even a semblance of belief in the Koran, were in a greater fright of death than any men I ever saw. The Christians were bad enough, at least such among them—not a few—who had led lives not exactly in accordance with their creed. The Arminian, Latin, Greek, and other churches, were crowded with

men and women hearing mass and going to confession, who, for many months, perhaps years, previously had never put foot inside a sacred edifice. Many of the priests were actually prevented going to administer to the dying by the importunity of the living for the consolations of religion. Now that all fear of the cholera has passed, every one has returned to his old ways.

THE JEWISH SURGEON.

In one of the large London hospitals a poor woman lay dying. One of the young surgeons, who was a Jew, went to her bed, and said, 'My poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will not recover. Can I do anything for you?'

'Thank you, sir,' said the woman, 'there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be much obliged to you if you would read a chapter to me.'

The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament, and did as she desired.

He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the Word of Life seemed to give to the poor invalid.

With almost her dying breath, the poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it.

He took the book home with him, and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote—Jesus, the Messiah—and was enabled to believe in Him as the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

The Hebrew proverb is "*As is the Mother so is the Daughter.*" Then let the mothers be good, and the daughters will follow their example, and men will have good wives and good mothers—and faithful friends.—*D.*

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck if you have only a shilling a week to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbour's alone; good luck is to fulfil the ten commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the

world, they must take care of home, sweep their own door ways clean, try to help other people, avoid any temptation, have faith in truth and God.

A complete genealogy of Christ is found in the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, and the first of Matthew. Read them.—*D.*

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE NEVER PRAYED.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and, having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said, 'Good morning, my friend: you are the person I have been waiting for.'

'O sir!' said the man, 'you are mistaken, I think.'

'I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you.'

'Sir you are mistaken; it could not have been me. I never saw you in my life before, that I know of.'

'Well, my friend,' said Mr. Kilpin, 'I heard you pray last night.'

'Now I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life.'

'Oh,' said Mr. Kilpin, 'if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning! I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul.'

The man turned pale, and trembling, said 'Do you call *that* prayer? I did, I did!'

'Well, then my errand this morning is to request you, from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer!'

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

AN ASTRONOMER'S PRAYER.

These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World":

"Thou who, by the light of nature, has kindled in us the longing after the light of thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of thy glory, thanks to thee, Creator and Lord, that thou lettest me rejoice in thy works. Lo! I have done the work of my life with that power