

Family Reading.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

Tell about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is weary, weary,
And longs, like a child's, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of His earthly obedience sweet;
How He wrought at His father's work-bench,
And washed His disciples' feet,
For my hands are so tired of toiling,
Work seems such a wearisome thing;
Yet, once 'twas enobled and hallowed
By the service of Jesus the King.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hill He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish,
Dropped down on Judea's sod,
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs that He freely forgave;
Of His mercy and tender compassion;
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,

Or pain, or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.

So tell me the sweet old story,

That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.

—The Advance.

"CHRIST,

WHO IS OVER ALL, GOD BLESSED FOR EVER."

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

High over all thrones, dominions, and powers among men; high above the angels that excel in strength; high above the crowned seraph that bows in the ineffable brightness of God's countenance nearest the throne; higher, and higher still, towards the infinity of the incomprehensible God. I follow Thee, O Christ, until I see Thee stand coequal, co-eternal with the Father—God.

And as the words, Blessed for ever, tremble upon my lips, I hear ten thousand voices echo and re-echo upon the eternal hills, until the sound becomes as the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings, blending in strong, yet harmonious joy—"God, blessed for ever!"

Oh! wondrous vision of Him whom "man hath not seen nor can see!" How fearlessly my soul climbs "the steep of this infinite"—up, up to where the glory grows "dark with excess of light;" for, 'midst the ineffable splendors I see a human face, the dear outline of a human form, a blessed human hand lifted in divinest benediction, and on those holy human lips the smile of love—not love's semblance, not love's ideal, but LOVE, of which the highest earthly comparison fades into utter inanity.

"God blessed for ever!" Let me repeat those sacred words, as I gaze thus on him, until my soul is filled with a sense of his exalted majesty! Let me repeat them still, as I catch amid the intenses of his glory the mark of earthly thorns upon his brow, as I discern upon those outspread hands the trace of earthly suffering! Let me repeat them as I look with more transfixed and earnest gaze upon that spear wound in his side, and remember that there, there was opened the fountain of Life to man!

Come hither, redeemed one, and look upon thy Lord. Thou hast been wont to go back to the manger where lay the babe of Bethlehem, and think of the strange revelations which came to those Hebrew shepherds on that eventful night. Often hast thou traced his path of suffering and self-denial, lingered with tearful joy over the recital of his gracious acts of compassion, and bowed with willing obedience to his divine instructions.

Thou hast watched with wonder his patient endurance of that shameful trial, and those cruel indignities of the crown of thorns, the purple robe, and the mock homage of the insulting soldiery. Thou hast, with increasing wonder, followed him through the scoffing crowd to the cross, seen those hands and feet nailed to the wood, and, amidst the awful protest of earth and heaven against man's atrocity, seen him die.

Thou hast followed that bleeding form to the sepulchre; and, with a joy too full for words, hast, in the grey dawn of the third day, seen him rise as from a gentle sleep, lay aside the robes that had bound him, and walk forth from the tomb alive.

Again, thou hast stood with the twelve upon the sacred hill-side, and beheld, as enveloped in a cloud of glory, he ascended up to heaven. But didst thou go any further? or, turning back to earth, didst thou sit down, indulging in vague speculations concerning him who had thus passed from thy human vision, until the mysterious Divinity of thy Lord became a dreamy, half-unreal thing; and his humanity, thus taken from thy sight, at last filled thy highest conception of Christ? But follow on. Look through all the ranks of those holy ones from earth who have entered into rest. Is he there? Is he among those shining ones who bow so near the throne? Nay, higher and higher still ascend, until faith recognizes him upon the right hand of the Father, lifting that glorified humanity to the full heights of Divinity—himself over all—God, blessed for ever!

Gracious Redeemer! and dost thou know how feebly we have traced thee? how dimly we have discerned thy glory? how often our dark souls have degraded their conceptions of thee to the low level of the creature? Dost thou know all this—the impious pride of the weak human intellect, that has stood and cavilled at the mysteries of thy incarnate life: and, failing to grasp the vast idea, has stood with folded arms, and proudly thought to look above and beyond thee into the very face of essential Deity, and thus offer its arrogant worship to him who, out of Christ, "is a consuming fire?"

Yes, thou hast known it all—hast felt it all; and yet thou hast been merciful, long-suffering, and ready to forgive; leading us patiently into truth, unfolding the mysteries of thy word to our dark understandings, and giving us faith to take hold of thee as our Redeemer! Happy he who thus patiently led, thus tenderly borne with, thus pitied, and thus strengthened, comes at last clearly to see in the midst of thy exalted glory the marks of thy earthly abasement, and with unwavering faith, to acknowledge thee as being "over all—God, blessed for ever!"

