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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. X.—No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

WHOLE No. 119.

"What Thou Doest, Do Quickly."



WHY? Because the time and tide of opportunity awaits no man's pleasure. "Be always displeased with what thou art," says Augustin, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not, for when thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, 'I have enough, thou perishest. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate.' Life is a battle. Watchfulness and prompt obedience is a needful lesson. The way of true advance is the way of uprightness. Many in their doing miscalculate their gains. Some Judas-like do quickly enough. But they alas do not count the cost in the light of the long and ever coming to-morrow which always is to be, but never is. Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, he had this excuse, he was hungry. He had been diligently hunting and was faint with non success. Judas had no occasion for haste. He had fed to the full at his Master's table, carried the bag and was almoner. His position was an honorable and trusted one. His bag should have been holiness to the Lord. But Judas the thief found it to be a bag full of holes. The blood money for which he sold his master would not stay therein, and he in despair went and hanged himself, finding himself in the end of the bargaining with the world, the flesh and the devil, so poorly off and so meanly treated that none would find or spare him a decent piece of rope to hang himself with. The record tells how the rope broke and wrecked his poor body. To saint and sinner, we would say, make haste slowly to do evil. But in doing well, life's brief span demands earnestness and intensity. We often say, "time flies":

"It is not time that flies,
It is we are flying,
It is not time that dies,
It is we that are dying.
Time changes, but without decay,
It is we alone who pass away."

It is well to remember, to end well in our doing, and to continue in well doing, it is essential for us to obey the voice of that same Jesus, of whom Mary advised the servants, "whatsoever he saith unto you do it." To do quickly is not always to do well. Peter was prompt in using his sword, but he aimed a bad blow. Ill would have been the consequences had not Jesus the healer averted the attention of the armed band from the bungling swordsman. Before doing is commenced, there should be enlistment for service; a willingness to will and to do whatsoever the Master saith. Faith and submission must be

shown. The truly Pauline christian prayer, "what shall I do Lord," is suitable at all times. Men forget that without the grace of God and pardon through Christ's blood, mere carnal and moral diligence, which is of the flesh, fails to make an atonement for sin, or to meet the law's demand. Sin is like a boomerang, it returns and strikes the thrower. Retribution is as fixed a law as the law of gravitation. Some men blame God for their own mistakes, and curse Him when they gather the harvest of their own sowing. The eagerness of the worldly-wise should move the children of God to more unselfish diligence and endeavour. Time is short, and the King's business demands haste. Go and compel them to come in, shows the urgency of seeking to save the lost. Selfishness is spiritual suicide. The Scotch say—"Sel, sel," has half-filled hell." God has given to every one his work. And what shall it profit if the world be gained and no provision be made for the eternal future. A minister once remarked to a man who was carnal, selfish and penurious, "what will you do with your gold when you die, it will be no good to take with you, where you are going, for it will melt?"

Salvation is not of works, all of grace, without money, the price was the precious blood of Jesus. Nevertheless the worldlings are not the only ones who have their reward. Godliness is profitable for both worlds. Diligence for God maketh rich. The wages and dividend is sure, it pays to lay up treasures in heaven. To some it may be profitable to put the problem and account thus:

DR.

MY SOUL'S VALUE.

CR.

WHAT I AM
SELLING IT FOR.

"The value of the soul is the precious blood of Christ. Put that down on the Dr. side. How shall we fill up the Cr. side? Gold! Bank stock! How much? Success—what is your aim in life? Pleasures—what are your darling objects? Set them down on the Cr. side. Oh! what a sorry exchange! Everlasting bliss let slip for a bag of gold—for a bubble of fame—for fleeting enjoyments!"

A conceited youth thus accented a certain popular divine: "Well, sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be an end of me." The minister's reply was simply, "Thank God for that!"

There is danger in an alliance with the wicked, whether social, matrimonial, commercial or political.

Ribbon of Blue, or Temperance Notes.



SHOULD it be tolerated? What? Why, one of the most accused and accursing businesses under the heavens. The process of wine-making and the drunkenness in connection therewith brought upon and into a good man's family an awful curse. Noah's is not the only name coupled with the curse and shame of intoxicating drinks.

The pages of history, sacred and profane, are stained with records of bloodshed, filthiness, wretchedness, misery, and poverty, and all to be traced to the pleasureable madness, or rather, the idiotic lebauchery and imbecility produced by tarrying long at the wine cup. More have been destroyed by mixed wines, and the curning concoctions of strong drink than human calculation can ever tell. Why is it men make such fortunes in the manufacture and vending of intoxicating drink? Why are men so anxious to get and pay for a license to sell ails, whines and biers? Pardon me if I have given too liberal an interpretation of the signs of the trade. Why is it provincial governments and corporations seem so eager and willing to grant "License to sell, and to be drunk on the premises," and off the premises, so long as the drink is paid for and the public peace is not outrageously interfered with?

Then the law comes down upon the poor drunken fool, who, after pouring down ales, wines, beers or spirituous liquors as his purse, taste or inclination allows until he is a maddened, senseless similitude of a man. Then after a night's lodging the law generally demands a fine of five dollars and costs. What for? Why? Is it to prove that the love of money is the root of all evil? We fear if the truth is told, it must be confessed. Men sacrifice their honor and better feelings as Judas did his master, because they are greedy and have the bag. But alas, long ere this, experience should have taught all concerned in this business, and we would not exclude any who have aught to do in aiding or abetting the traffic, that when we give our vote for Barabbas, it is useless for us to wash our hands as Pilate did, and declare we will have nothing to do with the result and responsibility. Who will try to answer the above suggested thoughts and questions? Herod did not desire the beheading of John the Baptist, but he set the machinery in operation, and to-day both Pilate and Herod stand in the list of men guilty of shedding innocent blood. "Tell me," said a gentleman to a poor drunkard, when urging him to give up the intoxicating cup, "where it was you took your first steps in this intemperate course." "At my father's table," replied the unhappy young man. "Before I left home to become a clerk, I had learned to love the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now broken-hearted mother."

The infidelity of working-men, says Rev. Charles Garrett, in nine cases out of ten comes out of the public-house.

Why not vote and work for Prohibition. Is not the blood-money poured into our municipal and national treasuries more than counterbalanced? First, by the crime, wretchedness and waste bred and created thereby, not only in the slums and brothels of our larger cities, but by the gross sin, gauntness and miserableness in almost every conceivable form which is known

to exist almost everywhere where a LICENSE TO SELL is in force. The unhappiness is often veiled and hidden. The day must come when those who are responsible will reap, with groans and tears, some of the torments of hell, which they poured out on earth. The fire of intemperance which burned up so much of domestic happiness, and destroyed in so many homes and places the fair bloom of love, will, with the evil of the spirit horribly intensified, prove that their unhallowed gain was lost! Eternal soul loss! Secondly, it could easily be shown, and it has been shown in figures, that this creation of the nation's revenue and wealth is a veritable bubble. Yea, worse, a positive source of loss and waste, both of life and gold. Yet in spite of living evidences in our crowded tenements, hospitals, poor-houses, asylums, prisons and penitentiaries, the makers and sellers of intoxicating drink will push the sale and temptation of that which intoxicates.

He'll tell you you want it, the climate is damp,
If you would be healthy, to keep out the cold;
To make you feel murr, to keep out the cramp;
Because you are young, or because you are old.

But the truth is, he wants all to take it, for he is greedy of gold.

Mr. Wm. Bell, in his remarkable lecture on "The Cities of the Black River," has wrought out figures which speak most eloquently. He depicted the river of alcohol coming down in its three tributaries of wine, beer, and spirits. Last year the English people actually swallowed 29,000,000 gallons of wine, 965,000,000 gallons of beer, and 36,000,000 gallons of spirits, the whole being sufficient to form a lake 15ft. deep, 120ft. wide, and ten mile. In spending £125,000,000 upon this the country had created the "city of reeling men," with one million of inhabitants and 190,000 licensed houses to increase their number; "the city of the blood-stained hand," with its 700,000 criminal inhabitants; "the city of the iron doors," with its 30,000 human beings confined in prisons; "the city of the men in blue," with its 51,000 policemen required mainly through drink, and costing more than £3,000,000 every year, when Saltire, in York-shire, with its 4,000 people and no public-house, could do without a single policeman; "the city of the pale cheek," requiring 18,000 doctors in the United Kingdom, when 4,000 would be sufficient but for alcohol; "the city of the restless foot," with its roving army of 50,000 vagabonds, and not a dozen teetotallers amongst them; the city of the fireless grate," and all the misery which helped to rise the bitter cry of outcast London; and "the sad city of the midnight street," with its 400,000 ruined girls; "the city of starving poor," with its million of paupers; and "the city of the drink-slain dead," with its daily average of 330 victims.

ADVERTISE in BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. We aim to keep every sheet clean. We believe the Master's smile has been upon our advertising pages, since we inserted advertisements for Jesus! Without our advertisers we could not begin to publish "BUDS AND BLOSSOMS" as we do. We hope the Lord will incline many to see that they can be helped and help by using BUDS AND BLOSSOMS as an advertising medium. We mean to toil on until business men seek us as they already have commenced to do, and until BUDS AND BLOSSOMS shall be recognized both for its worth and large circulation. *Apply at once for space.*

Regions Beyond Notes.



A BOY was once seen hurrying to a missionary meeting. Someone surprised at his haste and interest asked the reason of such speed. The reply was, "I am a partner in the business." Friend, could the same be said of you, or are you a dead-head. If so, remember you are also an obstructionist. Why? Because every pound of dead weight has to be moved by the live members of Christ's body. The Master put the case very positively, and teaches there can be no neutrality, for or against, is the position of every one. Dead-heads in the church are stealing, they feed on the activity and reputation of others. They are worse than useless, they count and consume; but add no true increase. Some are all for getting, but always forgetting when it comes to giving. Would it not be well to reveal the story of the unprofitable servant? Jesus does expect activity and service from all who profess to love the Lord below, and who have a name to live. Else why am I a fellow of Lamb, if it is not to learn of Him and to do good unto all men. Angels are not deputed to go preach. I must go, or help in the going of the sent ones. Remember:

"If you cannot give your millions,
You can give your mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Is precious in his sight."

In profane as well as sacred history we have many illustrations of the nobility of self-denial. The Syrian maidens allowed their hair to be cut off that it might be twisted into cables for their war ships. The Carthaginian young women cut in pieces their costly silk robes, to make sheaths for their bow-strings. The children of Israel gave their jewels for the building of the tabernacle. Should not we be willing to give our influence, our time, our wealth and our lives to win the world for the Lord Jesus?

While what we do unquestionably influences what we are, it is equally true that what we are, influences and determines the real value of what we do.

Let us not only pray thy kingdom come, rather let it be our motto to do the will of the Lord, Always everywhere.

Said Bobby to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "'Cos pa owes \$12 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it!"

From Wiltshire is sent to us by a well-known minister the following story, conveying its own moral:—A cynical man had a circular sent him, soliciting donations for the erection of a new chapel. The case was strongly recommended by well-known gentlemen. Having read it, the cynic thought he would be clever, and wrote on the margin "Is this a shop? the puff looks like it," and, enclosing it with a single stamp, sent it back. As soon as the minister read the reply, he wrote underneath, "No, sir; it is not a shop, but a bank, in which 'faithful servants put their Lord's money to usury,' but as you did not perceive this, your deposit of one penny is declined, and no account has been opened."

Our Study Table and Book Review.

We are glad to find our work and responsibility increasing. The aim will be to speak in a few words an introduction to our large circle of readers for the various Authors and Publishers who favor us with their publications for this purpose. And as tastes and wants differ, we doubt not from time to time new acquaintances will be made, and that the Editor will not be the only one benefitted.

We have received from the publishing house of G. Cohen & Co., 341, Strand, London, England, a parcel of books particularly interesting, not only in their titles, which are as follows: "*Tempers and how to control them*," which for sixpence is well worth knowing. Those who read these hints need in addition to pray, Lord, help. Another on "*Formation of Character*" is very vividly illustrated, and, in its picture as well as type language, gives many corrective and directive suggestions what to seek and what to avoid in the formation of character. The same may be said of "*Memory*" and "*True Manhood*," the latter a book specially designed for young men, and it will do young men good to read it. The author has the highest testimonials to his ability as a lecturer, and writer on Phrenology.

George Routledge & Sons, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London, England, and New York, U.S., sends a book fragrant in memory, and one which is full of profitable meditation. It is cheap and a very attractive book—"The Imitation of Christ," Thomas A. Kempis. It contains more than crumbs of comfort: it is full of the bread of life. From the same publisher, "*The Biglow Papers*," by Lowell, gotten up in a style imitative of olden times, yet its uniqueness in binding and its uncut edges adds interest and awakens new desire. See and read the Biglow papers.

