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# BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

## Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. VIII.—No. 7.

JULY, 1884.

Whole No. 91.

### Incense from the Temple Censer.

#### GRUMBLERS AND GRUMBLING.



EW habits are so easily formed and few are so inexcusable and hateful. If a thing is wrong, make it right. If you can't do this, then let it alone. At any rate, grumbling can't make it a whit better.

Some people find fault for the sheer love of it, for this reason, that they cultivate the disposition to look for the faults of others rather than their virtues.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Those complain first in our churches who have least to do. The gift of grumbling is largely dispensed among those who have no other talents, or who keep what they have rolled up in a napkin."

Again, he says: "There is no love among Christians," cries the one who is destitute of true charity. "Zeal is vanished," cries the idler. "O, for more consistency!" groans the hypocrite. "We want more vital godliness," protests the false pretender, and so they hunt down in others the sins they shelter in themselves.

The refrain of these people is, "O, how much better things used to be." There is an alarming tendency for them to get off the hooks. They are a have-their-own-way-or-make-a-fuss-about-it kind of folks, bent upon the impertinent mission of making others as uncomfortable as possible.

They are in church what Momus was among the gods. The difference is that these fault-finding, grumbling Momuses stay in the church, whereas Jupiter sent Mr. Momus flying from Olympus, saying to him, a fault-finder could never be pleased, and that it was time to find fault with the work of others when he had done some good himself.

It is generally true that he who grumbles most at the merits of others has none of his own.

O, this miserable habit of being forever "out of sorts!" What a pity such people cannot remember that there is always more reason to find fault with themselves than with any one else. Grumbling has been well defined as a "mercy-embittering sin." The grumbler has one inscription for every mercy—"marah!" As thunder sours milk, so this spirit of evil makes every sweet thing bitter.

What a spectacle a congregation of the world's grumblers would present! How huge! how nameless! What a lazy set—doing nothing themselves, they whine at what others are doing; always lagging behind they must be dragged along. Alas! what independent souls they are! They "don't care what

others think!" They always fiddle on one string; even if they change the string at times, still it's one string. They are "just as good as any body." They will "do as they please." They "ask no favors of any body." If "people don't like them they can let it alone." And as people *don't like them* they would be most happy to let them severely alone. But the grumbler seldom lets any one alone.

In a Methodist love-feast one of these hark-from-the-tombs unfortunates had been sawing away on his grumbling string, and was followed by a brother who said, "I see my friend lives in Grumbling Row. I lived there once myself, but had wretched health, the air was bad, water bad, everything was bad and gloomy, but I moved into Thanksgiving street, where both my family and myself have splendid health; there the air is pure, the water is pure, and the sun shines all the time. I never was so happy. There are plenty vacant houses in Thanksgiving street, and I advise our brother to move into one." Come my brother or sister, move out of Grumbling Row into Thanksgiving street; you will feel better.

### The Tabernacle Flower Mission.

The glad sunshine and genial showers have at last awakened, in this somewhat Northern clime, the flowers, and a resurrection of brightness, beauty and sweetness has commenced. We plan, by aid of our flower mission, which has distributed during the past few years thousands of bunches, to gather up the sunshine as reflected in varied hues in every opening flower, and to carry these reflectors and reminders of heaven's gladness to the bedsides of the sick and suffering. As in years past, we shall be glad if friends will prepare and mail us *Scripture text cards*. They can be written, printed and gotten up in many and various forms; it will add to their diversity and usefulness.

Any one who lives at a distance and would help us to gather flowers, will please remember that *money will answer to this end*. We can purchase them at the nurseries and market, fresh and as needed. Moreover, we should hire one or more teams to take out the distributors, as the poorhouse is quite a distance away since the fire. One brother has regularly sent his carriage for this purpose. The editor will be glad to know of any one who will aid us thus. The work is unsectarian. We want help, and workers who will assist us on Wednesday afternoons in scattering the *smiling flowers* amongst those who otherwise cannot gather them. Pray that thoughts may be awakened and kindled by this means, to the comfort and salvation of souls and the praise of Him who causeth the flowers to spring up in such sweet variety.

Our Ribbon of Blue, or Temperance Jottings.



URING the past few weeks we have seen painful evidences of the drink demoralizing power. Nevertheless, we have also seen the rescuing power of the grace of God. Some who were so completely under Satan's control that ruin seemed certain have left the cup, and are clothed and in their mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. The writer, a few Sundays since, had a congregation of 14 prisoners, and at the close of a gospel address took 18 signatures to the temperance pledge. Reader, ask God to bless and help the signers, so that when the prison bolt flies back, and they go forth into liberty, they may be free indeed from Satan's influence, the bondage of drink and its attendant evils. We think our readers will agree with the *Louisville Courier*:

That drunkard making is a business which is opposed to every clergyman in the country.

It is a business which every merchant and business man hates and detests.

It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother.

It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the pauperism for which the tax-payer has to pay.

It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the business of the criminal courts.

It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities.

It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold and rags.

It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice.

Drunkenness means peculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder; for it leads to all these crimes.

**HARD ON THE WEED.**—In the old Colonial laws of Connecticut, U. S., is an enactment restricting the use of tobacco to once a day, and even then not within ten miles of a dwelling-house.

**A VALUABLE INSCRIPTION.**—It is not often that the inscription is worth more than the gift. A tobacco manufacturing company gave a special prize to a promising boy exhibited at the baby show in Grand Rapids. It was a sealed box of tobacco on which was inscribed the first-class advice: "Never use tobacco until your mother breaks this seal." A striking feature of this sage counsel, given by parties who knew what they were talking about, is more than disinterestedness. If boys would let tobacco alone until their mothers opened the package the business would certainly perish.

The *Religious Herald* suggest that applicants for liquor licence should be required to get the indorsement of the mothers in the community which their business would demoralize.

God means what he says, "Look not upon the wine," and "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink."

A gentleman remarked that he had eight arguments in favor of the prohibitory amendment, and

when asked what they were, replied "My eight children." For their sake I would prohibit and leave the wine alone."

"They are too nice to be eaten up by the serpent in the glass.

General Sir F. Williams (the hero of Kars), says: "I am indebted to a gracious Providence for preservation in very unhealthy climates; but I am satisfied that a resolution, early formed and steadily persevered in, never to take spirituous liquor, has been a means of my escaping disease by which multitudes have fallen around me.

Some men are just blind enough not to see their duties, but they can see all their rights very clearly.

Two months since we left a blank line, with a request to the reader if convinced drinking intoxicating drinks was a mistake and an evil to be avoided, to please sign the blank line. *We leave another. Wont you sign it?* Because we have since learned some wrote their name on the other, and instead of getting drunken, one is now a sober man. **GOD HELPING ME I WILL DO WITHOUT INTOXICANTS.**

(Signed).....

**WHY THIS WASTE?**—"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener, "What is that?" "You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness; "you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full count some day—you'll get it some day!"

**CONTRAST.**—New York city last year, spent for education \$400,000, for amusements, \$700,000. But the same statistical facts reveal the sorry showing of \$60,000,000 spent during the same year for intoxicating drinks.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE OPENING OF THE HALIFAX COTTON FACTORY, 4TH JUNE, 1884.

Mr. Stevenson, the enterprising manager, took a very practical way of marking the end of the first year, by donating to the various charitable institutions of Halifax quite a liberal gift of pieces of cotton, in lengths suitable for making various garments for the poor. The gift was accompanied by the following advice:—"Halifax citizens should always buy Halifax cottons in preference to any other. They are good value, and in many varieties of texture. The factory employs 250 Halifax citizens, and if well supported will employ 400." And, while thanking directorate for their kindness and remembrance, we fully endorse and pass on their practical suggestion, believing the goods will bear both inspection and testing. Hoping the time and demand is not far distant when they will employ a yet larger number of operatives. Success to lawful enterprise.

The Regions Beyond, or Mission News and Notes.

"A sower went forth to sow. The field is the world. He who thus spake said: "Go ye into all the world. Lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world. He that goeth forth with the precious seed of gospel truth cannot sow or labor in vain." "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." I AM, saith concerning the glorifying of His Son Jesus Christ, and the success of the gospel. *He must reign.* The crowning time is coming. When He, on whose head are many crowns, will crown all who despised not the King's commandment. Those who go forth bearing the cross, and to sow good seed beside all waters, not knowing the measure of success, or which shall prosper, yet conscious wherever is seen a possibility of life or growth, faith and duty demand that the gospel plough should be driven through; toiling even in the cold winter of doubt and unbelief, the summer time of worldly pleasure, and also where the fires of persecution had left the soil all black and bare. They shall, doubtless, reap in due time, and in the glad harvest at the end of the world wear the crown of righteousness—the gift and purchase of a Saviour's love; and in glad response shall cry, "Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all."

A lady who is just going out to the foreign field promises to make regular communications through **BUDS AND BLOSSOMS**, with a desire to increase, by her letters, greater interest in the work of Missions and the Regions Beyond.

Christians have still to suffer terrible persecution in China. Recently, near Canton, a native Christian was seized by the heathen, and, when he refused to deny Christ, he was "wrapped in cotton wadding soaked in oil, tied to a cross, and burned, no extremity of torture availing to shake his constancy." Now and then the Chinese people are disgraced by these outbursts of heathen fanaticism. All this is saddening. The missionaries of the Cross cannot reasonably expect to escape persecution. Under these circumstances, all that can be done fairly and without creating greater prejudice and more malignant enmity, should be done to secure toleration and liberty for Christians in China.

Dr. Nevius has made an estimate that there are, or were, in round numbers about 300,000 idol temples in China: and at the rate of ten idols to each temple, there would be 3,000,000 idols. These temples he estimates to have cost at least \$1,000,000! And the money which is spent annually by this people in worship and in the repairs of these buildings, as well as the building of new ones, is simply beyond conception. In Sochow one of the largest temples has recently been overhauled and repaired, at an expense, it is said, of \$70,000—largely given by one man, who thereby is supposed to get great merit.

**MISSIONARY STATISTICS.**—We gather from the "Missionary Year Book of the Gospel in all Lands:" There are in America 28 foreign missionary societies, with 760 ordained, 99 lay, and 1,007 female mission-

aries. They have also 1,159 native ordained ministers, and 5,036 other native helpers. The total number of native communicants is 198,587. There are 25 British foreign missionary societies, with 1,863 ordained, 378 lay, and 695 female missionaries. There are 1,279 native ordained ministers and 14,552 other native helpers. The number of native communicants is 352,196. There are 22 European Continental foreign missionary societies, with 417 ordained, 142 lay, and 314 female missionaries. They have 73 native ordained ministers, and 1,883 other native helpers, and the number of native communicants is 71,734. The total of all these is 75 societies, 3,040 ordained, 619 lay, and 2,010 female foreign missionaries. There are 3,511 native ordained ministers, and 21,471 other native helpers. The number of native communicants is 622,517. The contributions of these societies amounted in 1882 to \$3,550,000, of which nearly three millions was contributed in America and nearly six millions in Great Britain. In addition to these Protestant foreign missions, the British Roman Catholics raised for foreign missions, £11,519, or \$62,894.

What others Say. Good Words.

[From the Richmond Star, Ill., U. S.]

*Buds and Blossoms* is a neat and evangelical monthly magazine published at Halifax, Nova Scotia, at 75 cents a year. It has about a dozen illustrations each month. It is very well adapted to the home and family. It is highly promotive of purity and knowledge. It is devoted to temperance, missionary intelligence, short stories, and illustrations—twenty-eight pages of reading matter, 40 pages in all—for the old and young. It is very cheap. Address J. F. Avery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

[From the Literary Editor of the Christian, at Work.]

I take pleasure in informing you that your excellent publication has been placed on our exchange list and fully appreciate the excellence of your magazine, and regard it among the best of the day for young people. So highly do I esteem your effort and so willing am I to render any aid in my power to extend your circulation, that I will cheerfully do what I can. I am satisfied that no person receiving your *Buds and Blossoms* for one year will allow its visits to be there-  
after discontinued. With every wish for your abundant success,

Fraternally yours,  
WM. G. HAESSELBARTH.

Experts in chemistry have estimated that the cost of London's winter smoke and fog is £5,000,000 annually; that is to say, constituents of coal to this value escape unconsumed, and assist in forming the sooty vapour.

PUT YOUR NAME IN THE BLANK THEN READ.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that..... believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Up in the Country; or Eventide Musings.



