

He that cometh to Me,
shall never hunger.

JOHN VI. 35

NEWS FROM ROME.

MR. NEWBERRY'S many friends in Toronto will be glad to read the following extracts from a letter received by Rev. Dr. Castle from Rome:—

"I think the time has come to thank you, and the friends through you, for sending Mr. Newberry to Rome. He thus far surpasses our most sanguine expectations. Although his Italian is imperfect, still he is understood. He seems wholly consecrated to the work of leading men to the Saviour. I have no idea that any worker in Rome surpasses him in this department of work. We are learning not only to respect, but to love him. He has his peculiarities, as any earnest successful man must have. He makes his mistakes as some of the rest of us poor mortals do. He tries to correct them, as any honest man would do; but like a sensible man, he does not stop to cry over spilled milk. His whole-heartedness, his zeal, his holy boldness, his plain, direct common-sense way of putting things must necessarily awaken opposition, make enemies, and greatly try his faith, love and patience. Take him all in all, I have not seen such a worker in Italy. He sees God in everything, and so sees Him that he can cause others to see Him. How he is drawing the hearts of these poor people to him."

THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK.

YOU deposit money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it.—Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention—
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deep st silence,
That heart fluids deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience: souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quiet,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see,
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him whatso'er He bids thee;
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we scught to do His will.

—Selected

A CLASS DIFFICULT TO REACH.

IN practical Christian work it is found that there is no class of young men more difficult to influence than the rich, or those who have social standing and are given up to the pleasures and business of this life alone. A noted evangelist was once asked in preliminary conference if he proposed to do anything "for the miserable poor." He answered, "Yes, and the miserable rich, too." Poverty and vagrancy entail much misery, but perverted riches, and lives given up to the world, are more fearful barriers to the entrance of the Gospel into human hearts. Who speaks to the rich young man about his soul? Very few. Practically, he is an outcast from the pale of Christian effort. He is not thought about, or if so, is supposed to be all right, because he is not down in the slums. May the Lord lead us out after the "miserably rich, too.—*Watchman.*"

ETERNITY.