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Buds and Blossoms

No 302

AND

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the world with fruit."

Vol XI.-No. 4.

APRIL, 1887.

Whole No. 124.

A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

WHAT JESUS IS ABLE TO DO.

Able to make all grace abound toward us; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work. 1 CORINTHIANS ix. 8.

Able to succor them that are tempted HEBREWS ii. 18.

Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. JUDE 24.

Able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. HEBREWS vii. 25.

What He has promised, Able also to perform. ROMANS iv. 21.

Able to make you stand. ROMANS xiv. 4.

Able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. 2 TIMOTHY i. 1.

Able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. ACTS xx. 32.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. EPHESIANS iii. 20.

Able to subdue all things unto Himself. PHILIPPIANS iii. 21.

BELIEVE YE THAT I AM ABLE TO DO THIS! MATTHEW ix. 28.

FOR THE CHURCH AND HOME.

Buds and Blossoms,
EDITED BY
J. F. AVERY,
Published Monthly at Halifax, N. S.
Price Seven Cents.

Post Free One Year, Seventy-five Cents.



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Carefully Read
OUR LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

'ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.'

They help us to make "Buds and Blossoms" give them Friendly Greetings; then doubtless patrons and advertisers will receive mutual satisfaction.

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Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.



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PASTOR—Rev. J. F. AVERY,
Residence—Mizpah Cottage, Kempt Road, Halifax, N. S.

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To any families who have moved into the district, and who may have no stated church-home, or Sunday School.
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SUNDAYS.—Morning, preaching at 11; evening, preaching at 7. Lord's Supper at close of every first Sunday in the month. Strangers are welcome. All seats free. The cause is sustained by the WEEKLY OFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE. Sabbath School meets at 2.30 p. m.

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Donations will be thankfully received towards completing the Tabernacle, and extending the various enterprises.

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61 & 53 GOTTINGEN STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.,

Is becoming the Great Trade Centre of the North End.

Hundreds daily patronize this popular
DRY GOODS STORE,

Because they get better value for their money
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The Halifax Fire Insurance Co'y.,

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 Under all
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Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks,
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CHEAP FOR CASH.

FUR GOODS, WOOLLEN GOODS,
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Ladies' Fur Capes,
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Hay, Straw, Oats, Bran, Middlings, &c., &c.

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WE keep constantly on hand a full stock of **APPLES** and **Cornwallis POTATOES.**

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We offer better inducements than any firm in the business. WE CAN EMPLOY FIRST-CLASS CANVASSERS at offer to start work on sales for Spring of 1897. We require men who can devote full time to the work. Active, successful men can obtain steady work the whole year round. Good references required. Apply (sending photo if possible) to

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Wrapping & Printing Paper, Paper Bags, Staple Stationery, Twines, Printing and Writing Inks.

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Large discount to country dealers on Paper Bags. Correspondence solicited

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IT DESTROYS INFLAMMATION.

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Prime Pork, Hams and Sausage

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IT IS NOT WISE TO.

"We dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some that commend themselves; but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise. II Cor. x, 12.

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MISS RYAN

Is highly recommended as a Successful Teacher of the PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN.

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MIZPAH COTTAGE, KEMPT ROAD, HALIFAX, N. S.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS.

Ostrich Feathers Cleaned & Dyed

ANY SHADE, AND CURLED,

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—AND—

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GOD'S Message to the World,
 "Repent ye and believe the
 GOSPEL."—Mark 1: 15.

A. STEPHEN & SON,

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The Cheapest First-Class

FURNITURE AND BEDDING

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Sugar at Refiners' Prices, Teas and Coffees, and HAND-
 SOME PRESENT with each pound, Fresh Butter
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EVERY STYLE AND EVERYTHING NEW.

The only place in Halifax that have their

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DONE ON THE PREMISES.

Remember the address,

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Repairing of Watches and Jewellery personally attended to.

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TO
BREAK TO SEEK!

"Break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the LORD, till HE come and rain Righteousness upon you."—Hosea x. 12.

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All kinds of **POULTRY and GAME** in their season. Give us a trial and convince yourself that prices and quality cannot be beaten. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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The Season is at hand when cold weather suggests, whether I shall have my old Furs cleansed, repaired and re-dyed, or purchase new ones. In reply we beg to say that we are prepared for that work, from a Baby's Cap and Fur Jacket, to the Cabman's Sleigh and Wolf Robe, Parlour and Bed Room Fur Mats in any variety. Ladies' Seal Jackets re-dyed and repaired, made over into Caps, Muffs, Gloves or Mitts, as required, at moderate prices and short notice. Orders from the Country solicited.

A full line of Furs in stock, offered low for Cash.

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Corner Barrington and Sackville Streets,
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WITHOUT PAIN

We administer Nitrous Oxide Gas for extracting teeth without pain. The safest and most known. Pleasant odor and taste. Full recovery in less than two minutes from first inhalation. No headache, nausea or unpleasant after effects. Everything in Dentistry at moderate prices.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH STILL FURTHER REDUCED.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS.

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Vol. XI.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1887.

WHOLE No. 124.



THE ROYAL SOLDIER,
Major-General the Duke of Connaught.

Ribbon of Blue Temperance Notes.

THE world moves, thank God, so does the temperance wave. It is now getting quite the popular thing to publicly advocate temperance and teetotalism, although now that word is not strong enough. Prohibition is the harder, harsher, grander word now fast coming to the front, and even it is being kindly considered and received by many men in public places. They begin to acknowledge intemperance and the cursed drink traffic, as a matter of policy, must go.

In Halifax we have to thank God and take courage. The wordy and prayerful blows are beginning to tell. To illustrate, we give in brief an outline of a grand temperance gathering at our Academy of Music:—

"The Academy of Music was packed to its utmost capacity; standing room was at a premium, and hundreds of people were refused admission to the lower floors. No such audience ever before gathered at a temperance meeting in that building. It opened at a quarter to eight o'clock and continued until nearly eleven o'clock, almost the entire audience remaining the whole three hours, many of them standing the whole time. The platform was crowded with members of the legislature, city ministers, members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and a number of other citizens. His worship the Mayor explained the object of the meeting. It was called

in the interest of a noble cause. On the platform were clergymen, aldermen and prominent citizens, all ready to speak and uphold the cause of total abstinence. It gave him much gratification to preside over such a meeting. All present knew something of the evils of intemperance. He knew that in Halifax to-day there was an overwhelming temperance element. The city was never in such a position. Temperance men were making their influence felt in politics and in the home circle. With the majority of the people on the side of total abstinence, the result must be good. The large audience before him was an indication that the people were fully alive to what was a burning question. His worship then introduced Rev. W. H. Cline who moved the following resolution:

This meeting desires to testify against the enormous evils of intemperance, and to express its conviction that the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage is inimical to the true interests of individuals and destructive to the order and welfare of society, tending to increase crime, to waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people.

Resolution was carried by a rising vote of the entire audience.

Rev. Dr. Burns moved the third resolution as follows:—

Whereas, Intemperance is the source of sorrow to the wives and mothers of our land, entailing on them poverty and misery, desolating their homes and training their children to lives of depravity;

Therefore resolved, That it is the bounden duty of all Christian women to organize themselves into a working band, in order that they may be better able to wage effective warfare against a vice that is destroying the souls as well as the bodies of its unhappy victims.

And further resolved, That the right of suffrage should be conferred on all the women of Nova Scotia who are ratepayers in order that by vote and petition they may make their voices heard and their influence felt in favor of morality and virtue.

Space does not allow us to repeat the burning eloquence of the various speakers as they moved and supported various resolutions. We can only say we felt proud of our city ministers as we listened to them. What we would say of one we would say of all, they did their best. The crowded house showed no weariness until the end. The results who can tell;

ONE month's drink bill of the United Kingdom equals all the money spent in churches, schools and hospitals in a year. A ten days' drink bill equals all that is raised for missionary enterprises in one year.

A Pastor's Review Notes; or Words of Cheer and Comfort for Tired Workers.



Ure are not able to sound a loud, long, glad note of victory when we calculate work done by the measure line of human judgment; nevertheless we can rejoice in the consciousness of faithful service to Him who is the Captain of our Salvation, the author and finisher of our faith. Looking unto Jesus we faint not

in the weariness of battle, confident the promises are more than ample for our every time of need. Believing in God, in the path of duty we resolve to fight the good fight, knowing grace for endurance will be given, and in the end palms of victory and a crown of glory; for with God all things are possible; he can make us vessels unto honor and instrumental in doing valiantly and successfully the work wheremunto He hath called us by the word of His spirit and grace. Progress in the divine life is assured if we only believe sufficiently to follow; the Lamb whithersoever He leadeth. His commandments are not grievous; the thorniest roadway has been broken by His footsteps of love—the markings of His grace give cheer and assurance in the places of greatest difficulty.

The shadow of the great rock and well-springs of love offer refreshment in the hottest day of life's pilgrimage. The desert dreariness is rendered bearable, yea, and often comfortable, because of the table spread in the wilderness by the hand once nailed and paralyzed by the greatness of His heart's love. Could but would not save himself, that He might become our salvation and hope, in the valley of Achor.

Sinners saved by grace all learn none but Jesus, none but Jesus, can do helpless inners good. Jesus only becomes the motto of every true believer in gospelling the world. Man's remedies for sin are many, and changing with the times and climes, the wills and fashions of a carnal mind; but the gospel of Christ knows no change or need of variation. The story of the cross is the theme which turned in Apostolic days the world, not upside-down, but down-side up, so that by the quickening of the Spirit men learned salvation is of the Lord, and that every good and perfect gift comes down from above, whence all blessings flow, even from the boundless source, the fullness of Jehovah.

During the month tokens have been given that the grand old gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The tear drop in the eyes of awakened and anxious souls have made us glad; causing us to go on our way rejoicing and with increase of expectant faith. The clouds of conviction and tear drops of sorrow are evidences of a glad and near harvest time, when with the joy of harvest we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

The winter time of waiting and preparation are often irksome to the true gospeller, yet we know it is needful to plough, to break up the fallow ground; the winter cold has a physical purpose in God's great economic plan. The dreary, weary time of fall and springtide sowing, if faithfully improved, brings the gladder, brighter time of harvest fulness. But why write and moralise thus? We can only say, as the

heart thinketh the pen is guided. Maybe it is to comfort some tired toiler in the Lord's vineyard, one who is tired and impatient because the season of fruit gathering seems long deferred. Good seed well scattered cannot fail of increase and reward. Be not weary in well-doing the Master said, in due time we shall reap if we faint not. Lo, I am with thee always, should comfort every Christian worker to be faithful even unto death.

Sensible Nonsense.

I have heard it said very truly, that if we put God in His right place, He will put us in our right place.

EIGHT REQUIREMENTS—A man who deliberates about going to law should have, first a good cause; secondly, a good purse; thirdly, an honest attorney; fourthly, good evidence; fifthly, able counsel; sixthly, an upright judge; seventhly, an intelligent jury; and with all these on his side, if he has not, eighthly, good luck, it is odds he miscarries his suit.—*Selwin*.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—"I wish to ask the court," said a lawyer, who had been called to the witness-box to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

Minister (to boy who is digging for worms).—"Little boy, don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in cases of necessity? *Boy (going on with his digging)*.—"This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' 'thout bait.—*Life*.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. You wouldn't think flies were good for anything, yet—" "Oh yes I would," interrupted Bobby. "I know what flies are good for." "What, Bobby?" "Pa says they are the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."

"Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren or Bulwer?" Warren wrote "Now and Then;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."—*Ex*.

"A man said to me the other night," marked a clergyman "I would not have missed your sermon for \$50, and yet when the plate was passed round that man put in a penny."

O'Kelley.—"Is it breakin' yer long neck ye'z afther in the dark?" **Dolan**.—"Sure an' Oi can't foind the matches." **O'Kelly**.—"Thin sthrike a loight and luk forthim like a sensible person."—*Grip*.

N. B.—We ask pardon for omitting review and other notices promised last month. Our excuse is reasonable, tiredness and kindness. That is, the good friends at the Tabernacle have advised the editor and wife to take themselves away to the United States for a rest and change. This has hurried our notes and copy to press in an unfinished state.

Should May number be a little late in coming, remember it will be from the fact that the editor was resting. *You might usefully fill up the delay by canvassing for NEW SUBSCRIBERS, we want some hundreds yet to meet our EXPENSES. TRY, PLEASE TRY!*

Regions Beyond, or Mission Notes.

Thinking it might be instructive and interesting to our readers, we give condensed notes of a lecture delivered at the Tabernacle, by Rev. W. J. Swaffield, on "William Carey, cobbler and missionary, the first and grandest of modern missionaries."