From the office of "The Christian," Boston, Mass., U. S., we have received some volumes, which at once attracted our attention by the neatness of the design and yet durability of the paper covers, thick manilla. They belong to the series published in connection with "*The Anti-Infidel Library*," edited by H. L. Hastings. The prices run from 5 up to 15 cents each. The subjects are varied and interesting, to wit: "*The testimony of Christ to the truth of the Old Testament*," "*Fourteen Nuts for Sceptics to Crack*," "*Geological Evolution*," etc. "*Pebbles from the Path of a Pilgrim*," by Mrs. Hastings, is a book of practical life, giving the life-experience of the authoress, which relates, in a pleasing manner, facts and incidents in connection with the Lord's work which was, and is undertaken in faith.

TALMAGE ON RUM, from the National Temperance and Publication Society, New York, U. S., is a cheap and useful volume in paper covers. "Talmage on Rum" is in bold type on the page; and on "Rum, the Worst Enemy of the Working-classes" and "A weed that bewitches," Talmage brings the heat of his soul and the eloquence of his tongue. It is interesting and inspiring reading.

We shall never—through fear of men—strike the colors. We expect YOU to stand by us. Do what YOU can to enlarge our circulation and influence.

Home Circle.

A LITTLE SURPRISE, and one of a pleasant nature, was given us during the month. Strange to say, a desire unexpressed was gratified. The carpet in my room at the Tabernacle was so full of holes that I began to cast about in my mind should I wait longer or plan to replace. Mrs. Ott, Mrs. Naylor, Mrs. DeYoung, Mr. Looner and the Miss Jacksons, formed themselves into a committee, and not only carpeted the room, but greatly improved all the side lights in the Tabernacle itself by putting in lamp shades, which gives a very pleasing effect when lit up. They also in secret planned a surprise social and gave the S. S. scholars an invitation not only to come and see, but to come and taste, and a pleasant evening was spent.

It has been suggested that the young men intend to make another little improvement.

THE TABERNACLE FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION has made several visits since last month's B. & B. told the story of the work. The frosty fingers of Old Father Time stole away the beauty and freshness of the flowers, a gloomy but needful repetition of the cautioning texts, "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth," "We all do fade as a leaf." This work at the Hospitals and Poor House, with years of larger and varied experience in the Gospel ministry, is more and more convincing us that

"There are those who need our helping;
Those who listen for our song;
Only those that have been tortured
Know the bitterness of wrong."

"Oh, lady," said a poor child of shame to one who tenderly told her of a Saviour's forgiving love. "If there were only more like you in this world, there would be less like me." Time and again the request is made, "Come again; we shall miss the flowers, but more so the sight of your cheery faces and kind words; we value the variety of papers that you bring." Up to date we have made four visits with apples. We should be glad to continue if our supplies would allow. If you could see the joy a barrel of apples will give in a Poor House, it is certain we should have to go at least once more on your behalf. The aim is to scatter seeds of kindness for the reaping by-and-by. They say, "Bring us papers anyway." We gather them of every sort, as far as denomination is concerned, and only seek to have them free from uncleanness. We would still advise our friends to continue their card parties. We need text cards; who will make some? If you write, we can send sample cards to give you an idea how to make them.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL rejoices in the continued faithfulness of the faithful few. Join us in prayer that we may be blessed and greatly increased.

OUR SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK at the Tabernacle is increasingly hopeful. There is some evidence of a going in the mulberry tree-tops. But we are convinced we need the Almighty arm to hold and help. Without the influence of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we can of ourselves do nothing. Naught but the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can counteract the evil wrought, and done to a Church by careless DO-NO-GOOD-IN-THE-CHURCH-OR-WORLD professors, who only have a care to have a name to live in Church fellowship. Believing in the power of prayer, the pastor would ask an interest in your supplications, that he may have wisdom and power from on high.

OUR HOME MISSION WORK goes on as usual. It is not a dreary round of duty, but one of glad and willing service. Our plans sometimes seem tardy of execution. We know, as the Lord proves and finds worthy, and we get experience for larger undertakings, in some way or other means will be forthcoming. Often the postman's rap stirs expecting faith, for honestly we are anticipating to be helped of our God. Often we pray that our stewardship may be increased, so that we can do larger service for our King.

OUR OUTDOOR PRAISE MEETINGS have proved a means of much pleasure and profit. The approaching cold season compelled us reluctantly to discontinue. But as we notified at our last meeting, it is our intention to have a song service at the close of our regular meeting at the Tabernacle. All are welcome.

Distributed since our last issue: 250 bouquets; apples, 4 bbls.

Flowers sent for Mission: Mrs. Dickie, Mrs. Naylor, Misses

Jackson, Miss Smith, Miss Auld, Mrs. DeYoung, Miss Barnstead.

Apples for Fruit Mission: Mr. Thomas Spry, Mrs. Harris Reed and Mrs. Burgis, sent one barrel each.

Cards sent for Mission: Mr. G. Percy Raymond, Miss Emily Smith, Mrs. Looner, Mrs. DeYoung, Mrs. Naylor, Miss Ethel Mason. Cake sent for Mission, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. Naylor, Mr. DeYoung, Mrs. Burgis, Mrs. McEachern, Mrs. Etter, Mrs. Peddle, Mrs. Neil.

Papers sent: Misses Jackson, Mrs. Burgis, Mrs. DeYoung, Miss Jessie and Nettie Isenor, Nellie Stewart, Mrs. Peddle.

Mrs. Burgis collected from friends in Dartmouth a goodly pile. It caused a laugh to see her bringing her armful. Doubtless many a weary, dreary hour will be helped to move more speedily by the pages thus collected.

Sent out during the month: 350 free copies B. & B., equal to 15,000 pages, distributed other reading matter, 4,850 pages. Total pages issued during the month, 19,850.

PERSONAL KINDNESS.—Mr. Harris Reed, a barrel of apples; Mrs. Burgis, dress material for baby.

P. S.—We trust in the Lord for means to carry on the various branches of our work.

BUILDING FUNDS are urgently in demand for clearing the lot, so that we can arise and put our plans into the builder's hands for execution. Money comes in slowly; let us still ask help of "Our Father," who can give impulse to the givers and giving. Sacred history tells of some very laudable building and undertakings which moved slowly but successfully. It took less time to collect for, and to make the calves than it did to make the Tabernacle in the wilderness. Let us not be dismayed or discouraged. Our God can, and will, in His own good time and pleasure, enable us for the work.

Money donated and collected by Mrs. William Myers. A. F. Buckley, \$2; H. B. Dustan, \$1; A friend, \$1; L. Millbury, 25c.; H. Millbury, 25c.; G. J. Hiseley, \$1; A. Fordham, \$1; H. Brown, \$5. Collected by Miss Morley and Blanche Mason, \$2.50. Put on Pastor's desk, \$1. Paid to Pastor: Sir Charles Tupper, \$5; George E. Frye, \$1; Silas Hubley, \$5; Ch. Outreach, \$1; J. K. Hubley, \$1; Charles Millner, \$1. Per Envelopes: Mr. Chambers Blakney, \$2.75; Jane Blakney, 90c.; Lama Lebrock, 25c.; Sophia Stephens, \$1; J. Hopkins, \$1.50; Mrs. Avery, \$1; Mrs. Dickie, \$1. Collected by Mrs. Peddle's little girls, 9 shillings.

Collected by the Misses Jackson:—M. P. Black, \$4; Mr. Lyons, \$1; W. H. Tully, \$1; Mrs. W. H. Tully, \$1; W. Stanford Tully, 25c.; Saul Mosher, \$1; Mrs. W. Murray, Friend, 25c.; Do., 25c.; Do., 25c.; Do., 25c.; Do., 50c.; Do., 50c.; Widow's mite, 5c.; A. Larder, 25c.; Sampson, 50c.; H. H. Harrison, 25c.; F. Mc. Watt, 25c.; W. W. Parker, \$1; W. W. M., 25c.; Eben Herman, 50c.; Mr. Hull, 25c.; Mrs. Hillis, 50c.; W. M., \$1; N. J. D., 25c.; Mr. Blair, \$3; J. Creighton, 25c.; J. A. Turnbull, \$10; J. H., 50c.; N. G., 25c.; S. G., 5c.; K. W., 25c. Total, \$31.60.

* * * We would like our friends to read the enclosed letter of thanksgiving greeting, and we trust it will be a profitable suggestion.

Will our friends please show and canvass BUDS AND BLOSSOMS? We will send you free copies for this purpose. Do not give; lend and call for the copy again, and ask, "WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE?"

Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED, Oct. 21st, Edward Hubley to Maggie Teas, at the residence of the bride's mother at Halifax, by Rev. J. F. Avery.

Olive Branches.

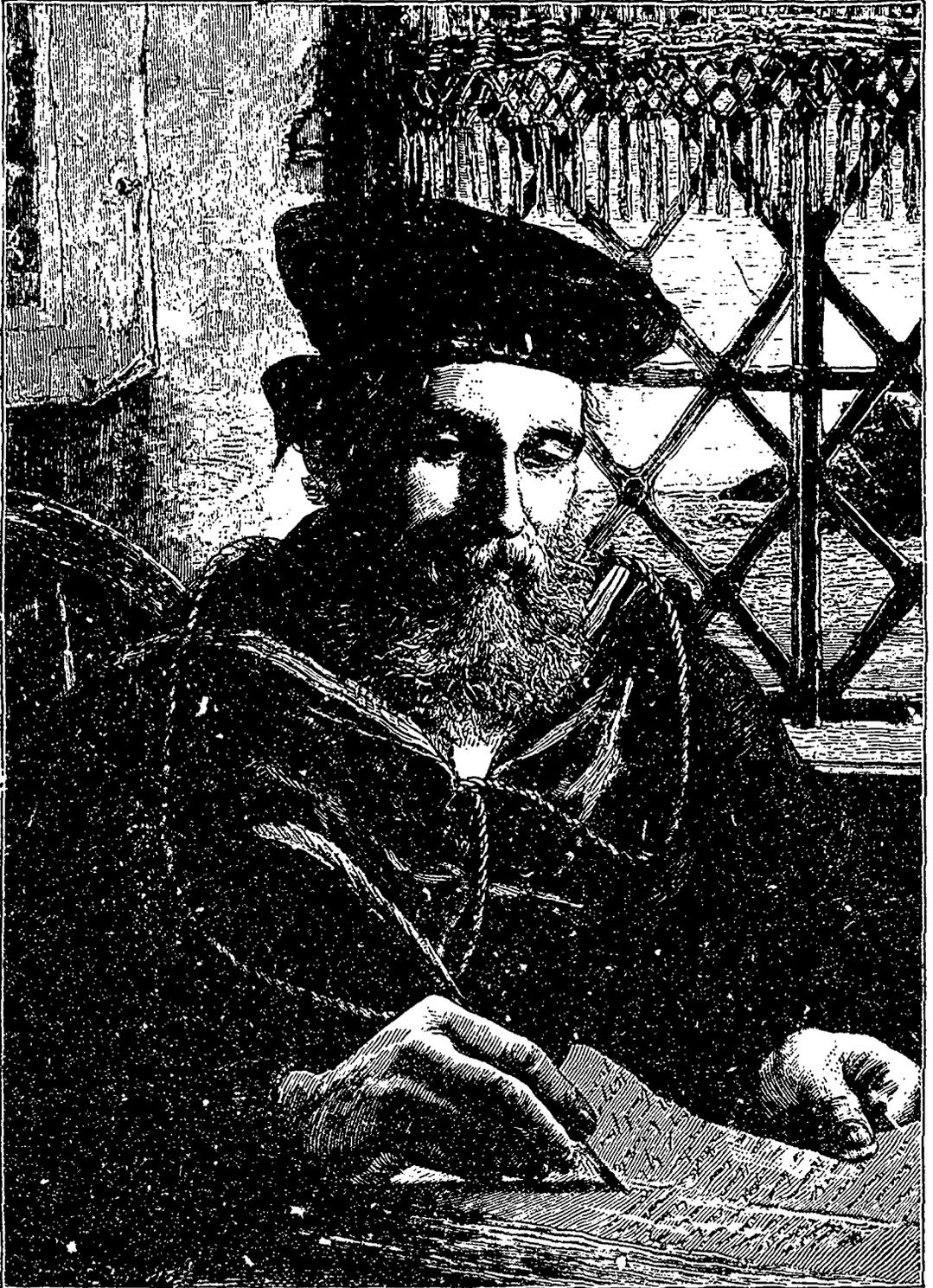
Oct. 13th, the wife of J. K. Hubley—a son.

FADED LEAVES.

DIED, Oct. 5th, Sarah Campbell, at the ripe age of 89. She was ready and waiting for the call home.

Reader, are you? Where will you spend eternity?

OUR SAILORS AND COASTGUARDSMEN,
AND OTHER SKETCHES.



Writing to an old Shipmate.

OUR SAILORS AND COASTGUARDSMEN.



ENGLAND is justly proud of her sailor sons, because she can rely upon them, with God's help, to guard her from her enemies; because they enable us to hold moral and commercial intercourse with all parts of the world.

There are hundreds of thousands of men and women who have never seen the sea, and who can form but a faint idea

of what that, or the duties connected with it, are like. Many of these form a judgment of "Jack's" character from the ideas contained in popular songs and other often fanciful writings. This is not fair to our sailors, because a good deal of those writings is unreal, and lacks the quality of truth.

