quoted Scripture. He was faint with long abstinence, the temptation was of greatest force, but in his hands, the sword of the Spirit put to flight the enemy. From this one instance, the weak, inexperienced child of God, trembling with apprehension, learns his lesson of battle. You may fight all hell's forces, with the prince of power of the air at their head, and conquer them, provided only that you depend upon God's strength, and use God's word. The writer, in his earliest Christian life, was hard pressed by the temptation to believe that all men would be saved, that God would not condemn any to die eternally. After much prayer, he decided to leave it to God's word. He then read Matt. 25: 46. That settled the temptation, once for all. JESUS SAYS SO, that is enough.

Amherst, N. S.

What Think Ye of Christ?

"Pharisees, with what have ye to reproach Jesus?"

"He eateth with publicans and sinners."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"And you, Caiaphas, what say you of him?"

"He is guilty; he is a blasphemer because he said: 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.'"

"Pilate, what is your opinion?"

"I find no fault in this man."

"And you, Judas, why have you sold your Master for silver—have you some fearful charge to hurl against him?"

"I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

"And you, centurion and soldier, who led him to the cross, what have you to say against him?"

"Truly, this was the Son of God."

"And you, demons?"

"He is the Son of God."

"John Baptist, what think you of Christ?"

"Behold the Lamb of God."

"And you, John the Apostle?"

"He is the bright and morning star."

"Peter, what say you of your Master?"

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

"And you, Thomas?"

"My Lord and my God."

"Paul, you have persecuted him; what testify you of him?"

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord."

"Angels of heaven, what think ye of Jesus?"

"Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And thou, Father in heaven, who knowest all things?"

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Beloved reader, what think you of Christ?—Translated from the Spanish, in The Standard.

A Glimpse of Buffalo.

There are few cities, if any, in the United States, where the summers are more delightful than in Buffalo, where our great Convention is to be held this year. The cool breezes from Lake Erie temper the heat and make the air genial and refreshing. The leaves upon the trees keep their freshness. The grass on the trim and well-kept lawns does not dry up and wither. The flowers in the gardens are bright with blossoms. In such a city there is little need of parks. Yet Buffalo has a beautiful park system over which it is a delight to ride or stroll. There are broad stretches of meadow and fine spreading elm trees, with ornamental shrubbery and cosy nooks and bridle paths. In some places the views are so thoroughly rural that one forgets the stir and noise of the city and almost imagines himself in the quiet country. We hope many of our young people will try it for themselves this summer.—Baptist Union.

A Suspicious Rat-hole.

It is told that a New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became president for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:

"Yours of the 10th, inst., received. I am well acquainted with Mr. X, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth one and a half dollars; and three chairs, worth, say, one dollar. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into."—Presbyterian.

One of the greatest difficulties in teaching children is their liability to turn parrots. A Sunday-school teacher was trying recently to get from her pupils the names of the three Hebrew children who were cast into the fiery furnace. At last a little fellow raised his hand. "Very well, Jimmie," said the teacher, "you tell us who they were." And the little fellow answered: "They were I-shac, ma'am, an' You-shac, an' Me-shac, an'—an'—an' All-in-the-bed-we-go."—Bible Reader.

Copied from the MINSTER.

TENEBRÆ.

By the LORD BISHOP of DERBY and RAPHOE.

Sayest thou then to all who will to hearken,—
"The saint's star grows not dim,
But still through clouds that climb and deeps that darken,
Is visible to Him—

Still when the sunset comes He taketh order,
To whom the right belongs
To send His own away across the border,
Silvery and with songs?"

Nay! God prepares the Kings for coronation,
Not as might you or I,
And being wondrous, works his preparation
For Kingship, wondrously.

Not always is the triumph of the sainting,
That which our hearts expect,
Tearfully, roughly, doubtingly, and fainting,
How many souls elect—

Pass out from hence within the lifted curtain:—
Roughly into the smooth,
Doubtfully into the forever certain,
The circumfulgent truth!

Tearfully, tearfully, becoming tearless,
When trouble's all but o'er;
Fainting, when well they might at last be fearless,
Seeing they touch the shore;

Questioning hard by the school unemulous,
Where half our questions cease,
Scarcely a bow-shot off their beds—and tremulous—
Upon the verge of peace:

Head drooping just before the crown is fitted,
Eyes dim at break of day,
Feet walking feebly through the meadows wetted
With April—into May.