No man, said the lecturer, liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Living, we exert an influence upon those around us, dying, we still speak. There is no dead past; it lives and casts its shadow into the eternities. When we look upon the monuments of the great we find them eloquent reminders of the great deeds of the dead. The utterances of Luther and Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare and Bunyan echo through the centuries. Blessed are the recollections of those by whose example others are led into the right way. William Carey was the pioneer of modern missions. He furnishes an example of what a life-long devotion to a single purpose can accomplish. By his example thousands of mankind have been blessed. He was born in Paulerspury, Nottinghamshire, England, on the 17th of August, 1761—about 125 years ago. Although his father was clerk of the parish, he early displayed a tendency to dissent, and in 1783 was baptized in the river Nen. At the age of 14 years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in his native village, and though he continued to work at the bench, soon after his baptism he began preaching, and four years later he was ordained pastor of a small Baptist church in the neighborhood of Northampton at a salary of \$75 a year. Here he pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity and soon was seized with the missionary spirit; looking over a map of the world, his soul was stirred with a desire to send the gospel into regions where it was unknown. But he experienced much opposition from the elders and leading spirits in the church, and was told that God would send the gospel to the heathen in his own time and in his own way. Later he preached at Nottingham, and his every word was like a trumpet blast, calling upon the church to arise and take the field in God's name. At this time there was not a missionary organization in England or America. He set his eyes on India, but was told by the East India Company that England could not rule there if the religion of the natives was interfered with. Their system of worship, venerable with age, was enriched and supported by British officers as well as by the native princes, and the opposition to his going thither was bitter and strong. But he laid the foundation of a Baptist missionary society, of which he himself became the first agent, and on the 13th of June, 1793, with his wife and sister-in-law, he started out for the conversion of the 200,000,000 heathen in India. He sailed in a Danish ship, for passage in an English vessel was refused. The British power lifted its hand to strike him down, but he was the embodiment of nobility and Christian heroism. The glories of Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon pale before those of the work of William Carey, for his mission was to introduce a higher era and exalt the race. He was to found an empire rich in spiritual blessings, though surrounded by many difficulties. He was among a people with whose language he was unacquainted, where widows were burned, where children were sacrificed to the

river god and where fanatics threw themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut and were crushed to death; and this sin and idolatry was countenanced and supported by the officers of the British government. So William Carey was looked upon as a spiritual dynamiter, and was compelled to leave the territory controlled by the East India Company and establish himself in the Danish settlement of Serampore.

Wm. Carey was a self-made man; his college was a cobbler's shop. In seven years he learned to read the Bible in six different languages. He was unable to buy a map of the world, so he made one himself. He did not let moments pass unimproved. He believed difficulties were made to be overcome. Such men succeed. He was an example of what may be accomplished by self-consecration to a cause. He believed what was worth doing was worth doing well. His consecration was not like Jonah's gourd—it stood the worst storms of persecution. He received the worst cut in the household of his friends. He was held up to ridicule as the "consecrated cobbler," but he only obeyed the command of the carpenter of Nazareth—Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. His self-denial exceeded that of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling. His objects were the glory of God and the good of man; the same as were those of the Apostles, the Martyrs, the Pilgrims and the Puritans. He set a right value on the souls of the perishing. At his printing house in Serampore he printed 212,000 copies of the Bible in 40 different dialects; he printed a newspaper, he founded a college, he endowed a museum, he opened schools, he preached continually, and his work had a greater result than that of any missionary since the Apostle Paul.

William Carey, died June 9, 1834. His character walks the world and distributes benedictions among the families of mankind. It is for us to imitate his noble life, perseverance and self-denial.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, at the Lancaster Assizes recently, said, when sentencing a prisoner: "My opinion is, drunkenness is at the bottom of all crimes of violence. Men will not be content with taking a moderate amount of liquor, but will insist on getting drunk. While in prison you will find how uncommonly well you can get on without drink, for until you come out not one single drop will pass your lips. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six calendar months."

THE Sultan of Morocco has prohibited the sale or purchase of intoxicants of all kinds, and has abolished the State tobacco monopoly. The Morrish tobacco and snuff shops have been closed. Large quantities of leaf tobacco have been publicly burned by the Sultan's order. The populace of Morocco can see no sense in the Sultan's commands, are angry at his interference with their habits, and assert that the prohibitions are enforced only against the poor.

Within the last quarter of a century there have been sold in Italy, the pope's stronghold, 186,495 copies of the entire Bible; 450,179 New Testaments; 596,459 portions, gospels, etc. Total, 1,233,133 issues, by the British and Foreign Bible Society alone. Praise the Lord!

Home Circle.

AS TOO MANY LIKE TO LIVE ON BORROWED BREAD, writes a brother concerning BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, that is: they don't care to subscribe, but try to get them free. We can sympathize with him, and would suggest, do not make a habit of letting them have your copy regularly; pass it on to new readers; maybe hunger will drive them to send a subscription; begging will be discouraged, and more will be fed. Please try and aid us in circulating BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. Our obligations each month are heavy, every new subscription is a real and practical help. We have plenty of back copies and gladly send from January. We want 500 new subscribers within the next two or three months. PLEASE HELP!

What difference we find in people. Some take the magazine for some time, then try to throw it back on our hands; others do not take any notice when we send their bills; in some cases they have been wrongly taking another's paper and repudiate when the question of payment comes. Now we kindly give notice that we can bear with all cases where honest poverty is the cause, or sickness, or some unforeseen circumstances have occurred to prevent payment. We give away this year over half a million of pages of BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, but we must hold all our regular list accountable for present and past subscriptions due, unless otherwise notified or arranged for. We do this that we may know honestly how to keep our accounts, and that none can complain should we at any time have the bills collected. We have so far toiled without seeking gain and suffered loss, but from not a few we have reaped a harvest of kindness. It rejoices to find how heartily the Magazine is endorsed and prized in many homes.

OATS FOR DOLLY.—Mamie Chaloner writes: "I am your little friend and send 50c. for Missionary Dolly's feed box."

HOME MISSION NOTES.—One of our young brethren said, "I am not doing anything now." To his surprise and delight we found him active employ in the Master's service, and he made the press do useful work by printing for us some hundreds of little awakensers, and we plan if we have enough to scatter them in this issue. We call them awakensers because of the question, which is as follows: Friend thou art travelling to eternity, to an everlasting heaven or to an endless hell, which? Our brother convinced us of this fact, that to-day not a few stand idle because no man has made application to them to engage directly in vineyard service. Some are willing, but afraid to use their talent. We can say, whilst our silver and gold for wages is very limited in quantity, at our board there is always food for willing workers, and they are often in demand, for at Mizpah we have found out several ways of serving the King. Distributed during the past month—3,225 pages papers and tracts; 260 free copies BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, equal to 10,400 pages; total 13,625 pages. Papers sent for Mission—Aggie Deachman, Mr. J. Templeton, Chaney and Dougald McInnis, Winnie Curry; per G. P. Raymond, Mrs. J. Barnes, Mary E. Stewart.

PERSONAL KINDNESS.—We once heard it said long-tailed oats are not good for willing horses; and heartily endorse the advice, "put your whip in the manger, man." We mean no insinuation, but from practical experience can say, and we speak for workers generally, kind words and acts cheer and inspire, whilst hard words and unthankful looks dispirit, distress, and paralyze energetic and Christian endeavor. Who can count the worth and cheer of the following kind act by Mrs. A. Hubley, a sister whose little ones have long been sick. Knowing her pastor needed a dressing gown made, she took the material, and amidst her many hindrances, finished it in a most creditable style. When it was returned, from one of the pockets dropped an envelope with the following names. Aaron Hubley, \$1, Milton Hubley, 10c., Beatrice and A. Hubley, 10c. each; Mr. William Hubley, \$1, Mrs. W. Hubley, 50c., Florence Hubley, 25c., and Edgar, 10c.; Ernest Hubley, 25c. and Eliza, 5c., Miss Eliza Crowell, 25c., Mrs. Chamberlin, 25c., Mrs. T. Myers, (the widow's mite) 10c., Miss Ella Myers 10c., Florence and William, 5c. On the envelope were the words, "To help Buds." We could but exclaim, thank God, and say God bless the givers, as we read the names of fathers, mothers and their little ones, knowing it was a sacrifice not from an abundant store, but from the hard earned little. Surely God will honor such help to Buds. We increased our outlay this

year largely, but tested faith is greatly strengthened by these little acts of kindness.

Mrs. Dickie and Mrs. John Mason sent some new laid eggs, and Mrs. W. Davies sent a basket of onions, etc.; Mrs. Estano, a large can of oysters. Mrs. Hartling, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. M. Hubley hearing that Mrs. Avery was going for a trip to the United States, kindly plied their needles by way of a send off. These kindnesses create ministerial sunshine; there are shady sides for all in life's journeying, but how a little act of kindness, great in thoughtfulness, will cheer another. Injudicious words had made gloom on the face, if not in the heart, of my dear wife; but when tired and depressed one day, our sisters, Mrs. DeYoung, Naylor and Looner came in with a little present for baby Roy. It will take the writer some time to forget the marked and happy change, the cloud lifted; good cheer and hopefulness took its accustomed place and the face fairly shone with gladness. Sometimes the pew forgets how heavily a pastor's anxiety weighs on a true helpmate's life and soul.

Mrs. Avery would also acknowledge a small gold piece from a dear old lady. Just as the boys were regretting they could see the bottom of the apple barrel, Mr. Harris Reed, of Avonport, made them glad by sending them a barrel. We are glad to note these little and varied gifts because they show how God supplies our needs and helps us to meet our increased expenses since we have at our own charges kept extra help for his service. We planned from the beginning to tell no man our need, but to trust in the Lord.

Since we penned our last notes we have been thrown into great and painful perplexity. We have been interviewed about removing to New York to take hold of a larger work amongst its teeming thousands, and the cry is: They need you and your help. The position is a most desirable one; it would almost seem to be a louder repetition of the call received some years since. The serious question is, "Lord, what wilt Thou?" Has the past been a training for this future, or should we abide amongst our people to further extend and complete the work commenced? So far we can only say, we are praying, waiting, watching, and keenly feel the seriousness and importance of right decision, endeavoring not to be swayed by the flesh, but to be led by the spirit. Pray for us that we may have unerring guidance and judgment.

CASH RECEIVED, BUILDING FUND.—Joseph Myers, \$1; Mrs. J. Mason in S. S. collection plate, \$1.50. Rev. W. Swaffield's lecture, less expenses, \$7; Miss Ella A. Murray, Mrs. Thompson, \$1.

The following is paying for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS sent \$1; we credit 25 cents to free list:—James Noble, Rev. I. C. Archibald, Elizabeth Cleveland, Edward Etter, Mr. Harris Reed, Mr. James Hurshmen, Mrs. Upham, Lelah C. Wood, Ada H. Smith, Mr. Chas. Chettick, H. A. Shaw, Mrs. Geo. A. Parker, R. H. Bell, Mr. James Elliott, Fred H. Walker, Rev. P. F. Murray, Chas. Blakney.

FOR OTHER PURPOSES.—A widow gave her mite, 25c.

Olive Branches.

BORN March 3rd. The wife Mr. Dalrymple of a daughter.

BORN March 11th. The wife of Cyrus Hubley of a son.

Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED, March 9th, Alfred Arthur Wood to Louisa Lock, both of Halifax, N. S., at Mizpah Cottage.

FADED LEAVES.

DIED Feb. 24th, Josie Johnson, in the City Hospital, Boston. Far from Icelandic home and friends, our young sister in the bloom of life, passed away. We rejoice to know in the Tabernacle, in broken English, we heard her testimony for Christ, and that her character and life has since testified she had no cause for fear in her death. She is forever with the Lord.

DIED March 23rd, Charles O. Blakney, aged four years, five months.

Friend, can you not send one new subscriber for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, after you have read it, and recognized its usefulness? Make a little effort.

THE GIFT OF THE NEW LIFE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.

Down among the sweet Surrey lanes I could show you a little cottage embowered in trees, so neat and clean and pretty that any passer-by would pause to look at it, with its bright little garden of flowers, and would go on with the idea that here was a home of peace and industry and love. And he would be right, for young Thomas Curry and his wife lived a happy, busy life, and took all their joys from the hands of their Father in heaven.



And any one who had passed by there on a spring or summer day, when the sun was shining, might have seen an old man sitting on the bench among the flowers in front of the cottage. This was young Thomas Curry's father. For hours he would sit there enjoying the air, or sometimes he would walk a little way along the shady lane with the aid of his stick. But it was only a very short way the old man could go, for rheumatism and old age had almost deprived him of the use of his limbs. Still, he loved to wander about when his grandchildren were

"Look, grandfather, how the sun has brought the flowers out!"



at play, and to listen to the music of their merry childish voices.

One bright spring day, among the first that it had been possible for old Thomas to venture out, he sat on his bench, enjoying the warm sunshine and the air, which seemed to breathe new life even into his old frame. And he fell into a thoughtful mood; for he remembered a day long, long ago—a day of early spring just like this, when he, a boy of twelve, stood with his mother by the side of a little new-made grave, where a baby sister had just been laid. And old Thomas could remember how he asked his mother the meaning of death, and how she had talked to him of everlasting life.