Do not refer to latitude or longitude, not having taken any bearings as to the points of the compass. But since leaving Halifax it is evident the writer has gone up in the world and stands higher, if not in the esteem and estimation of others, in actual point of fact, than for a long time since. To-day as the hilltop was climbed and the valley widened and spread beneath, the certainty of going up in the world added additional inspiration to the invigorating breezes, which smelled the sweeter and more healthful from having swept across the bosom of the ocean and gathered ozone from the crested waves which lapped and dashed against the not distant shore. There is a pleasure, when jaded and toil-worn, in going into the country; but the writer thinks there is nothing like going up in the country. It broadens the view and expands the desire for higher, holier and loftier things as one rises above the tide of life rolling in the valley below. The smell of the balmy fir, as in its spring-tide freshness, it develops its tender green, is in itself a healing healthful medicine. And to watch the distant fleecy clouds as they, in all their majesty, sweep along is an inspiration. Toward eventide, when the stillness was undisturbed, the feathery songsters had hushed their warblings and tucked their heads beneath their wings to await to-morrow's dawn, how supremely grand to note the unbroken calm and silence, rendered more notable by the now and then shrill note and piping of a solitary frog. Truly the scene is rendered majestic as one gazes; there is not a thunder peal, no black and lowering cloud, but ever and anon from above and beyond the hilltop a gleam of vivid light bursts forth and the glare lights with new beauty the fleecy cloud-spread which is covering the sun as it sinks to rest. Kind curtains of the night! How merciful this provision of nature! Without it balmy sleep would often be an impossibility, and selfish, avaricious man would in his covetous desire to wrest from nature a more plenteous harvest, overwork himself and more patient beast, until life would be unbearable and self-consumed. But the darkness thickens, we must retrace our steps. And now as by the lamplight the pen records the musings of the closing hour of a summer sunset on a hilltop, the faithful clicking of the farm house clock says, "cut it short! cut it short! cut it short!" We will endeavour to do so and be practical by retiring to rest.

An order for 70,000 whistles has been given to supply the Metropolitan police.

Bronze needles have been found in Egyptian tombs, which must have been made four thousand years ago.

The best is the cheapest. This more especially so in the matter of wives.

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when a tailor would do it for him in less than half an hour.

Solomon saith, "money answereth all things." With a more limited experience, we know it will pay the printers, and would therefore suggest, *please pay your*

*subscription.* We look upon all our readers as helpers. It is polite to pass on in a friendly way a BUD AND BLOSSOM. You might suggest they can be had all the year around for seventy-five cents.

An old farmer once said to his boys: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail twix' your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A young man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to learn 'how to make money fast,' and was advised in reply to glue a five dollar greenback to the bottom of his trunk. Having noither greenback nor trunk, he still is unable to make money fast.

New South Wales has one farmer, Mr. Samuel Mackey, whose lands running 700 miles in one direction, include 5,000,000 acres, nearly all of which have been reclaimed from the desert. Last year he shared 1,500,000 sheep, and this year will have 2,500,000.

A gentleman was congratulating a friend the other day on his recent marriage. "Yes," said the latter, thanking him for his pleasant words, "if you marry and get the right one there is nothing like it; and if you don't get the right one I suppose there is nothing like it."

Mr. Spurgeon puts it strongly when he says,— "I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians, that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into a great sewer to improve its aroma."

Home Circle.

TABERNACLE NOTES.—Received by baptism, June 1st, one; letter, two.

DONATIONS.—Missions, 50c, Mrs. Burgis. Building Fund, Mrs. Sweeny, 50c. During the past month one of the classes in our Sabbath School purchased a lot in India for a home for a native preacher. The Mission board has kindly allowed it to be called the *Kimedy Tabernacle Home.*

BOOK REVIEWS and exchange notes held over.

Olive Branches.

May 23rd, The wife of Mr. C. Hubley, of a son.  
June 12th, The wife of Mr. W. Heckman of a daughter.

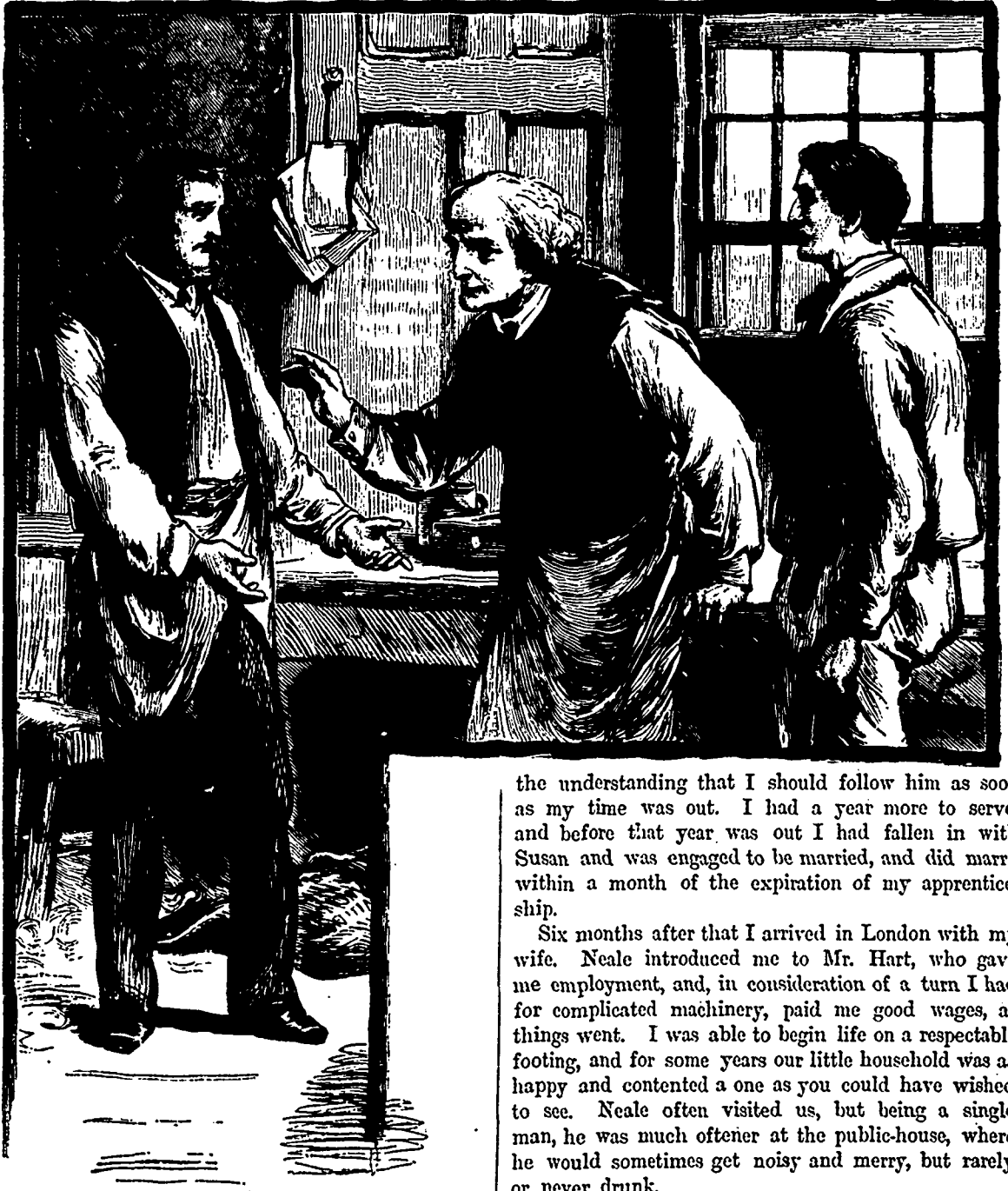
Orange Blossoms.

June 18th, At the residence of the bride, James Herman, to Ella Covey.

On the same date, Henry Cornelius, to Alice Boutlier.

June 19th, William Nodwell to Libbie Smith, both of Halifax. All married by the pastor of the Tabernacle, J. F. Avory.

# OUT OF THE SLOUGH, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**M**y old comrade, Dick Neale, was the man who, more than any other man, was the occasion of my first becoming a drunkard. We had been schoolboys and apprentices together at the old town of Derry; his indentures expired before mine, and he came up to London to seek employment, with

the understanding that I should follow him as soon as my time was out. I had a year more to serve, and before that year was out I had fallen in with Susan and was engaged to be married, and did marry within a month of the expiration of my apprenticeship.

Six months after that I arrived in London with my wife. Neale introduced me to Mr. Hart, who gave me employment, and, in consideration of a turn I had for complicated machinery, paid me good wages, as things went. I was able to begin life on a respectable footing, and for some years our little household was as happy and contented a one as you could have wished to see. Neale often visited us, but being a single man, he was much oftener at the public-house, where he would sometimes get noisy and merry, but rarely or never drunk.

When my boy was born, Susan was laid by for some time, and her mother was here nursing her. To get out of the way of the women, Neale took me with him to the "Anchor" (the very worst name for a drinking house, which ought to have the symbol of despair, not of hope, for a sign), and there for some weeks we spent our evenings, in the company of a set

of jolly fellows, as they called themselves, who made us but too welcome. Then it was that I imbibed the first real liking for drink, and, having once begun, I went on from bad to worse; it was never in my nature to do anything by halves, and I became, in the course of a year or two, a confirmed drunkard.

Before long Neale quarrelled with me for my neglect and bad treatment of Susan, who was a kinswoman of his; he told me his mind in bitter language, and soon afterwards returned to Derry, and I never expected to meet him again.

One night, I was coming out of Hart's, where I had been at work all day, miserable enough, when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and looked into his face, and saw that it was Dick Neale. I was going to give him the go-by, but he got in front of me and held out his hand.

"Patrick," he said, and his voice seemed to quaver a little, "I've come all the way from Derry on purpose to see you."

"I should hardly think it," I said, "when I remember how we parted."

"Perhaps not, Patrick; but you'll forgive me that, won't you?"

"I don't know," said I, for I was not in a forgiving mood. "What is your present business?"

"I want, with God's help, Patrick, to repair a great injury I did you."

"I know what you mean; but you are a fool for your pains; it's too late now." And I hurried on.

But he was not to be shaken off. Whether I walked or ran, he kept at my side, and would not be got rid of; so I gave up the attempt to escape him, and let him have his way. He didn't speak at first, but took hold of my arm, and led me out of the crowded thoroughfares into a quiet street. "Patrick," he said then, "we were boys together, and brothers together, down in old Derry; there was never an angry word between us two in those old days. You'll remember those pleasant times, and wipe out the recollection of our quarrel for their sake. You bear me no malice, old friend?"

"No, Dick," I said, "no malice."

"That's right—say no more just now—I want to talk to you quietly a bit. As I told you before, I have come all the way from Derry on purpose to see you; 'tis a long journey, but if it had been twice the distance I should have come, for I couldn't rest till I had seen you. Patrick, I was a fool when you saw me last, and had been a fool all my life—the slave of evil passions, and of every sensual temptation that can beset a man. It has pleased God, of His infinite mercy, to show me what I was, and to turn my heart towards better things—His name be praised. But I could not be happy in my mind, old friend, knowing that I had led you into evil, without trying all in my power to get you out of it again. So I've got leave of absence, and I don't go back, if God will! hear my prayers, till I see you safe out of the slough."

I was little better than a brute at that time; but

it went somehow to my heart to hear Dick Neale talking in that way. But I couldn't be rough with him; it was no small sacrifice that long journey and the expense. I was certain, however, that it would be all thrown away, and so I told him.

"No it won't," he said; "I'll never believe that."

"Yes it will; I have been trying to leave off drinking already, and I can't do it."

"I know you have, for I have seen Susan; but you have been trying the wrong way, Patrick; and I am come to show you the right way."

"And what do you call the right way?"

"Look you here," said he; "if you were tied up to a tree with many bands, and a lot of savages were coming to brain you, and you had a knife in your hand, would you stand untying the knots, or would you cut the bands and run for it! Of course you would sever the rope and start for your life. That's what you must do with the drink; your drinking habits are the bands that bind you; you'll never untie them, strive as you will. I will put the knife into your hands; you must cut them at once—you must take the pledge."

"It's no use," I said; "I shouldn't keep it if I did."

"But you shall keep it; I will show you how to keep it. I have been through the whole business myself, and I know what it is."

"I can't make the effort," I said; "I have neither strength nor resolution for it."

"I know you haven't; but strength and resolution are to be had for asking; you must pray to God to give them you."

"I never pray."

"I know that too; but you must begin. You and I have done everything together but that, and now we will pray together. Come, I have promised Susan to bring you home with me; the children are gone to a neighbour's for the night, so that we shall have time to settle a plan for you."

I was in a maze, somehow, with the sound of his familiar voice, and his talk, which was so different from what it used to be, and I let him have his way. He led me home by a roundabout route, without passing the "Anchor;" and there was Susan, looking quite neat in her poor threadbare gown, and there was a cheerful fire, and a nice little supper awaiting us. I could scarcely touch the supper, and would have given anything for a draught of stiff brandy-and-water, but was ashamed to say so. I cannot tell you all that took place that night.

After supper, Neale took a small Bible from his pocket, and then knelt down and prayed, as though his very heart was breaking, that God would open my eyes to see the peril I was in, and give me strength to flee from it. God must have heard that prayer; for Dick got a promise out of me that night, that I would sign the pledge on the morrow on the condition that he should help me to keep it.

He was there the first thing in the morning, with his Bible and his prayers, and in the course of the



day he took me to a temperance house, where I signed the pledge, which, I am thankful to say, in spite of my misgivings, from that day to this I have never broken. I suffered a good deal, as you may suppose, in body, from such a sudden change of habits; but Neale kept his promise nobly in helping me to bear it.