Dear reader, I have been a sailor myself from boyhood, and have the authority of experience coupled with a warm desire to say all I can in favour of "poor Jack."

Morally and intellectually the last twenty years have worked wonders in our Royal Navy. The march of education has done much, and the spread of temperance has done more, to make our seamen brighter and better men. All honour to the noble men and women who are earnestly working for our seamen's welfare.

The men who are now manning our fleet or guarding our coasts first entered the service as second-class boys, at which time every chance was offered them of obtaining a sound education. And I cannot help thinking that many of our youths who now loiter idly about our cities and large towns could not do better than join the Royal Navy, and thus become a credit to themselves and of service to the community at large.

From the ranks of the petty officers and able-bodied seamen (men who wear two good conduct badges) are taken the coastguard. These men are the flower of the English navy, and are capable of manning a ship and her guns at the shortest possible notice. They live in cottages (coastguard stations) which are built at intervals right round our coast. They prevent smuggling and other lawless conduct, while they form a splendid reserve for the executive fleet.

Who has been to the seaside, and watched the glorious ocean stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and has not had a feeling of wonder and admiration, blended with a sense of that security which the restless waves always afford to the rock-bound coasts of our island home?

Through all the vicissitudes and political revolutions of many centuries, our sea-girt home has steadily advanced along the line of truth, which has led us as a nation nearer to God.

It has been said (and I think with truth) that our country is the fortress of liberty and the school of

civilisation. From her shores there are never wanting volunteers to carry the Word of God to all the distant parts of the world. I have found the soldiers of Christ in Arabia, in Egypt, in China and Japan, as well as India, cheerfully toiling through disappointment and danger, carrying out what I believe to be the mission of England and the purpose of Almighty God.

Dear reader, the sailor is instrumental in this great and good work, inasmuch as through his skill in navigating our ships we are brought into contact with those dark intellects which so sadly need the light of the Gospel of Christ. And it is because we have faith in the courage and integrity of our navy, that we can go to our pillows each night with the sense of security before mentioned, a feeling of safety which is never entirely shared by the other great nations of Europe.

Encompassed by the sea, and protected by our gallant seamen, our country is second to no nation in the world in commercial enterprise. Nor can the history of the world show the traces of an empire so mighty as that which is effectually guarded by our bluejackets.

I was once told by a well-known minister that patriotism is next to religion. I believe this. Ay, I believe more—I believe we love our country, not alone as the land of our birth, but because our sailors have planted our flag and its attendant blessings in those parts of the world that might have remained in a state of barbarism for centuries to come.

H. Bright.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

CHRISTIAN! walk carefully—danger is near;
Work out thy journey with trembling and
fear;

Snares from without, and temptations within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly—exult not in pride;
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, He directeth thy ways;
To Him be the glory, to Him be the praise.

Christian! walk cheerfully—though the dark storm
Veil the bright sky with the clouds of alarm,
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk stedfastly, while it is light,
Swift are approaching the shades of the night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall
If thou dost forget on thy Saviour to call;
Soft shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou earnestly wieldest the weapon of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Will cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory, and this thy reward—
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



TAK' ME AS I AM.

SOME years ago a well-known clergyman had been preaching one evening, and earnestly he implored all his hearers to come as poor sinners to the Saviour. At the close of the service a young man told him that he had "determined that very night to begin to lead a better life."

"You are like a man at the bottom of a deep pit," said the clergyman, "and you see your Saviour at the top, and you mean to climb up to Him."

"Yes I do. I will get up to Him."

"You never will, my friend; your climbing will never get you up to Him."

"Anyway, I'll try," answered the young fellow.

After some time the two met again.

"Have you climbed up to the top of the pit yet?" asked the minister.

"No, but I'm trying still, and I must and will get up."

Months passed, and one day the young man came with a bright, happy face to the clergyman, saying, "You were quite right, sir. The Lord laid His hand on me at the bottom of the pit. I learned to trust Him at the bottom, and He soon pulled me out. Just what I found I couldn't do myself."

It has been well said, "Satan loves to send us to bad quack doctors." To a poor sinner who sees his sin, he recommends Dr. Do-your-best, and Dr. Make-yourself-better; anything that will keep us from just simply trusting the Saviour. But God's plan is the very opposite; it is not "do" anything, but "believe on" Someone, the One "mighty to save," the One "who remembered us in our low estate," who goeth after that which is lost; and very often it is "out in the desert He hears its cry." Of the poor sinner, as of the Israelite, it is most true, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness." The young man's words, "He laid His hand on me at the bottom of the pit, and soon pulled me out," remind us of David's: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." You see it is and must be—

"Jesus did it all. All to Him I owe."

But our proud hearts want to do part, to "have just

a little finger in the big concern of salvation," as an old blacksmith said.

"When we were yet without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Oh, then, do be content to "take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour!"

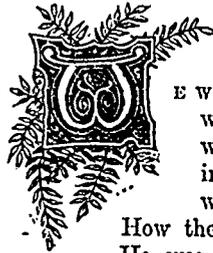
A poor Scotch girl, very ignorant, but in real earnest about her soul, was quite willing that the Saviour should indeed find her "in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness." There was no trying to make herself better. After attending one of Mr. Moody's large meetings, she knelt down and prayed with great earnestness—

"Lord, I canna read, I canna write, but tak' me as I am."

Will you not take the lost sinner's place, and say from your heart—

"No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Oh, save me for Thy mercy's sake,
And take me as I am."

Our Own Magazine.



A SAILOR'S STORY.

WE were bound for Liverpool from Rio, with a cargo of hides and 'rare woods, and all the while we were in the tropics there was scarcely wind enough to fan a feather

How the skipper did go on, to be sure!

He was a violent man, if ever there was one. He'd some share in the vessel, I think, and was mighty anxious to get home speedily. They worked his wil, however, but they did it with a bad grace—all but David. He was never out of temper, but always as ready and willing and civil as if the captain had been a lady. We couldn't understand it, and only laughed at him when he said he bore all for the sake of the Great Captain up above."

Jack touched his cap with his forefinger as he spoke.

"One day, when we'd been out about six weeks, crawling along on a sea like oil, the breeze came. It was right aft, and we made the most of it, and went over the water like a swallow. Two or three hours the wind stood fair and steady, then it began to freshen and grow gusty, and presently we saw we must shorten sail. The skipper was called, and we noticed at once that he was in liquor.

"The jib was set; it was an old sail, and the force of the gale split it up a bit. 'That sail must be laced up!' thundered the skipper.

"The water was dashing right over the bows, it as the ship plunged into the trough of the sea. Just as he spoke a big wave washed into her bows with a force which would have swept off a dozen men.

"'Sir,' said the mate, 'tis risk of life to cobble up the sail in weather like this. We had better—'

"'Are you captain, or am I?' shouted the skipper.



‘Keep your coward opinion to yourself till you’re asked for it. Jack Longley and David Burn, lay out on the jibboom, and lace together that rent with an end of twine.’

‘He spoke slowly and loudly, though his face was white with passion. I looked at David. ‘Will you go?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ said he, quite cheerful like; ‘tis my duty, and if I’m washed overboard, ’tis no concern of mine. If my work is done on earth, God knows I’m ready to go to His kingdom in heaven.’

‘Those were his very words. I’ve thought about them too often to forget them; and as he said them he looked straight in my eyes, and smiled.

‘‘Life or death, Jack; all’s one to him as knows that God loves him.’

‘‘Haven’t ye found the needle and twine yet, ye lazy, cowardly brutes?’ hallowed the captain through the storm. ‘Out with you!’

‘We tied a rope round our waists, and did his bidding, crawling out as well as we could in the teeth of the sea, which came bursting over us, hissing and roaring like a live thing. I was frightened, I don’t deny; but as for David, you’d ha’ thought he was in his mammy’s parlour to look at him, so easy and happy was he.

‘We laced up the sail, badly enough, but as well as it was possible to do it, and turned to fight our way back. How the ship pitched! I’ve been in many a storm, but I never felt worse motion than that. A great wave came and beat the breath nearly out of

my body, as the boom cut through it, and I clung with all my strength to the slippery wood. When I looked again, dashing the brine from my eyes—David was gone!’

‘Poor fellow!’ ejaculated Bill, one of Jack’s messmates, to whom he was telling his yarn.

‘Nay, rather, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,’ as is written in David’s own little Testament, which I have now. He tried in his lifetime to coax us to sail under Christ’s flag; but we heeded him not a whit. His death saved my soul, praised be God! and took him to his Father’s kingdom, as he said. So, comrades, was it not well for him to die?’

‘Did you see nothing of him, Jack?’ asked Bill, after a minute’s silence. ‘Could nothing be done for him?’

‘Nothing in a sea such as that. ‘Twould ha’ been madness to dream of lowering a boat. We flung ropes towards where we saw him battling amongst the waves; but he never could catch them—that round his waist had run through the lashing as he fell, and now it only tangled round him. He swam like a duck towards us for a while, and the crew shouted and rushed about like mad things. It’s an awful thing to stand and see a fellow-creature drown two boats’ length from your arms; but then I only seemed to remember what he said—‘Life or death; ’tis all one to him that knows that God loves him.’ It was not death to him, only just steering into port, safe for evermore.’

‘And the captain—was he sorry?’ asked Bill.

‘Ah, that captain—God pardon him!—the sail ripped out again, and he ordered two more men to lay out on the sprit and lace it up. I saw the mate step forward, and a moment after the halliards ran through the block, and the jib blew away down the wind, beyond the need of lacing or the risking of men’s lives.’

‘It was well done of him,’ said Bill, emphatically. ‘That skipper would have warmed him, I guess, if he had spied him with the tail of his eye.’

‘Did the mate let it go on purpose, then?’ asked Owen, timidly.

‘Just that,’ answered Long Jack. ‘He cut the halliards as it might be there’—and he pointed to where the ropes crossed the dark sky above their heads; ‘and ’twas the best thing he could do.’

‘You’ve made me all creepy with your melancholy talk, Jack,’ said Bill, raising himself. ‘I shall be seeing and hearing ghosts to-night.’

‘Don’t joke, comrade,’ said Jack. ‘God only knows the right of the facts about ghosts. I know that David won’t come back unless he can do some good to somebody; and I don’t expect to see him until I, too, shall reach the port where he rides at anchor. Please God, I’ll never forget him, or the Saviour whom he made me know. And I want to say to this younker here that I’ll take him by the hand and try to be to him what David would have been had he been aboard us on this voyage. I take shame to myself for keeping silence so long. ’Tis not much I can do, for I’m not like him; but there’s plenty of grace to be had for the asking.’

PROVIDENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.



SUDDEN shower in the streets of London drives a number of persons under a covered gateway for shelter. The thing is common; but on one occasion, among the persons taking shelter were two men, one resolved by the grace of God to try to do good in every situation; the other, prepared by previous exercises of mind to receive instruction on matters involving his everlasting interests. The two men were strangers to each other.

The shelter which al. will need "in the great and terrible day of the Lord," but which many will seek in vain, presented a topic on which one might appropriately speak and the other listen. He did listen—was impressed—saw in the shelter spoken of exactly what he wanted—betook himself from that time to the Redeemer, and enjoyed a consciousness of safety and peace. Soon afterwards he was called to the ministry, and now very usefully preaches the truth which he had been brought in that covered gateway to receive. May not this usefulness be traced to the little unnoteworthy circumstance of a sudden shower on a summer's day?

So again, a valued minister of the Gospel was returning from a missionary tour in the west of England by the railway. During the first half of the journey he had occupied a seat among gentlemen whom he did not know, and who did not seem inclined to converse.

When the train stopped for refreshment, he met a friend upon the platform who was travelling by the same train, and who had occupied a seat alone in another carriage. They joined each other for the remainder of the journey. All this involved nothing specially worthy of note.

Within a few minutes of starting, however, an accident occurred to the train, dashing in pieces the carriage which the minister had left, and was fatal to a gentleman who had taken his vacated seat. Trivial as it may seem for friends to meet in such a manner, and henceforward travel together, in that small thing there was evidently that Hand under whose direction the spheres roll and the sparrows fly.

The doctrine, well established and believed, that God's providence guides and controls the small as well as the great events of our history, is fraught with practical teaching. It places us at all times and in all circumstances in direct contact with God. We shall feel Him with us, and shall have comparatively little difficulty in obeying a precept like that which was

given to the patriarch: "The Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God: walk before Me, and be thou perfect."

God will be at our right hand; we shall not be moved. We shall be weaned from self-confidence, and shall commit our works and ways unto the Lord. Difficulties and straits will not hinder our trust in Him. We shall prosecute our duty in the various departments of life none the less vigorously because the result is with the Lord; and in that duty we shall mingle much of earnest supplication. Diligence and forethought will be regarded as putting us in the way of God's blessing, without which nothing is strong and nothing good.

