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# BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.


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

Vol. VIII.—No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1884.

Whole No. 33.

## Christmas and Friendly Greetings.

HRISTMAS time is coming with all its glad reminders of a Saviour's love and good will to men. Who can be sad at Christmas time? The very name is suggestive of joyfulness. Charity and fellowship join hand in hand, and the miser's grip is a little loosened, for then, if ever, he feels the generous impulses of a better nature, strongly striving to rouse him to the nobleness of true manhood, and to exercise a little indulgence in the luxury of giving. At Christmas time, by some strange mysterious moving of men's hearts, the tide of true generosity seems to rise higher than usual. Its fullness overflows the boundary line of pure selfishness, giving to the giver, and giving for the gift. Even the very poor as a rule for a day at least can forget cleanness of teeth, Amos 4, 6, and want of bread, and have a hint of plenty. To the Christian world Christmas is the centre time of rejoicing. At earth's extremes, in the frozen north and sunny south; men, women, and children, joyfully bid one another, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." It is a time of hopefulness. The glad notes from Bethlehem's plains still echo through the centuries. The angel's song seems to rise above the clang and clash of earth's perplexing cares and troubles, "Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace; good-will among men." And why this universal gladness and rejoicing? A child was born—Jesus—the pledge that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son—to be Prince of Peace and Saviour. Let Christmas be to us a feast of gladness, a time of hopefulness and love. To be selfish in such a season, and to have no thought how others fare, would prove that our spiritual recollection is warped and stunted by sin. Christmas—glad—happy—Christmas. How it reminds us of a Saviour's large-hearted love. It tells of the "Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

**God Bless You All, and give You a High-Tide of XMAS CHEER.**

Whilst the flag of our country waves over a traffic so fatal and demoralising in its effects shall we be men if we stand idle, when active temperance work and agitation would remove the strong and protecting arm of the law from men licensed to sell AILS, WILLES AND BIEBS, spelled and disguised in winsome ways?

## Our Buds and Blossoms. Past and Future.

The quick flight of months calls upon us to announce the completion of another volume of "Buds and Blossoms." Its steady progress that continues to please old friends, and to make new ones, is a source of gratification and thankfulness to us. Evidencing that the eight years of labour in the garden of the Lord, has not been in vain, already we are reaping a reward in the results attained. If measured by the S and c. rule some may say, "what the profit, 'where the fruit?' Our reply is, we labour for eternity, and believe in due time we shall reap if we faint not. In Christian toil, wages are guaranteed, and the dividend assured, by the husbandman, whose love and power are unlimited. In commencing this *eighth volume* some faith was exercised in largely increasing the issue. More free copies have been scattered than any previous year's full issue. For the *ninth* we have planned continued growth. The many kind testimonials received, make us feel this labour cannot be in vain in the Lord, and is destined to produce fruit to the glory of God. We now ask every interested reader to take a share in the responsibility of increasing the measure of success attained.

To this end we ask your prayers, and earnest endeavour to enlarge our paying list of subscribers. You can do this by lending a copy and speaking a kind word to some friend. If you can obtain an advertisement suitable for our pages in time for January's issue it will be esteemed a favour. We thank all who have in any way aided in the past. It is only by gratuitous labour we have been enabled to pay our bills. Our expense for binding next year, will cost as much as all our outlay the first year we published "Buds and Blossoms," yet the past year has been by far the happiest and most encouraging in the work. Let us hear from you as early as possible; the replies and lists received will help and guide us in making our next contracts.

*We will pay liberally for canvassers and give a discount to any one who will take a number for free distribution.* We have suggested ways and means of helping. Results are with God in whom we trust, and for whose glory we desire to see much fruit as the result of our labour.

Up to Sept. 25th there has been 10,203 cases of cholera in Naples and 5,385 deaths, a little over one-half having proved fatal, which is an unusually large percentage. It is further said that of the victims more than three-quarters were of intemperate habits.

Ribbon of Blue and Temperance Jottings.