He hired himself for a month at Hart's, and worked at the next bench to mine; he walked with me to work, and home again every day, and never left me but to sleep. He made coffee in the workshop, and fetched in our meals at meal times; and when Sunday came he took me and Susan and the children to a place of worship, and spent the rest of the day with us in teaching us the right way.

Before the month was up, we had got out of that wretched garret into decent apartments, and were altogether looking a little more respectable.

I never saw Susan so glad and happy in my life as she was now, though I think I had never been so wretched myself. It was now that the thoughts of my inhumanity to her and the children came home to me with terrible sharpness, and that, with remorse for my sin and ingratitude to God, well nigh made me beside myself. I could not rest day or night; there was some small relief in hard labour, and I worked and toiled till the sweat ran down me, all day, and long over-hours to boot; but when night came I was in a horror of darkness, and could find no peace. I was fit neither to live nor die—what should I do? In my distress I went to Neale, and told him all my misery right out.

"Patrick," said he, "I shall go to Derry again, now."

"What! going when I want you more than ever?"

"When you don't want me at all, you mean to say. My dear old friend, I have only been waiting for the good news you have just told me. If God has shown you the plague of your own heart, as I see He has, my business here is done, and I may well leave the rest in His hands."

"But what shall I do without you?"

"Work and pray—you can do both now, God be praised; and if you work hard, and pray hard, I'll promise you that in God's good time you shall find peace, perfect peace. Oh, Patrick, such glorious and delightful peace as you have never imagined."

Though the tears ran down his face in a stream, while he spoke these words in a solemn voice, yet I couldn't believe him, and thought it hard that he should think of leaving me. But he went away, and I parted from my more than brother with a sad heart. I had now to fight my battle alone, and a hard fight it was. But Dick was a true prophet. I worked hard, and I prayed hard, and in God's good time my peace of mind returned; but I should not say returned—it was a new peace, such (as Neale had said) as I had never imagined. From that time forth everything has thriven with me. I account myself now a rich man, for I have more means than wants; my wife is happy and cheerful, and my children are healthy, merry, and dutiful.

## THE ORIGIN OF A HYMN.

THE occasion of writing the hymn, "Far from the world," is deeply interesting. It was thought advisable that Cowper should leave St. Allans, and live for a time in retirement. The place chosen for this was Huntingdon, that he might be within easy reach of his brother, then residing at Cambridge.

Left for the first time among strangers, his heart began to sink within him, and he wandered forth into the fields, melancholy and desponding; but soon his heart was so drawn towards his God, that having found a secluded spot beneath a bank, he knelt down, and poured forth his soul in prayer and praise. He felt a renewed sense of his Saviour's presence, and a sweet assurance that wherever his lot might be cast, the God of all consolation would still be with him.

The next day was the Sabbath, and he attended church for the first time since his recovery. He could scarcely restrain his emotions during the service, so fully did he realise the glorious presence of the Lord.

A person sat near him, devoutly engaged in worship, and Cowper loved him for the earnestness of his manner. He says: "While he was singing the Psalms I looked at him, and observing him intent on his holy employment, I could not help saying in my heart, with much emotion, 'The Lord bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth.'"

After church, he immediately hastened to the solitary place where he had found such sacred enjoyment in prayer the day before. "How," he exclaims, "shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying that He made all His goodness to pass before me. I seemed to speak to Him face to face, as a man converseth with his friend. I could say indeed with Jacob, not, how *dreadful*, but how *lovely* is this place! this is none other than the house of God."

That sacred spot was the locality, and this blissful experience the inspiration, of a most beautiful hymn. This was the "calm retreat," this "the silent shade," where he poured forth his solitary lays; which, now no longer secret, but the property of the church at large, express the feelings of those to whom solitude is best society, and who, cheered by the presence of their God and Saviour, are enabled to anticipate the time and place where His servants shall serve Him, and where they shall walk in the light of His unveiled countenance for ever and ever.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seen by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh! with what peace and joy and love  
She communes with her God!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!  
A boundless endless store  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.



DO YOU THANK GOD FOR YOUR FOOD?



ONE time ago, a soldier's wife with her three children, was passing through Essex on her way to Chelmsford. She did not know where to find a night's lodging, as she was without the means of paying for one. It was a fine summer's evening, and, as she passed along the country road, she saw a young man standing at a farm-yard gate, near to which there was a barn. She asked him if he thought the farmer would allow her and the children to sleep in the barn. He replied that he thought his master would; at all events, he would go and ask him. The farmer kindly consented, and, in addition, told him to unbind a couple of trusses of dry straw for them to sleep on. The poor woman asked him where she could get a little water. He said he would fetch her some, but instead brought her a can of milk, for which she was very thankful.

With the children grouped round her, she took some bread from her bundle and gave a piece to each of the little ones; but before they began to eat, she gave thanks to God, and asked Him to bless what she and the children were about to partake of.

After the meal was finished, the soldier's wife took from the bundle she carried a New Testament, and said to the young man, "We are going to have reading and prayer before we retire to rest, to thank God for the mercies of the past day; if you will join us, we shall be pleased." He did so; and, after reading the first ten verses of the 19th chapter of St. Luke, she prayed earnestly for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon the farmer, his family, his servants, and upon the young man, for the kindness she had received from them.

The young man was deeply affected by what he saw and heard. He bid them good night and went home,

but only to turn over in his mind what he had heard. Early in the morning he went to the barn to see the soldier's wife, that she might tell him more about Christ; but she was gone. He told one of the servant-girls what had passed, and she spoke of it to her young mistress, who, in turn, related it to the rest of the family. It led the whole of them to reflect. The Bible was brought out, and the verses were read which the young man had heard the night before; and he was sent for to confirm the simple story. He repeated what he had seen and heard; and told how the giving of thanks for their poor meal had struck him, and ended his statement by saying with considerable emotion, "Salvation has come to my heart; for I feel as I have never done before."

Reader, has your expression of gratitude to God for daily mercies and daily food ever arrested any thought-

less mind? Do you give thanks for your food? And if not, what difference is there between you and the brutes that perish? They are not, as you are, capable of connecting the food by which they are sustained with the loving providence of God by which it is provided. And if you are not grateful for food, it is clear that you do not recognise Him as the Author and Source of life and all life's blessings.

Bear in mind, that man lives not by bread alone. As the body that dies is supported by that which is in its nature perishable, so the immortal soul truly lives only by Him who is "the bread that cometh down from heaven," the Lord Jesus Christ. That we might have life, and have it abundantly, He came and died in our stead. His blood cleanses the believer from all sin. His intercession in heaven on behalf of the penitent secures his intercourse with God. His promised gift of the Holy Spirit is freely bestowed upon all who seek it, to conquer the power of sin in them, and to fit them for the vision of God and the eternal enjoyment of His favour and presence.

Where the Spirit of God dwells, there dwell gratitude and love to God. The greatest gifts and the smallest call them into exercise. Have you, then, the indwelling Spirit of God? Do you, with a really grateful heart, give thanks for your food?

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"Ask, and it shall be given to you."

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."



**WAIT ON THE LORD.**

“**T**HEY that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles.” There is a ring in this passage like the blast of a bugle. He makes a very great mistake who supposes that the word “wait” implies simply idleness. The Hebrew word has brawn and bone in it. Its signification is primarily *to be strong*—strong enough to hold out under pressure. Thence the word came to signify patience, as the opposite of discouragement and peevishness. When a soul is ready to do God’s will, and to submit cheerfully to God’s discipline, and to receive such fulness of supply as God is willing to bestow, that soul may be truly said to “wait on the Lord.” It is a great grace, and it leads to a great glory.

The man who thus waits on God renews his strength. He does more; he receives a wonderful *inspiration*. He “shall mount up with wings as an eagle.” Naturalists tell us that the special power of the eagle is in his wings. He can fly in the teeth of a gale, and go out on long voyagings towards the clouds, and play the aeronaut for hours, without weariness. His “conversation is in the heavens.” The sparrow twitters from the housetops, the dove is content to abide in the forest; but eagles are children of the skies and playmates of the storm. Even their nests are on the mountain crags.

So God means that every soul which waits on Him shall sometimes soar. Not creep or grovel in the muck of worldliness; or crouch in bondage to man or

devils, but rise above all these baser things into the atmosphere of heaven. When a soul binds itself to God, it finds wings. Such an one has a citizenship in the skies. He catches inspiration from the indwelling Spirit. He rises above the chilling fogs of doubt, gains a wide outlook, is filled with ennobling thoughts, and actually feels that he is an heir to a celestial inheritance. He *ouflies* the petty vexations that worry the worldling, and the grovelling lusts that drag the selfish and sensual down into the mire. His soul-life is hid with Christ in God. What cares the eagle, as he bathes his wings in the translucent gold of the sunbeam, for all the turmoil, the smoke, the clouds, or even the lightnings that play around him? He flies in company with the unclouded sun. So a heaven-bound soul, filled with the joys of the Holy Spirit, flies in company with God.

Brother in Christ Jesus! you may realise these happy experiences, if you will but wait on Him, if you will knit your souls to Jesus.

*Dr. Cuyler.*

From Thee, an overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

*I WILL POUR OUT MY SPIRIT.*

**T**HE windmill and the sailing vessel need the wind, that they may be propelled. The steam-engine needs the steam; the water-wheel needs water; the loaded gun needs the spark of fire to ignite the gunpowder. So, too, the fruits of the earth need the heavenly influences of the sun, the rain, and the atmosphere in order to their growth and maturity. And so we must have the Divine influence of God's Holy Spirit in order to the growth and perfecting within us of the fruits of righteousness.

It is "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord," that the world is convinced of sin, that our infirmities are helped in prayer, that we are instructed, that we are sanctified, that we are filled with God's love and all holy graces; that we are strengthened with all might.

The Holy Ghost is also our Comforter, by assuring us we are God's children, as well as that He is the earnest of our future inheritance, in that He gives us a measure of heavenly peace and joy and blessedness. The Holy Spirit is the greatest and best gift God can now bestow, and God gives His Spirit to them that ask.

Finney, the American revivalist, tells of an humble blacksmith who became so concerned for the prosperity of religion and the salvation of souls, that he locked himself in his shop, and spent a whole afternoon in mighty prayer for the Holy Ghost. On the next Sabbath, a wonderful revival of religion broke out in that neighbourhood, and the people said they had been awakened during the particular afternoon when the blacksmith was praying. Let us pray as we ought for ourselves and for others, then God will pour out His Spirit on all sorts and classes of men in our own and other lands.

*RESCUED.*

**I** THINK, when a fellow earns his own living, he might be allowed to stir without three or four to watch him. Mother sits up till I come in, and if the clock has struck eleven her face is as long as my arm. I am tired of living so."

It was not from a desire for dissipation that Edward Norton made the above speech. He was arriving at the age when a boy often resents his mother's loving control. She seemed much less a friend than Jake Hurd, who stood by his side on the piazza of the hotel, where he had been lounging away an hour after the closing of the store.

"So I say, Ned. Take another cigar; it is only ten o'clock. I left off boarding at home because I wouldn't stand being treated like a baby. Now, nobody knows when I go to bed, and when I get up. I am only responsible to Edgar and William, who are satisfied with me, and pay my salary regularly. Mother's letters give me the blues, though. I took an agency through Missouri last year, and thought I'd escape curtain-lectures and mother's apron

strings. I stopped over a Sabbath at St. Joseph, and there in the post-office were four letters from my mother lecturing me for my wild ways. She had found out my address from my employer. I gave up in despair; but to board at home, and be trammelled by rules and regulations like a twelve-year-old boy, is a thing I won't bear."

"No boy of spirit would," replied Edward. "If I am capable of earning my living, I think I can be trusted with my evenings. If mother supported me, it would alter the case. As things are, I am my own master, and won't stand being snubbed every time I come in late any longer."

"I like your spirit, boy," said Jake. "Tell your mother to-night just what you have told me, and she'll give in. Mothers will go through anything rather than have a son leave home. I don't set up for being pious, and don't mean to; and the sooner my mother makes up her mind to it, the better it will be for all concerned."

Edward winced a little at this, for one short year before he had taken his place at the Lord's table, and professed Christ to be his Master. His neglected Bible and unbent knee gave him moments of sharp uneasiness, but the company of Jake Hurd and a few kindred spirits did much to quiet his fears, and Satan seemed about to succeed in tearing him from his mother's arms of love and prayer.

He walked home in company with Jake, who lived near. His eye unconsciously turned to the second-story window, where the gas always burned while his mother waited. All was dark. Jake read his anxiety in his quickened step, and said, "Don't get excited, Ned. The old lady has given it up. I broke my mother in just so. Good night."

Edward hurried in and up the stairs. The sound of his night-key had always brought footsteps to the banisters and the question, in the familiar voice of his mother, "Is that you, Ned?" but now all was still. His heart beat strangely as he groped his way to his mother's room, and lighting the gas, found a note directed to him, saying she had been sent for to her mother's dying bed, and requesting him to close the house the next morning and join her. He wandered through the deserted rooms where his three brothers slept. He felt oppressed. His father's portrait hanging over the mantel-piece seemed to look him through, and the last words that issued from those lips, pallid in death, "Edward will be a protection and support to you, my poor wife," rang in his ears.