Jacob, on the eve of his victorious wrestling with the angel, is an example of the truth we are now inculcating. Anxious when he heard the report of Esau and his four hundred men, he betook himself to prayer; but he also adopted the likeliest means of appeasing his brother's anger.



Caught in a shower.

In like manner, David goes against the enemy of Israel in the name of Jehovah, thus expecting a victory; but his sling and stones were regarded as indispensable. "To use means without respect to God is proudly to contemn Him; to depend on God without the use of means is irreligiously to tempt Him. In both we abuse His providence. In the one we disobey Him in not using the means He hath appointed; in the other we presumptuously repose upon Him for the encouragement of our laziness."

A great happiness it is thus to trust the Lord in relation to the everyday engagements of life. It will lessen anxiety. It will stimulate to right action. It will induce contentment. It will encourage prayer. We shall feel that distance never puts us out of God's reach; darkness never hides us from His sight. Nothing is too great for Him to control; nothing too small for Him to guide. We shall have a friend near whom we can always consult—on whose wisdom and kindness we may place unlimited dependence; and we shall be under a protection in all scenes of temptation, effectually shielding us from mischief. Some such trust is indicated in the resolve of the Psalmist: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God;" and to this trust the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers: "Be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

And this realising of God's hand in little things

will exert in another way a happy influence on our prayers. They will not only be frequent and trustful, but they will connect themselves with the circumstances of every-day life. In everything we shall make known by prayer and supplication our requests unto God. These little things will not be deemed too insignificant to be prayed about. Why should they? If they are not too insignificant for God to care for, they cannot be too insignificant for us to present before Him.

Christians often complain of wandering thoughts in prayer; perhaps, however, this wandering is partly occasioned by the attempts they make to force away their minds from matters awakening solicitude, and throwing difficulties across their present path. They demand attention—let them have it. Give them utterance. Find in them materials for supplication. Their urgency at the moment when we would pray to our Father in secret, would seem to point this out as the very thing which we should do with them.

If God be our Father, and if He concern Himself as to the little matters of our life, may we not breathe into His bosom every care, and place before Him every want? The heart and the understanding will thus go together in the most devout engagements of the Christian life. Prayer will embrace the things about which we think and feel. God would be known by us as a child knows its parent—by the supplies constantly vouchsafed, and sympathy constantly received. Every change, every sorrow, and every joy, from the least to the greatest, would endear Him to us on whom we depend, and whose aid in all things we are encouraged to seek. We shall wait for the Lord, our soul will wait, and in His word shall we hope.

PROFANE SWEARING.

SWEARER, what do you mean? Do you thus use the name of God ironically, to express your utmost contempt of the idea of a God? Then you are an atheist. What a vast herd of atheists we have in our midst, who daily feast on the acorns of Divine beneficence, and never acknowledge the oak whence they fell. Or do you believe that God takes pleasure in unrighteousness, and looks approvingly upon your corruption and wickedness?

Then you are a Mohammedan. What a host of Mohammedans we have in this Christian country.

"No, we are not Mohammedans, nor are we atheists; we believe in a wise, good, and holy God, but we believe He is too good to damn a soul for a few years of sin."

Then you do not believe the Bible, and you are a set of infidels. What a crowd of infidels we have in this land of Bibles!

"No," says one, "I believe the Bible, I believe in God, and in all His attributes, in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, and I believe in future rewards and punishments, in heaven and in hell."

That, then, swearer, is your faith, is it? You are a pretty orthodox fellow after all. But then, with

this faith you stand up here, in the light of God's holy day, and with eyes, and face, and voice, and gestures, all indicating the greatest possible earnestness, you in the presence of witnesses, most solemnly call upon God to "damn your soul to hell."

What does such a prayer imply? There is a man who has a family at home. He has long been trying to get ready to return to them, and his wife and children are constantly writing him, "Husband, do come home." "Father, we want to see you so badly we can hardly live; when will you come home?"

You would like to see them all, would you not? And yet, as you walk these streets, you are daily praying, and in your prayers asking God with great apparent earnestness that you may be cut off, and never allowed again to see your wife and children, and that your wife be left a desolate widow, and your children helpless orphans, to mourn over you, as those who have no hope, and that your business here may be left in other hands, and that your poor body may be hauled out and stowed away unwept, and that your soul, covered with guilt and shame, may be "damned eternally by God."

Oh horrible! Such a prayer chills my blood. Yet these are the petitions of the largest proportion of my praying audience. Well, do not be discouraged; your prayers will be answered in due time. God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, fulfilling all His promises, and His promise to you is, "Every one that sweareth shall be cut off." *Rev. W. Taylor.*

TIME IS FLYING.

TIME on noiseless wings is flying,
Oh, how swiftly by!

Like a waterfall aye rushing,
Or a fountain ever gushing;
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,
Rapid as the lightning nearly
Do the moments fly.

Catch the seconds as they're passing,
Wait not for the hours;
Prize them as a golden treasure,
I see them not in trifling pleasure:
Seconds, minutes, prizing, holding
As you would those buds unfolding
Into choicest flowers.

Act for some important purpose,
Not with selfish zeal;
See! humanity is bleeding,
Aid thy fellow-man is needing,
Hundreds, thousands, millions, hear them
Breathing out their woes; go near them;
Seek their wounds to heal.

Days, and months, and years, all freighted
With the deeds of man,
Have been borne to God the Giver,
And recalled by mortal never!
Oh be wakeful, watch to prayer.
Eternal things make thy first care,
For life is but a span.

GEMS FROM THOMAS FULLER.



WHEN we behold violets and prim-roses fairly to flourish, we conclude the dead of the winter is past, though as yet no roses or July flowers appear, which long after lie hid in their leaves or lurk in their roots; but in due time will discover themselves. If some of the signs of

grace be above ground in thy sight, others are underground in thy heart, and though the former started first, the other will follow in order.

—If thou canst not hold God, do but touch Him, and He shall hold thee, and put feeling into thee. It is not Paul's apprehending of Christ, but Christ's apprehending of Paul that doth the deed.

—Pray faintly, that thou mayest pray fervently; pray weakly, that thou mayest pray strongly.

—God, the great Landlord of all time, hath let out six days in the week to man to farm them; the seventh day He reserves as a demesne in His own hands; if, therefore, we would have quiet possession and comfortable use of what God hath leased out to us, let us not encroach on His demesne.

—Always look upwards unto a gracious God to keep thy soul steady, for looking downward on thyself thou shalt find nothing but what will increase thy fear. It is not thy faith, but God's faithfulness, thou must rely upon.

—God invites many with His golden sceptre, whom He never bruises with His rod of iron.

—Repentance hath two parts, mourning and mending, or humiliation and reformation; the more God hath abated thee in the former, out of His gentleness, the more must thou increase in the latter, out of thy gratitude. Well may He expect more work to be done by thy hands, who hath laid less weight to be borne on thy shoulders.

—No season is unseasonable for God to be just, Satan to be mischievous, and sinful man to be miserable.

—Be assured that God which hath been the God of the mountains, and made our mountains strong in the time of our prosperity, will also be the God of the valleys, and lead us safe through the valley of the shadow of death.

—Eli's dim eyes could see drunkenness in Hannah, where it was not, and could not see sacrilege and adultery in his own sons, where they were. Thus, those who are most indulgent to their own, are most censorious of others' sins.

—God doth not expect the pipe should run water where He put none into the cistern. Kne' also, their hearts may be fountains whose eyes are flints, and may invariably bleed, who do not outwardly weep.

—Wicked men are like the apples of Sodom, seemingly fair, but nothing but ashes within. The best of God's servants are like sound apples, lying in a dusty loft (living in a wicked world), so that they must be rubbed and pared before they can be eaten.

THE OLD BROWN BOOK.

IT was a very old book. You might see that without looking beyond the outside. For the brown leather was dark with age, and the corners were worn all blunt and round, and the edges of the leaves were almost as brown as the leather, and there was an old-fashioned look about it altogether that you could not mistake. The inside agreed with the outside. The paper was rough and dark, the print was different from what we are used to now, and many of the words, you could see at a glance, were not spelt as we spell them.

Two men were turning over the leaves of the book; it belonged to one of them: he had not many besides.

"It was my father's book," said the owner, "and his father's before him. There, you see, there are their names, both of 'em. I suppose my grandfather must have bought the book sometime, for there's another different name before his, and two or three more before that. Some of the names have got the year to them too. The oldest of all, as far as I can make it out, is above two hundred years ago."

The other man seemed interested in the old book. He turned over the leaves, and looked at the names, and counted the number of years each person had had the book.

"Why," said he, "this old book could tell us some strange tales, I dare say, if it could give us the history of all its owners."

"Yes," said the other; "it sets one thinking only to look at the names. We know nothing about the people now but their names, but no doubt they had their ups and downs the same as we have."

"Ay, it does set one thinking, and seriously too. The old book has lasted out a good many owners. Every one of these names was the bottom one in its turn. One after another was added, and now yours is the bottom one. I suppose another will come after yours some day. A book may teach us something, without our reading it, if we've a mind to learn."

The thought that another name would some day stand below his seemed to strike the owner of the book.

"That won't be till I'm dead and gone, I suppose," said he; "for I don't mean ever to sell the book. Ay, there are many of our things, besides our books, that will last longer than we shall."

Then the old brown book was closed and put on the shelf again, and the friends parted.

And where shall you be when another name is written underneath yours? You do not mean to sell the book; it will be yours till you die. But you will die, and the book will pass to another owner. And then other hands will turn over the pages, and other eyes will read the names, and your name amongst the rest. But your name will be read then, just as you have been reading the old names now—a name of the dead. You, like all the former owners of the book, will be gone. But whither?

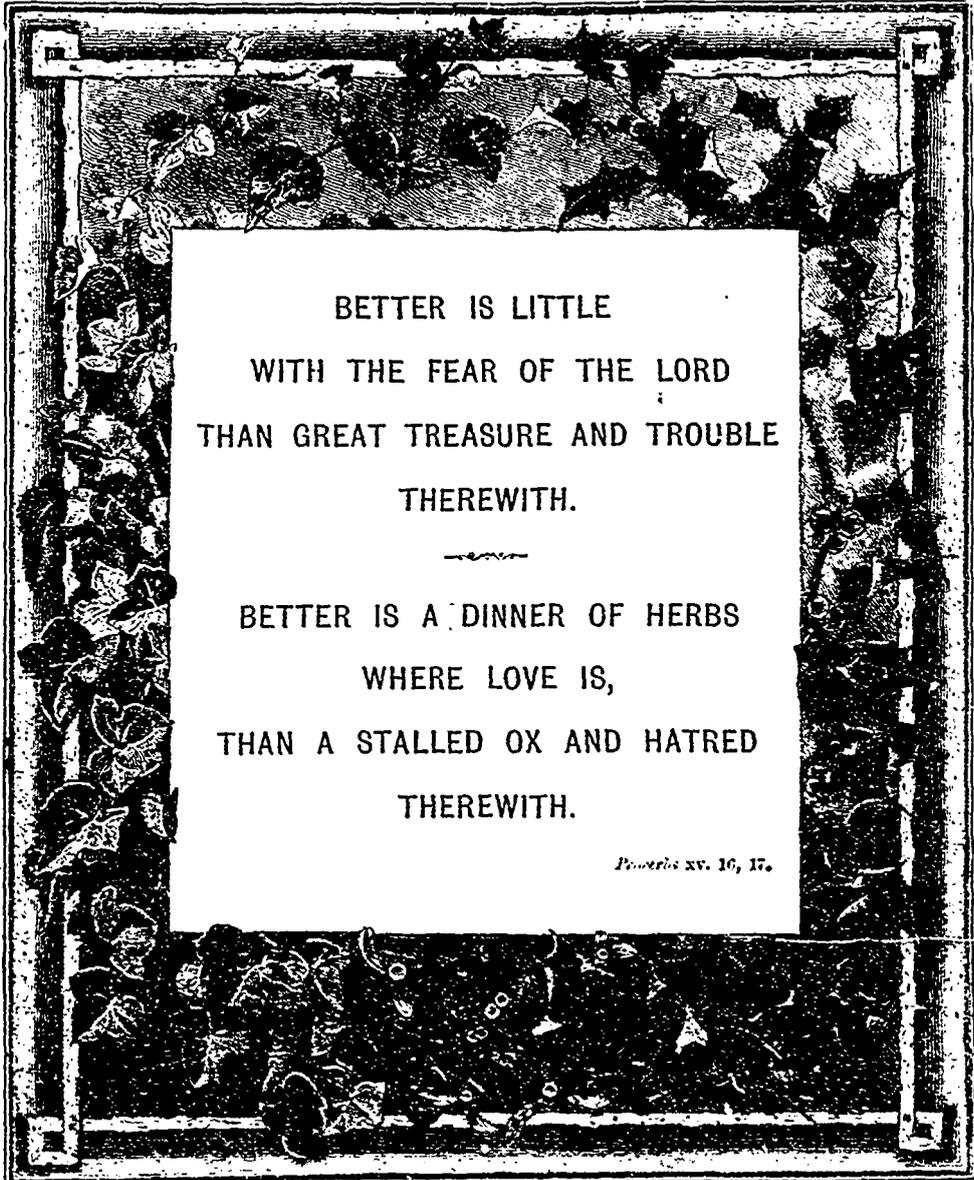
Are you living for eternity? Do you keep it in view? Have you made preparation for that time when books, and house, and land, and all that belongs to you, will have passed into other hands, and you will be gone? Have you made good

provision? Have you made sure of a safe and happy place then?

