

we are the children of God, and joint heirs with Christ.' And as children travelling to their Father's house, they have but one object in life. And in the pursuit of it they gladly 'endure the cross and despise the shame.' His strength they are enabled to 'fight the good fight.' 'They go from strength to strength.' 'They that wait upon the Lord,' not at His gate, or in His house, or at His altar, or upon His ministers, or on their word, or in His ordinances, 'but they that wait upon the Lord Himself, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall not faint.'

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

BY AUNT MAY.

'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.'



UNCLE PHILIP was ill, and I, his niece May, was keeping him and the blazing fire company one blustering March day, when he thus began one of his many tales:—

"It was my fifteenth birthday, my dear, when I had this Bible given me. I remember well my father's words, 'Here, my son, is a Bible from me and your mother, and we hope that it will be your guide all through life. It will I am sure be dear to you, for our sakes, as well as because of the precious truths it contains. My father spoke feebly, for he was only just recovering from a dangerous illness, and it made us all very sad to notice how wasted and weak he had become. Then Bessie came forward, with a purse she had worked for me with her own fingers. I have it still, May, although your dear mother has long been numbered with the silent dead.

"I left home the very next day after, and went to a sea-side town, to learn the trade I had myself chosen—that of a ship carpenter. At first everything was so fresh and strange to me, that I forgot my Bible, and there it lay day after day at the bottom of my box, as though I had forgotten both my father and my God. By-and-by I grew more accustomed to my work, my companions, and the glorious sea; but yet I was as careless as ever (as careless as the rest, I was going to say, but perhaps they were the better of the two, seeing how I had been brought up), instead of that, however, I will say, that I

still forgot my Bible and the God who was caring for me all the while.

"It was a fair Sabbath morning, and the sea sparkled 'neath the bright May sunshine. I was walking alone upon the sands, when a voice called to me from the cliffs above, 'Phil, we are going for a sail to-day. Will you join us? It'll be glorious fun, and Steadman has laid in no end of good things to take with us. I told the chaps you'd be sure to come, so don't keep us waiting.'

"I was upon the point of saying Yes, when it flashed across my mind that it was Sunday, and therefore no day for pleasure. I had no time to hesitate, for the one who spoke was in a hurry, else he would be too late, so remembering the old temptation, and poor Jim who was drowned, I called out, 'No, I cannot come, and you, Frost, be persuaded by me and stay at home too. Remember it is the Sabbath.'

"'Stuff,' and he turned off, for the others were calling him on their way down to the boat. I went home to my lodgings, and never before had the morning sun shone so brightly, never before had I felt so happy, so light-hearted—it seemed, May dear, as though I had that day chosen whom I would serve. The next morning brought me a letter saying that my dear father was dead. He had passed from life suddenly, unexpectedly, upon that glorious Sabbath morning, but although I felt the blow terribly, I was quite sure that he had but gone from our Sabbath, to one more glorious still, the eternal Sabbath of heaven. Then, when he was gone, I remembered his words to me some years before, when I had begged to be allowed to go to the woods on a Sunday. 'My son, if six days are not enough for us, in the which we may seek our own pleasure, depend upon it that the seventh will be a dead failure—it will not answer, Phil, it will not answer.'

"'But, father, when folks work all the other days,' I urged.

"'Then, my son,' and he smiled, oh, so kindly upon me, 'the seventh will be welcome as a day of rest—a day of worldly pleasure it can never be.'

"Supposing I had gone with the rest, May, would it have been a pleasure? Ten thousand times No. My father dying, and—but it seemed then, and it seems now, too dreadful to think of. By my father's grave, 'neath the sweet spring sunlight and the fair heavens, I thanked my God who had kept me from going wrong, and so adding a bitter sting to my memory of the past, and the day on which my father died."

Dear children, honour the Sabbath; believe me, you will be, oh, so glad that you have done so by-and-by. You may not have a dear friend die on that day, like Uncle Philip, so as to cause you to be thankful that you have not been sinning while their souls have been passing to glory, but Jesus will come some day to us all, and He knows all those who are His.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *The Biblical Museum. Old Testament. Vol. III.* By Rev. J. Comper Gray.
- (2) *The Pilgrim's Progress. Facsimile Edition.* 3s. 6d.
- (3) *Short Sketches on Important Subjects.* By Rev. J. Hawkins. [London: Elliot Stock.]
- (4) *Rays from the Sun of Righteousness.* By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. 2s. 6d.
- (5) *History of Methodism. Vol. I. To the Death of Whitefield.* By Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D. 5s. [London: Wesleyan Conference Office.]
- (6) *Kilda Hall.* By Frances Martin. 5s.
- (7) *Song and Sense from "Uncle Sam."* By T. Nicholson.
- (8) *Dolce Napoli.* By W. J. A. Stamer. 12s. 6d. [London: Charing Cross Publishing Company]
- (9) *The Whole Meal Bread Question.* 6d. [London: T. C. Henwood.]
- (10) *How to Get Along at the Paris Exhibition.* 1s. [London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.]

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