He went to his room, but could not sleep. His conscience whispered, "How could you let your mother pass through such a scene of agony alone? Instead of helping her bear her sorrow, you were lounging, smoking, and serving Satan with Jake Hurd. You are your own master, as you call it, to-night. How do you like it? Suppose you should never hear your mother's voice again. What then?"

"I haven't done anything so very wrong. I am a hard worker, and need a little fresh air and recreation.

This telegram was unfortunate. I earn my living, and must have some rights."

Edward could not quiet his stern accuser in this way. "Think of your Saviour, your King and Creator, who could at any time command legions of angels at His bidding, whose wisdom at twelve years old confounded the wise men in the temple; think of His obedience and submission to His sinful earthly parents. Never till His helpless feet and hands were nailed to the cross did He cease His filial care and love. Are you His follower? and because you earn a few dollars each week, have you joined idle fellows in deriding a mother's love?"

The large hall-clock struck twelve. As it re-echoed through the deserted house, Edward could bear it no longer, and arose to walk the floor. "After all, mother is unselfish, and only wants to help me to be an honourable man. She knows as well as I do that I am in mischief when I stay out after she is in bed. What should I do without her?" For the first time for months his lips uttered a heartfelt prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." A new life began in his soul that night. When he followed his grandmother to the grave, with his mother leaning upon his arm, a few days later, he made resolutions in Christ's strength, which he kept while life lasted. His brothers and sister grew up all that could be desired.

Young man, fret not at your praying mother's watch and prayer. You cannot be your own master; for once freed from home restraints, a fierce, relentless master awaits you. Do not shake off her tender hand as it stays your wayward steps.

### WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

**G**OD would have us saved from [sin, first of all. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Infidels once told a dying companion, who was in terrible trouble, "Become a Christian. If it be false it will do you no harm. If it be true you will be a great gainer."

A female once said, "I must get rid of my bad tempers now, else what a peevish woman I shall be if I live to be old!"

Christ, as a child, attended to His Father's business. If you wished to give something to a noble and valued friend, would you use the nosegay, the book, or the other present you had procured, till all the freshness and beauty were gone from it, and then, when you did not care for it longer for yourself, give it to your friend? And will you thus treat the Lord? Will you withhold from Him your confidence, your love, and your service as long as you can or dare, and then give Him your wasted powers and the wretched remains of a lost life? Rather give yourself to the Lord now and ever henceforth.

A sick child cut out paper and wood ornaments (all that his little feeble hands could do), which were sold for about £1, for God's cause.

A poor factory girl, who was not clever, but who had a large, loving heart, got some forty lads under her care, and she so worked and prayed to do them good, that "Mary Ann's boys," as her class was called, became remarkable for their general goodness. Are there no poor lost children you can lovingly and perseveringly labour for?

A little boy once said, "I wish I had been with Jesus on earth, I would have run everywhere doing His errands."

We may as truly serve Christ now, if we attend to our daily duties in His name, and for His sake do all we ought in the best way we possibly can. We may not like some work we may have to do. But we shall have more credit from the Lord if we faithfully perform this. In addition to this, His blessing now, and the eternal rewards of heaven, will amply repay our every work of faith and labour of love.

### A DEAD FATHER'S REQUEST.

**A**n aged Christian had an only son, a young man of cultivated mind and manners, but a professed despiser of the Word of God. When he felt death approaching, he called this infidel son to witness his last moments. He took his hand, and fixing his eyes on him, conjured him by the solemnity of this deathbed scene to think seriously of his own end.

The young man, however, finding himself in possession of a large fortune, very soon thought of nothing but spending it in dissipation. He had found among his father's papers a note recommending him to read Luke xv., in the room where he had seen his father die; but this desire was forgotten with all the rest.

One day, before going to join some party of pleasure, the young man entered this chamber. There was the bed on which his father lay when he exchanged the pains of his mortal body for the joys of the glorified. There was the table on which the old Bible was placed for family worship; there the arm-chair where his father was accustomed to sit while he expounded so forcibly the holy Word of God. Above it hung his portrait, whose smile seemed mingled with sadness.

A thousand memories rushed at once into the mind of the young infidel. He thought he saw his sins rise up before him one after another, crying to God for judgment against him. He called to mind his father's last exhortations, and the note which he had left for him; and he began at once to read the parables of the lost sheep and the prodigal son in Luke xv.

"There is, then," he exclaimed, "still pardon for me!" and instead of going to meet his friends he knelt down and wept before God. For several weeks he devoted himself entirely to the study of the Bible; and having received the blessing he sought, he walked worthy of his vocation in a life of piety and benevolence.

**DANIEL'S PRAYER.**

READ DANIEL ix. 19.

**T**HE Scripture is full of prayers, and I love them much. Now let us speak of Daniel. He was a temperate man. This will account for his haleness and vigour, at least in some measure. But he was rich in grace. He had been raised from one stage to another, till he became prime minister over twenty-seven provinces; yet he found time to pray thrice every day. Many people who have not half the business to attend to that he had, say they have scarcely time to pray once a day.

Daniel was highly favoured.

Three miracles were performed by him; one was interpreting the king's dream; the second, recalling Nebuchadnezzar; a third, interpreting the handwriting on the wall. But one miracle was performed for him,—that was, his safety in the den of lions. Twice the angel Gabriel came to him with the words, "O Daniel, man greatly beloved!"

Some will say, "I would not have told him that to his face, lest it should make him proud." But Gabriel knew better. The proud are always the most backward to praise. The

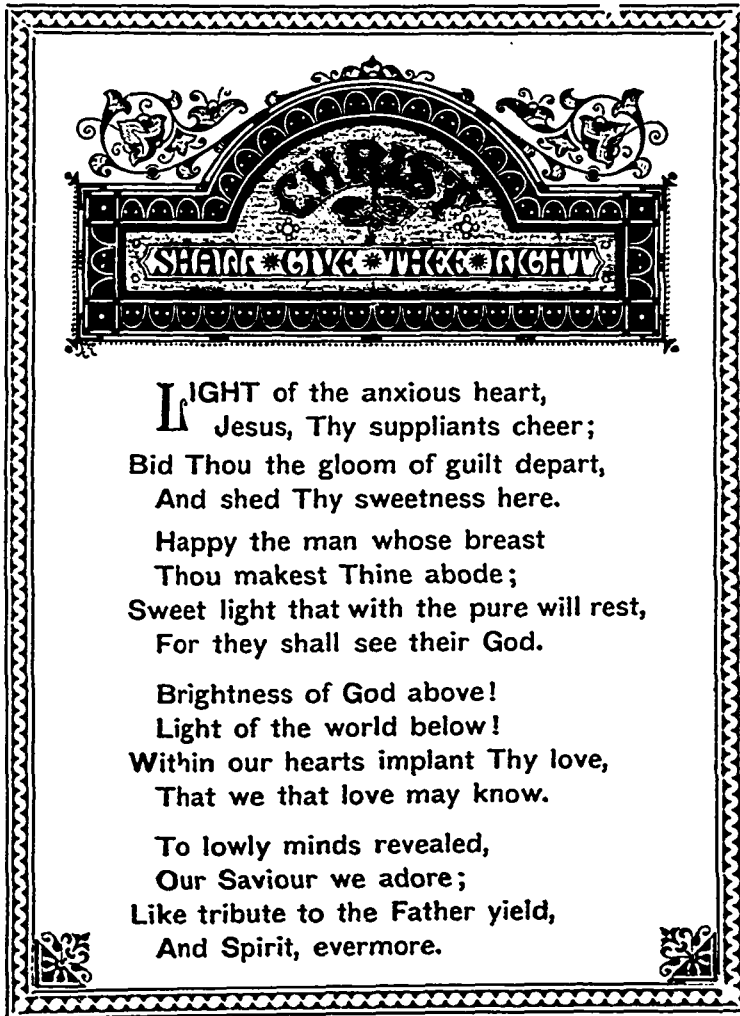
reason is, they judge from themselves; because when they are praised they are so puffed up, they think others must be the same.

The celebrated Dr. Robinson, having preached three times on one Sunday, at a chapel in London, after the evening service a man came into the vestry and said to him, "This morning, sir, it was a very dry opportunity; in the afternoon I got no food for my soul; but this evening you have preached a most blessed sermon, and I hope to live in the enjoyment of it. But I hope you will not be proud at my telling you so."

"No, no," said the doctor, "for I have no opinion of your judgment."

Let us notice this prayer before us. It is not one of the sleepy prayers. If a person were to come and ask a favour, and were to fall asleep in doing it, you would spurn him. Yet how often do we act so with the blessed God! The first thing here is forgiveness—"O Lord, forgive!" The second thing to pray for is attention—"Hearken and do." Do what? He does not say what, and I am glad He does not. If a beggar were to call out to a king as he was passing, "Hearken and do," he would be repulsed for his impertinence. But how different it is with this King! He says, "Call upon Me, and I will answer." "Ask, and ye shall receive." He can change the hardest heart; can renew and sanctify the vilest passions; and can make those whom we imagine to be beyond the reach of mercy, "pillars in the house of our God." He will do this for you, if you apply to Him. He did not turn a deaf ear to the cry of Daniel. Nor will He to your cry. Let your sins be what they may, He can and will wash them all away in the blood of His dear Son. Blessed be His name.

W. Jay.



**GOLD DUST.**

- Every trouble is the forerunner of some mercy.
- The wisdom and mercy of God are to be found written on every event which concerns you.
- Trust the plain and positive promise when you cannot see through the dark clouds of Providence.
- The present gloomy night may terminate in a bright and glorious morning.
- Seasons of pain and trouble may be sharp, but they must be short: God is only angry for a little moment.
- Every pain you feel is necessary; God doth not afflict willingly or for His pleasure, but for your profit.

# FARMER FAITHFUL'S WHEAT FIELD

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**F**ARMER FAITHFUL sowed two pieces of ground with wheat, one about three or four weeks after the other. It was fine open weather, and, by the time the second piece was sown, the first showed the wheat well out of the ground, strong and healthy. But just after the second sowing the weather changed; November set in cold and raw, and all vegetation was checked. This weather lasted for many weeks, and meanwhile not a blade appeared on the second piece.

It so happened that a public path ran through Farmer Faithful's land. And soon the passers-by began to make their remarks. "Wasn't this bit of ground sown with wheat?" said one; "it ought to be

up by this time." "What sort of seed did you put in, farmer?" asked another. "I think the seed has perished in the ground," remarked a third. "You won't want the threshing machine for that piece," said another, in a joking way. These remarks were made by those who perhaps did not know much about farming. But as time went on, even the knowing ones began to wonder. The wheat had been in the ground, I don't know how many weeks, and still all was as brown as the day it was sown; not a green shoot appeared.

The farmer often came and looked at his field, but seemed nowise troubled about his piece of wheat. He smiled good-humouredly when people remarked

upon it. "All in good time, all in good time," he would say; "you'll see by-and-by, the seed's not lost, it's only late; this piece will catch the other yet." People wondered to see him so unconcerned; but the farmer still stuck to his saying, "You'll see by-and-by, it's not lost, it's only late."

And so it turned out. After many weeks a blade began to show itself here and there, then by degrees the whole piece looked green; as spring advanced the wheat grew beautifully; and, at the very time when I am writing, the two pieces of wheat are both ripening for the harvest, the full ear just beginning to change colour, and it would puzzle you to say which was sown first.

I was one of those who watched this piece of wheat from the first, having often to pass along the path; and, if the truth must be spoken, I was not free from misgivings. Yet I had faith in the farmer's cheerful words, and was truly glad when the wheat proved, as he said, to be "not lost, but only late."

I could not help thinking how well the words might be applied to another kind of seed, the Word of God. And it struck me that Farmer Faithful and his wheat-field might furnish useful encouragement to those engaged as sowers of the good seed of the Word, and who are sometimes cast down by want of visible success.

The farmer knew that his ground was properly prepared, and that the seed was good, and rightly sown; he had been used to farming all his life, and had never known seed to fail entirely when such was the case; and therefore he felt sure all would come right now. He even thought (for he knew his Bible well) that he had some promises of God to depend upon for it, and especially that one in the eighth chapter of Genesis and twenty-second verse, "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." For he took this to mean that, generally speaking, the seasons and the operations of nature and of husbandry, should go on in their regular course; and so he believed it would be in this case.

But there is even a clearer promise to the spiritual sower. "So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The seed is good, even the poor and incorruptible seed of the Word of God; the Holy Spirit is promised in answer to prayer, to prepare men's hearts to receive it; and whenever the Word is simply and faithfully spoken or preached, with prayer and trust, then the seed is rightly sown. Yet how often is the sower downcast, when for a time he sees no fruit appear!

It is the time that makes his difficulty. The passers-by thought Farmer Faithful's seed must have perished because it was so long coming up; they were content to wait the three or four weeks that it usually takes; but when these were past, they began to think something was amiss. So the desponding minister,

or teacher, or parent, or friend, will wait patiently some time; but if years pass, and still no change appears, then he thinks his labour has been in vain.