"Look, my boy," she had said, "the trees are putting forth new leaves, and primroses are coming up out of the ground. There is no death, for God gives new life when the old has passed away. But to us He gives eternal life, the greatest gift, and that life we take from His hands, and we must keep it for Him, and use it for His glory. And day by day He will give us His Holy Spirit if we pray for it, that we may be able to keep our lives for Him."

Old Thomas, with head bent over his clasped hands, seemed to hear those words as distinctly now, and to see his mother's face as clearly as he did that day sixty years ago.

Then another picture came before his mind, the picture of a youth, weary, dejected, and almost in rags, wandering in the busy London streets. That youth was himself, not six years later; but between that first picture and this a dark gulf lay, which it made him shudder even now to think of. For he had fallen into temptation and sin; he had forgotten his mother's teaching and almost broken her heart; he had idled away the precious years in which he should have done good work; and now, disgraced and penniless, he had come to London to seek his fortune.

Old Thomas remembered how, on that evening, starvation stared him in the face, and how he sat down on a door-step utterly weary, for he had been wandering about all day seeking for work. And as he sat there a flower-girl took her stand close by. Her basket was filled with wild flowers—primroses, hyacinths, and violets, the scent of which reached Thomas and touched a chord of memory. For instantly he seemed to hear his mother's words—those words she spoke about eternal life as they walked home that day from the churchyard, with the budding trees overhead, and the spring flowers opening among the grass by the wayside. "To us He gives the gift

of everlasting life," she had said. How was he using that precious gift of God? Had he not thrown it away, and trampled on it? Would God forgive him? A bitter repentance took possession of his heart, and there and then he resolved to take his life, and with the help of God to use it aright.

The pictures still rose up before old Thomas as he sat in the sunshine that sweet spring day. Next he saw himself kneeling at his mother's feet, confessing all his sins, and asking her forgiveness. And he felt her soft hand upon his head, as she said, with happy tears in her eyes, "My son, my son! My prayers are answered, and God has led you back to life."

Then all the other pictures that old Thomas saw were different, for they represented a man who lived in the light of the love of God. Struggles he had and sorrows, but through all the light of God's presence, and the consciousness of His precious gift of eternal life.

And at last old Thomas lifted up his bowed head and looked around. His grandchildren were playing in the sunshine not far away, and he rose and walked feebly to the place. As he came near the children held up the posies they had gathered, and exclaimed delightedly, "Look, grandfather, how the sun has brought the flowers out!"

"Yes," said, the old man, his mind still dwelling on the past; "new life, new life! But to us everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Before the spring flowers had vanished, the children were told by their mother that God had taken their grandfather to Himself, and that they would see him no more.

So the old man laid down the burden of age, and began the life in which there is no more sin, no more sorrow—the life which is God's gift, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to all who will accept it, and take it from Him.

E. D.

THE WORK OF A BEETLE.



ONE day, nearly a hundred years ago, in the old French seaport town of Bordeaux, there was a little stir in a certain dark corner, and a beetle walked out to take its first look at the world. It was not a specially handsome or remarkable beetle in appearance, and yet it had quite a work to do. Not the ordinary work of such insects, however though that is an important one, the beetles of this family being scavengers; but the principal life-work of this beetle was to save a man from death. Perhaps when King David in his Psalm called upon all "creeping things" to "praise the Lord from the earth," he may not have thought especially of beetles, yet this little insect was to be the cause of much thanksgiving.

The house under which this beetle had its home was a prison, known as the Grande Seminaire, and in one of the cells of the prison was the man that was to be rescued by the beetle. His name was Pierre Latreille. Little had he dreamed as the cart that bore him and his companions to prison creaked along

the road to Bordeaux, that he should ever live to be free again in his native land. For those were evil days in France. Even the good-natured, honest king himself, poor Louis XVI., was powerless to shield his wife and children from the fury of the French people. The royal family were already in danger, and the iniquities of the two previous Louis' were being visited on their comparatively innocent descendants. All of the nobility and clergy who refused to take their oath on the new constitution were thrown into prison, and it was for this reason that Pierre Latreille and his companions had been imprisoned at Bordeaux.

It is small wonder that Pierre was sad as he sat in his prison cell, with no one to keep him company but an old sick bishop. No doubt Latreille often thought during the dreary prison days of his past life, his young boyhood in his native town of Brive, in the rich plain by the river Correze. His family had been poor, though distinguished, and Pierre himself owed his education to the kindness of friends.

One of these, a merchant, lent him some books on natural history, and it was from reading these that Pierre first came to love the study of insects. When he was sixteen he was sent to Paris, and there studied theology, but upon his return to his native town he began the study of insects again with great zeal. He had even published some of his discoveries about insects, and now, to all appearance, this study must come to an end.

Out in the harbour of Bordeaux ships were making ready to take the prisoners away from France. They were condemned to exile in South America. Still the prisons were emptied slowly, and although it was June when Latreille was first taken to Bordeaux, yet the days and months crept by and still he lived within the Grande Seminaire. The little beetle lived there, too, although the prisoners did not know it.

One day a surgeon came to see the old bishop in Latreille's cell. The prison authorities had allowed the surgeon to come daily and dress the wounds of this aged man. This particular day, while the surgeon was in the cell, the little beetle came out of a crack in the boards and crawled into the room. Latreille, looking around, spied the beetle, caught it, and began to examine it. He seemed so happy over his discovery that the surgeon looked up and said, "Is it a rare insect?"

"Yes," said Latreille, who knew, from his previous studies, that it must be so.

"In that case you should give it to me," said the surgeon; and he went on to explain to Latreille that he had a friend who had a fine collection of insects, and who would probably be much pleased to receive a rare one.

So Latreille gave up his beetle to the surgeon, and told him to carry it to his friend, and to be sure and ask him the name of it.

But when, the next day, the surgeon made his visit to the cell, he brought the news that his friend had looked at the beetle, and had given it as his opinion that this was a new kind of insect that had never been described. Latreille rejoiced at this answer, not so much because of the discovery of a new beetle, as

because the word brought back showed that the surgeon's friend was indeed a learned man.

"In that case," thought Latreille to himself, "he has probably read my book, and will be friendly toward me."

So, as Latreille had neither pen nor paper to write a note, he begged the surgeon to go once more to his friend, whose name was Bory de Saint Vincent, and tell him who the prisoner who had sent the beetle was, and say that this prisoner was about to be sent to Guiana to die there as a convict.

The surgeon faithfully delivered the message, and as soon as his friend heard it, he immediately set about trying to have Latreille released, for he recognised his name as one of the scientific names of France.

Meantime, the prison-ship was making ready in the harbour. The prisoners went on board, but Latreille was not among them, for vigorous efforts were being made in his behalf. The ship at last set sail, but it was never to reach the South American coast. The vessel foundered before it was out of the Bay of Biscay, and every prisoner on board was drowned. No wonder that Latreille, afterwards, in one of his great entomological works, when describing the kind of beetle that he found in his cell, and speaking of it under its scientific name, calls it "an insect very dear to me, for in those disastrous times, when France groaned tremulously under the weight of endless calamities, this little animal was the miraculous cause of my liberty and safety."

After this providential escape, Latreille's friends were so far successful that he was permitted to come out of prison as a convalescent, although it was stipulated that he was to be delivered up whenever the authorities wanted him. After a time, however, his friends managed to have his name taken off from the list of those who were to be exiled, and so, though even King Louis himself was put to death by the furious French people, yet this man was saved to become "the Prince of Entomology," as he was surnamed.

But, although he was one of the greatest scientific men of France, and published numerous valuable works on his favourite study, and became Professor of Zoology in the Museum of Natural History in Paris, yet he never forgot his miraculous deliverance, and, after his death, an obelisk raised to his memory at Père la Chaise had engraved on it a large figure of the little beetle that had been guided by a Divine hand to visit his particular prison cell, and become the means of his deliverance from death.



A CHANGE OF PLACES.

"Look here, Hannah," said Eliza Goodman, to her friend and companion in service, "there are lots of advertisements for cooks in this London newspaper; and such high wages offered!"

"Well, what of that?" said the housemaid, as she drew near and glanced over Eliza's shoulder at the printed columns. "You don't want to go to London, surely?"

"Indeed I should like nothing better. I'm sick of this quiet place. And why shouldn't I better myself when I see the chance? Look at this one—'Wanted, a good plain cook. Wages £20 a year, and all found.' That would suit me first-rate.



Missus says I can do any sort of simple cooking now."

"Yes, thanks to the trouble she has taken to teach you. You did not know much about it when you came, any more than I did how to wait at table. It seems to me hardly grateful to leave one's mistress just as one has learnt to do the work to her satisfaction. She ought to reap some benefit from the pains she has taken with you."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Eliza, tossing her head; "everyone has a right to do the best they can for themselves."

"I doubt if you would better yourself by going to

London," remarked Hannah; "you would not easily find such a good situation as this. My mother often says that a pound or two more or less in one's pocket is not of so much consequence as it is to get a comfortable place under a good, Christian mistress. I am sure no one could be kinder than Mrs. Kendall is; she seems almost as anxious for our welfare as if she were our mother."

"Oh, I've nothing to say against her; I know she's very kind; but the place is so quiet, there is so little company. I should like to be in a large house, where there was a good many servants besides myself, and always plenty going on. Yes, I really think that I shall give missus notice."

"Oh, don't, Eliza! don't do it," pleaded Hannah; "there's often a deal of deceit and wickedness in those great houses: but little happiness, I think. Depend upon it, if you throw up a good situation like this only for the sake of getting a change and making a little more money, you'll live to repent it. It is a great blessing to live in a Christian home

and serve such a good master and mistress. If you go away you'll be doing as Elimelech did when he forsook Bethlehem for the wicked land of Moab. I wish you had heard the vicar speaking about it on Sunday morning. He said that we were sometimes tempted to leave places that were good for our souls for others that offered us more worldly prosperity."

"Oh, thank you. I hear sermons enough," said Eliza, with a laugh; "you know I don't set up for being pious like you. It's no good your saying anything, Hannah, dear, for I've made up my mind to go. I'll be sorry to leave you, though, for you're the most good-natured girl I ever lived with."

"I shall be very sorry if you go," said Hannah, with a sigh; "but I hope you'll think better of it." So saying she went off with the basket of linen which she had been about to carry upstairs when Eliza drew her attention to the newspaper. She was rather hurt to think that her friend cared so little about leaving her; but she had always felt that Eliza did not respond so warmly as she could have wished to her own sincere affections.

Although it was hardly more than noon, and her morning's work was far from done, Eliza continued to sit some time by the fire, studying the attractive columns of the newspaper. Hannah's words had made

no impression on her. She was bent upon getting higher wages, and seeing more of the world. Nothing should induce her to stay longer in that dull country place she resolved, and ere the day was over she informed her mistress of her determination to quit her service.

Mrs. Kendall was both vexed and pained. She had been especially kind to Eliza Goodman, who, as an orphan girl with no near relative, seemed to claim her thoughtful sympathy. The girl had worried her mistress sadly with her ignorance and carelessness when first she entered upon the situation; but Mrs. Kendall had borne with her patiently, and had taken pains to teach her how to cook. It did seem hard that when at last she could leave the cooking to Eliza without anxiety, the girl should propose leaving her. Mrs. Kendall could not but feel that Eliza was ungrateful; but like most persons who do good from Christian motives, she had learned not to look for gratitude as her reward, and she quickly forgot, in anxiety for Eliza's welfare, all sense of injury done to herself. In vain she tried to show the foolish girl the perils attending her going to live in London, where she had not a single friend. She warned her that although she might earn more money, she would find that money did not go so far in London as in the country, and she would, besides, have many temptations to spend it. She would have to work harder, too, and keep late hours; she would miss the fresh country air and the simple habits to which she was accustomed; it was doubtful whether her health would stand such a complete change.

But Eliza would not listen to her mistresses representations. She was not to be advised. Like many another country girl, she fancied that it would be a delightful thing to go to London, and she was not to be persuaded otherwise. Nor would she wait till Mrs. Kendall, by inquiring amongst her friends, could find a suitable place for her. By answering an advertisement she succeeded in getting engaged to serve in a large house at the West End of London, and in spite of all that Mrs. Kendall or Hannah could say, she, at the end of the month, went off to her new situation.

Eliza had promised Hannah that she would write to her, and for a while she kept her promise. She sent one or two letters, in which she gave a bright account of her new life. She liked London very much. Her fellow-servants were most agreeable, and had taken her to see many of the sights in town. It

was delightful to be where there was such a large party in the kitchen, and always plenty of fun going on.

