

once told me that he had made it a rule to lock every affair of State and every care outside his bedroom door. To this excellent habit he attributed his sound sleep, and to his refreshing sleep he largely attributed his vigorous longevity. Paddy's rule is a good one—'When you slape, pay attintion to it.' Personally, I may remark that it is to a full quota of slumber at night and a brief nap after a noon meal that I owe fifty-nine years of steady work without a single Sunday on a sick-bed.

To keep young, every man or woman should endeavor to graduate their labors according to their age. After threescore-and-ten lighten up the loads. It is overwork that wears out life; just as it is the driving of a horse after he is tired that hurts him and shortens his days. But while excess of labor is injurious to the old, an entire cessation from all labor is still worse. A workless life is commonly a worthless life. If a minister lays off the burdens of the pastorate, let him keep the tools sharp by a ministry at large with pen and tongue. When a merchant or tradesman retires from business for himself, let him serve the public, or aid Christ's cause by enlisting in enterprises of philanthropy.

Rust has been the ruin of many a bright intellect. The celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, kept young by doing a certain amount of intellectual work every day so that he should not lose his touch. He was as full of sap the day before his death as he was when a missionary in Virginia at the age of two-and-twenty. He prepared and often used a prayer that was so beautiful that I quote a portion of it.

'O, most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease, and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be Thy holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last, and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion and of Thy faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious promises.'

A sore temptation to the aged is a tendency to querulousness and pessimism. While we cherish and cling to many of the things that are old, and are all the better for having been tested, let us not seek to put our eyes in the back of our heads and live only in the past. Keep step with the times; keep sympathy with young hearts. A ten-minutes' chat or play with a grandchild may freshen you more than an hour spent with an old companion or over an old book.

Above all, keep your hearts in the love of God, and walk in the warm sunshine of Christ's countenance. Our autumn ought to be about the most golden period of life.

A Fatal Mistake.

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

A young man in a boat, while hunting near New Haven, broke an oar. A sudden rain storm was coming up, but he was so desirous of securing a duck he had shot that he neglected to go ashore while he could. The squall drove him far from land, and with but one oar he soon found himself helplessly drifting rapidly out to sea. Finally, seeing no hope of safety by his own exertions, he took his handkerchief and tied it to the oar, and held it up to attract attention of others, should any vessel come in sight. After weary waiting, a sloop was at length seen making for him, and as soon as it was within hailing distance of the boat the captain bade the man jump alongside, as it was sailing fast under a strong wind. The order was obeyed. He jumped and caught the taffrail with both hands. 'Saved!' you say. No; for no sooner had he seized hold than he was pulled back, fell into the water, and was seen no more, as the sloop dashed onward in its course. He had tied the boat's paint-iron about his loins, and so the weight of the

boat dragged him down into a watery grave. In trying to save his game he was driven out to sea; and then, in trying to save his boat, he lost his life. Had he divested himself of every weight and leaped unfettered into that ark of safety, which for an instant was within his reach, he would have been saved. Oh, the folly of those who are anxious to save trifles and reckless in risking all—who hesitate to lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets them, and thus forever perish. Did they say, as Top-lady, 'Nothing in my hands I bring'; did they drop what was dear to them, as a right hand or eye, for the sake of eternal life, they would gain heaven.

He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be Christ's disciple. If there be love of money, or fear of hardship, or dread of ridicule, or choice of pleasure—whatever it is that fetters and loads down the soul, there is no hope of heaven. The gate is narrow. There is no room for the balky appendages with which the self-righteous, or worldly, or covetous burden themselves. To dream of thus entering heaven is a fatal mistake. But by giving up all, we gain all. By dropping the toys of time, we receive the wealth of eternity.—'Church Union.'

'We Pray Thee.'

Most gracious Father, hear our prayer
While we before Thee bow;
Upon each heart and mind, Oh, Lord,
Thy bounteous grace bestow.

Let heavenly breezes waft their breath,
Upon each drooping head;
The fragrance of Thy wondrous love,
Around us do Thou shed.

Cheer us if we discouraged be,
Or filled with anxious care,
Uplift the burden. Thou, dear Lord,
For us did'st burdens bear.

If weak in body, strengthen, heal,
According to Thy will;
We know 'Thou doest all things well';
Therefore we'll 'fear no ill.'

Show us the worth of kindness, Lord,
Of loving cheering words;
Our daily life sweet joy and peace,
Commune with Thee affords.

Dispel the shadows of our lives,
By brightness of Thy light;
Our grateful hearts with gladness fill;
And all our way make bright.

Forgive our sins and keep us pure,
As Thou would'st have us be;
So when we reach the 'eventide,'
We'll dwell fore'er with Thee.
—Annie T. MacHardy.

To Venture Eternity Upon.

Dr. Watts was nearing the gates of the city of God, for the sands of life had almost run out. He had born his infirmities in a calm and Christian spirit.

When engaged in conversation with a friend on the eternal verities of the Gospel, he said that he remembered how an aged minister used to say that the most learned and wise Christians, when they came to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned.

'And so,' said he, 'I find it. I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises. For I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them.'

A testimony like this is worth remembering. In days of health and strength, scholars discuss the great doctrines of theology and the perplexing problems of life. But in view of meeting God in the spirit world, it is enough to be able to trust the promises of the simple Gospel.

In the stress and strain of daily life the knowledge that all God's promises are Yea and Amen in Christ, has brought hope into many a trying circumstance. These

same promises are quite as true and reliable when the angel of death is near.

It is just what God's promises are intended to be, viz., our stay in life, our comfort in trouble, our joy in sorrow and our hope in death.

Each divine promise is like an immovable rock in a stormy sea. No matter how the waves surge and roll, seethe and foam, the rock just stands fast for ever.—'Friendly greetings.'

Peace Amid War.

A story has been told of an incident which happened while Lord Roberts was commanding the British troops in South Africa. On one occasion, when the army was sweeping across the country, Lord Roberts entered a small Boer homestead. As the commander did not return, his military attendant knocked and asked the intentions of his lordship. Imagine the astonishment of the aide-de-camp, to find the great soldier sitting at a table with a small child on his knee, to whom he was explaining the alphabet with the assistance of a slate and pencil. There was peace in the midst of warlike surroundings, and the great commander was quietly engaged in helping the tiny child to do the allotted lessons. A greater than he was peacefully engaged amid the storm of the lake. He was able to hush the noise of the storm by an authoritative command. "'Peace be still.'" And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.—'The Christian.'

A Lifebelt for Each.

A minister recently told of an incident in his own life. On one occasion he was crossing from Belfast to Fleetwood by steamer, when quite a storm was brewing. In various parts of the vessel a conspicuous notice was posted to the effect that a sufficient number of lifebelts were on board, so that each passenger might be certain of having one. As the minister retired to rest in his cabin he instinctively felt for the lifebelt which had been provided for him, and though the wind was howling, slept in perfect safety because of the safeguard ready at hand. When the story was afterwards related to his congregation by the minister, it proved a means of great comfort to a certain listener who afterwards, as she lay dying, sent for her pastor and thanked him for the lifebelt for her own soul to which he had directed her. With a strong faith in God, we shall not be afraid, as were the disciples. 'Master, earnest Thou not that we perish?' will not escape our lips, but we shall have implicit trust, because there is a Lifebelt for each and all of us.—'The Christian.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, the treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, acknowledges, with thanks, a kind contribution of \$5 from 'An Ontario friend,' towards the furtherance of the Orphanage work.

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