Now, what is this but to try to take to himself the right and authority of God? Our times are in God's hand. But such a person wishes, not merely to know them, but to fix them. He does not suspect himself of such presumption, but he is in fact trying to choose his own time for the seed to spring up, instead of being content with God's time; and if the blade do not appear when he thinks it ought, he gives up the seed for lost. The excellence of the seed is forgotten—the earnest prayers with which it was sown, the promises of God, His power, wisdom, faithfulness, and love; and all that is thought of is the time. Not that God has ever said when or how the seed shall show itself; but, because the man, the poor, blind, ignorant man, thinks it too long, all hope is gone; the fruit will never appear.

Yet there are not only promises but experience to set against this. The promises alone should be enough—even one promise, "It shall not return unto Me void." But God has given us experience too, and shown us that His Word does not return to Him void. Again and again, when the proper harvest-time has seemed to human eyes long past, the seed—late, but not lost—has shown itself; and at length the blade has sprung up, and the fruit ripened.

For instance, a minister has laboured for years without visible fruit, and it is only on his removal to another place that a burst of feeling is called forth, and the seed that seemed dead proves alive and fruitful in many a heart. A mother has long wept and prayed for a godless son, warning, exhorting, entreating; but all, as it seemed, in vain. And so she dies, and even in her dying moments it lies like a dead weight on her heart, that though she knows her own soul to be safe in Jesus, yet she leaves her child in sin. But that very night the orphan kneels by his mother's corpse, and, with tears of bitter sorrow, confesses his sin, and seeks mercy. It is the beginning of a new life, the seed springing up late, not lost. And so does God show in numberless cases, that though the time must be His and not man's, yet the seed of the Word is an incorruptible seed still.

Almighty God! Thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground:  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy;  
But let it yield a hundred-fold,  
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quickening grace bestow  
That all whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.



GRACE AND GLORY.

THESE are many who think that they must make great sacrifices—that they have a great deal to give up—in leaving the world, and the flesh, and the dominion of the prince of this world, for Christ; but look at the fifteenth chapter of Luke. What did the lost sheep give up? What had he to part with when he was taken by the shepherd upon his shoulders, to be carried safe home amid rejoicing? He exchanged a thorny wilderness for a safe and happy home. What did the lost piece of silver lose by ceasing to be in the mire, and being taken up into the hand of the woman, and regaining the lost image which once it wore? What was it the prodigal son lost when he gave up the husks that the swine did eat, to sit down at the father's table and hear the words, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet"?

"I solemnly declare," said one of the Haldanes, "that I never knew what real happiness was till I became a Christian. I was once joyful and glad in a way, but it was like the crackling of thorns under a pot, a blaze for a moment, and then blackness and darkness.

Captain Vicars testified, "I would willingly part with all the pleasures of this earth for one hour each day of real communion with Jesus."

And when we realise communion with God in that degree, we shall enter into the spirit of that servant of God. "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." The "upright" walk is the walk of "trust" or faith, as Habakkuk testifies, "Behold, his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by faith."

These are God's promises: remember He is Jehovah the faithful Promiser, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Hath He spoken, and will He not make it good? "He is a sun and a shield." "Behold, O God our shield," says the Psalmist. He is not merely a shield, but He is *our* shield—*our* sun to enlighten us, *our* shield to protect us. Some shields merely protect the front part of the body, but this is a shield on every side. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

"The Lord will give grace and glory." Grace is glory undeveloped. Glory is grace fully manifested. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly (towards ourselves), righteously (towards our fellow-men), and godly (towards God), looking for that blessed hope and the epiphany, or manifestation of the glory of our Saviour." The glory is in the believer already, but it is now glory hidden. The glory shall hereafter be manifested: "When Christ our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." The Hebrew word for *glory* means a *weight*. "Our light affliction worketh for us a far

more exceeding and eternal *weight* of glory." If we have such a blessed hope, surely it becomes us to have a kingly spirit, the spirit of such as feel that they are heirs of glory, heirs of a crown of life, of righteousness, and of glory that fadeth not away.

Meantime, "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." He will provide for us "the thing of the day in its day," let us only have faith to believe it. Just compare with this passage another, namely, "The taskmasters hasted them, saying, Fulfil your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw." In the margin read, the "matter of a day in its day." Thus Satan is continually laying burdens on us, "the burden of the day in its day."

On the other side, how graciously God meets the burdens that the enemy puts upon us! We can pray with the assurance that God will supply us each day with the strength to meet Satan's assaults for the day, "And let these my words, wherewith I have made supplication before the Lord, be nigh unto the Lord our God day and night, that He maintain the cause of His servant, and the cause of His people Israel at all times, as the matter shall require." Margin: "The thing of a day in its day."

My dear reader, if you and I have our temptations each day, whether of sorrow or joy (for joy sometimes tries us as much as sorrow), and if in each day Satan will be laying, like Pharaoh's taskmasters, burdens on us, the Lord has engaged that He will proportion our strength to the day: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

His promise is: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," so far as your Father sees fit, who knoweth your necessities before you ask Him, who loveth you with an everlasting love, He of whom St. Paul says, "He that spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" And then, too, we have these grand words: "All things are yours; whether things present or things to come, or life or death; all things are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

ALL THINGS.

HE that giveth a talent will certainly give a mite: He that giveth "His Son" will also give salvation, will give all things that may work it out. "He that delivered His Son," is followed by the question, "How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Christ cometh not naked, but clothed with blessings. He cometh not empty, but with the riches of heaven; the treasures of wisdom and happiness. Christ cometh not alone, but with troops of angels, with glorious promises and gifts. Nay, it is His nakedness that clothes us, His poverty that enriches us, and His emptying of Himself that filleth us; and "His being delivered for us" delivereth to us the possession of all things.

THE MARTYR OF GLOUCESTER.

**J**OHN HOOPER, who was Bishop of Gloucester in King Edward the Sixth's reign, and was afterwards martyred, says of himself, in a letter to a friend, that he lived a courtier's life until the writings of Zwingle fell into his hands. When he had grown up, his father's kindness enabled him to live expensively, and he was a blasphemer. Liberated from this state of sin by the mercy of God, he resolved that henceforth he would devote the residue of his life to serving God. When he returned from Zurich to England we are told that he used to preach daily in London. He was Bishop of Gloucester for two years.

After Mary came to the throne, Hooper was one of the first who was taken into custody. He was placed in a vile cell in Fleet prison, and the foulness of his situation induced diseases which brought him to death's door. When he seemed near his end, the cruel warden allowed no one to come to him, and would say, "Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him."

After repeated examinations he was committed a close prisoner to Newgate. The night was dark when he was conducted along Cheapside, but the people came out of their doors with lights, saluting him, and praising God for the constancy of his endurance. His enemies afterwards spread abroad the cruel rumour that he had recanted. He wrote a beautiful letter that he might repress such rumours.

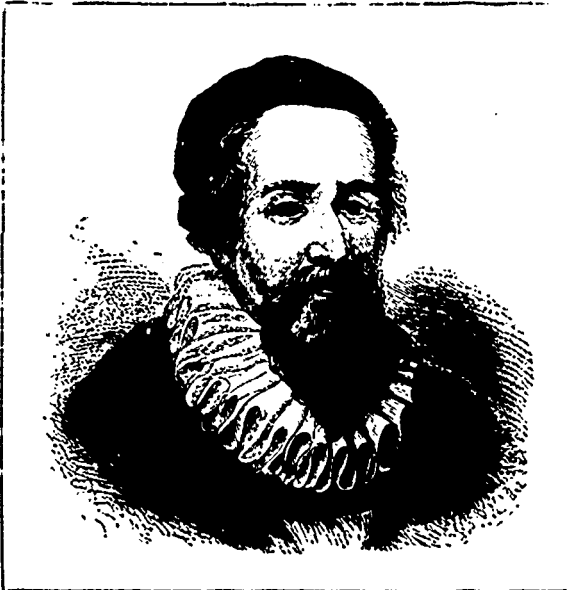
The following is part of the letter: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with all them that unfeignedly looke for the comming of our Saviour Christ. Amen . . . I have hitherto left all things of the world, and suffered great paines and imprisonment, and I thanke God I am as ready to suffer death as a mortall man may bee. It were better for them to praie for me than to credite or reporte such rumours that be untrue. We have enemies enow of such as know not God truly. But yet the false reporte of weake brethren is a double crosse. I wish you eternall salvation in Jesus Christ. And also require your continuall prayer that He which hath begun in us may continue it to the end. I have taught the truth with my tongue, and with my pen heretofore! and hereafter shortly will confirme the same by God's grace with my blood."

The end which Hooper discerned was not far off. Bishop Bonner came to Newgate and handed him over to the secular arm. It had been determined that he

should be burned to death in his own cathedral city of Gloucester. When he received an intimation of this he greatly rejoiced, and thanked God that he should be sent among his own people, among whom he had presided as chief pastor, and confirm with his death the truths which he had taught them.

Six of the royal guards were appointed to conduct him to Gloucester, and there deliver him into the custody of the sheriffs. He travelled that last sad journey cheerfully and even joyfully. He quietly dined at Gloucester, and slept peacefully, but after his first sleep he rose up and went into the next chamber, where he continued earnestly in prayer.

Sir Anthony Kingston, one of the commissioners appointed to see execution done, had once been his friend, and now seeing him burst into tears. Hooper consoled him. "True it is, Master Kingston, that death is bitter and life is sweet, but also consider that the death to come is more bitter and the life to come is more sweet."



A poor blind boy came to see him, whom the papists had imprisoned on account of his profession of Protestant principles. The good bishop examined him respecting his faith, and then, the tears gathering in his eyes, said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what consideration He best knoweth; but He hath given thee another sight much more precious, for He hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith."

Another came to him of whom the bishop had reason to know that he

was a very bad man. "Sir, I am sorry to see you thus," said the visitor.

"To see me! Why art thou sorry?"

"To see you," said the other, "in this case. For I hear say you are come hither to die, for the which I am sorry."

"Be sorry for thyself, man," replied Hooper, "and lament thine own wickedness; for I am well, I thank God, and death to me for Christ's sake is welcome."

The sheriffs had intended to lodge him in the common jail of Gloucester, but the guards earnestly interceded for him. They declared how quiet, mild, and patient had been his behaviour on the way, and that they themselves would rather watch with him than that he should be sent to prison. He therefore remained in the house at Gloucester where he had been first taken, until the morning of his execution. Then they led the martyr down to a spot before the minster gate, hard by the precinct of what had so lately been his own

cathedral. The site is now marked by a monument. He leant upon his staff, for he had been suffering from rheumatism. Command had been given that he should not be allowed to speak, but he was observed to be lifting up his eyes to heaven as he passed through the weeping people, and he was never before known to have looked so ruddy and cheerful.

There was a great elm tree, exactly opposite the college of priests, and beneath this elm tree in other and happier days he had often preached. This was the spot where it had been appointed that he should suffer. Men looked from the adjoining houses, and people clambered up into the boughs of trees.

Some persons drew near to the spot where he was praying, and unnoticed listened to his prayer. It concluded thus: "And well seest Thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pain and cruel torments be prepared for Thy creature; such, Lord, as without Thy strength none is able to bear or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man are possible with Thee. Therefore strengthen me of Thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terror of the pains as shall seem most to Thy glory."

The record of the tortures which the holy bishop underwent is very awful. The faggots were green, and his sufferings were therefore greatly prolonged. His prayer for patience was heard, for such an example of endurance has been rarely seen. He was observed to pray, "mildly, and not very loud," and to wipe his eyes with his hands. His last words in the flames were a little more loudly "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

The record of those who have glorified God in the fires has often been told, and can hardly be told too often. They died for the confirmation of our faith. The truth, sealed by their blood, has been handed down through them, a priceless bequest, to their grateful posterity.

It is good, in the providence of God, that such things should have been; for the wrath of man is overruled to the glory of God, and the blood of martyrs is evermore the seed of the church; good also, that from time to time they should be written down and held in unceasing honour and remembrance. Such memorials are the most precious in a nation's heritage of what it has of great and good; and when this beautiful cathedral of Gloucester shall have passed away, the martyrdom of Hooper will be its most enduring title to remembrance.

## WHY HE WENT.



ON one fine evening in the early spring, a large family group were gathered round the blazing fire in the neat and cheerful cottage of old Giles Falkner. It was the last gathering they were likely to have, for the next morning the youngest daughter and her baby boy were to leave home, to join her husband in the far west of America.

Later in the evening they were joined by their much loved minister, who had come round for a last good-bye. He was warmly welcomed by all.

"I could not let you go, Mary, without another word together, and another prayer for your safe journey, your happy meeting with John at the other side. I don't like to part with you, for I have watched over you since I took you in my arms long ago, a little infant, and prayed God to bless you. I catechised you many a time, and I had the great joy, best of all, of leading you to the Saviour for pardon and peace. He will be with you, dear child—with you who go, and with us who stay—and to Him we may well trust you."

He went on to say, "I have been thinking much to-day of Mary's going, and how different it would be, both for herself and those she leaves, if, though leaving us, she was not going to the one she loves best in all the world; one who has promised to meet her, the very moment the ship arrives; who doubtless will be waiting and watching for her; one she can trust as well as love; and so she goes without fear or sorrow



*The Cloisters, Gloucester Cathedral.*

to the unknown land where he is."