But after a few months Eliza's letters ceased to come, and though Hannah wrote twice to inquire the cause of her silence, she received no explanation. She concluded sorrowfully that amidst the excitements of London her former friend had ceased to care about her. As time passed on, and she heard no more of Eliza, the thought of her would sometimes bring a shadow of anxiety upon Hannah's faithful heart.

Meanwhile she continued to live contentedly with Mrs. Kendall, and experienced no longings for a change. She knew the value of that quiet Christian home, and felt that she had in her mistress a friend upon whose kindness and sympathy she could rely under all circumstances. She and the new cook got on well together, and for four more years she continued in Mrs. Kendall's service. Then at last she

left her place, but not to better herself by seeking higher wages. She went to a nice little home of her own as the wife of a sober, God-fearing man, who earned his living as a gardener, and was often employed by Mr. Kendall.

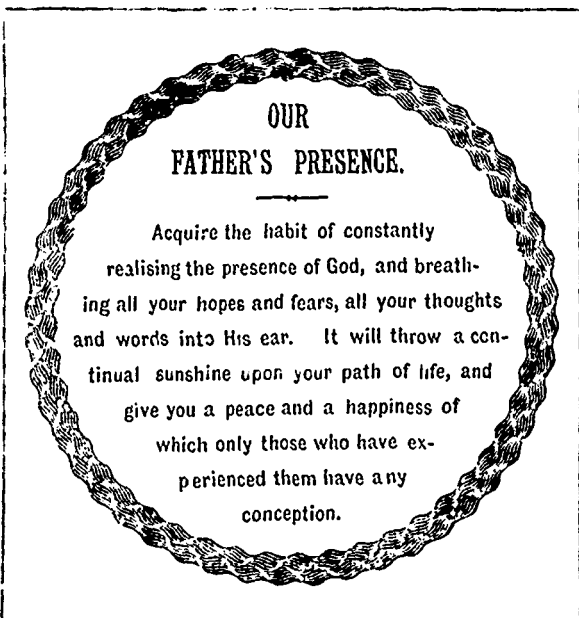
Although Hannah's wages had never been very high, she had been able, by taking care to spend her money economically, to lay by a little sum every year, and with her savings she purchased a neat wedding outfit, most of the garments being made by herself in her leisure hours.

As the man she married was also industrious

and thrifty, the young couple had a nice little sum in hand when they began house-keeping. You could not wish to see a prettier cottage than that in which Hannah lived. It stood in a little garden bright with flowers, and blossoming plants were trained about the windows, and stood in pots on the window-sills. Inside the house everything was as clean and fresh as could be, and many a nice gift from Hannah's late mistress adorned the rooms.

Hannah was very proud of her dear little home, and her heart was full of thankfulness to God, who in His kind providence had given her such a happy lot.

Hannah had been married some months, when one autumn evening, as she stood at the door of her cottage looking for her husband to come home from his work, she saw a weary-looking woman coming slowly down the country road. Something in her appearance seemed familiar to Hannah's eyes, and she watched her without knowing why. To her



surprise the woman paused when she reached the garden gate, and stood gazing at her with sad, beseeching eyes.

"Do you want anything?" said Hannah, going down the path to meet her; "do you wish to see my husband?" For she thought she had perhaps come about some gardening job.

"Oh, Hannah! don't you know me?" said the woman, with a gasp. And then in the poor, worn, sickly-looking creature she recognised her former friend Eliza Goodman.

"Why, Eliza, it's never you?" she said, in her surprise.

"Yes, it's me, though you may well ask the question. But you have not altered a bit, Hannah. I should have known you anywhere. How well you look!"

"I fear you are far from well," said Hannah, as she observed how weak and tremulous Eliza seemed. "Come in and rest awhile; you don't look fit to stand."

"No, indeed, I've not been long out of the hospital. I took small-pox, and they sent me to the hospital; but don't be frightened, there's no fear of infection now the doctor says."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Hannah, as she led her into the cottage. "Now sit down in this easy chair whilst I make you a cup of tea. The kettle's just boiling, and I'll make you a prime cup."

Certainly poor Eliza did not look as if she had "bettered herself" by going away. She had been a round-faced, fresh-coloured girl; but now her face was utterly colourless, and her cheeks hollow. Her figure had grown gaunt and thin, and she seemed to breathe with difficulty. Nor had she the appearance of one who had made money in London.

True she wore a black silk gown, but it had grown rusty with age, and was frayed and slit in many places. The roses in her bonnet were very dirty; her boots were full of holes, and she had no gloves. Hannah tried not to appear to notice these defects; but poor Eliza was well aware what a contrast her appearance presented to that of the neat young wife.

"I dare say you're thinking what a scare-crow I look," she said, presently. "You needn't ask what luck I've had when you see how shabby I am."

"Then you did not get on well in London," Hannah ventured to say; "but you liked your first place, did you not, and you had good wages?"

"Oh, yes, I liked it well enough at first, but as for the money, I never seemed any better off than I was here. The servants all dressed so grandly, and they thought nothing of you if you did not have a lot of clothes. Then we used to go out of an evening to concerts or to the theatre. They thought you so mean if you did not spend your money."

"But what sort of a mistress had you that she let you do such things?" asked Hannah, wondering.

"Oh, we hardly ever saw our mistress; she did not trouble about us. We took our orders from the housekeeper, and she was a regular bad one. It was all through her that I lost my place. She was found out at last in her cheating ways; and they said that I was as bad as she was, because I had known of her

goings on and had not told. But how could I help it? I was obliged to do as she bid me."

Hannah made no reply to this question. She only said, after a minute, "And what sort of a place did you get after that?"

"Oh, I had great trouble in getting a place again, for they would not give me a character. I was in lodgings for some weeks, where people robbed me right and left. And I got into debt, and had to sell all my best things in order to pay what I owed. When I did get a situation, it was a miserable sort of place. At last I went to another, but I did not like it any better; and there I fell ill, and they just packed me off to the hospital without a word of pity. Oh, people have hard hearts in London!"

"Well, never mind," said Hannah, sincerely pitying her poor friend, though she suspected that her misfortunes were in a great measure the result of wrong-doing; "you'll find kinder hearts here. I'm glad that you've come back to us."

"Yes, I longed so to come back when I was ill. It was the only place that ever I was happy in, and I did a foolish thing when I went away. Such a good, kind mistress as Mrs. Kendall was: there are not many like her. But I doubt I've only come back to die, Hannah. My strength is all gone; I could not do a stroke of work now. I shall have to go into the Infirmary."

"No, you shall not," said Hannah, with sudden determination; "you shall stay with me, and I will nurse you till you are strong again, Eliza. Oh, I know what you are going to say; but you need not fear that my husband will object. Please God, we'll see you strong and well as ever before long."

Hannah's hopeful words were as a cordial to the poor down-cast woman.

"God bless you," she said, brokenly; "you're a good friend, Hannah, if ever there was one. But I don't know as I ought to take you at your word."

But Hannah would not be refused; and when her husband coming in seconded her warm invitation, Eliza was persuaded to accept their kindness.

That night Eliza lay on the comfortable bed in Hannah's neat, pretty spare room, and slept as she had not slept for many nights. In a few days it was evident that the restful country life and fresh pure air were doing her good. She was soon able to give Hannah a little help in various domestic matters in return for her hospitality; though it was some time ere she was strong enough to take another place. But as long as she needed a home Hannah made her welcome to her own.

Restoration to health was not the only blessing Eliza gained in that cottage home. The goodness of her friend Hannah helped her to believe in the love of the Divine, unchangeable Friend, of whom Hannah had learned to be so loving and unselfish. And when after some weeks, through the kindness of her former mistress, Mrs. Kendall, Eliza found another place, she went to it with a good prospect of doing well, for she was trusting for salvation, guidance, and strength in the strong Son of God, the Saviour and Friend of sinners.



NEARER HEAVEN.

"N^o," said the traveller, "I never was so near heaven before."

Where was he when he said this, you ask, and what could he mean? He was standing in the covered balcony of an hotel built on a mountain height, 8,000 feet above the sea. The green valley, with its walnut and its chesnut trees, was left far below; a little higher than they grew the fir-trees, but these were left also; even the grass seemed vanishing too, so that there was nothing left but the rocks wild and bare circling round, and up above these the glaciers and the snow.

The hotel looked as if it had no business there. How could man—poor vaⁿ insignificant man—dare to invade this stronghold of Nature? Would the Matterhorn, that glorious peak which rises 14,000 feet high, and looks down in lonely grandeur on all the rest, tolerate so puny a creature in its neighbourhood? You might have thought not, but there certainly the house was, and there, too, inside it were a hundred or two of English tourists, having various objects and intents. Some had come because other people did; some because they would like to say afterwards they had been; some to paint or botanise; a few to steep their souls in the abounding beauty, and fewer still to draw nearer to God, and hold communion with Him in these mighty works of His hand.

It was evening now, and the moon was shining full upon the snowy heights, casting the gigantic shadow of the Matterhorn back upon the sky, and making the glaciers look "whiter than snow." The traveller walked up and down the balcony, and as he turned from the mountains to the deep clear sky and the moon and the shining stars, he said again, "I never was so near heaven before."

He spoke carelessly, for he was only thinking that he had never been on so high a mountain before; but another traveller who was standing by gave an additional meaning to the words.

"Is there not a hymn which says, 'I am nearer home to-day than I've ever been before?'" he asked.

Was it chance that at this moment there came floating on the air the familiar tones of "Home, Sweet Home"? A lady in the drawing-room behind them was playing on the piano, and amongst other airs which she played perhaps something suggested to her that this was a fitting one. Certainly it did fit into the traveller's talk, and the question could not but come to the minds of each, "Heaven is nearer, but is heaven home? is it 'Home, sweet home' to me?"

There seemed a message from God, not only in those massive walls and that overshadowing peak, but in the sweet English air, and, as in an instant, its notes

called up the far-off dwelling and the loved ones there, it was but a step to pass on to a further thought. "There is no doubt about that being my earthly home, but am I as certain about the heavenly one?" And we trust that both travellers could look up to the evening sky, and say in answer to the question, "Yes, thank God, through Jesus His dear Son, heaven is my home."

It is only the natural heaven we know to which the mountains can lift us nearer; we cannot all stand upon their glorious heights, so it is a happy thing that to the real spiritual heaven our daily life, if lived aright, may be always bringing us nearer. You, weary one, whose work seems always beyond your strength; you, toiling mother, of whose lot it is true—

"Man's work is done from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done";—

you, sick one, who have to be ministered unto, but never able to minister—each and all of you may make your every-day trials a means of grace, and stepping-stones to rise nearer to heaven. If only you do, or bear, or suffer "as unto the Lord," "for His name's sake," "that you may please Him who hath chosen you," He will take care that it is "the road to bring you daily nearer God." And whether on the mountain-top, or in house of business, or in lonely cottage, you may lift your eyes and say, "This God is my God." "My Father's house." And where God is, is heaven—where our Father is must be "home."
M. K. M.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SAY, Watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near—and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night—shall be no more!"



LAST WINTER'S SNOW.

Ir fell on the slopes, far off and steep,
Down in the valleys it drifted deep,
It feathered the fir-trees rising high
Into the clear cold wintry sky.

Silent, soft, was the fleecy fall,
Deadening footsteps and hushing all;
Flinging beauty, though stern and chill,
O'er empty border and bare brown hill.

And now—where is it? Sunshine is here,
No trace of the snow wreaths far or near;
Past, forgotten—mid summer's glow
Who remembers last winter's snow?

Yet is it gone? We may look in vain
For a snowflake lying on field or plain,
But albeit we see it not, we know
It is with us still—the last year's snow.

Did it not shelter, in tender fold,
Earth's green things from the frost and cold?
Did it not nourish the roots below?
Oh! 'twas not wasted—last winter's snow.

And still it lives in our garden bowers—
It has formed the tissue of leaves and flowers;
And surely, hidden in colours fair,
"The treasures of the snow" are there!

So with our lives—the "have beens" dwell
Still in our present—we know it well.
God sent us discipline long ago,
What are we better for last year's snow?

Let us learn the lesson, so that He
May sweeter fruit in His vineyard see;
And brighter blossoms our lives may show,
Fed and nourished by last year's snow!

A PARABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

AFATHER, accompanied by twin sons, was going along a road, which was narrow and slippery, strewed with stones, over-run with briars, and lying between two precipices. The parent walked a few steps in advance of his boys, and encouraged them by words and gestures to follow his steps; but they were so frightened at the sight of the danger, that they entreated him to lead them by the hand. He stopped

for that purpose. One of them then took hold of his father's hand, while the other let his father take hold of his. The first twined his young fingers around the large brawny fingers of his guide, while the second directed his grateful eyes towards his parent, who took a firm grasp of him, and both walked in this manner for a while with considerable confidence.

Ever long, however, the road became narrower; the stones became more numerous and sharp; the briars more luxuriant and prickly; the precipices were so steep that the eye was frightened to look down, and turned away with terror; and so the steps of the travellers were more and more staggering, and the danger imminent. The road they had to travel was still long; one false step might hurl them into the abyss below, while they had to take thousands of them ere they could reach the end of their journey.

