

ever dangers may threaten you, make sure of being in Him, and amid them all you will have safety and peace. Poverty cannot starve you, toil cannot weary you, anxiety cannot worry you, sickness cannot consume you, loss cannot rob you, malice cannot confound you, change cannot alter you, death cannot kill you, hell cannot devour you. Never can you perish, or be plucked out of Christ's hand. Let the conies lead you to Him. Bruce, the African traveller, says he never saw any creature so attached to the rock as the coney—seldom leaving it, and always ready to dart into it. So be it with you. Learn to say evermore, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee."

### TWO CHINESE CONVERTS.

The missionaries who are labouring for Christ in China meet with many discouragements owing to the people being wedded to idolatry and opium, but they are cheered everywhere by seeing that God is blessing their labours. Two instances in point are mentioned in a recent letter from a missionary who belongs to the Inland Mission. He writes: Last Sunday I had just returned from school, and was feeling a little downcast, because of the seeming hardness of the hearts of those to whom I had been speaking, when a man came and looked in at my window. I asked him in, and, as soon as he was seated, I said to him, "Why do you not give your heart to God, and let Him hereafter be your Master?" And he replied, "That is just what I wanted to tell you; I have done it, and I believe fully in Jesus," he said with great stress. I could not help saying, "Praise God!" and then went on to talk with him. After a little he said, "But my heart is not happy." I asked why. He said, "You know I have a brother and mother at home; they do not know about Jesus." "Well," I said, "you must go home now and tell them what you know." He said he would do so.

Another man was here on Saturday. He came once before, and seemed very much interested; but one could not make him feel the real need of a Saviour. He took away a New Testament then, and has been reading it. He was here fully two hours. He wanted to have Christ and Buddha, and for a long time was proof against all I could say. At last I inquired, "Have you a son?" He said, "Yes." "Well, now," I said, "if your son came in here and honoured me as his

father, and took no notice of you, how should you like it? Would it be right or wrong?" "Ah," he said, lifting both hands, "that is right. It is wrong to worship a man [for he admitted Buddha was only such], and forget the Father of all." He accepted Christ.

### IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

A few days ago I was conversing with a friend. We were talking of a friend, and I thoughtlessly made the remark: "I wish some one would write her life; it would be beautiful."

The friend looked at me for a moment, then said: "Hourly Lena's life is being written. We may not know how beautiful her life really is until we hear it up there," said she, pointing heavenward. "The recording angel," she continued, "is not only writing Lena's life, but he is writing yours and mine."

Children, do you think, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the recording angel sees all, and is keeping a record of all you do or say?

Daily are two angels writing  
What we do for good or ill;  
One with smiles the good inditing,  
One, the evil, sad and still.

Yes, children, every evil deed is recorded in heaven, and He who knoweth all things sees every bad deed, knows every wicked thought that passes through the mind; but the same Father sees and knows every good deed and thought.

And yet with Him who marks the sands,  
And holds the water in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

We must do all we can for God, but, after all, it is nothing to what God does for us. It was not so much Abram that covenanted as God; and so only God passed between the pieces of the victims.

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