Mary's eyes glistened as he thus spoke of her husband; but there were others who could not repress a sigh.

Mr. Vernon added, "It seems to me that this explains why it was our Lord went away, and the words of comfort He spake to His disciples in their sorrow. There He is in heaven before us, ready to receive us. We cannot fear to go there, when we have such a Friend, so loving and so powerful, there waiting to meet and welcome us.

"Then John has been doing his very best to get a nice and comfortable home ready for his little wife, has he not?"

"That he has," answered a sister. "He has worked late and early to have it ready. He remembered all she liked, and tried to have everything to her mind. He is only sorry he was not rich enough to get many other nice things for her."

"Is not that just what Jesus, our Friend and Lord, is now doing? Another reason for His going away; 'I go to prepare a place for you.' It may be that we do not know a great deal of heaven, where and what it is; but we may well be content when we remember who it is that is preparing it for us. The God of power, the God of love, our Saviour and our Friend."

"I often think," said the old man, "that one little verse tells us plenty to satisfy any one as to what heaven is."

"What verse, my friend?"

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' With Jesus, and like Him, would make heaven anywhere for any one who hates sin and loves the Saviour."

"That's true, indeed, dear friend; and it just takes us on to another reason for His going away. It would be little good that He was preparing a heaven for us, if He were not preparing us for heaven. Mary would not like to go from her home with old worn-out dirty clothes on herself and baby. Miss Emily was telling me this morning of all the new and pretty things she had been getting ready these past months. So with us and our heavenly home; only that preparation we cannot make for ourselves. Jesus says, 'It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you.' It is the blessed work of that Holy Ghost to teach us how deeply we have sinned against God; how full, and free, and complete a salvation has been provided for us—God giving His only Son to bear the punishment that we deserved, to die instead of us. He brings us to that Saviour that our sins may all be washed away; He puts love to Him, and longings after holiness, and power to serve and please Him into our hearts, so that at times it seems as if heaven had begun on earth to the humble, loving, and trusting child.

"He went away, too, that He might make intercession for us; you remember a verse that says so, 'Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.' How blessed to think of such a Friend in such a place! pleading for us with His Father and our Father, presenting His precious death as a satisfaction for all our offences, and sending all blessings out of the fulness of His grace!"

"We may well thank God and rejoice at our Lord's ascension."

"Yes, Mary; but not only for our sakes, but for His too. For another reason is given for His departure, 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?' Surely that is but a selfish religion that will dwell with thankfulness on the birth and death of our Lord, and has no heart to rejoice in His ascension. He Himself says, 'If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I go unto My

Father. The words have often touched my heart; such a tender, gentle rebuke to those who share not in His joy; His work all finished, His sufferings all over, His sorrows all passed.

"Oh, heaven can never be a strange place to the child of God; it never can be hard to leave all to go there, for Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, is there before us."

### A FREETHINKER'S DEATH.

THE REV. THOMAS TUPPEN was a widower, and had only one child, a son, residing with him, and articled to a solicitor in Bath. This son had more than his father's natural talents, and was a good scholar, and gave promise of rising above many in his profession. He also seemed much inclined to walk in those ways which are pleasantness and peace.

When, therefore, he had arrived at age, on his birthday he wrote a paper, entitled "Rules for my Conduct." It began thus: "I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and blessing of God upon my future years. But in order to this, I know I must adhere to certain principles and rules. The first of which is piety. 'Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'" But alas! this goodness was as the morning cloud, or early dew which passeth away. These hopeful appearances were in a few months blighted, and in a few more entirely destroyed.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a companion of fools shall be destroyed." This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical, or as, by a patent of their own creations, they call themselves, freethinking young men; gave up the Sabbath; forsook the house of God which his father had built; abandoned the minister to whom he had been greatly attached; and "left off to be wise and to do good."

But as his fall was rapid, so his new course was short. Swimming on a Sunday for amusement and experiment, he caught a chill which brought on a consumption. This for months gave him warning and space for repentance, but it is to be feared this grace of God was in vain.

During his gradual decline he refused all intercourse with pious friends or ministers; and when his good nurse entreated him to call me in, as I lived close by, and there had been such an intimacy between us, he frowned and rebuked her, and ordered her to mind her own business.

On the last day of his life, unasked, I ventured into his dying chamber. He was sensible, but exclaimed, "Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!" He then raised himself up in the bed, and, wringing his hands, again exclaimed, "Oh, that young man! that young man!" I said, "My dear sir, what young man?" With a countenance indescribable, he answered, "I will not tell you."

How was my soul agonised, for I had loved him much, and had endeavoured in every way to render myself agreeable and useful to him. But "one sinner

destroyeth much good." What have I seen in a long ministry of the dire effects of evil associates, and licentious publications! In such cases of sorrowful death-beds we know too little for explanation or decision; and it is our wisdom to "be still, and know that He is God,"—both as to the exercise of His mercy and justice.

Should this solemn and true statement fall under the notice of any youth who has had godly parents, and a religious education, and not only outward advantages, but serious convictions, from which he has turned aside—surely here is enough to enforce the language of inspired wisdom and love: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked; and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed; and say, How have I hated instruction and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me! Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eye; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." *Rev. W. Jay.*

GO FORWARD.



MIGHTY host beside the flood,  
A liberated army stood,  
While heart and hope beat high;  
For now from Egypt's bondage free,  
They seek a home beyond the sea,  
A promised country nigh.

But hark! what jarring note they hear,  
What sounds the fitful breezes bear,  
Of onward-pressing foe!  
The night gloom cometh on apace;  
What terror strikes the ransomed race,  
At sounds of battle low!

The cloudy pillar's heavenly light  
Now shines upon them, steadfast, bright,  
Telling that God is nigh.  
But still those coward hearts do fail,  
They raise a loud despairing wail,  
A God-forgetting cry—

"Would God we had in Egypt stayed;  
Would God that we had ne'er essayed  
To seek the Promised Land.  
'Twere better far, a race of slaves,  
To find in Egypt helot graves,  
Crushed down by Pharaoh's hand!"

With cries and agonising prayers,  
The man of God to God repairs  
For strength to act aright.

Though strong in world-o'ercoming faith,  
Yet in such dark and thorny path  
He craves Almighty light.

"Why criest thou?" saith the Lord to him;  
"Untried the way, the night though dim,  
Bid Israel 'forward go.'

Jehovah trust, to Him all leave,  
E'en through the raging waters cleave  
A way before the foe."

Thus Israel's host triumphant passed,  
Onward, still onward, till the last  
Stood on the furthest brink.  
Then Moses stretched the rod on high:  
The waters close; with thrilling cry,  
The host beneath them sink.

We, like to Israel's host of yore,  
The foe behind, the sea before,  
May trembling stand between;  
But as they from the Red Sea's coast,  
Viewed Pharaoh's host o'erwhelmed and lost,  
So shall it yet be seen.

For in the darkest painful road,  
Firm faith in an Almighty God  
Beholds a way made clear.  
Be still, He saith to every saint,  
Though trodden down, depressed, and faint,  
Be still, His voice to hear.

For God, our God, is always true;  
His wondrous works, though ever new,  
Himself remains the same.  
So shall the past and future blend  
In songs and praises without end,  
To God and to the Lamb.

GOD'S CARE.



MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed away, when one of the little ones went to the door of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

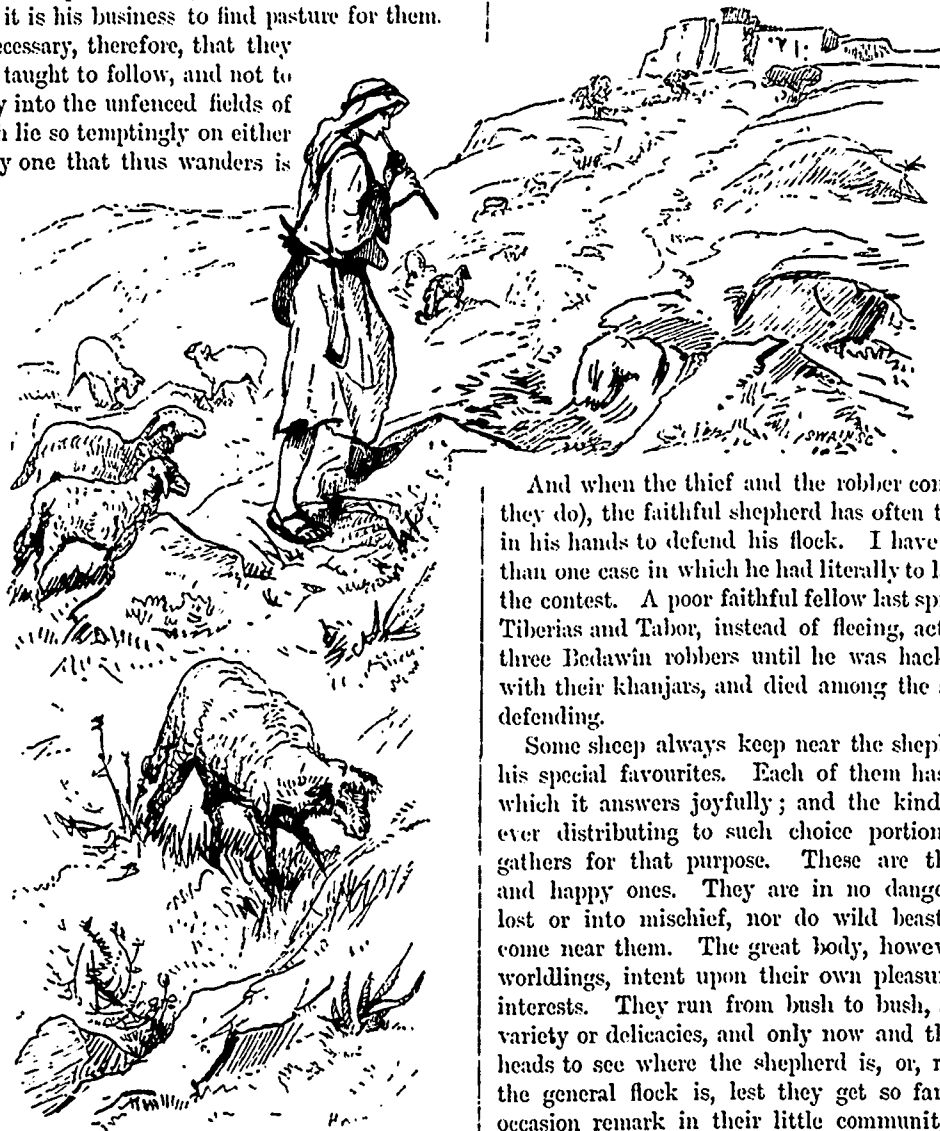
"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for awhile. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, He speaks to us from the Word, as the mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee." *Rev. Dr. Newton.*

## SHEPHERDS AND SHEEP.

**O**UR Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow. This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they follow their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them.

It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is



sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time, to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable; it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe.

Many adventures with wild beasts occur not unlike

that recounted by David, and in these very mountains; for, though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about these wild wadies. They not unfrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions] of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts.

And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hands to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favourites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully; and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or, rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper.

Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cause the good shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away, and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep running hither and thither, and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.

From Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book"


# THE LORD OF HEAVEN WANTS YOU, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"I will send apostles to prepare the way of the Lord amongst the people!"



## THE LORD OF HEAVEN WANTS YOU.

 On the evening in the month of March, 1705, the pious king, Frederick IV. of Denmark, was sitting in his cabinet lost in thought. His ministers were assembled around him, and had just been holding counsel over state affairs.

He stretched out his hand to take up some papers which lay on the table before him. They were petitions from the poor and needy from every part of the kingdom. But the Lord, who guides the hearts of kings like the watercourses, directed his hand at this moment. In the first paper which he opened, a widow implored help for herself and five children. Her husband and eldest son had served in the Danish possession of Tranquebar in the East Indies, and had fallen in battle with the heathen inhabitants.

On reading this, the king relapsed again into deep thought. He took the map of the coast of Coromandel, where Tranquebar lies. Since the year 1620 had this territory been in the possession of Denmark, and the latter had derived great advantages from this rich and fruitful land.

"And what has hitherto been accomplished for the spiritual well-being of this country?" asked the king of himself. There was certainly a church formerly built in Tranquebar, which was called Zion's Church, and service was regularly conducted in it; but that was only for the Europeans who had settled there.

"There," said the king again, "there dwell the heathen, who do not yet know Jesus, the Light of the world. They are my subjects." He again sank into a reverie. "No," said he, after a short time, "they shall not be lost. A light shall be kindled there which will burn brighter than the beacons which illuminate yonder rocky coast. I will send men to declare the Gospel, to carry the offer of eternal life to their souls."

"Where is my chaplain, Dr. Lutkens?" continued he.

"I await at all times the commands of my king," said Lutkens, who had just entered.

"I know that," said Frederick; "but to-day it is not I who call you; the Lord of heaven wants you; through me He calls you."

With these words the king directed the chaplain to the map which lay before him. "This piece of land," said he, pointing to Tranquebar, "the Lord gave to my ancestor, Christian IV. You know that I yearly send troops there to secure my throne. What do you think, doctor? I will send apostles to prepare the way of the Lord amongst the people. Find me men to go."

