

gether, and we shouldn't like to begin now—though, to be sure, people that's got legs and horses to get 'em thar dont seem to mind being late much."—*Without and Within.*

When he was a young minister, Mr. Arnot had been entrusted to distribute some money amongst the poor. He knocked at one door where he knew it would be much wanted; but after repeatedly knocking and waiting, and gaining no answer, he reluctantly went away. Next day he was there again, and his knock was answered. He said to the poor woman that she had been out the day before, but she said she had not left the house. He told her she must have been out, as he had called, and knocked again and again, without any reply, "Oh, was it you?" said the poor woman; "I *did* hear you, but I thought it was the landlord for my rent; and not only could I not open the door, but I dare not stir, lest he should hear me, for I had nothing to pay."

What an illustration is this of the gospel knock that is now heard nearly at every door! We fear to open, knowing the Lord has a long handwriting of debt against us, which some day *must* be paid. And behold Jesus standeth before the door, the handwriting being cancelled. He who has paid in person knocks to tell us so.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.—"Do you recognize the benefit of an educated ministry?" some one asked Mr. Moody. To this his reply was, "Certainly; I never saw a man that had too much education; I wish I had more myself! At the same time, I would rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal. Paul would never have said to Peter, 'Peter, I am the man to preach; not you—I am educated.'

Every man has his own work in his own place." In reply to another question, "I never heard of any one bringing a soul to Christ who played cards or went to the theatre," was part of his answer.

THEY'RE DEAR TO GOD.

O that when Christians meet and part,
These words were graven on every heart—

They're dear to God!

However wilful and unwise,
We'll look on them with loving eyes—

They're dear to God.

O wonder! to the Eternal One,
Dear as His own beloved Son;
Dearer to Jesus than His blood,
Dear as the Spirit's fix'd abode—

They're dear to God.

When tempted to give pain for pain,
How would this thought our words restrain,
They're dear to God.

When truth compels us to contend,
What love with all our strife should blend—
They're dear to God.

When they would shun the pilgrim's lot
For this vain world, forget them not;
But win them back with love and prayer,
They never can be happy there,
If dear to God.

O how return a brother's blow!
The heart whose harshness wounds thee so
Is dear to God.

Oh! who beneath the Cross can stand,
And there from one hold back the hand—
Dear to our God!

How with rough words can we conflict,
Knowing each pang our words inflict
Touches the heart once pierced for us—
The hearts we wring and torture thus
Are dear to God!

Shall we be there so near, so dear,
And be estranged and cold whilst here—
All dear to God!

By the same cares and toils oppress,
We lean upon one faithful breast,
We hasten to the same repose;
How bear or do enough for those
So dear to God!

Wherever we are, we may have access to God, and may draw nigh to Him, whithersoever we are driven. Ps. *lxv.*