

to the house. There the man of God held up before her a bleeding, loving, dying Saviour. Prayer followed, and praise followed prayer; for when they entreated God, with strong crying and tears, the grave opened, and she that was dead came forth, to say, I confess that Jesus is the Lord, and to sing with Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden—he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name." And what did you do? I asked the husband. Do, sir? he replied; I sprang to my feet; I clasped her in my arms; I exclaimed, 'This is our marriage day! and unable to restrain my joy, I cried Hosanna to the Son of David!' Praise him, all ye his angels; praise him, sun, moon and stars; praise him, all ye orbs of light!

By their fruits ye shall know them. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles—nor such fruits in any but renewed hearts. So to feel, proves what no profession can, that the same mind is in us that was in Jesus Christ; nor is there room to doubt that if you bear such saintly and heavenly fruit, you are one with him who, communicating the influences of the Spirit to his people, as the tree does its sap to the boughs, hath said, I am the Vine, ye are the branches. Abide in me, and I in you.—*Speaking to the Heart.*

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A little boy came in from school the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again "Willie, what ails you, dear?" "Mother," said he—"mother I *swore*. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother," and Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face. His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the word of God on the subject, he said, "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere; so she found and copied this text:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."—Ex. xx. 8. This is the third commandment.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—In a public lecture, Rev. John Angell James once said: "If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, he owes it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion who slept in the same room with them, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to bed. That scene, so unostentatious, and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven and through the ages of eternity."