Lutkens stood before the king. It was one of the happiest moments of his life. He joyfully carried fuel, as he expressed it, to feed the flame which he saw kindling in the king's heart. "My lord and king," said he, "God has given you this thought. May He richly bless you. But where will you find a Paul who does not dread the dangers awaiting him beyond the seas? One unworthy servant I know, who, at the call of the Lord, will go to the people

that sit in the shadow of death. My king, send me."

King Frederick was touched, but he would not part with the old man. "No," said he, "you must stay and be my friend and counsellor; you shall not expose your grey hairs to the perils of a sea voyage. You shall not give your health to be a spoil to that devouring climate, doctor; only find us men. Take it into consideration, and speak to the bishop; and if you can find none in my kingdom, send to Germany."

Lutkens did as the king commanded. He and the bishop looked around for messengers to the heathen, but no one was to be found for this work.

"It grieves me," said the king, as the chaplain communicated to him the fruitlessness of their search, "that my kingdom has no such witnesses for God. That is no good theology which does not teach love for the poor benighted heathen. Write, then, to Germany."

Lutkens had himself formerly been a clergyman in Berlin, and had there two dear friends, to whom he applied. They, however, referred him to Dr. August Hermann Francke, the founder of the orphan-house at Halle.

A short time before, a pious youth had sought advice from this man of God. The young man had studied theology, and was on the point of seeking a curacy; but partly his delicate health, partly the feeling of his own insufficiency, had raised the fear that he might not be qualified for this great office.

Francke gave some words of encouragement to the troubled youth. During the conversation they spake of the work amongst the heathen. There, thought the experienced man of God, it did not so much depend upon a learned education. If amongst these benighted souls only one could be led to God, this was as evident a token that the labour was effectual as the conversion of a hundred in Europe would be; for here every one had the means and opportunity of being converted, but there all this was wanting. "Perhaps," said he, "God has chosen you for this sphere."

So the young student went away comforted and encouraged, and soon after obtained a curacy in a little village near Berlin. The conversation had not been forgotten either by Francke or the young man; for when the question came from Denmark about messengers for the heathen, Francke immediately decided whom to recommend. He wrote to his young friend on the subject, and the latter was ready and joyful to go. The student was the afterwards celebrated Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, born at Pulswitz in Oberlausitz, 1683, the first messenger from the German evangelical church who went to the heathen.

On the 29th of November a ship put to sea from Copenhagen. It was bound for Tranquebar, in the East Indies. On board were two noble youths, upon whose countenances sadness and joy were singularly mingled. One was Ziegenbalg, the other, the friend of his heart, Henry Plutschau, of Mecklenburg. They

had studied together, found the Saviour together, and together they departed to the great and holy work amongst the heathen, for they thought of how Jesus had sent His disciples two and two.

Time had not been given them to say adieu to their friends, for the ship had taken its freight on board and hastened away. It was a difficult enterprise; doubly difficult because scorn and contempt followed them on every side. It was at that time an unheard-of thing for a German youth to leave home and country, friends and fortune, to go to win the heathen to Christ. They had, however, found strength, courage, and joy in bending the knee to the Lord. Hence the commingled sorrow and joy which appeared on their countenances as the coast of their loved country disappeared from their sight.

The sea voyage was a very useful university, as Ziegenbalg named it, "a university in which we not only studied the Word of God in the letter, but learned to understand and experience its hidden power and sweetness. Morning, noon, and evening we held devotional services, studied the Bible, prayed, and sang praises to God. The rest of the day was spent in reading and meditating on the Divine Word, in friendly and profitable conversation, and in beholding the great wonders of God presented to our eyes."

It was not till the 9th of June, 1706—after seven entire months—that they reached their journey's end. Then they saw for the first time the brown-black Malabars, as Ziegenbalg called the inhabitants, and their hearts were moved with joy and compassion. But a new trial awaited them. If scorn and contempt had followed them on their departure from Europe, they were greeted on the Indian coast not only with coldness and indifference, but with bitter hatred, by the Danish merchants and officials. Even the letter and seal of the king were not respected. At first they were refused admission into any house, and, till evening, were left standing in the burning rays of a tropical sun, first outside the town, and then in the market-place. The shades of night had gathered over them, when at length a humane officer ventured to give them shelter under his roof.

"These trials drove us to our Father in heaven," writes Ziegenbalg, "and we carried everything in prayer to Him. He graciously heard us at all times, and led us through every obstacle. We did not let our courage sink at the numerous and great difficulties, but strengthened our faith by the constant reading of the Acts of the Apostles, and at the same time used all the means we deemed necessary for carrying on our work successfully."

### THE PLEASURE OF WORSHIP.

**A** DAY in Thy courts is better than a thousand." Worldly people do not think thus. When a woman thought she was dying, she said to Christian people who visited her, "If I get better I will turn over a new leaf, and live a religious life."

But when she was getting better, as some horse-races were to be held in the vicinity, she said, "I will go to Doncaster races next week, if I have to hire a carriage on purpose to take me."

Many persons prefer a place of worldly amusement, or of sin, to a place of Divine worship. This is an evidence that they prefer worldly pleasure or sin to God's service. But when the heart is changed, just as when health is restored, a love of better things takes possession of the whole nature. We have often heard converted people say, "I hate those things I once loved, and I love things I once hated."

A wicked man once asked a little girl, "Why do you like to go to chapel?"

She replied, "Because there God makes me so glad and happy by His Word and blessing."

This so impressed him that he began to attend, and he soon after found both profit and pleasure in so doing.

A doorkeeper has so many things to attend to, that he has the least chance of obtaining instruction and blessing; hence, when David preferred the place of a doorkeeper to that of greatest worldly prosperity or pleasure, he indicated his wisdom in preferring Divine and spiritual and eternal blessings to any or all mere temporal advantages.

### STOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY.

**I**T was in the fall of the year that I set out from home late one evening to walk into the country. I had accomplished about ten miles of my journey safely, and with no impediment beyond what the extreme darkness naturally caused, with the unfavourable state of the roads, which in many parts had become very miry.

I was absorbed in thought, which the stillness of the night (it being nearly eleven o'clock) served to favour, when suddenly I heard a slight rustling sound, which attracted my whole attention. Before I could form an opinion as to its cause, I was startled by the voice of a man from the opposite side of the road, bidding me instantly to "Stop there!"

Surprised at this interruption, and somewhat alarmed by a sense of danger, my first impulse was to call unto the Lord to protect me; then I went towards the spot whence the voice came; when, to my horror, I perceived a man jumping from the hedge, with a bludgeon in his hand, which he instantly upraised, as if intending by a blow therewith to fell me to the ground.

I spoke to him, and, in as calm a manner as I could assume, requested to know what he wanted of me, and why he had stopped me on the public road.

He at first gave me no answer, but stood before me with the stick elevated in the air. It was a critical moment. But although I could not in the least have competed with my antagonist, the Lord enabled me to feel a degree of composure which surprised my mind. I was emboldened to repeat my question, and expressed a hope that he would not attempt to injure me. He then answered, "No, I won't harm you."

"Then pray put down the stick," I said; but he did not, and I repeated my request: "Do remove that stick from over my head, and I will believe you."

"I do not mean to hurt you," he answered; "I would not, for I know you."

Surprised at this statement—for I had no idea how it was possible I could be known to him, neither of us being able, by reason of the darkness of the night, to distinguish the other's features—I said, "Know me, do you? Why, how is it possible you should have any knowledge of me?"

"I do know you," he again averred.

"Then who am I?"

"You are the minister of — —."

"Pray how do you make that out?" I said.

"Why, sir," he answered in a subdued manner,

After proceeding a short distance, he suddenly grasped my hand, then darted forward, sprang into a narrow lane on the left, and I entirely lost him.

Rescued so remarkably from the danger in which I had been placed, my heart was lifted up in gratitude to the Almighty for His merciful and timely providence, and I went on some way ejaculating portions of His Word, as—"The Lord is my keeper; the Lord is thy shade on thy right hand; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for ever." I blessed Him for His protecting hand, and also that He had enabled me at the moment *not* to endeavour to make any escape from the man, which attempt, perhaps, would have altogether failed; but to speak, and to speak in the natural tones of my voice, by which I was instantly recognised, and

<p>By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.</p> <p><i>Ephesians ii. 8.</i></p>	<p>Justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.</p> <p><i>Romans iii. 24.</i></p>	
<p>Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.</p> <p><i>Romans v. 20.</i></p>	<p>GRACE.</p>	<p>My grace is sufficient for thee.</p> <p><i>2 Corinthians xii. 9.</i></p>
<p>Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.</p> <p><i>Hebrews iv. 16.</i></p>	<p>Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.</p> <p><i>Ephesians i. 2.</i></p>	

while he put the stick down by his side, "I once heard you preach, and just now when you spoke, though I could not see who you were, I knew you again by your voice; so I would not harm you."

This singular disclosure both surprised and pleased me, and therefore I began to go on my way again, saying to the man: "I am indeed the person you describe, and am surprised at the recognition. I am now on the Lord my Master's work; and with the object of serving Him I am out thus late to-night; come along with me now, and let me talk with you."

The man stuck close to my side, and we went on together some little distance, whilst I made inquiries of him respecting his lying in wait in the hedge at that hour of the night and in such weather. But to all my interrogations he kept mute; he neither answered my questions nor made any response to the remarks which I felt it a duty to press on his attention.

which prevented the violence that probably would otherwise have been done to me.

It was near midnight when I arrived at my friend's house, to whom I narrated the occurrence, and then we joined together in offering unto the Lord the praise due to His great goodness.

In the week following, inquiries were set on foot in the neighbourhood, to trace if possible the individual, but nothing could be elicited, and to the present he remains unknown, as probably will continue to be the case until that day when all secrets shall be made public, and the hidden works of darkness shall be brought to light. I can only hope that the few words I addressed to the man may have been blessed by the Holy Spirit to his eternal good. Then, in more senses than one, we shall be constrained to give glory unto God, and say, "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

"THEN HE DIED FOR ME!"



It was a sad sight. A young man lay on what he knew was his death-bed. He knew it from his own consciousness that disease had now taken a hold of him which death alone would terminate. He knew it from the hopeless efforts of the kind physician who attended him, and who did not conceal from him that his end was at hand. He knew it from the sad sympathy expressed in the looks and words of all who came to his bedside. The young man was full of anguish—he, so gay and light-hearted but a short time before, who had promised himself such a long career, and who, to all appearance, was likely to realise his expectation.

He was the son of those who loved and served God, who had watched over him from infancy with prayerful solicitude. But, alas! he turned a deaf ear to the affectionate counsels of his father and mother, and, to their grief, became an avowed lover of "the pleasures of sin."

In an unlooked-for hour he was smitten with disease. But with his affliction came no thoughtfulness. He should soon rally, he imagined, and then he would enjoy himself more than ever. Weeks passed, but he became worse. His thin and pallid cheek, and rapidly wasting frame, told all but himself that he had not long to live. For some time he tried, when urged to prepare for the great change so near to him, to combat the thought of death, and deemed his friends mistaken in their opinion of his condition. At length, he awoke one morning with the conviction that they were right, and that he had been deluding himself with the hope of life, when the hand of death was visibly upon him.

And now came his bitter sorrow. Like a rushing tide, despair filled and overflowed his soul. The whole of his past life came up before his mind. The entreaties he had scorned, the admonitions he had neglected, the prayers he had despised, the Sabbaths

he had devoted to sinning against God—all came flashing through his soul, only to add to the horror he experienced. In vain his minister set before him the boundless mercy of God in Christ. In vain Christian relatives and neighbours poured out their tears and supplications by his bedside. "He had often heard the message of the Gospel," he said, "but he had rejected it. It was too late. He had no hope. He was about to perish in his sins." Oh! it was indeed a sad sight—that poor pain-wrung body, and that sin-tortured and despairing soul. In this state of misery he remained some days. Not a gleam of hope seemed, even for a moment, to break in upon the gloom and horror in which he was involved. A short time before his decease, he was deploring his sinful and ungodly life to a Christian friend, who urged that Christ died for the ungodly.

"What is that you say?" asked the young man; "Do you mean

that Christ died for such as I am?"

"I do, most assuredly. God says it, and I believe it because He says it."

"Where is it written? Can you show me the very words?" he asked, as, with a great effort, he rose up in his bed.

"Yes," replied his friend; "here they are, in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans and the sixth verse. Let me read this and the following verses to you, and you will see that no ungodly sinner need despair of salvation." And he read, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

He listened breathlessly while these words were read. He seemed for some moments lost in thought, and then he slowly said: "Then He died for me!" The darkness was not only broken, but completely dispelled. In its place came the light and comfort of the Holy Spirit. He believed the good tidings, that God's dear Son had borne the penalty due to his sins. And he died rejoicing that, through the death of Jesus, God could be just while He was the Justifier of the ungodly.