In this alarming position, one of the two children felt the necessity of clinging more firmly to the hand of his father. His weak and little fingers grasped it with vigour and tenacity. His brother, on the other hand, recollecting that it was not he who had taken hold of this powerful hand, but this powerful hand which had taken hold of his, walked along with perfect confidence, knowing well that he could not fall, or that if he should stumble, a strength superior to his would raise him up again.

In this manner the two boys, of exactly the same age and condition, walked along; the one at the right, the other at the left, of their common father; the one trembling, the other full of confidence, the one dreading every moment that the foot might slide, or his hand slip the hold; the other watching his steps, looking to his hand, but assured of the correctness and stability of both, because the power that supported was independent of, and superior to, his own weakness. Now let us follow them in their journey, without remarking any further distinctions between the boys.

The slippery and dangerous path along which they had to travel continued diminishing its breadth into a narrow ledge, until the children, already worn out with fatigue, knew not where to plant their footsteps, when, dreadful to relate, both of them at once stumbled and hung over the steep abyss. Both were in a moment paralysed with horror at the sight, and with terror at the thought of their perilous situation. But, alas! their fate was very different; the one fell into the bottomless gulf beneath him—the other was suspended in the hand, and raised immediately by the manly strength of his father.

Now, reader, I ask, which of the two was it that perished, and which was saved?—whether the one who quitted hold of his father's hand, or the one who depended wholly on it, upheld by his watchful care? You can easily determine.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

HOW PRAYER WAS ANSWERED, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Sell the old place! What do you mean, father?" she exclaimed, breathlessly.
"Surely—surely you would never think of selling our dear home?"

"THERE'S no help for it, wife; we shall have to sell the old place and go abroad. I see no other way out of our difficulties. There's plenty of work for a man like me in Canada, if what this paper says is true."

"Oh, John," said his wife, with a deep-drawn sigh, yet without for a moment pausing in her rapid handling of the bobbins of the lace which was stretched on a pillow before her. Mrs. Horton was one of the most notable lace makers in a district where many women engaged in that kind of work. Of late she had given herself no rest, but had devoted every minute the cares of her family left her to this employment, in order that by her earnings she might help her husband, who was feeling sorely the pressure of bad times. But the change she dreaded

was not to be averted by such means. A run of bad seasons, the failure of certain crops, and sickness amongst his cattle had caused John Horton such losses that he found himself on the brink of ruin, and feared he must sell the little farm which his father had farmed before him, and emigrating with his wife and children, start afresh in another country.

Mrs. Horton was not unprepared for the announcement he had just made, but her heart sickened anew within her as she heard it. It was terrible to her to think of leaving the home to which she had come upon her marriage, and beneath whose roof all her children had been born. Her youngest, a bonny babe a year old, was by her as she worked, secured by a quaint baby-holder to a beam attached to the ceiling. This contrivance, which was much used by

the mothers of that neighbourhood, enabled the little maid to trot to and fro without there being any danger of her straying too far or getting too near the fire. The eldest child, a bright girl of fourteen, was busied in preparing her father's supper, that her mother might not have to leave her work to attend to it. Mrs. Horton's mind was so full of trouble that she forgot how startled Jessie would be by her father's words, till she saw the look of dismay on the girl's face.

"Sell the old place! What do you mean, father?" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Surely—surely you would never think of selling our dear home?"

"It is not that I like to do it, my lass; I have no choice in the matter," said her father, sorrowfully. "I must try to live as an honest man, and there is no other way."

"But, father—oh, I cannot bear to think of it," cried the girl, wildly. "Why does God let us have such troubles? Will He not help us if we ask Him? Oh, if we pray to Him, will He not cause that we shall not have to go away?"

"We have prayed about it, your mother and I, for many weeks," said her father; "but no help comes. The Lord's thoughts are not as our thoughts. It may be His will that we should suffer this trial. It seems very hard, but He may know it to be good for us."

"I have not given up hope yet," said Mrs. Horton, quietly. "I am still praying that something may happen to prevent our having to sell the farm. Meanwhile we must try to cast all our care upon God."

"But it is time something was done," said her husband. "If I mean to sell the farm, I ought to give notice that it is for sale."

"Oh, wait another week, John," pleaded his wife. "Do nothing for a week. There is no knowing what may happen in that time; for I believe that God will yet hear our prayers."

"Very well, if you will," said John Horton, reluctantly; "but I cannot think that we shall be any better off at the end of a week."

He saw no good in deferring the evil day, and would have liked to get his unpleasant duty over as quickly as possible. He sat down to his supper, and ate it silently and without much relish. No one else spoke. Mrs. Horton was apparently absorbed in her lace work, and Jessie could not keep back her tears as she went about her domestic duties. But the shrill sobs of the baby echoed through the room as she amused herself by pushing backwards and forwards a fallen chair.

After a while, however, baby grew sleepy, and tired of being tethered to the beam, began to fret. Jessie was busy washing the supper things, so John Horton, knowing that his wife wished to finish her piece of lace ere she put the baby to bed, took the child and carried her to the open door, trying to soothe and amuse her as best he could. There was many a fractious outcry and passionate struggle, but the father bore patiently with his little one, understanding that she was naughty because she was so

tired and sleepy. And as his wife noted his gentle ways, and heard the tender words that fell from his lips, she was reminded of the precious text, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

"Yes," she thought, "He feels for us as we feel for our children, and He cares for us with even more than the love we bear for them. He knows how hard it is for us to think of leaving our old home, and how hard it will be for us, who are no longer young, to begin life again in a strange country. Ah! He knows how I shrink from taking the children to that land across the sea, and I believe He will spare me the pain and trouble if He can. But if He sees not fit to do so, then I must remember that His love is still the same, and that He will be with me there as He has been with me here. So whatever happens I will try to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

And with this thought a sweet calm came to the heart of the troubled anxious wife and mother.

But the days as they passed on revealed no way of escape from the trouble that threatened to break up the farmer's home. The week was almost gone when one evening Mrs. Horton stood at her door, gazing wistfully over the pleasant fields which she felt she must prepare herself to leave. For once her hands hung idle; she had not the heart to begin another piece of lace that evening.

"I thought help would come," she murmured. "I trusted that the Lord would hear my prayer; but it is not to be. Well, God knows best."

With a sigh she was turning back into the house when she heard the sound of a horse trotting down the road which ran close to the house. Some stirring of curiosity drew her again to the open door. A gentleman came in sight, mounted on a fine black horse. To Mrs. Horton's surprise, he drew rein on seeing her, and said, in a clear, pleasant voice, in which there seemed to her a familiar ring, "I think I am not mistaken. It is surely Mrs. Horton whom I see?"

"Yes, sir; that is my name," said Mrs. Horton, dropping a curtsey, and wondering greatly that the stranger should show such an acquaintance with her.

"And you don't remember me?"

"Nay, sir; you have the advantage of me. I can't mind as I have ever seen you before."

"No, really! Ah well! it was many years ago, and your name was not Horton then, though you were thinking of changing it for that when I went away. Do you not remember Dick Dawson, who was down here for two years learning farming of old John Horton? Your husband was young John in those days, you know."

"Why, it's never Master Dick?" exclaimed the woman, excitedly. "And yet, now I look at you—yes, there is a look of Master Dick."

"There ought to be," returned the gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "And how is your good John? I am looking forward to renewing my acquaintance with him."

"He's not so well as I could wish, sir. He's been sadly worried of late, but he will be mightily glad to

see you again. Often have we talked of you, and wondered whether you had gone to Australia as you used to say that you would, and if you had started the sheep-run that you used to talk about."

"Yes, I have been out in Australia for more than a dozen years. I have had my sheep-run, and made money by it too. But there is no place like England after all, and I was glad when I could sell my land with profit, and come back to settle here. I am going to be your neighbour, Jessie—there, I can't help calling you by the old name—for I have bought Herne Chase, and am coming to live there with my wife and children. One of the first questions I asked the agent, ere I made the purchase, was whether John Horton still lived at the Dale Farm. It would have grieved me to come here and find anyone else at the old place."

Mrs. Horton's face fell as he spoke. "Ah! but we shall not be here long, I fear, sir. John has made up his mind to sell the old place. It is all he can do indeed, after such losses as he has had."

And encouraged by the sympathy which Mr. Dawson's looks expressed, she told the whole story of her husband's misfortunes.

"I am very sorry to hear this," he said, when she had finished; "but I tell you what, Mrs. Horton, if your husband sells his land I must be the purchaser. His land adjoins mine, and I could never bear to have a stranger so near. But now, with your permission, I will tie up my horse and come in and wait till your husband returns."

"Do, sir," cried Mrs. Horton, delightedly; "and I will make you a cup of tea."

"Oh, thank you; I shall enjoy a cup of tea again in the dear old place," said Richard Dawson, not without emotion, as he entered the old farm-house where the happy, careless days of his early manhood had been spent. The farm had been prosperous then, but now many a token betrayed to him the embarrassments which had beset the son of the good old man who had imparted to him the secrets of good farming. He was an orphan lad in those days, with his fortune to seek. Fortune had smiled on him since then, though his success had been won by dint of hard work. He could not forget his obligations to the old man, who had taught him all he could; and he resolved that he would show his gratitude by befriending the son of the good farmer, who had long since rested from his labours.

Great was John Horton's astonishment when he came home and found whom his wife was entertaining. And he was still more surprised when he learnt that Richard Dawson had bought Herne Chase, an estate which had been long in the market, and would soon become his neighbour. The two men talked long together that evening, and ere they parted it was practically settled that Dawson should buy the farm, but that John Horton should continue to live on it, and manage it for its owner; who saw his way to making sundry improvements in the farming, and hoped, by spending some money on the land, to make it eventually yield a profit. In the end his efforts proved successful, but not till after years of patient

waiting. Meanwhile John Horton and his wife and children lived on in the old home, and scarcely realised that any change had taken place in their circumstances.

Mrs. Horton will always regard Dick Dawson's coming back from Australia, and his purchase of Herne Chase, as an interposition of Providence on their behalf. The memory of how God answered her prayer that they might not have to leave their old home abides with her, and is a source of strength and comfort in every time of trial. "There is help for us in every trouble," she is fond of saying, "if only we will take it to the Lord in prayer." E. T.



A CHANGED HYMN.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth."—*Psalms xl. 3.*

"**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Bids me in His bosom stay,
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away;
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

"Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is;
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace.
I am covered all day long,
With the shadow of His wing;
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone,
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

"Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow,
I'm content to dwell apart
From all else, Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee,
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

THE TELOGOO MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. H. W. Fox, whose career in South India was a brief but very useful one, in his last illness gave clear testimony of the value of the Christian's faith and hope. Smitten with an Indian complaint, after losing his wife and child, he returned home to die.

The last meeting he attended was one for the missionary cause at Durham, where he gave a graphic account of India, and concluded with his last earnest appeal in aid of the cause that lay nearest his heart. And now his active work on earth was completed, and a few days later found him on a bed of death.



Gateway of an Indian Temple.

Hope was yet strong in the minds of all around him, and for some time he, too, confidently trusted that it might be God's will to let him work a while longer.

"For me," he said, "it is far better to depart;" but he was anxious only that, whether in life or death, Christ should be exalted and self abased. It seemed as if he had risen entirely above nature, almost losing the remembrance of the sinner in love to the Saviour of sinners. The complete fulness of Christ was his comfort and strength, his joy and crown of rejoicing, and, in moments of deepest weakness and pain, the name of Jesus always brought a smile of happiness across his worn and suffering features. His much loved sister watched beside him with tenderest care, and whispered God's rich promises of grace and glory,

peace, and eternal joy. In answer to an allusion to the repose of heaven, he cried, "What a Sabbath! Perfect rest! When shall I get there? It is that little stream which divides us and makes us shrink. Earth has such hold on us."

On hearing the doctor's opinion that he could not last long, he asked, "Are you all prepared to join me in praise? Oh, it will be so glorious! so glorious! In due time we shall meet in Jesus, and see Him as He is, very beautiful."

After this his whole heart seemed fixed on the joys of heaven. Before him was a prospect of unclouded delight, and thus it continued to the end. No self-abhorring complaints, no murmurs of pain, no excitement on parting with his children, or dread on looking forward. All these things were left behind, and the sufferer seemed lost in contemplation of the love of Jesus, so soon to be fully revealed.

When asked if he repented having given his life to the missionary cause: "No, never!" he replied. "If I had to live over again I would do the same." Then, respecting the passage about the white-robed multitude before God's throne, he triumphantly added, "There will be many there from India, many from the Telogoo nation." He afterwards spoke of the approaching jubilee for which he had so long written, and prayed, and preached, and said, in a joyful tone, "It will be a glorious jubilee for me."