Jesus, Jesus alone, is the way to all this. Would you have your name written in the book of life? Flee to Him, wash away your sins in His blood, cast away every other hope, look to Him in faith as your Saviour; then He will write your name in that book. Would you dwell in the Father's house above? Still it is Jesus who said, "In My Father's house

inspired Word. Inspired, for the Holy Spirit is the Author of this Book. That same Holy Spirit who now acts on the hearts of men, the Comforter, the Sanctifier; He taught the writers of the Bible what to write; they held the pen, but the thoughts were from Him. It is our Guide-book to eternal life.

Oh! neglect not the Book of books; seek the Spirit, flee to the only Saviour. Lose no time; flee to Him at once! Life is short; days are few; time is



BETTER IS LITTLE
WITH THE FEAR OF THE LORD
THAN GREAT TREASURE AND TROUBLE
THEREWITH.

BETTER IS A DINNER OF HERBS
WHERE LOVE IS,
THAN A STALLED OX AND HATRED
THEREWITH.

Proverbs xv. 16, 17.

are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." He can give you a place there, He alone. Flee to Him. Would you live in the promised land—the heavenly Canaan? Still Jesus alone can give you an entrance there. Flee to Him. He never rejects any. He will not reject you.

There is one Book above all others which tells of Him—the Bible. It is no book of man's; it is God's Book—all true, from beginning to end—God's in-

uncertain. Not one of those whose names are in that old book knew beforehand when the book was to pass on to another. You do not know when your time will come for leaving all you have. In one sense, to-day is your only day—your last day. For it is the only day you have—the last day God has given you. Whether He will give you another, He only knows.

To-morrow is not yours, and never may be.

HOW TO GET STRENGTH,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Be of good cheer, my brother!"

WHEN PAUL says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Every true Christian echoes the words of Paul. He feels that when Christ gives him might, he is sufficient for all the trials, burdens, temptations, and duties of life. Drawing his spiritual life from Christ, as the

branch receives the sap that gives it vitality from the vine of which it is a part, the Christian believer feels that he is strong for all that is demanded of him. And the measure of his strength is just the measure with which Christ dwells in him. The triumph of Christian living is found when the child of God is

PLAYING WITH DEATH.

"strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

Paul himself was an illustration of the fact. He had of course the same nature and temperament after his conversion as before. And yet Paul the Christian missionary was a very different man from Saul of Tarsus, the bigoted Pharisee. When he was a Pharisee, he could not have said, as he does in connection with the words we are now considering, "I know how to be abased." Humility was not in the catalogue of Pharisaical virtues. It was Christ who strengthened him for abasement, suffering, meekness of spirit, as well as for abounding labours.

The same thing will be found true of the Christian martyrs. Any honest man must admit that they were strengthened by a power that was more than human. It was the power of Christ. Look at Cranmer holding the hand that in a moment of weakness had signed his recantation out into the flames, that as a fitting punishment it might be burned first. Hear brave old Bishop Latimer calling out to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good cheer, my brother Ridley, for we this day light a candle in England, which by God's grace shall never be put out."

So also of the men and women that now are bearing the burden and heat of the day. Whence is their strength? Is it in their good resolutions? If that is the case, why are not all men strong?—for all men make good resolutions. Is it in any peculiarity of temperament? No: they do not differ, in this respect, from others. Yet, to any one who watches them, it is plain that they are different from what they once were, and that they are making steady progress. Whence comes it? It comes from the fact that they draw strength from Christ. They rest, not in human weakness, but upon Omnipotence.

And there is the only source of true strength for you. You can be sufficient for all things—the trials, burdens, anxieties, toils of living—only in Him who endoweth you with might, "Christ, who strengtheneth you."

PREVAILING PRAYER.



MATTHEW HENRY pithily remarks, "Grace does not run in the blood, but it often runs in a line." How suggestive of sanctified precept and prevailing prayer these three names, so often associated together in the Scriptures—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; or this other group, Zacharias, Elisabeth, John the Baptist; or this, Lois, Eunice, Timothy!

The fact stated in the memoir of Miss Fidelia Fiske, that among her ancestors of that name for three hundred and thirty years every head of the family had been a pious man, is another proof that praying parents may expect to prevail with God.

These facts call upon parents to plead believingly with God for their children, and upon children to seek the same God in whom their parents have trusted.

Dr. Cornelia.

THE experience of those who have had most to do in spreading a knowledge of the Gospel has repeatedly taught them that it is dangerous to play with sacred things; but in spite of warning there are some hardened natures who seem to be incapable of learning wisdom, much less reverence, for sacred things. Our God is long-suffering, but it might be shown by many infallible proofs that He has often taken too venturesome sinners at their word.

During the revolutionary war in America, more than a hundred years ago, those who carried the Gospel through the country had necessarily to brave the perils of mountain, flood, and forest while engaged in their self-denying and often heroic service; but the hardships thus incurred were less distressing to sensitive Christian minds than the jeers and violent opposition of the ungodly.

About the close of the war, there met at Salem, New Jersey, a profane club, the members of which found a congenial recreation in getting up burlesques or imitations of the worship and the doings at the religious meetings.

On one occasion the members of this ribald assembly appear to have become more than usually jocular while they recited well-known hymns and gave parodies of solemn exhortations. Then the fun, as these mistaken people accounted it, rose to the highest possible pitch, when a woman who was present, and who had come in as a guest, stood up to act what she possibly thought to be a still more taking part.

"Glory to God!" she cried, mimicking the tone and gesture of some she may have seen. "I have found peace! I am sanctified! I am ready to die!"

She then immediately fell down dead on the floor; and such was the consternation which this "appalling occurrence," as Dr. Abel Stevens calls it, inspired, that the club never assembled again.

About the same time an itinerant preacher, named Boehm, who was travelling about the Harrisburgh district, told of this incident: "There was a shop in the neighbourhood of the school-house, where some men used to meet together. One of the company, a young man, undertook to mimic the Methodists. He went on to show how they acted in their meetings. He shouted, clapped his hands, and then he would show how they fell down. He then threw himself on the floor and lay there as if asleep. His companions enjoyed the sport; but after he had lain for some time, they wondered why he did not get up. They shook him in order to awake him. When they saw he did not breathe, they turned pale, and sent for a physician, who examined the man, and found him dead."

Sometimes, by such terrible events as this, has the way been opened for religion; but is it not better to be drawn than to be driven into the fold—that is, to listen to the voice of love rather than to stand in awe of the judgments which are sometimes abroad?



FISHING.

Of recreation there is none
 So free as fishing is alone ;
 All other pastimes do no less
 Than mind and body both possess.
 My hand alone my work can do,
 So I can fish and study too.

I care, not I, to fish in seas—
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please ;
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
 And seek in life to imitate.
 In civil bonds I fain would keep,
 And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
 To take, and he devours my bait,
 How poor a thing, sometimes, I find
 Will captivate a greedy mind :
 And when none bite, I praise the wise,
 Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet though while I fish I fast,
 I make good fortune my repast,
 And thereunto my friend invite,
 In whom I more than that delight.
 Who is more welcome to my dish
 Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take
 As use of taken prize to make ;
 For so our Lord was pleas'd, when
 He fishers made fishers of men ;
 Where (which in no other game)
 A man can fish and praise His name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
 Did choose to wait upon Him here,
 Blest fishers were ; and fish the last
 Food was that He on earth did taste ;
 I therefore strive to follow those
 Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

Isaac Walton.

GOD'S LOVING CARE.

BESSIE sat by the fourth-storey window of the tenement-house looking down into the noisy, dirty street. She was feeling sad and discouraged, and with good reason. Five years she had been motherless, and a few months before a severe attack of rheumatism had caused her father to lose his place ; and since then it had been hard, so very

hard, to care for the little family. Ned could earn a few pennies by selling papers, but Clara was only a little girl who had not yet seen six birthdays. And what with the bread and butter that they ate, the clothes that they wore, and the comforts that were so necessary for her invalid father, she had a life full to the brim of care.

"What makes you so sad, sister?" asked little Clara, creeping into the lap that always had a resting-place for her.

"Little birdies like you ought not to know any worries," was Bessie's answer, as she smoothed the golden hair.

"Is it because you haven't enough money?" persisted the child.

"Yes," was the almost reluctant reply.

"Have you forgotten about the birds?" asked Clara.

"What birds?" asked Bessie, who wanted the child-wisdom as God gave it.

"About the sparrows. Do you not remember how God cares for them! And are not you and I more to God than the sparrows?"

As quick as thought can fly Bessie's trusty memory recalled the many loving-kindnesses of her Heavenly Father—how, often in as great darkness as she felt about her, the light of love had shone upon her path, showing her what step to take and how to take it. And folding her arms about her little comforter, she said, "I thank you, darling, for reminding me of what I ought never to forget—that while I trust and love God as I do now, and ask for help, He will never forsake us, but will grant, as has been promised, our daily bread, whatever is good for us, and His loving care."

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

EVERY one in the little county town in which she had lived for more than forty years knew Widow Bourne. There were very few who were not "on speaking terms" with her, to use the common expression ; and there were fewer still who did not think very kindly and respectfully of her. She lived in a very simple, plain way ; for, although her children and grandchildren were well-to-do, she never moved from the humble little cottage in which her early married life had been spent, and in which she had lost the husband of her youth.

You could not look at the aged face, so calm and quiet, whatever the bustle in the street outside her window, without seeing that heavy storms had swept over it. It told plainly of losses that, in this world, could never be made up—of griefs far beyond the reach of human skill to heal. But the furrows through which fountains of tears had once made their way had become less and less marked and deep ; and you saw a face on which the sunlight of heavenly hope was sweetly resting, and from which it was seldom absent long together.

What first and last attracted me in her character was the serene thankfulness of her disposition under

all circumstances. At the close of the year especially it was better to me than hours of reading and thinking to hear her say, with an upward glance of the eye, "Goodness and mercy!" "Goodness and mercy!" The beautiful words of the Psalmist expressed for her exactly what she felt as she reviewed the way by which she had been led. They were the words she would have used not only in reference to one year, but to all the years of her pilgrimage.

No fact was better understood throughout the little town than that it was of no use expecting Widow Bourne to take a "despairing" view of things, however desperate they might appear. She was ever on the watch for the silver lining to the darkest cloud.

She had always the most kindly sympathy with the sufferings of her friends and acquaintances; but she gave no encouragement to feelings of despondency and despair. I remember once thinking her somewhat too brief and unsympathetic in her reply to one in middle life, who had told her a melancholy story of the year's losses and disappointments. She heard patiently all the strong things he had to say without a word. She even heard him say that all hope was at an end now, and that it was no use striving any longer. I wondered how she would meet a state of mind like this. Presently a gentle smile lit up the aged face, as she said softly, "I am alive."

At the time her words seemed as cold and as comfortless as any that could have been spoken. But there came a day, and that soon, when the friend

to whom they were specially addressed found in them a well-spring of faith and courage. He found in the widow's simple saying a mighty reason why he should hope, and absolutely no reason at all why he should despair. He looked upon the fact of his being alive, after all the trouble through which he had passed, as a gracious reason on the part of God why he should bestir himself to renewed exertion; and he did this with such hearty goodwill that it was not long before the dark cloud which had threatened to be his overthrow had passed away, and there came clear shining after the rain.

Her favourite words, "Goodness and mercy," would fall gently from her lips when she thought of her own shortcomings during a year that was about to close, or when she would impart consolation unto others. She used to say sometimes that she forgot everything but her sins; and these, she said, she always desired to remember until they were forgiven. Without a flaw in her Christian character that could

be visible to others, she had the lowliest estimate of herself, and in penitence and faith would earnestly supplicate forgiveness through the merits of her blessed Lord. She never sought the "goodness and mercy" of the Lord to be extended to her in vain; and when the joy of pardoned sin reigned in her heart, when she could deeply feel that God, for Christ's sake, had really put away her sin, her thankfulness would give a momentary strength to the weak, trembling voice in which, old though she was, she would try to "sing aloud of His righteousness."

The comfort she herself experienced in accepting the Gospel in the spirit of a little child—in believing that God, for Christ's sake, does put away the sin of every sinner who humbly casts himself upon the sacrificial death of Jesus—she endeavoured to make others realise could come but in one way. "Faith in the finished work of Christ," she would say to old and young, "was God's great cure for every heart-ache caused by sin." To those who had many stirrings of

conscience, who offered many prayers, and still continued strangers to "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," she would simply say, "There is but one way. Jesus died for sinners. I am a sinner. He died for me."