Dear reader, have you ever felt your need of Jesus? Do you know that without Him you must perish? Oh! do not leave these questions to be answered some other time. Press them home upon your heart now; and at once betake yourself, by faith, to that gracious Saviour who died to redeem you, and who is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

## MISS M'GRAW'S ROMANCE.



MISS M'GRAW was sitting cosily over the bright fire in her "room" one chilly December evening. The kettle was singing merrily, and the table was spread for tea—the hour and the meal that were pleasantest to the schoolmistress; for over her quiet cosy cup of tea, when the day's work was done, she indulged in the

only unoccupied, day-dreamy time of her busy life.

Miss M'Graw's day-dream is brought to an abrupt conclusion by a timid knock at the outer door. Wondering who can be there on this dark December evening, she rises and opens it. A young girl is standing at the door, with a shawl thrown over her head and half concealing her face. "Jessie Glendinning!" she said, in a wondering tone: "what's brocht ye a' this way, lassie, in sic a nicht?"—for Jessie's home was at a farm-house two miles away.

"Mither sent me to Braeclench for candles, an' I just thoct I wad like to come in an' hae a crack wi' ye afore I gae'd hame," said the girl, in a low tone.

Miss M'Graw saw in a moment that something was wrong with Jessie. She could see that she had been crying bitterly.

"Come yer ways ben an' tak' a cup o' tea, Jessie," said the schoolmistress in a kindly tone. "It's been drawing this twenty minutes, so it should be guid noo." Jessie drank the tea mechanically, and Miss M'Graw went quietly on with hers, taking no notice. When she had done she put away the tea-things and cleared the table; then she sat down beside the girl, and said:

"Noo, Jessie, lassie, what's wrang wi' ye?—tell me, there's a guid lassie. Ye ken I'll help ye gin I can."

By degrees, with long sobbing intervals between, Jessie told her story. It was the old, sad, common story. A lad from a neighbouring town—a few months' flirtation—a few honeyed words—a half-uttered vow—a foolish little heart, half child's, half woman's, given away before she knew it—then separation—silence—pain quietly borne on her part—utter forgetfulness on his;—and now it was all over: a few days ago she had heard of his marriage. Poor foolish little heart to grieve for a toy so worthless!

Miss M'Graw heard the sad little tale to an end, only now and then gently stroking the poor little head that lay on her shoulder. She sat quiet and grave for some minutes after the girl had ceased speaking, and there was a moist look in her clear eyes and a quiver in her firm mouth not often seen there. At last she said in a low, gentle voice, "Jessie, lassie, it's no aften I speak o' thae things, an' I dinna like speakin' o' them—it's like openin' an auld wound; but gin it'll help ye I'll tell ye a story there's no mony folk alive noo that kens."

"Na, Miss M'Graw, dimma do that gin it hurts ye," said the girl, half raising her head from her mistress's shoulder.

"Ay, I'll tell ye, Jessie; it's no for auld folks like me, that's near the end o' the journey, to pit their foolish feelin's i' the way o' anything that'll help the puir young things that have it a' afore them."

"My father had a farm at the foot o' Ben Nevis. It was a bonny place, wi' the great hills a' roun', that were never the same twa hours thegither wi' the cloud-shadows passin' ower them, an' great deep blue hollows whar the sun couldna reach, an' whiles wreaths o' mist, like smoke, half hidin' their tops. Our farm was i' the valley, an' my father's sheep fed on the hills. Weel, I grew up i' the farm-hoos, an' whan I had dune my schulin' I used to be set to herd the sheep. I mind it a' fine: there was a muckle stane at the burn-side, wi' a birch tree hangin' ower it, an' I used to sit there for hours, wi' the sheep feedin' about me, an' a buik i' my han'; for I was aye fond o' readin'. I was the only woman-body about the place, besides the servant lass; for my mither had deed when I was a bairn, an' there was just my father, an' my brither, an' me, an' they were maist days on the hills wi' the sheep, sac I was a deal my laue. There was anither farm-hoos, aboot three miles aff, across the hill; the burnie was the march atween us, an' the ither side o' the burn belonged to the ither farm. The folk that lived there then were ca'd Maedonald; an' there was a young lad, the farmer's son, they ca'd him Colin. Weel, whan I was herdin' my sheep on ae side o' the burn, he was herdin' his on the ither side, an' sac it aften fell oot that we got together. We were young things then, an' by-an'-by we fan' oot that we lo'ed ilk ither; an' Colin axed me for his wife, an' I daun'dna say him nae. We couldna marry then, for Colin was naething but his father's herd, an' I had nae money; but we were content to wait, for we saw ilk ither near ilka day.

"Ay, that was a happy time," and the schoolmistress gave a little sigh as she spoke; "but there were dark days ahint. My father an' brither kent a' aboot it, an' that Colin an' me keepit company, an' that as soon as he could get enough to tak' a farm for himsel' we were to be married. Weel, ae day, Dugal (that was my brither's name) cam' back frae the Falkirk cattle market, an' I ran oot to meet him. I thoct he lookit unco grave, but he said naethin' till I asked gin Colin had come hame wi' him (for they maist puir't gae'd an' cam' thegither); then he said very gravely, 'Na, lassie; Colin's no come hame.' His tone frightened me, an' I said, 'What's wrang?'

"Ye tell her, father," he said; "an' up he got an' walked oot o' the room."

"Then father drew me on to his knee, an' tell me"—the schoolmistress's voice faltered as she spoke—"that at the tryst some wild lads had got hold o' Colin, an' got him to gang to the public wi' them; an' he had taken too much, an' no bein' used wi't he got waur than the ithers, an' a fecht got up amang them,

## FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

an' Colin struck yin o' them on the head wi' a hammer he had in his han'; and the man fell down dead; an' they had ta'en Colin up for murder, an' he was i' the Falkirk jail.

"I didna scream when they tell't me, an' I didna faint, but I just up an' said, 'Then I maun awa' to him.' They tried to persuade me to stay, for I just tottered like a two-year-auld bairn whan I tried to walk alane; but I wad gang, sae Dugal he gaed wi' me, an' we set aff that nicht.

"I fand him i' the prison; but I canna speak o' thae days. He was unco sorry, an' I think God had forgiven him though the law couldna. They didna hang him, for he had had nae intent to murder; but he was condemned to transportation for life. I wad hae married him then, an' gane wi' him to the world's end, for I lo'ed him, lassie, but the authorities wadna allow it. I wad hae gane to the place he was sent to, my lane, just to be near him an' see his face sometimes, though I couldna speak to him, and could only see him workin' in irons. But faither wadna let me, an' he wadna pay my passage, an' I had nae siller.

"That was hoo I cam' to be schulemistress at Braeclench, that I might mak' money to gang oot to Van Diemen's Land. I counted that in five years I'd have saved enouch to pay my way oot, an' whan I was once there I'd try to get into service; but I didna think muckle o' what was to be dune after I got there—a' my thoct was hoo I was to mak' money enouch to go. Weel, I worked on as best I could, an' stinted mysel' as muckle as I daured; an' I had been here four years, an' had a' the money saved but twa pund, whan ae day the post brocht me a letter. It wasna aften I got letters, an' this yin had a foreign post-mark, an' a sort o' feelin' cam' ower me whan I took it i' my han', as if I kent there was bad news in't; an' whan I opened it, it was frae the jailer's wife oot yonder, an' Colin was deed.

"It was a beautiful letter. It tell't hoo hard he had worked, an' hoo he had been just a pattern to the ither convicts, an' made a' the folk about the jail his freens, an' hoo he had ta'en the fever they ha' there, an' the ledly that wrote had nursed him, an' a' the convicts had dune a' they could for him for they a' lo'ed Colin—an' hoo, whan he was delirious wi' the fever, he was aye speaking about Mary M'Graw, an' the bonny burnie at the foot o' Ben Nevis.

"An' the vera day afore he deed he had gien the ledly that wrote the address o' my faither's farm (he didna ken I was at Braeclench, for I had nae means o' writin' to him, or he to me), an' axed her to write to me an' tell me that he deed blessin' me, an' that he hoped the Lord had forgien him for His dear Son's sake, an' that we wad meet by-an'-by in heaven; an' he tell't her to send me his half o' the sixpence we had broken thegither, on the muckle stane aside the burn, and to tell me he had aye worn it roun' his neck since then.

"Here it is," said the schoolmistress, pulling out a black string which always hung round her neck and was hidden in her bosom. "Here it is, his half and mine; I hae worn them thegither, wakin' an' sleepin', aye since then."

She kissed the little relie, big tears rolling down her face. In a few minutes she recovered herself, and replacing the broken sixpence in her bosom, and drying her eyes, she said:

"I'm ashamed o' mysel', lassie, to cry this way; but I've no tell't that story for twenty years, an' I wadna hae tell't it noo, but I thoct it might help ye to thole yer ain grief, gin ye kent that ither folk had had their troubles too; an' maybe ye wadna hae believed what I wanted to say to ye gin ye hadna kent that I knew what the sorrow was.

"Whan I kent that Colin was deed, I didna fa' sick, for my body was strang, but mony and mony's the time, God forgie me! that I prayed I might fa' sick an' dee, for that was the only way I could see Colin again; an' I was a foolish lassie then, an' cared nair to see him nor to do God's wark i' the world. But God was ower kind to gie me my foolish will. I gaed about the schule as usual, an' got through the day's wark somehow, but it just seemed as if the life had been ta'en oot o' me an' I were naethin' but a walkin' machine. I dinna ken hoo I lived through that time, but God was very gude to me, an' by-an'-by He began to send comfortin' thochts into my heart, that Colin was safe, an' gin I could just be brave an' true too I wad meet him by-an'-by, an' it wadna be sae very lang after a'. An' I began to think hoo Jesus had come into this world, no' for His ain pleasure, but for ither folk; an' to understand what God wanted to teach me, that Jesus' disciples maun be like Him in that; that there lives werena gien them for their ain pleasure, but to do God's wark i' the world, an' to help their neebors. An' syne a great peace cam' into my heart, an' I kent that God wad gie me happiness too, though maybe no' i' this world. Oh, Jessie, lassie, the lesson was worth the pain o' the learnin'; an' I think maybe it's just that the Lord wants to teach you too. Will ye try to learu it, Jessie? An' mind ye've aye the Lord Himsel' to gang to whan yer ain heart's sair; an' nane can comfort like Him; an' I think He has a warmer corner in His heart for the pair lambs that hae naebody but Himsel' to comfort them than for any ither. An' believe me, Jessie, ye'll fin' there's naethin' soothes the pain i' yer ain heart like tryin' to heal ither folks'. Will ye try, lassie?"

"Ay, I'll try," said the girl earnestly. "Thank ye, Miss M'Graw. I'll be gain' hame noo, or mither 'll be anxious."

She drew her shawl over her head, and stepped out into the night; but there was a resolute look in her swollen eyes, as she said good-night, that promised well for Jessie Glendinning's future.

From a little book recently published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled "Miss M'Graw."



### DOG-IN-THE-MANGER FOLKS.

**W**E should fancy that dog in the picture above is not blessed with a very good temper.

Certainly he is not a very amiable person, and is treating with scant courtesy those patient-faced cows who are waiting for their supper of hay, upon which, however, his irritable majesty sits. Bad temper is enough to put up with, but when it is joined with a spirit of selfishness it is sure to make its possessor miserable and everybody else. Who would care to call that dog his friend, when the wretched creature is unable to eat the hay itself, and yet will not let the poor cows enjoy it? Let us hope that the master thereof soon appeared upon the scene with a suitable stick, and made way for the inoffensive beasts to have their meal undisturbed by the cur.

But it is not only four-legged animals who are ill-natured; there are, we fear, a good lot of folks who, while not actually sitting grunting in a manger, are showing just the same evil spirit towards their neighbours. They have got all they want—nay, more, they have something which would make others happy, but is no good to themselves, but as to giving it away or letting other people enjoy it too, this never enters into their heads; they have money and plenty to spare, and all their wants are supplied, but the poor hungry people who look up to them for food, and the little children who run about the streets in all weathers ill clothed, have no effect upon their hearts. These people who are so unkind, although they walk on two legs and wear clothes, while human creatures, are little better than dogs in the manger.

Please notice that selfish folks are never happy, for he who would have a light heart must have an open hand. The Bible says, "the generous soul shall live," and this means not only length of days, but usefulness and honour.

Now let us ask God to save us from the spirit of the dog in the manger, and grant us His grace to be loving and kind towards everybody. Perhaps we know some good people who set us a capital example in this respect, but we had better turn to the Gospels, and there we shall find our perfect copy in Him who went about doing good. The tender-hearted Saviour was ever ready to bless and comfort those around Him, and rather than keep back from them what He might have given only of His abundance, He taught us self-sacrifice, and gave Himself altogether for our sakes to live and die.

Ah! dear reader, let us be loving one toward another, in brotherly love preferring our neighbour, doing our best to serve rather than be waited upon, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. When we come to die—and die we must one day—we shall look back and ask ourselves, "Is anybody the better for my life?" Then what a joy it will be to answer one's own heart: "Thank God, I have, by His grace, done my best to make others happy, and tried thus to walk in the steps of my blessed Lord." This will smooth our pillow and help to lighten that dark valley, through which the Lord Jesus will lead us in safety, and by whose grace and love we would do all things.

*Jesse Page.*