He was detained nearly two days and a night longer than he had been led to suppose. On Saturday morning he said to me, "For half an hour in the night I thought I was just going to be at rest, but I rallied again. God's will be done, God's will be done, God's will is best." I said, "You have peace in Jesus?"

"Yes, in Jesus, He is the dying Saviour!" And now his soul hastened to be gone. To the last his mind was clear, and unshadowed by a doubt. After a prayer that the Lord would be pleased to come quickly, and take his happy spirit home, he was heard faintly to murmur, "Jesus, Jesus, must be first in the heart!"

"He is first in yours," said his loving sister.

"Yes, He is."

These were his last words, after which he quietly sank away. He died October 14, 1848; aged just thirty-one years.

LITTLE THINGS.

WHAT if the little rain should plead,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
 I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beam of noon
 Should in his fountain stay;
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
 The cool refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?



A TEACHER'S REWARD.

"I AM coming down to the school this afternoon, Mary."

Mary Denison sighed, as she generally did when her aunt made this announcement. Miss Denison's visits to the Sunday-school, when, in virtue of her position as the rector's sister, she would take it upon herself to subject the pupils to an informal but severe examination, were trying occasions for all the teachers.

"Do you think you had better, Aunt?" she ventured to say. "The school-room will be very warm this afternoon."

"I have no doubt it will be; but what of that? Have you ever known me turn aside from my duty, Mary, because the weather was hot or cold?"

Mary could not say that she had. Miss Denison's ideas of duty were stern and inflexible. No consideration for the feelings of others, any more than for her own, ever prevented her from carrying them out.

Mary sighed again as she passed down the hot, shadeless road in which the school-house stood. It was such a very warm day that the children would be drowsy and stupid from the heat; and her aunt would get few correct answers from them she felt sure.

"And then she will find such fault, and make it seem as if our work was of no good, and everyone will feel so discouraged," thought Mary. "Oh, if aunt only knew what a depressing influence her words often have!"

The result of her aunt's visit fully justified her forebodings. By the time Miss Denison arrived the atmosphere of the school-room was distressingly close, despite the open windows; and the scholars were in a state of restlessness, which sorely tried the patience of their teachers. She was not insensible to the heat, and it gave more severity to her glance, and more asperity to the tone in which she put her questions.

Mary trembled inwardly when her aunt on her course through the room paused beside her. What had her class been studying? The Gospel of St. John? Very well, and without hesitation Miss Denison shot forth her questions.

Alas! it was as Mary had feared. The wits of her scholars were too bedazed for them to meet with advantage Miss Denison's well-aimed questions. One child hopelessly confused John the Evangelist with John the Baptist; another was sure that the wedding to which Christ went with His disciples took place at Jerusalem, whilst a third suggested that Jacob's well was in the land of Egypt.

And the more Miss Denison scolded them for their ignorance, the more bewildered the children grew; till Mary wondered in her despair what ever they would say next.

"Well," Miss Denison delivered herself at last; "I must say that I wonder, Mary, you waste your time over such children as these. Not one of them knows anything about the chapters they have been reading with you."

"Oh, yes," pleaded Mary; "Jennie Lawson has answered one or two of the questions correctly."

"Very few correct answers have I heard," remarked Miss Denison, grimly. "Your scholars do little credit to the trouble you have taken with them. What do

they come to school for I wonder? Certainly not to learn. If I were you I would teach them no longer. And the other classes are nearly as bad. It is disgraceful that the whole school should be so ignorant."

Tears rose to the eyes of more than one of Mary's little scholars at the suggestion that she should teach them no more, for although they were rather heedless, the children loved their teacher dearly. Mary felt almost ready to cry herself. It was so disappointing. It seemed as if her scholars had learned scarcely anything during the weeks she had taught them. Perhaps her aunt was right in speaking of it as a waste of time.

Similar feelings of discouragement were weighing upon the hearts of all the teachers after Miss Denison had taken her departure from the school-room, and mingled with these was some bitterness towards that strong-minded lady, whose mode of examination was not calculated to assist the timid and diffident. When the school was dismissed Mary fancied that the other teachers rather avoided her. Perhaps they were afraid they should be tempted to give utterance in her hearing to their annoyance with her aunt.

"They need not be vexed with me," thought Mary. "It was not my fault that aunt came. I would have kept her away if I could."

Slowly and sadly she retraced her steps along the hot, dusty road. There came to her mind the text: "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." "I feel very weary to-day," she said to herself; "and my time of reaping still seems far away. But God will give me strength to go on doing His work if I ask Him."

Just then Mary heard steps running behind her, and turning, she saw that Fanny Wilson, one of her little scholars, was trying to overtake her. Mary waited till the child came up. Fanny knew that she had done no credit to her teacher that afternoon, and her face was hot from shame as well as from the haste she had been making.

"Oh, Miss Denison," she began, breathlessly, "I am so sorry. I know I was dreadfully stupid. Yet I really knew some of the answers, but—but—"

"You could not get them out, I suppose," said Mary, smiling. "Never mind, Fanny."

"You won't give up teaching us, will you, Miss Denison?" said the child, pleadingly.

"No, dear; not till I am quite sure that I ought to do so," replied her teacher. "But what is the matter with your arm, Fanny? Why, it is bleeding."

Fanny coloured, and for a moment said nothing. But as Miss Denison bent down to look at her arm, she whispered, "It was Ben Gratlan's doing; he threw me down the steps as we came out of school. But please don't say anything about it, Miss Denison."

"But Ben ought to be punished for it. He has ill-treated you before. I cannot let it go on."

"I don't think he'll do it again," said the child, simply. "It did hurt me very bad, and I could hardly keep from crying at first; but I told Ben that I would forgive him and not tell his father. You know his father said he would flog him if he hurt

me again; and I felt so angry for the moment that I thought I would tell and get him flogged. But then I remembered how Jesus forgave His enemies, and that you said we must try to be like Him, and forgive those who hurt us. So I forgave Ben. And now I think that he is real sorry, and will be good to me in future."

For a few moments Mary could make no reply. The child's words touched her keenly, filling her heart with deep thankfulness. Here was precious fruit from her teaching. Already her reaping time had begun. Did it matter so very much that her scholars failed to distinguish between the son of Zacharias and the son of Zebedee, and were in ignorance of the geographical position of Sychar, if they were beginning to know Jesus, and, learning of Him, were striving to follow in His steps? Surely if this knowledge was gained the teaching of the Sunday-school was crowned with its highest reward, and it mattered comparatively little whether the lesser truths were learned.

"I am so glad that you forgave Ben," she whispered to the child, with tears in her eyes. "Always try to be like Jesus, Fanny. It is far better to be good than to be clever."

And Mary Denison went home with such joy in her heart that her aunt's grumbling and fault-finding had no power to depress her that day. E. T.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Mrs. Catherine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart and the heart of her husband after they were suddenly deprived, by death, of "five blessed little daughters." Other parents who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:—

"Now, constantly, with our daily prayers for them, we say the thanksgiving and commemoration:

"Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace.

"Lord Jesus, Thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

"Thy loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into Thy holy hill, into Thy heavenly kingdom.

"Thou didst send Thy angel to meet them, and to carry them into Abraham's bosom.

"Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace—of joy and gladness.

"Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with Thy saints in light.

"There they reign with Thy elect angels and Thy blessed saints departed, Thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity and blessedness, for ever and ever. Amen."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THESE are many laws in nature affecting, in some cases, one department of creation, and in some another—ruling the tides of ocean, the climates of different lands, the verdure and varied vegetation of the globe—affecting the being and well-being of every creature that inhabits earth, from man himself to the meanest worm which creeps upon its surface.

Now, while there are many laws in nature, one there is which stands, like Saul among the people, pre-eminent. There is one great and primary law of nature—one, so far as we know, of universal agency and amazing power. We believe all creation to be so skilfully contrived, that if you could derange but one (the meanest law), it would in time derange the whole; just as if you took a stone (any stone) out of an arch, it would in time bring down the whole building; or, if you broke or injured any one tooth of any one wheel in an intricate machine, it would affect, in course of time, the motions of them all; but drive the keystone from a bridge, and the entire arch tumbles into immediate ruin. Put your finger on the mainspring of a watch, touch the pendulum of a time-piece—they stop; but break that spring, or remove that pendulum, and the whole machinery rushes into instant confusion!

The law of which I speak—the law of gravitation—is, so to speak, the mainspring of the universe. There is nothing it does not govern. It governs all the elements of our earth, and reigns over all creation. By that law the clouds are floated in the sky, and the mariners' bark upon the sea; it rolls on the river's flood, and feeds the sea with streams; it fills up valleys and levels mountains—nor without it could the covenant with Noah be kept: it bends the rainbow in the heavens, and confines the sea within its ancient bounds.

Nor is this law only terrestrial—it is celestial too; and it is a remarkable fact, that the same law which gives its form to a tear-drop, gives its form also to the blazing sun. The same law that causes the rain to fall on our thirsty fields, preserves the planets in their spheres. Abolish this law, and the entire fabric of creation would go all to pieces, and, amid the rush of burning suns and blazing stars, everything would pass into chaotic confusion. That law binds the atoms into rocks, the rocks into massive mountains, the masses of earth into this solid globe, this globe to its centre sun, yonder sun with its train of planets, to the general fabric of creation—keeping and preserving all in beautiful and harmonious order.

Now that law, so wonderful in the material universe, has its counterpart in the spiritual—I mean the power of love. This love binds all the members of God's family to each other, while it binds them all to Him. And notwithstanding the many minor differences among Christians here (and every difference is a point of repulsion), yet love draws them, love binds them all together. And if every congregation were what it should be, this law would be seen on earth in beautiful and beneficent operation; it would bind all the members into one congregation, all the

congregations into one church, and all the churches, whatever their government or name, into one body, of which Jesus is at once the heart of love and the head of wisdom.

We don't see that as we should do here on earth; and the reason is, because there is sin in the Church on earth. That is a deranging force. There is no sin in heaven; and to heaven, therefore, we must raise our eyes to see this law in pure and perfect power. There love binds together all the ransomed saints. There is no variance there—no jealousy, no discord, no backbiting, no strife. The clash of arms and the confusion of tongues are never heard in heaven. Love binds the ransomed saints to each other—binds saints to angels, angels to archangels, archangels to cherubim, cherubim to seraphim, and the whole to God.

Love is the sceptre that rules in heaven. It is the law of heaven—the very God of heaven is love. Every eye there beams with love, every heart beats with love, and every word is spoken in tones of love. No wonder Paul, in his most beautiful eulogium on love, speaking of the graces, pronounced love the greatest of all. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. Charity never faileth. Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Dr. Guthrie.

THE EVENING BELL.

From the German of Karl von Gericke.



STRANGER here I wander,
The shades of eve close in;
My feet are sore and weary,
My heart is sad within.

So dark are all these mountains,
So gloomy is this vale,
So strange are all this people
They scarce my presence hail.

The road, it has no ending;
I ask, by fear distressed,
Who will this eve receive me,
To-night where shall I rest?

Then from the vale there soundeth
The evening bell so clear,
With friendly tone inviting
The stranger to draw near.

The old, old sound reminds me
Of home in days of yore,
Where it was so familiar—
My heart, now fear no more

It tells me of the lodging
Where I to-night shall rest,
And of my home reminds me—
Above, among the blest.

John Kelly.



LITTLE WEEDS.

GEORGE HARDY was working in his garden one afternoon, humming to himself a cheerful tune, when a neighbour, whose land joined his, stopped to talk a minute beside the garden fence.

"How is it, neighbour," said Mr. Lewis, "that your garden is always so free from weeds? My plants are quite choked up with them, so that I do not get enough vegetables for my table, while I see your market waggon go to town every week well loaded."

"We pull the weeds out, neighbour, and do not let them overrun the beds. The children help me an hour before or after school every few days; and three pairs of little hands can accomplish twice as much as I can."

"My children hate weeding so much that they never half do it, if I set them about it. They will spend the time I bid them in the garden, and then come in fretting over the tiresome work."

"I generally go with my children, and we spend the hour in pleasant chat, until now they have learned to look forward to it as the happiest time in the day. I have always tried to interest them in gardening. Each one has a small bed of his own, which he takes great pleasure in attending to. Even little Jamie sent a basket of strawberries to town the other day from his bed, and earned a shilling. Just try my plan, neighbour, and enlist your children, and I know you can have one of the most productive gardens in the country."

NOT FOR ALL THE WORLD.

In his recovery from a dangerous illness, Robert Hall thus wrote to a friend: "In my own apprehension, for about two days I was on the borders of eternity. I never before felt my mind so calm and happy. Filled with the most overwhelming sense of my own unworthiness, my mind was supported merely by a faith in Christ crucified. I would not for all the world have parted with that

text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

At our best state the world cannot make us truly happy, and it utterly fails on the bed of death. In that solemn hour we want something more firm on which to rest our souls. There is nothing, then, but Christ that meets our wants. We feel that we are sinners about to appear in the presence of a just and holy God.