The truth is, nothing attracts like the pulpit. A rationalist will come in New York and lecture to a full house, and go away carrying his honors; and some people say: "See what a success! what a crowd he draws! if only the ministry drew as well!" But notice that this lecturer, sharp and shrewd as he is, keeps away from New York for a whole year. He knows people will not come to hear him twenty, ten, or even five times a year. Yet the thousands fill the Christian pulpits fifty-two days in the year, and send of their substance to the heathen. —*Christian at Work.*

HOW A CHURCH WAS FILLED SUNDAY EVENINGS.

The evening service on Sunday in a certain congregation was poorly attended. People thought they could not come out twice a Sunday to church.

The council talked the matter over. Their talk resulted in a pledge to each other that they would never absent themselves, willingly, from the evening service, and that they would urge every one they saw to plan for a second attendance.

The parents talked it over. They found that their children were not in the habit of spending the evening religiously or profitably, and they determined to set them an example of an earnest devotion to spiritual concerns. They began going twice a day the Sunday after.

The young men talked it over. They concluded that it was their duty to attend both services, and to bring at least one young man apiece with them.

The young ladies talked it over. They thought that if they could go to a concert or party at night, it could not do them any harm to be at church after sunset. They decided that they would all go regularly, and take each a young man with them.

The minister did not know what to make of it. He began to flatter himself that he was a latent Spurgeon. The attendance was increasing every week. Strangers, seeing the direction of the crowd, followed. It became the most popular church in the city.—*Evangelist.*

A PICTURESQUE PALM.

There are no less than six hundred kinds of palms, and they present in their varied forms some of the most graceful and picturesque, as well as some of the most majestic objects to be found in the vegetable world. They stand out with their light, airy and plume-like foliage, in beautiful contrast with the deep, dark growth of the underwood. Some kinds reach the height of two hundred feet, while others have stems scarcely visible above the ground, and display nothing but a wide-spreading bunch of immense leaves. The trunks of some are smooth, while others are rough with a fibrous covering.

The bold and erect posture of some of them is proverbially emblematic of a perfect righteousness. Thus David says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

The branches of the palm, or rather their long leaves, were also considered as emblems of victory; and were often used as such on occasions of public rejoicing. When our Saviour made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem some of the people "took branches of palm trees, and strewed them in the way." And in the vision of St. John, the multitude, which no man could number, were seen standing before the throne, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands.

TO YOUNG MEN.

"Whoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

A great many hopeful young men reach middle life before they come to realize what life means.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

How much larger would life be if men would start aright and never let go the one purpose of making all they can of themselves in this world.

When a young man sneers at the backwoods town in which he was born, and its old-fashioned ways, he has lost the best part of his manhood.

There are so many men of large promise, who give hope of being truly great, then go out in darkness, it throws a shade of sadness over human life.

The most of men who fail in any undertaking blame the weather, the system of trade, the rascality of other men;

anything but their own stupidity and profligacy.

It is a good sign when a man who by waste or neglect, loses his position or his business, is willing to go down to the root of the matter, and throw the blame on himself, where it belongs.

When a young man away from home cannot find time, at least once a week, to write to his mother, he is cutting loose from the strongest tie that can hold him in the hour of temptation.

There are a great many good, sensible Christian people in every city who would be glad to make the acquaintance of as many young men as they can, coming strangers to the city; but the young men must put themselves in the way of forming such associations.

When a young man goes from the country to the city, he should carry his home with him, in following its teaching, in selecting only such companions as he would invite into his mother's parlour, in spending his Sundays and spare hours in such a way as he would be willing for the folks at home to know how they are spent.—*Golden Rule.*

IS THERE PLENTY OF TIME?

A London City Missionary of the Great Ormond Street District, has had an note from an interesting girl of seventeen, whom, some years before, he had been trying to lead to the Lord Jesus. She says:—

"How well I remember the first night that I was spoken to about my soul. There was a hard struggle within me; the devil kept saying to me, "Put it off—there's plenty of time." But I could not get rid of the thought—If I should die to-night where should I go to?"

"I did, however, put it off that night; when I woke in the morning the devil said to me, "Didn't I tell you that you would live till this morning?" But I could not rest.

"I was spoken to again the next night, and shown those beautiful words in John iii. 15, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Trusting to those words, I found peace, which the world cannot give or take away.

"Often have I been tempted to turn back to the broad road that leadeth to destruction, but Christ has led me through it all. I can say—

"His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand!"

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bed-room, but stepped on the nut, which, in breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

—Mr. Grant Duff, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has promised to lay upon the table of the House of Commons a copy of the Canadian Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Act, passed in 1878.