"Goodness and mercy!" she would gratefully exclaim, as she reviewed the mercies of the closing year. She had so much to be thankful for that she would not allow griefs and trials to check her gratitude. She had that rare gift of having as keen a remembrance of the bright days of life as



of the gloomy, and would smilingly say to those who were ever complaining, "Was there no sunshine? Was there not one little bit?" And when, by this plan, the "one little bit" was discovered, it was surprising how large it grew, and how much more people found they had to rejoice over, and give thanks to God for, than they had to mourn over.

"Goodness and mercy" were among the closing words of the dear, faithful soul whom I last saw when the year itself was closing, and to whom in this world it was never to be that I should say again, "A happy new year to you!" A long, long life was lying behind her; but by far the greatest part of it had been devoted to Him who had made it a joy notwithstanding many tears, a victory notwithstanding many defeats. She knew in whom she had believed, and quietly entered into the joy of her Lord. Goodness and mercy had followed her all the days of her life, and now she dwells in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

MARY TOPHAM, and George Ramsden had got married. Mary had been housemaid at Mrs. Johnson's, of Greenhills; and George was a warehouseman in a cloth warehouse in Leeds.

They had been engaged a long time—nearly four years. They would have liked very well to be married sooner, but for one thing, Mrs. Johnson, who was an invalid, did not want to part with Mary; and then, again, she and George had agreed that they would wait till they could furnish their house comfortably without getting into debt.

Mary had been early left an orphan, and when her father and mother died, she had been greatly indebted to Mrs. Oldfield, who got her into an orphanage, and who also, when the time came that she should leave, found her first place for her. In other ways, too, she had shown Mary great kindness. Indeed, she had never lost sight of her.

Every now and then, Mrs. Oldfield, who lived in Halifax, wrote to Mary, and Mary wrote to her. Indeed, there was nothing of any importance to Mary's interests which she did not tell her friend. Now and then, too, when she had a holiday, she went over to Halifax to see her. Of course she told her about George Ramsden.

Long before George and Mary got married, they agreed that whenever they got a house of their own, Mrs. Oldfield should be one of their very first visitors. Accordingly, a few weeks after their marriage, Mary wrote to her to ask her to go and see them; and it was arranged that she should go on the following Saturday afternoon and stay over the Sunday.

George went to meet Mrs. Oldfield at the railway station, and conducted her to their home, where, it is needless to say, Mary gave her a most hearty welcome.

Who ever knew a young wife who had a nice, newly-furnished house, whether it was a working-man's cottage or a rich man's mansion, who was not proud to show her friends, and especially her female friends, over it? Mary was no exception to this rule; and as soon as tea was over she took Mrs. Oldfield round her house. The old lady was greatly delighted. Everything was just to her mind. There was not a single article that was tawdy or flimsy; but everything was good and substantial. It seemed as though, with ordinary care, the furniture might last a lifetime.

But Mrs. Oldfield was a great deal more pleased with Mary's husband. She soon saw enough to make her feel sure that he was a kind, God-fearing man. They had family worship both morning and evening; and almost as soon as breakfast and prayer were over on the Sunday morning, George set off to the Sunday-school. He had gone there every Sunday, first as a scholar and then as a teacher, ever since he could remember; and neither Mary nor he saw any reason why he should leave off because he had got married. Mrs. Oldfield and Mary met him at the chapel-door in time for divine service, and they all sat together. In the afternoon George went again to the Sunday-school, and they all went to chapel again in the evening.

Mrs. Oldfield said the Sunday was over before she knew where she was; which was a sign she had enjoyed it very greatly. Indeed, she said she did not know when she had spent such a happy day.

The following morning Mrs. Oldfield was prepar-

ing to go back to Halifax; but both Mary and George pressed her to stay a day or two longer, more especially as George was going from home for some days on business for his master. Mrs. Oldfield gladly consented, and a very good thing it was she did, for Mary and she had some talk together that evening which Mary found a great blessing, and which she never forgot.

It began by Mrs. Oldfield saying, "Well, Mary, I think you have got a good husband, and that you have a fair prospect, if God should

spare you, of being very happy."

"Yes," replied Mary, "and I am very thankful; but it's a new sort of life for me, and I sometimes wonder how I shall get on; but I must try to do my best."

"I am sure you will do that, Mary," replied her friend; "but you must ask God to help you. He will give you all the wisdom and grace you may need for your new duties. He has done this for tens of thousands, and He'll do it for you, if you ask Him."

We have not room to report their conversation at length; but here are a few things which Mrs. Oldfield said, which perhaps some young wives—and even some who are no longer young—may find worth considering.

"You love your husband, and your husband loves you; but you will soon find, if you have not found already, that you are neither of you perfect. You will find out his faults, and he will find out yours.



You will both have to forbear and forgive. You will have to try, too—but without saying much about it—to make each other better.

“Remember it always takes two to make a quarrel. If one says a hasty or angry word, let the other give back a kind and gentle one, or else be silent.

“Whatever you do, keep out of debt. I was glad to hear you say that everything in the house was paid for, and that you owed nothing to anybody. Keep to that all through. Don't buy anything you cannot pay for, however nice it may be, or however cheap, or however much you would like to have it. Once get into debt, and there is no knowing when you will get out of it. So far as I have seen, when a working man is a steady man, and he and his wife get into debt, it is far more likely the fault rests with the wife than with the husband. Put everything down, and square up every week.

“Have no secrets from your husband—whether your own secrets or anybody else's. They are almost sure to be found out sooner or later; and when found out they are certain to cause jealousy and distrust.

“Don't be in haste to make neighbours. Get to know who people are before you become familiar with them. Above all, don't have gossiping neighbours, who will only waste your time with idle talk. Don't go to such people's houses, and if they come to yours, treat them civilly, but go on steadily with your work. They won't come often.

“Don't want to have your husband always tied to your apron-strings. He'll wish to go and see his friends sometimes, or to go to meetings, or to the news-room. Above all, don't grudge his absence now and then when you have reason to think he's doing good. But always have everything nice and pleasant for him in the house. Have a bright fire-side, and be yourself as neat and tidy and cheerful as you were before you were married, so that he may always feel 'there's no place like home.'

“There cannot be two masters in the same house. I hope you and your husband will always be so much of one mind that the question will never arise who is to rule; but if it should arise, my notion is—and I base my notion on what the Bible says—it is the wife who should give way, and not the husband; always, of course, excepting when what he wants is something wrong, as the Apostle Paul says, only 'as unto the Lord.'

Any wife who tries to carry out these counsels of good Mrs. Oldfield can scarcely fail to make her husband very happy, and to have a happy time of it herself.

LOWRI WILLIAMS, THE APOSTLE.

“**L**OWRI! Why that is a woman's name.”

“Yes, it is; and Lowri Williams was a woman.”

“Well, but you called her an apostle; how could that be?”

“Just so, I did; but I only repeated the title given to her in the place where she lived, and by

which she is remembered and sometimes talked of still. I will tell you why she was so called, and then you will be able to judge for yourself whether the title was well bestowed or otherwise.

“It was in the days when Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho, and Howell Harris, of Trevecca, and some others like-minded and like-gifted, lived and laboured in their beloved Wales. The Gospel had spread much, and there were not a few men and women who were very earnest and zealous in seeking the good of their country by means of the preaching of the Gospel. Lowri was one of these.

“She was a poor woman, living with her husband at a fulling-mill in Carnarvonshire. The husband was not a religious man, but he yielded to his wife in allowing the Methodist preachers to hold service in his house. For this they were turned out of their home and employ. But God found another home for them at a fulling-mill in Merionethshire.

“Here they were a long distance from the means of grace Lowri so much loved, the two nearest places being fifteen and eighteen miles distant. But the good woman not only went to hear the preachers, she got some to come and hold services in her house. Her conversation and the preaching together were blessed to the conversion of many people. A society was formed, meeting in her house, which, being a fulling-mill between two streams, was called the 'Noah's Ark Family.' Lowri was very earnest to have the Gospel spread and souls saved. She got preachers to attend at various places; she talked to almost every-one she met with about the 'one thing needful'; and she was mighty in prayer to God for a blessing on her own soul, and for the salvation of her neighbours. She spent much time alone in a wood near her house wrestling with God. These places were her Peniels.

“It is said she would let no opportunity slip. As sure as any one talked to her, she would tell of man's ruin by sin, and how Jesus Christ came to seek the wandering and save the lost.

“One day a young man was on his way to one of those merry-makings so common in Wales at that time, and so commonly attended with evil. He inquired of Lowri a safe place to cross a neighbouring stream. She went out and gave him directions, but just as she was turning back she asked him, 'Now, my young man, are you in the habit of inquiring the way to everlasting life sometimes on the Sabbath?'

“'No, never,' said he. 'I do not care at all about such things.'

“'Then,' said she, 'come here to my house at such a time, and there will be a man showing you the way to heaven.'

“'Not I, indeed,' said the young man; and he went his way. When Lowri had spoken for God, it was her custom to speak to God. She prayed earnestly for this young man. God did not disregard her supplication. Her words were fastened in his conscience as a nail in a sure place. He came to the preaching. The word was blessed to him. He joined the little community, so that it was no longer the 'Noah's Ark Family.' He became exemplary for

piety, and his conversation made him the terror of all the sinners in the neighbourhood.

"He was zealous also in getting preachers to evangelise the district. As for Lowri, he continued her labours in her own humble and unobtrusive way, so that before she was called to her rest she had been the means of establishing eighteen churches in that part of Merionethshire, numbering about a thousand communicants.

"Now whether she was an apostle or not in the sense in which people called her so, she filled a very useful sphere, and was greatly used of God for His glory in the salvation of souls. And that is just the purpose for which all of us should seek to live."

There are many ways in which we can serve God, whether we are men or women, old or young, rich or poor. To live for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, should be our aim always and everywhere, and we do not live aright unless that is our endeavour.

Let us never yield to fear. Let us seek of God to teach us what He would have us do. None of us can, if we truly love the Lord Jesus, live to himself: we must live to Him. Let our prayer be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Whatever that may be, may the love of Christ constrain us to do it with our might.

R. S.

THE DIFFERENCE OF FACES.

IN what extreme confusion must the world for ever have been, but for the variety which we find to exist in the faces, the voices, and the hand-writings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust.

But now man's face can distinguish him in the light; his voice in the dark; and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?

Derham.

ONLY FOLLOW!

IF one intends to follow anything it is certain that something or somebody must lead. Suppose that in case of war there was no leader, no one to show the troops where to march, what confusion there would be. Instead, the eyes of every man are fixed upon the one who directs them where to go, and in silence they follow him even unto death.

It is the same with our spiritual warfare. When Joshua assembled the tribes at Shechem, he reminded them of the goodness of God to them and to their fathers; he said unto them that they had come to a place where it was necessary for them to choose whom they would serve.

That is just the place to which every man and

woman must come, to decide whom they will follow. The sheep hear the Shepherd's voice, and they follow Him. "Who is on the Lord's side?" What if instead of a banner there is a cross to carry, do not they who carry the cross wear the crown? As the gladiator flushed with victory in the arena was crowned amid the acclamations of thousands, so they who carry the cross, not hesitatingly, not vauntingly, but simply upon the shoulder as they follow Christ, will be crowned before the assembled multitudes of heaven.

Is it not worth striving for? With such a Leader, waiting with superhuman patience to lead us, standing with loving arms outstretched, as an earthly father asks a child to come to him to be cared for and protected and loved, saying to us, "Only follow Me, and all will be right." Is it not easy to follow where He leads, knowing that He doeth all things well?

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide—
With a childlike trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend at my side.
The only thing that I say to Him
As He takes it is, 'Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last.'"

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow—
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.



A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.



"ROLLING stones gather no moss," an old proverb says, and it is quite true. Until they settle down, keep quiet, and cease to roll, no moss ever will, or ever can, gather upon them. They will be as bald and smooth as a shaven crown. You will have to look elsewhere for your moss, for never a bit will you gather there.

Now, it probably matters very little to you or me whether stones gather moss or not. But the principle of the thing, as I think I can show you, matters a great deal. For stones are like people, and rolling people are like rolling stones, and when people begin to "roll" they gather no moss either, nor anything beautiful or useful, in fact. There is no greater mistake in the world than to fancy that rolling stones do gather moss.

Look at it from a worldly point of view. The young man who can never settle down to any one thing, but shifts about from one business to another, and becomes everything by turns and nothing long, is generally a ne'er-do-well, who has to be kept by his mother. Variety may be "charming" to some people, but it brings no grist to the mill. It is the man who chooses his business, sticks to it, puts his back into it, and never budges an inch from his decision, who gathers the "moss;" or, to put it in other words, who pays his way, becomes independent, and puts by money in the bank.

But the proverb is still more instructive from a spiritual point of view. Here, too, "rolling stones gather no moss."

Now let me point out certain directions in which many people are like rolling stones.