How comforting and sustaining, then, the assurance that the precious blood of His dear Son, shed for us, is efficacious to cleanse us from all sin! It does that for us if we only trust in Him. It matters not how many and great our sins may have been; though they may have been as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, and as the great mountains for magnitude, the blood of Christ has power to wash them all away. Trusting in that, though they may have been as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool. They shall be as though they had never been.

It is written of the saints in heaven that "they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Arrayed in them they are fit associates of the holy angels. The Omniscient Eye discerns in them no defilement. They are contemplated with unbounded satisfaction.

The dying believer has nothing to fear; rather has he everything to hope for. The precious blood of Christ is to him peace-speaking blood; it assures him that all his sins are pardoned and blotted out, that God is his reconciled Father and Friend, that heaven is his everlasting home, and that all shall be well with him for ever.

"Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

SHE DIED FOR HER MONEY.

ASAD case of death by suffocation occurred recently in New York City. A Bavarian immigrant occupied a flat in the house, and with him resided his mother, his wife, and their one little child. The mother had a little money, at least twenty-five hundred dollars. This she had placed for safety's sake between the mattresses of her bed. One afternoon a smell of fire was detected. The younger woman soon ascertained that the house was on fire, snatched up her sleeping babe, and calling to the old lady to follow her, made her way to the street. But the old lady stayed to get her treasure, and the effort cost her her life. She was found by a fireman suffocated to death, with the bag of money tightly clutched in her hand.

The story is a sad one, but are there not many among us who are losing life immortal for the sake of the wealth that is good for this world only?

THE SUNBEAM ON THE WALL, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A DARLING little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;

And falling on the carpet
It made a golden dot;
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS No. 334.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy.

Then with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss,
Then stopped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
In the fulness of my joy,
I pray that childlike feeling
May never leave the boy!

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out Thy light to guide him—
The sunbeams of Thy truth!

And may his heart be ever
To Thee an open door,
Through which Thy truth of sunbeams
Make play upon life's floor!

— ♦♦♦ —

SHOEBLACK JIM.

IN a small crowded room in one of the rear tenement houses of New York, where the sun's rays were never known to shine, or the fresh air allowed to penetrate, our little Jim lay dying.

Months before, one morning, I saw him standing at a street corner, with his shoe-box strapped to his back, calling out in tremulous tones, "Shine, sir!" But the hurrying business men paid little or no attention to the pleading voice and the frail form which was swayed to and fro by the bitter, biting December wind.

As I handed him a picture paper, I asked, "Are you hungry, my boy?" I noticed the pale, pinched cheeks, and the large brown eyes fast filling with tears, as he replied—

"Yes, miss, I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning; but granny is worse than me; for she's had nothing but a cold tater since day afore yesterday."

"And who is granny?"

"She lives in the rear alley on Mott; me own mother died over on the island, so granny says, and I guess I never had any father."

"Did you ever go to a Sunday-school or Band of Hope meeting?"

"Laws, no, miss! I've no time. I has to stan' around all day, and then sometimes gits only a couple of shines; them Italian fellers, with the chairs, takes all the profit off us chaps. Granny says 'tis a hard world."

I handed the child a dime, and told him to get a warm cup of coffee and a roll; then got from him a promise to attend the Band of Hope meeting that afternoon at four o'clock. I hardly expected to see him again, but was happily surprised to see him walk in—shoe-box on his back—while we were singing, "Fold me to Thy bosom." I shall never forget the expression that was on his face as he stood spell-bound in the middle of the floor, and stared at me and the organ. I motioned him to a seat, but he did

not move till the music had ceased and the other children were all seated.

My lesson that day was about the Good Shepherd that goes out upon the hills and mountains of sin, and gathers in the little lambs that wander away from the sheepfold. I did not know that day that the dear Saviour's hand was already stretched out to receive this one little lamb that had many times, young as he was, been found tipsy, and also smoking cigarettes that he had stolen from somebody's street-stand.

He was a regular attendant of Sunday-school and Band of Hope, and no one joined more heartily in the singing than Jim. One day, in our children's prayer-meeting, he gave his heart to Jesus. No one could doubt the conversion of that little heart when they looked into the bright eyes and beaming face that continually shone with heavenly light.

One day a messenger came to me in haste, and said, "Jim is dying. Hurry, please, miss; he wants to see you agin afore he dies." I hurried; and as I groped my way along the dark alley and up the rickety stairs, I caught the sound of the sweet voice singing, "Fold me, fold me, precious Saviour." I entered quietly, so as not to disturb the singer, but his bright eyes saw me, and he said, "Sing it with me once more, teacher." We sang it through together; then he said, "The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in His arms. I'll never forget the hymn, but will remember it till you come up there too; then we'll sing it ag—ain."

The little lamp of life went out. The Good Shepherd had called His little lamb home. There was—

"Another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven."

— ♦♦♦ —

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

IN a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said—

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he went into a monastery. There, one day, he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the Way of Life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news: "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

The following is the song which Luther sang on that memorable night:—

"Lord of heaven! lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread,
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from His store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is near.

If I live He'll be with me;
If I die, to Him I go,
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I'll defy,
For on Jesus I rely."

It is Well.—"I revisited Greenwood Cemetery a few days ago, and found many new monuments, one of which particularly interested me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.'

"This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born and when he died, but simply, 'The day he came hither,' and 'The day he went home.'"

THE EMPEROR'S WATCH.

NOR long ago the Emperor William of Prussia visited the great establishment of Herr Krupp in state.

In one part of the factory was a costly steam hammer, weighing fifty tons, and on that occasion it received its royal name, "Unser Fritz."

The machinist who has charge of this hammer is a very skilful and hard-working man, one of whom the famous gun-maker is quite proud, and he is also the father of eight fun-loving boys and girls.

So Herr Krupp presented to the Emperor this ingenious and faithful workman, with the remark: "This is Fritz and his big machine; and he handles it so truly that he can bring down the hammer with all its might and stop it at a tenth part of an inch above the anvil."

Without a word the Kaiser took out his diamond-studded watch and immediately placed it in the centre of the hammer, smilingly ordering Fritz to let fall the hammer and arrest it before it could touch the watch.

Some of the king's suite, who stood by, looked amazed, and the faces of others showed much doubt.

The operator hesitated; but Herr Krupp urged him to make the trial, and at last, by the command of his master, Fritz "let fly!"

Down came the immense tool with all its force, and was checked, as if it had been a feather, so close to the watch that a baby's hand could not have been inserted between it and the dial.

"Well done!" cried the delighted monarch.

The nearest of his courtiers all drew a long breath, and Herr Krupp looked greatly pleased.

Then the master stooped down to lift the watch from its hard bed, but the emperor stayed his hand, saying, "The watch belongs to Fritz; he has earned it." A cheer burst from the throats of all the workmen around, and ran the length of the entire building.

Herr Krupp took out his purse, added to the king's gift two hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and handed all to the blushing Fritz, saying, as he did so, "For the pale-faced wife, little babies, and good old mother." Another cheer ran through the building, and the emperor himself clapped his hands.

HEARERS AND DOERS.

REMEMBER our countryman, Bromcard, tells us of one who, meeting his neighbour coming out of church, asked him, "What! is the sermon done?"

"Done!" said the other. "No; it is said it is ended, but it is not so soon done."

And surely so it is with us: we have good store of sermons said, but we have only a few that are done: and one sermon done is worth a thousand said and heard; for "not the hearers of the law, but the doers of it, are justified. And if ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them. Glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good!"

Bishop Hall.



CAUGHT AT LAST.



YOU are a good fellow, Ned, but I cannot see eye to eye with you on religion, and I do not think I ever shall. I mean to avoid cant, and when my time comes to die, it will be all right. I am not afraid: God is very merciful. I promise if ever I

get to your way of thinking I will send you a post-card; on the back you will find 'Caught at last.'

So said Cecil Hope to his cousin Ned Allen. His holiday was spent, and he was returning to his father's house in the North of England.

A year passed. We meet Cecil Hope again on a Sunday in July. In the morning he was found in the family pew at church, he returned home to dinner, had an hour's sleep, and then prepared for his evening walk. He was to meet certain friends of his at a particular corner of a road, on one side of which were open fields.

As he waited his attention was arrested by some stirring words spoken by a party of working-men, who were proclaiming the Gospel to all who would listen to their message.

One very old man with a loud voice looked straight at him as he cried, "Why will ye die in your sins? God asks you to-day, Why will ye die in your sins? For He willeth not death, but life."

At this moment three young men sauntered slowly up to Cecil. "We are late," said one; "but it is too hot to walk fast. What a lovely evening; which way shall we go?"

"I cannot accompany you," replied Cecil Hope. "I have a particular engagement; I just waited to tell you. Good-bye; I hope you will have a pleasant walk."

Cecil would have found it rather difficult to define his "particular engagement." He only knew the words, "Why will ye die?" rang in his ears, and he felt he must be alone.

The working men ended their open-air service by inviting all who were gathered there to a mission hall near at hand. Cecil went with the rest. As he followed he reasoned thus with himself: "I do not quite see why I gave up my walk. I think it is silly not to go. In fact, I think I will go after all."

He turned round, but only to return to the mission hall. It was well filled. The singing was hearty, and the preacher's text striking. It is written in

Matthew xiv. 31: "Jesus caught him." "Peter started to walk to Jesus on the water, and succeeded until he thought about himself," he began; "but he was afraid when he grew vain-glorious, and cried out, 'Lord, save me.' Jesus put out His strong arm and caught him, and He is ready to do the same this evening. Do you not want to be caught by Jesus? You must just be emptied of self first."

After further expounding his text, the preacher led his congregation to one written in John xxi. 3: "That night they caught nothing." "Poor fellows, they wanted the Lord to help them. When He came He said, 'Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and ye shall find.' They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

"The Lord is here, and if you will let Him catch you in His net of salvation, how happy you will be. He is the Good Shepherd, and cares for His sheep.

"Ah! dear friends, if we rest on the finished work of Jesus, and are on earth when He comes, we shall be caught up to be with Him. The Apostle Paul tells us about it in his letter to the Thessalonians. He says, 'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words.'

"Do they comfort you, friends, or make you tremble lest He should come and find you refusing to be washed in His precious blood? He wants to catch all now; but when He comes on earth it will be to claim His own. He will only catch up those who are in Him, and it may be some of you here will be left behind, and will cry to the rocks to fall on you and hide you from the wrath of the Lamb."

The first service was concluded. It was followed by a prayer-meeting. Cecil Hope kept his seat and listened to the pleading prayers which were spoken into the ear of God on behalf of the unsaved. The Holy Spirit knocked loudly for him to let the Saviour into his heart.

Some one spoke to him. Cecil was inclined to say, "Mind your own business," but he did not, for he dared not. He remained in the hall for a full hour; when he left there were rejoicings in heaven that another sinner had turned to God.

A post-card was sent off from Cecil Hope to Ned Allen next morning. On it were these words: "Caught at last."



Scene on the Lake of Geneva.

ENTERTAINING STRANGERS.

THE little town of Nyon lies along the shore beside the Lake of Geneva. The houses seem to rise out of it; the blue waters dash against their very walls. Blue? Yes, indeed, we in England can hardly know what the word means till we have seen this blue. Hardly less vivid is the green foliage of the maples and acacias along the quay where the children play, and the women knit, and the men smoke—cool and comfortable even under the hottest sun.

In the same thick closely-cut maple trees the swallows roost at night; whispering in the early morning tender twitters to their little ones, and then darting forth and sweeping the calm glassy surface beneath them to collect flies for their breakfast. Across the lake on the other side are rocky, jagged mountain peaks, and through an opening seen in his glory, when he pleases to reveal himself, rises the mighty Mont Blanc himself.

We might have thought that the little town was planted on that spot on very purpose, that its inhabitants might always thus feast their eyes on the highest point of Europe. But no; it was Julius Cæsar who built it, and I expect he had too much to do in conquering the world to think about such a trifle as natural beauty. Most likely it seemed to him the right place for a fortress, and so he built the strong castle which still stands there, and a few houses soon nestled under its shadow, and then some of his wealthy Romans thought it a pleasant spot to rest in, so they built pretty villas for themselves along the shore, and thus arose the town of Nyon, which, after eighteen hundred years, still stands.

Not that those old Romans would see it still the same, could they arise and look. Gas is in the streets, quaint and ancient as they are; the railway whistle sounds over the roofs, and across the lake steamboats now carry crowds of visitors all through the summer. Yes; Julius Cæsar would be astonished indeed. But at this present moment we wish to take you back—not to the year 47 before Christ, which was the time Nyon dates from—but to the time of the French Revolution at the end of the last century. It was a terrible time in France, and other nations, even if not involved in it, looked on and trembled. Though there were neither trains nor telegraphs to wait the news, tidings were looked for and waited for even in quiet Nyon.