There are certain rolling worshippers, who can never settle down to any one place of worship. They spend their Sundays in roaming from church to church, and they are never contented unless they are perpetually on the move. That these persons gather no spiritual blessing is more than evident. They are as barren as the proverbial rolling stone itself. My advice to such is: settle down somewhere; cease this rolling business, and begin in downright earnest to care for

your souls. Itching ears and a neglected soul are ever found together. Then there are rolling Christians whose rolling is between religion and the world. They are religious one day and worldly the next. They ring the changes on the Bible and trashy novels; on the church and the theatre; on Christian work and the dance; on prayer and gossip; on God's house and the public house. Poor Christians! They sometimes wonder why they don't get on; why they are often so depressed; why they have no influence on those around them; why their words fall so flat on others' ears; why, in fact, they gather no moss. The reason, of course, is "rolling stones gather no moss."

Once more, there are what we may call rolling sinners—men and women who would fain be Christians, but who roll about so hopelessly in their attempts to decide that they "gather no moss." To-day they think they will give their hearts to the Lord; to-morrow they decide to "wait a bit." And so from day to day they roll between decision and undecidedness, between life and death, and never decide for Christ. Ah! my brothers, my sisters, you will never secure salvation in that way. You must settle down at the feet of the crucified One, and give up that rolling indecision, and once for all give up your hearts to the waiting Saviour. For God's sake, don't be "rolling stones" any longer.

Let me now in conclusion point out two side facts in connection with rolling stones.

There would be fewer collisions if there were fewer rolling stones. There would be no collisions if there were no rolling people. How can people who are still, and steady, and at rest, roll against anybody? The trouble is that it is the rolling stones who give the quiet ones credit for the collision.

Rolling stones often unsettle steady ones. What is true on the mountain-side is quite as true in a home or a parish. Terrible tempters are rolling worshippers, rolling Christians, and rolling sinners. They are almost as treacherous to others as to themselves.

May God deliver us all from being rolling stones! May He so fix and settle us that we may set to work with a will, and "gather" for eternity! Then, like the Psalmist of old, we shall always be able to say, "O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise."

Rev. Charles Courtenay.

SAVED FROM THE HORSES' FEET, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A stalwart trooper seized and lifted the child on to his saddle.

THE following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian Cavalry a few years ago.

A little girl standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of cavalry came sweeping round from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress,

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who was seated in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child. The mother was paralysed, as were the others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators.

The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable, and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a hundred iron hoofs.

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one. Another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart trooper, who was in the front line, without slackening speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized, and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth this gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress.

And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the soldier when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

—♦♦♦—
RESTITUTION.

THE man who wilfully wrongs his fellow-man cannot obtain the favour of God until the spirit of this law is fulfilled in his heart; when, if it be within the range of possibility, he will give proof of it by actual restitution. This law applies as directly to theft of character as it does to theft of property. The man who, by detraction and slander, robs his neighbour of his good name, cannot obtain pardon from God, until by confession to the injured party, and reparation of the injury done, so far as it is in his power, he fulfils the demands of the law of restitution.

Many persons, and not a few professors of religion, are engaged in the miserable business of spreading slanders wholesale and retail; and yet they wonder why they do not enjoy the blessed assurances of Divine favour, as in other years.

The practical operation of this law was illustrated by the case of a sailor who embraced religion in the *Bethel*, in San Francisco, some years ago. For the illustration of the point in question, I will here insert an extract from a letter I received from him the day he sailed from that port:—

“Kind Friend,—I am afraid I did not give you such a cordial reception as I ought this morning; or thank you enough for your kindness in bringing me those books. But you will pardon me, as your visit was unexpected; and I had just come out from a set of drunken sailors in the fore-castle, where I had been to get my breakfast. So be kind enough to receive my earnest thanks, now that I have time to address myself to you; though my ideas are very much confused, as I am forced to write this in the fore-castle among a set of sailors who are still half-drunk, and swearing and talking around me.

“I was very glad to see you this morning, as I was getting rather discontented with my situation, having heard a very bad name of the ship, but your visit drove my discontentedness away at once, and I now feel quite happy. I have been thinking of, and

praying to the Lord all day, and so have been able to keep evil thoughts out of my head.

“I will now give you a brief sketch of my life. I was born in Chester, England, and brought up in London. My friends are all religious. My father died when I was thirteen. I then went to live with my uncle, E. D., who is now, with his wife and family, living at New Town, Geelong, Australia. I got tired of my uncle's house, and he apprenticed me to a baker at Bracknell in Berkshire, England, in 1817. I served the baker about four months, when I robbed him and ran away.

“Since then I have been going to sea. I came here in the *Flying Dutchman*, in October last; and it is to make restitution to the baker that I am now going to England, by way of Calcutta and the States, not trusting to that act for my salvation, but to show my friends that my repentance is sincere.

“Since I have been at sea I have given myself up to all sorts of wickedness, and I believe I have not been more than half a dozen times to a place of worship during the whole term of my sea life till I came to California. Since then I have heard you preach several times. Oh, sir, if my friends in England only knew what a change has come over me, how happy they would be. I know they are always praying for me.

“I often think of the text, ‘Be sure your sin will find you out.’ It has found me out often on the deep. Perhaps you noticed my teeth being broken. That was done by a fall from aloft when I was in the Mediterranean once. If I had died then I should have gone to hell. And several other times have I narrowly escaped death, because God kept me safe for this hour.

“On Sunday last some old acquaintances were trying to persuade me to cheat the boarding master, and go with one of them in a sloop for more than twice the wages I am getting here, but I refused and went to the *Bethel*, not knowing that these things were going to happen. At another time I should have gone with them in a minute. I can see the Lord's hand in it all.”

Here we see a young man, under the promptings of the law of restitution, which “the Holy Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts,” leaving the land of gold, where he desired to stay, and where he had a fair opportunity to make money, to circumnavigate the globe for the purpose of restoring what he had taken when a boy. God takes “the will for the deed,” only when the deed is impossible. Rev. W. Taylor.

—♦♦♦—
WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

WHAT think ye of Christ? whose Son can He be?
 What think ye of Christ? what a Saviour is He!
 What think ye of Christ, as a gift from above?
 What think ye of Christ, full of mercy and love
 What think ye of Christ as He hung on the tree
 What think ye of Christ as He suffered for thee
 What think ye of Christ as He rose from the grave
 What think ye of Christ still Almighty to save?

HE MIGHT HAVE SAID, "THANK YOU."

JOHN DAVIS looked very indignant as he made this remark, and well he might. He and some other workmen were sitting on the steps of a partly-built house, eating their dinners, when a ragged, famished-looking fellow came up to them and asked if they would give him a spare copper.

The man looked miserable enough, but there was a something in his face which seemed to say that his condition was not altogether caused by misfortune, and all the workmen, except John Davis, turned a deaf ear to his appeal. John did not answer it by a gift of money. If he had wished to do so he would not have been able, for he had brought none from home with him. But his wife always sent him an abundant supply of food, and, he thought to himself, "Poor fellow! I will spare him a slice of bread and meat and a drink of coffee."

Accordingly, John divided his remaining provisions, and putting one half into a piece of clean paper, he handed it to the man, who, without a word of thanks, began to devour the food.

This was not a pleasant way of receiving a kindness, but John Davis was of a pitiful temperament, and again he said to himself, "Hunger is a sharp thorn. The poor fellow is half-famished, and in his hurry to begin he forgot his manners. He shall have the coffee all the same." So he rinsed out his tin pannikin, and having filled it with the steaming coffee, he passed it to the man.

"None of that stuff for me," said the beggar, gruffly. "I can't abide your milk-and-water wishy-washy drink. If it had been a glass of good beer, or if you had joined and given me a copper or two to get something as would comfort a fellow, it would ha' been real charity. I'll not rob you o' that;" and the beggar, having pushed aside the vessel which John Davis was offering for his acceptance, with such a rough hand that most of its contents were spilled, strode sturdily away.

Now John had really exercised some self-denial in giving the man a portion of his meal. He had been a little out of sorts in the morning, and had not eaten much breakfast, but the fresh air and hard work had given him a keen appetite for his dinner. Generally he had a little to spare, but on this occasion he would not have been sorry if his wife had put in an extra slice. Seeing the need of this poor vagabond human brother, John did not ask himself whether he deserved the help; if he had, he might have turned from him as his mates had done, for vice and intemperance had left unmistakable marks on the face of the wretched wayfarer. But John's thoughts were compassionate ones, and he said, "I could easily eat all I have and more, but his need is greater than mine: he shall share what is left."

It was hard to receive such a return for his self-denying kindness, and as John first looked ruefully at his garments, down which the spilled coffee was coursing, and then after the man who was already importuning a gentleman for spare coppers, he said, in an aggrieved tone, "He might have said, 'Thank you.'"

Most of the men laughed, and congratulated themselves on not having been so easily taken in. "I saw what sort of a customer he was," remarked one. "He wouldn't get round me," remarked another; "but you are always so soft-hearted, John."

"Ay, you have hit it," remarked an older workman, who had watched this little scene with sorrowful interest. "It was John's soft-heartedness that saw the man's need, and gave him relief without taking his worthlessness into account. I agree with John that he might have said, 'Thank you;' but it is plain to see that he was not of the thankful sort. I'm afraid a good many of us are like him in that respect."

"Come, now, Edwards, you are a bit too hard," replied one of his hearers. "We mayn't be very mannerly, but I hope there's none of us that would take a kindness without giving a thank, or would go and knock a can of coffee over the man that was holding it out for us to take, and then bolt across the street without showing that we were obliged to him, if even we weren't thirsty enough for such wishy-washy drink."

There was another laugh, for the speaker imitated the gruff tones and indignant looks of the beggar so exactly, that even John Davis's face relaxed into a smile.

"I don't suppose there is, mates," said old Edwards, good-humouredly. "We are mostly fairly civil to one another; but I wasn't thinking of human friends when I spoke. We are mostly middling civil to them, as I said before. Our very selfishness keeps us up to the mark, because it is not a comfortable thing to live amongst people if we do not mind whether we please or vex them. We get paid back in our own coin. I was thinking of One who is 'kind to the unthankful and the evil,' who, in bestowing His good gifts, looks, not at our deservings, but our needs, and measures them, not by our worthiness, but by His own great love in Christ Jesus. He holds out His hand filled with mercies and favours, bought for us by the blood shed on Calvary, and though they have cost so much, and are for the eternal happiness of our immortal souls, we will have none of them. Do we show ourselves more thankful to God than that poor lost fellow did when he pushed aside the wholesome draught John Davis offered? Don't we choose what is likely to harm us, and refuse what is best for us? We are eager enough after the bread that perisheth, but what do we care for the Bread of Life which came down from heaven to save our perishing souls? We are ready enough to hold out our hands and clutch at what men call 'riches,' but how many of us are as eager in the pursuit of those spiritual blessings which 'are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold?'"

"Well said, old preacher," remarked one of the men, as Edwards paused for a moment. "Trust you for getting a sermon out of a queer text, though I hardly thought a beggar man would have found you one."

Old Edwards smiled, and answered, "The beggar man and John Davis together: and I haven't quite

finished my sermon yet. It might do us all good to think how many blessings we have already received this day from the bounteous hand of our Father in heaven, for which we have never thought of saying 'Thank you.' If the reckoning up of these don't find us work for our minds whilst our hands are busy, I am much mistaken."

At this moment the bell sounded, which summoned the men to their work, and there was no more time for talk; but judging by the thoughtful look on the faces of some of them, old Edwards' words would not be altogether thrown away.

Ruth Lamb

THE EFFECTS OF A BIBLE CLASS.

HERE lately died in China a very promising young surgeon named Harold A. Schofield, a man of first-class education, and to whom brilliant prospects in life were opening in England, when he chose, for the sake of his Lord and His work, to forsake all, and to devote life and energy to the welfare of the heathen. This striking act of self-sacrifice was brought about through the reading of the Bible and Christian works, which brought untold blessing to Harold Schofield's own soul, and then taught him to realise the pitiable condition of those who, in a more literal sense than people are sometimes disposed to think, are really perishing for lack of knowledge. Do any doubt this mighty power of God's Word to confer that which blesses the body while it raises the soul? Let such take to heart the following facts, which were related by Mr. Schofield in one of his letters about twelve years ago.

On one occasion, in a London dining-room, the young medical student encountered an elderly Frenchman, who in his youth had been converted through attending a Bible class which was conducted at Geneva and Montauban by Robert Haldane. The well-informed Frenchman was painfully aware of what his native land chiefly needed; and he illustrated this by telling of something which had occurred on the estate of a certain Baron de la Tour.

The Baron's estates were of the reputed annual value of £15,000; but in consequence of the dishonesty of subordinates, the actual income was only a fifth of that amount. The Baron was not a Christian man; but having a shrewd notion that the disciples of Christ were not thieves, he applied to M. M—— to recommend to him a steward. The friend thus applied to mentioned a certain small landholder, who was well competent to take the situation, and who was besides a devoted Christian man. After seeking direction from God, the farmer decided on accepting the responsible situation in which he would have the oversight of about 300 men, a large proportion of whom were known to be bad characters. Reserving the right of discharging such as he thought proper, the new manager, who in everything acted on Christian principles, during the first year doubled his master's income, while the receipts kept on increasing.

He did more than all this, however, for he sought

to extend to the workpeople the blessings of religion such as he himself enjoyed. As many as 180 were seen together in one congregation, to whom the steward preached the Gospel, and many of these became true converts. The influence which the Bible exercised on that estate through the godly manager is the power which must save France from the many dangers which threaten her if she is to be saved at all.

In connection with this subject, we may add that the Gospel is now being preached in France as it has never been before since the Reformation; and, therefore, great as the threatening danger may seem to be when socialism and infidelity are rampant, there is still hope for the people, if they will only profit by the boon that is held out to them. What the Gospel did on the Baron's estate, it can still accomplish in the family and in the nation. There is no limit to the good it is able to bestow.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms
of May,

And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the
hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be
even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of
heaven!

Hdbcr.

The Names of the Bible.—The Word is a land flowing with milk and honey, and we should spare no pains nor labour in order to gain it. God has given it eminent names, that He might draw our affections more towards it. It is called a lamp to guide our feet, and a light to our paths. It is a guide to conduct us; a medicine to heal us; a bridle to restrain and hold us in; a sword to defend us; water to wash us; a fire to make us warm; salt to season and purify us; milk to nourish us; wine to cheer us; a treasure to enrich us; and a key to unlock for us the gate of heaven. Thus the Word has every name given to it, that we may seek it instead of anything else.

Holland.

A STORY FROM AN OLD BOOK.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—LUKE xv. 7.

AND He said, A certain man had two sons :
And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat : and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger !

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet :

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry :

For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

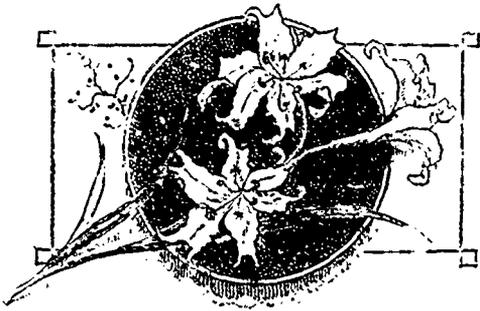
And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment : and yet thou never



gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.



I SEE THEM ALL.

THE question of all others is frequently asked, and with tearful anxiety, when friends are taking their last earthly farewell of each other—"Shall we meet again?" Our Queen put it to her dying husband, and it has been put by thousands and tens of thousands of loving hearts throughout all generations.

We really need no more than the teaching of Holy Scripture to assure us that heaven is the Father's house, where His redeemed children will all be of one family; and where, as Peter, James, and John knew Moses and Elias, who had died ages before them, we shall become acquainted and hold converse with the great and good of all time.

This was the question which a minister of Christ put to himself many times when on his death-bed. He was very aged, and weary and worn with toil for his Master. From his boyhood he had been engaged in Christian service, and could say with truth, "I Thy servant serve the Lord from my youth." He had outlived his wife and two or three of his children. Of the congregation to whom he had preached his first sermon only two or three remained. Instead of the fathers had risen up the children, and the babies whom he had fondled in infancy were the men and women of a new generation.

As he grew older he went more and more back into the past, and vividly recalled scenes and associations of forty and fifty years ago—far more vividly than occurrences of merely a month back. The old place of worship in which he had ministered so long became peopled to his memory with the faces that looked upon him when he was quite a stripling; he remembered them in connection with certain sermons he had preached, and with certain snatches of conversation which told more of their real character than a bulky volume would have done. He remembered ministers with whom he had travelled and worked for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and over whose graves he had repeatedly wept tears of tenderness.

They were too vividly in his mind for him to believe that they were not in existence; his faith and love were too strong to allow him for a moment to believe that they were not in the Father's house in serene, perfect happiness. But where was that house not made with hands? How far or how near? In the moment, the most mysterious moment, when the mortal puts on immortality, should he find him-

self amongst any of the sweet companionships of earth? He left the whole question in the hands of his Redeemer, believing that where He was heaven must be, and that his joy would be perfect, and that he should be complete in Him. Yet frequently on his feeble lips were sometimes murmured and sometimes sung to an old tune of his boyhood the words of Charles Wesley's noble hymn—

"My old companions in distress
I haste again to see,
And eager long for my release,
And full felicity.

E'en now by faith I grasp the hands
Of those who've gone before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

A few minutes before his death his face became radiant with a Divine expression, and the glory of heaven took away the gloom from death. With the last effort of expiring nature, he clasped his hands in prayer, and then said in a more audible voice than he had spoken for days, "I see them all! I see them all! They are coming to welcome me, and to receive me into everlasting habitations!" Then he mentioned friend after friend, and while doing so with a smile on his lips, which remained on them for two or three days afterwards, he breathed his last.

Not long ago the writer attended the death-bed of a Christian lady, who years before had lost her mother, in whom her life seemed to be bound up. As her end drew near, she fell into a state of apparent unconsciousness, from which no one thought she would ever awake again.

A minute or two before she died, the eyes that had long been closed suddenly opened, and she cried, with a voice that startled every silent weeper by her bedside, "Mother! Mother!" Then she departed, as we all believed, to be for ever with her mother, and for ever with her Lord.

These are helps by the way which our gracious God occasionally gives us to encourage us to believe that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived, the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him. It is only natural that we should ask—

"Can the grave those ties dis sever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must we part, and part for ever,
With the friends we leave behind?"

To this, revelation boldly and mercifully answers, "No!" On quiet Sabbaths, when the thought of the dead steals tenderly over our spirits; in quiet walks through the churchyards in which their precious dust lies sleeping, let us not count it fancy when we so vividly realise their existence and their blessedness. But let the thought of their perfect purity animate us to walk as those who are anticipating the inheritance of the saints in light. If we are Christians, we believe that at any moment we may find ourselves translated into their holy society. Are we at all times in the mood for such a translation?

THE GREAT LOSS.



TOWARDS the close of the last century, there was a preacher living in Cardiganshire, named David Morris. He had a son who far surpassed him in talents, but the father was a man of note, because by his ministry God wrought wonders of grace in some parts of Wales, especially in the north.

Like most of the great preachers of his day, he made frequent tours—evangelistic excursions we might call them—preaching two or three times a day as he proceeded on his journey. Some of these preaching expeditions were very successful. There was scarcely a sermon delivered by him that was not made the means of the conversion of souls, and in several cases a great number were brought to God by the means of one discourse.

On one of these journeys he preached at a place near Rippont Bridge, in Anglesea. The text was: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The state of the people in Anglesea at that time was deplorable. There was but little true religion, and vice and ungodliness walked abroad openly with bold front and brazen face. The people generally were given to impiety. He knew, he saw, he felt their condition, and he travailed in spirit for their salvation. His heart was melted with compassion for them in their ignorance, sin, and shame. He warned them of their danger, and told them of their mercy in being permitted to hear the good tidings of salvation—the voice of Mercy Incarnate: "Deliver him from going down into the pit. I have found a ransom."

So deeply was he moved at the sight of the multitude before him, perishing in their sins, as he feared, through the neglect of the things that make for peace, that he burst into a long and dolorous shout, while every line of his face bore witness of his intense feeling: "Oh, ye people of the great loss—the great loss!" But the English does not at all fully convey the idea, or express the feeling of the preacher in his native Welsh.

It was an awful crisis. It was the bursting forth on the people of the tempest of feeling in the preacher's soul. They swayed before his words like reeds before a strong wind. It was a time of love; a season in which the mighty power of God was put forth; a crisis of deliverance, of victory, and of joy. Many were brought to repentance, many were led to Christ; and the churches in the neighbourhood received numerous accessions as the result of that one sermon. Though well on towards a hundred years have passed since then, there are old people in Anglesea who still talk about that sermon, as they heard of it from their fathers and mothers, as "the sermon of the great loss."

What cannot the power of God do, when He puts forth His might? And what may not one man, or

one voice, or one pen be the means of accomplishing, when the fire from off God's altar burns on the heart?

But the great loss. Alas! how many everywhere are in the same wretched plight! Money, health, possessions, earthly wisdom, are nothing as weighed against the soul. The possession of the whole world could not counterbalance the loss of one soul. Remember it is your own soul. You may not have riches, you may not have wisdom, you may not have many earthly friends, but the poorest and meanest has something more and better than all—he has a soul, a precious soul, an immortal, never-dying soul. It is your own in a sense in which nothing else is your own. No one can share its responsibilities; no one can answer for its misuse of opportunities; nothing can make up for its loss.

Lost we all are by sin, and sinful wanderings from God. But Christ, the Good Shepherd, came to seek and save the lost. The Gospel shows us the way. He is the way. Forsaking sin, believing in Jesus, accepting salvation at His hands as God's free gift of love, we shall never perish. All sin's loss will be retrieved; all our transgressions forgiven, our offences blotted out. Our peace, our portion in God, our eternal happiness, will be secure for ever. Committing our souls to the care and keeping of Him who died to save us, we shall never perish, but have everlasting life. But oh! beware of neglecting your salvation, lest you have to mourn, and others because of you, "the great loss, the great loss!"

R. S.

ALL IS WELL.

THESE were the last words of a dying believer. For more than thirty years she had been a consistent follower of the Saviour. Her last sickness was brief. She was unexpectedly called to face the realities of the unseen world. She was naturally self-distrustful, and had anticipated death with dread.

But when she at length came to die all her fears were gone. She said that death was a different experience from what she had thought. Grace abounded towards her. She was enabled to adopt as her own the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." She had great confidence in God. In her distress again and again she said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Her end was peace. Her experience was that of many a friend of Christ—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

The blessed religion of the gospel is what we all need. We need it in the changes and trials of life, and, above all, we need it when we come to die. Then, if this treasure be ours, we can truly say, "All is well." We shall go to be with Christ, and with Him all will be well with us for ever.



A HUNDRED AND NINE YEARS OLD.

THE Rev. Thomas Levi sends the following particulars respecting an aged Welshwoman, which will be read with interest. He says:—

“Margaret Morris was born, and has spent all her life in the neighbourhood of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire. She was never married. The cut is an excellent likeness. She was born in the year 1776, and though near one hundred and nine years of age at the time of my visit, she can hear well, talk and converse with ease, and until a few months ago was reading the ‘Silent Comforter’ with very great pleasure.

“She dresses herself tidily, as shown in the likeness, smiles and laughs heartily, and it is a sight to see so many teeth a hundred years old, able even yet to do the work of ‘grinders.’ She remembers well hearing Daniel Rowlands, Llangetho, the great revival preacher of Wales, preaching at the first Tabernacle at Aberystwith, and most of the old eminent preachers of the Principality. She went over the story of her conversion, which took place some eighty-five years ago.

“A preacher came to the farm-house, where she was a servant, to preach. She took two measures of potatoes to the town to be exchanged for white bread, black tea, and brown sugar, to entertain the preacher, who was to stay there over-night.

“It was a memorable meeting, the commencement of a general revival through the whole neighbourhood. And among others Margaret Morris was wounded, and there was no healing without going to the ‘Fountain filled with blood.’

“She repeated to me two long chapters in the Book of Job, and when she came to the last verses in the twenty-third chapter, her feelings overpowered her, and she broke into a stream of tears. These were the

verses that had been the means of her conversion scores of years ago. And ever since, she cannot go over these verses with dry eyes. In bidding her good-bye she held my hand in hers with as tight a grasp as if she had the strength and affection of a youth, and repeated several striking verses of God’s Word before letting me go.

“Margaret Morris passed peacefully away January 16, 1885, in her 109th year. She lived over forty years under the reign of George the Third. She was fourteen years of age when Rowlands, Llangetho, and Williams, Pauhycelyn, died.”

THE SABBATH.

THE world is full of toil ;
It bids the tra^{ff}er roam,
It binds the labourer to the soil—

The student to his home.
The beasts of burden sigh,
O’erloaded and opprest—
The Sabbath lifts its banner high,
And gives the weary rest.

The world is full of care ;
The haggard brow is wrought
In furrows as of fixed despair,
And checked the heavenward thought ;
But with indignant grace,
The Sabbath’s chastening tone
Drives money-changers from the place
Which God doth call His own.

The world is full of grief ;
Sorrows o’er sorrows roll,
And the far hope that brings relief
Doth sometimes pierce the soul.
The Sabbath’s peaceful bound
Bears Mercy’s holy seal—
A balm of Gilead for the wound
That man is weak to heal.

The world is full of sin ;
A dangerous flood it rolls,
The unwary to its breast to win,
And whelm unstable souls.
The Sabbath’s beacon tells
Of reefs and wrecks below,
And warns, though gay the billows swell,
Beneath are death and woe.

There is a world where none
With fruitless labour sigh !
Where care awakes no lingering groan,
And grief no agony :
Where Sin, with fatal arts,
Hath never forged her chains,
But deep enthroned in angel hearts
One endless Sabbath reigns.

Mrs. L. H. S’journey.

Reproof of a Friend.—Considering how many difficulties a friend has to surmount before he can bring himself to reprove me, I ought to be very much obliged to him.