There was a governor of the town at that time living in that stern old castle of which we have spoken. His name was Bonstetton. (Is it not always nice to know people's names? It makes a story so much more real.) He must have been a good and generous man, or he would not have done what he did.

One night, just as he was sitting down to supper, one of his servants came to tell him a man wished to speak with him.

"Who is he, and what does he want, Henri?" asked his master. "Tell him I am at supper, and cannot now be disturbed. He must send his message by you."

"Nay, sir," replied the servant; "I asked him his errand, and he says he must speak with you himself. But he is a poor man, dirty and ragged."

"A poor man, is he?" said Bonstetton; "then I will go to him at once."

Wretched indeed was the traveller whom he found;

just as Henri had told him—haggard, footsore, mud-stained. "I am a fugitive from France," he said, in a faint hoarse voice. "I am perishing with hunger, and knowing your kindness of heart, I cast myself upon it."

How could Bonstetton tell who the man was?—he might be a spy, he might be an enemy, he might get himself into trouble by harbouring him; but he never hesitated. He gave him clothes, food, all he needed, even put him to rest in his own bedchamber. And I hope Bonstetton might have said that night—

"I warmed, I clothed, I fed my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to : t;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden garden while I dreamed."

In the morning the stranger rose up refreshed and strengthened, and with grateful thanks went on his way.

Some years went by; the Reign of Terror passed away, and less terrible days, though still warlike ones, had dawned on France. One morning the governor received a letter from the French court, courteously inviting his attendance. Of course he went, and there speedily recognised in Carnot, Minister to Napoleon, then First Consul, the ragged fugitive whom he had once befriended. Carnot was high in power, with a name known throughout Europe, but he had not forgotten Bonstetton. His gratitude to him was unbounded, and every attention, both from him and Napoleon, was lavished upon the Swiss Governor till he chose to return across the Jura mountains to his post in the castle beside the lake.

And the story of the good Bonstetton's kindness is still told in the streets of Nyon.

It does not always follow that kind deeds will be acknowledged like this. We must not always expect that the tramp at our doors will turn out to be a minister or a prince. But we know for certain what our Lord Jesus says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We know that it is true that "whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple shall not lose his reward"—that is, not an earthly reward, but the love and favour of Him for whose sake it is given. The least act of kindness, the smallest deed of love, if done to Him who has done all for us, will bring the echo of His own word to our hearts, and who can want anything more?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

M. K. M.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

"**N**ow for a long, lonely afternoon and evening," thought Mary Carlyon, as she watched her little scholars hurrying out of school. It was their half-holiday, and they were glad enough to escape into the sunshine, and banish every thought of lessons. Their merry shouts came to the ear of their teacher

as they chased each other across the village green. If they thought of her at all, no doubt they imagined that she was as glad as they were that it was a half-holiday.

But if they could have read the mind of their teacher, they would not have approved of her sentiments. Mary Carlyon had sunk wearily on to a chair, and her pale, sad face seemed well suited to her sombre mourning dress, as she said to herself, "I wish there were no holidays. As long as I am busy teaching, the pain is not unbearable; but when I am left to realise my own loneliness and muse on the happy days that are for ever gone from me, I feel as if my heart must break." And as visions of the past rose before her mind, tears sprang to Mary's eyes, and would fall in spite of her efforts to check them.

The room in which she sat was bright and pleasant. The sun shone in at the daintily-curtained window, and sent a broad shaft of golden light through the open door. Pretty flowering plants stood on a table in front of the window. In a cage above warbled a canary, filling the room with his joyous trills. "Cheer up, cheer up," he seemed to sing; but his song had no power to cheer Mary's sorrowful heart. Many might have envied her possession of the pretty little cottage in which she dwelt in her capacity of village school-mistress; but Mary, though she was thankful for the shelter it afforded, could not help at times drawing a painful contrast between its limited and homely accommodation and the stately and beautiful home which she had formerly enjoyed.

Mary Carlyon had not long been the school-mistress at Huntley. She had not yet grown accustomed to her new position, nor become friendly with any of her neighbours in the country place. It seemed but a short time since nothing had been farther from her thoughts than that she should ever be a village school-mistress. She had looked forward to a very different future.

But misfortune had come suddenly upon her and her widowed mother. The bank in which her father had been a partner, and in which all their property was vested, came to a most disastrous failure. There were many sufferers by the crash besides the Carlyons; but their loss was utter and irretrievable. From circumstances of affluence they were at once reduced to the extreme of poverty. The shock of such trouble was more than Mrs. Carlyon, whose health had never been robust, could support. After a few days' illness she died, leaving her daughter alone in the world. In the midst of her bitter sorrow for the loss of her mother, Mary had been obliged to take thought for the future, and seek some means of gaining a livelihood. Thankful had she been when, through the kindness of an old friend of her father's, she was enabled to prepare herself for the teacher's vocation, and finally had been appointed to teach the little school at Huntley.

But the first weeks of her new life were very trying. She could not reconcile herself to the great change that had befallen her, nor refrain from looking back with sore regret at the happy past. The friendly

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

advances of some of the parents of her pupils—well-meaning, kindly folk, but for the most part ill-educated, and such as she had been wont to regard as her inferiors—were coldly met by her, so that it was whispered in the village that the new school-mistress was a haughty young woman—a great deal too fine for her position.

Poor Mary! If they had known how her heart ached in those days, they would have pitied rather than blamed her.

"Will my life ever be thus?" she was saying to herself now. "Shall I always be so lonely? Will my days be all as the days of this week have been, marked by nothing but the drudgery of teaching children to read and write and do their sums?" And she heaved a weary sigh at the thought.

Still the little bird sang on. "Cheer up, cheer up," he seemed to say. "Trust in God; all will be well." But Mary heeded not the canary's song.

The little maid who waited on her came in to lay the table for her dinner, and presently Mary took her solitary meal, but did not grow more cheerful over it.

In the afternoon, as she sat alone sewing, and often sighing as she plied her needle, there came a tap at the door, and the round, good-humoured face of her neighbour, the miller's wife, looked in on her.

"Good afternoon, my dear," she said, brightly; "I've made so bold as to bring my knitting, that I may have a talk with you, if you don't object to my company. Maybe you've had enough of your own, for you've kept pretty much to yourself ever since you came to Huntley."

Mary coloured, and inwardly shrank from her neighbour's friendliness; but Mrs. Telfer's manner was so kind that it was impossible to take offence at its familiarity.

"It is good of you to come," she said, rising to place a chair for her visitor.

"Oh, don't credit me with goodness," said Mrs. Telfer, smiling; "I'm only too glad to sit down and rest here a bit. Do you know I almost feel inclined to envy you being able to sit down so quietly to your sewing in this dear little home. You've no idea what it is to live in a house like mine, with the whirring of the mill for ever in one's ears, and with six strong lads, who are never happy unless they are making a racket. No matter how badly my head may ache, I can get no quiet."

"It is strange that you should envy me my loneliness," said Mary, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry; "for I am disposed to covet your noisy home life. It seemed almost more than I could bear, before you came in, to sit here all alone and hear no sound save the ticking of that clock."

"Ah! that is because you sit alone too often," said her neighbour. "Now, I so seldom get a quiet hour that I can thoroughly enjoy one when it comes to me. I often long for a little peace and quietude when I can't get it. That is how my patience is tried. We all have our trials. As my favourite hymn says—

"There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer."

"Are your children all boys?" asked Mary. "Have you no daughter?"

"Yes, I have a daughter," said Mrs. Telfer, her voice softening as she spoke, whilst her face wore a look half glad, half sad, such as Mary had not seen on it before.

"I have a daughter, but she is not here; she is in the home above."

"Do you mean that she is dead?" asked Mary, timidly.

"Yes, dear, so we say; but I prefer to think of her as having gone on before to the Father's home. Her name was the same as yours, my little Mary, and she might have been as tall as you by this time had she lived, for she was my eldest."

"Oh, how sad to lose her!" said Mary Carlyon. "Is it long since she died?"

"Going on for twelve years. She was just six when the Lord took her."

"Was she always delicate?" said Mary.

"Never delicate at all, my dear; none of my children were ever other than strong and hearty. It was when Ben, my second boy, was born. My husband's sister had come to look after the other children. She was a feckless, giddy girl in those days, more fond of gossip than of work, and she went off and left Mary to herself one afternoon. The child must have got on to a chair to reach something from the shelf above the fireplace, and the chair tipped over with her and she fell against the open grate, and was in a blaze in a moment. Poor little lamb! I heard her screams in my room above, but was powerless to help her. She rushed out of the house and down the street screaming, till some one stopped her; but it was too late then to save her life. She died the same evening."

Mrs. Telford's voice was unsteady as she ended. It was evidently very painful for her to recall the manner in which her child had passed away.

"How dreadful! How could you bear it?" cried Mary Carlyon, tears of sympathy rising to her eyes.

"Ah! that was a sore time of trouble, my dear. It cost me a hard struggle ere I could forgive Fanny Telford for her carelessness in leaving the child, and say from my heart, 'The will of the Lord be done.' But all is well when we can resign ourselves to His will. For many years now it has been a blessing and comfort to me—the thought that I have a daughter in the Father's home. It links the home on earth to the home in heaven. I have children here and a child there, and I don't reckon that I've lost her altogether, for some day I shall go to her, and her welcome will make heaven seem very home-like."

"But I have no one on earth belonging to me," said Mary, turning from the thoughts of her neighbour's sorrows to the consideration of her own. "You are happier than I. My mother was all that I had, and now that she is gone I am utterly alone."

"Ah! my dear, it is sad to miss a mother," said Mrs. Telfer, her voice and manner full of sympathy; "but don't say that you're utterly alone. You forget the Elder Brother who is with us always. Your mother is with Christ, and Christ is with you. Does not that seem to bring her close to you again?"



our children, that it seems sometimes as if we had no time to think of their souls, and teach them to fear God and do the right; so it is such a comfort to know that in their school-teacher they have one who will teach them to love what is good and true, and to hate

"Yes, I have thought of that," said Mary, timidly; "but still it is hard to have no one belonging to you in the world."

"But there are those who belong to you. If you are Christ's, you are one of a large family. Have you never thought of the meaning of those words, 'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named?' All who love Christ are your brothers and sisters."

"But they do not need me," said Mary.

"Do they not?" said her neighbour. "I think you make a mistake. There's many a weary heart might be cheered by your love and sympathy. Since you have no home ties, you can always keep—

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise."

Perhaps you think that you are not particularly wanted at Huntley?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mary, smiling. "Of course you could not do without a school-mistress."

"Yes, but we want more than a person who can teach our children to read and write and do their sums. We want a woman with a loving heart and wise mind to help us to train our little ones aright. You don't know how we mothers feel the need of such help sometimes. We have so much to do with making and mending for them, and looking after the bodies of

what is evil. And from what we have heard the boys say about you, we know that we may expect that of you. But, dear me, I declare there's the church clock striking four! I had no idea it was so late. I must run home and see if the kettle boils."

"Come again," said Mary, earnestly. "Do come whenever you feel to need a quiet time. Your words have done me good. Indeed, I will do all I can for your children, and try to deserve your confidence."

It was wonderful what a change had come over Mary's mind. She had been far from thinking that she could learn anything of such an one as Mrs. Telfer; but that good woman's words had given her a larger and nobler conception of the duties and responsibilities of a school-mistress, and had reminded her of the close bond which should unite all Christian hearts. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." She and her mother, though parted for a time, were still in the same family, still loving and serving the same Master. The thought seemed to bring heaven near. "How wrong of me to repine," thought Mary, as she looked round her pretty little cottage. And now she could hear quite plainly the burden of her canary's song.

"Cheer up, cheer up," he sang.

"Love, work, and trust in God, then all will be well."

E. T.

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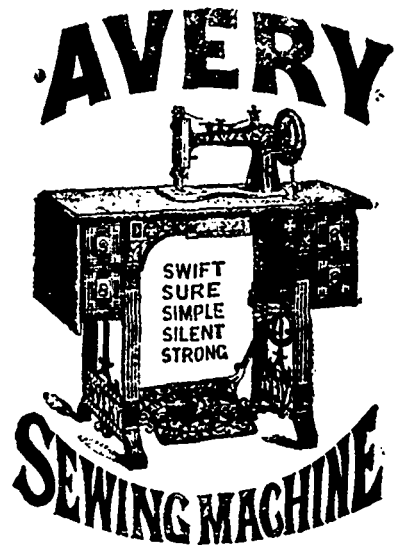
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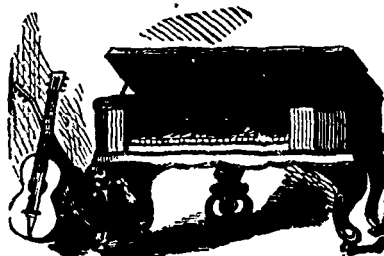
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