ON THANKSGIVING DAY our Ribbon of Blue Gospel Temperance Meetings were recommenced. Should they continue as interesting we shall have much cause to be thankful. Many said it was one of our best. The Reverends Burns, D. D., Jordan and Baker, General Gray and Mr. Fairbanks gave much practical advice, and their words were with power. Expressing their surprise and gladness at such a gathering, they said the result must be great good. At the close the practicalness of their speeches was shown by many coming forward and pledging themselves. It is intended to hold a Ribbon of Blue Gospel Temperance meeting at the Tabernacle monthly.

Master Murray collected 65 cents for the Blue Ribbon Fund.

**HARD FACTS.**—According to the carefully prepared figures of Dr. Dorchester, our country expended for the objects mentioned in the year 1883 as follows: For foreign and home missions, \$5,500,000; for public education, \$91,000,000; for meat, \$308,000,000; for bread, \$505,000,000; for intoxicating liquors, \$900,000,000. All other economical national issues sink into the merest insignificance when compared with that which proposes to save the \$900,000,000 expended for intoxicating liquors and direct it to its proper use.

Mr. James Laing, the well-known shipbuilder of Sunderland, presiding at a meeting affirmed that since 1879 a total of four and a-half millions of money had been paid week by week to the artisans in the shipbuilding and allied trades in Sunderland. It was not difficult to show—the thing was too glaring—that drink was the main cause of the present distress. Not less than £150,000 year was received by the licensed houses in the town. During the last four years £600,000 had gone in drink alone in Sunderland. Deducting one-third for the higher-class licensed houses and hotels, they had the broad fact that £100,000 a year went out of the hard earnings of the labouring population into the publicans' hands. Did they require a cause for the present distress with such facts as those before them?

We fully endorse the following sentiments, that, the necessity for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is based upon the well established and conceded facts that this traffic is the producing cause of a large part of all the crime, poverty, insanity, suicide and diseases that exist in the land; that it is the great disturber of the public peace, as well as the destroyer of domestic peace and happiness; that it renders life, liberty and property insecure, and imposes upon the community heavy burdens of taxation without equivalent or consent.

Solomon shows his wisdom, by the strictness of his temperance pledge. How deep his insight into strong drinks, deceptive, alluring, destructive power. We pledge not to drink. Solomon said, *look not on the wine.* Not only shut the mouth, but the eyes and every avenue to appetite. *Why not sign the Pledge here?*

Signed.....

The eleventh annual report of the London Temperance Hospital is just issued, and though the managers are not bound by any rigid rule to reject alcohol, yet the second instance only of its administration since the establishment in 1884, occurred this year, followed, as was the first, with death of the patient.

It is gratifying to see how well the temperance agitation is being kept up in England. It is stated that there were 6,126 petitions with more than half a million signatures sent up to Parliament this year in favor of the Sunday Closing bill, and there was not a single petition against the bill. It will be remembered that Scotland secured a Sunday law many years ago, so that, if the English bill is passed, Sunday drinking will be largely put a stop to, throughout Great Britain.

**A SERIOUS MATTER.**—In the north of England on account of the depression in the ship building there are now 100,000 men out of employment. What to do with them, in justice to the struggling and sober poor, is by no means the easy thing that certain flippant writers would have one suppose. Only a few days ago, for instance, a large employer of labor in connection with the shipping interest in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a Christian and a Baptist, stated that men who for the last five years had been earning without intermission from £5 to £7, and in a few cases even £10 a week, were, after but a few days cessation of work, absolutely penniless. It was nothing but drink, drink, drink with the men all the week, and on Saturdays men and women would drink and quarrel together. This applied to Newcastle.

My Birds.

Not long since my good friend Mr. Gaston gave me two canaries, and now twice in the day they with their merry song and their loving and cheerful warbling notes cheer my heart. They teach me a lesson. Often I stop the pen and listen; they seem to say, "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise and bless His Holy name, every day will I praise thee." Sometimes when toil-worn and carepressed, as their cheery notes have called my attention, I have mentally blessed the little songsters, and thought how glad ye seem. The damp and winter chill without stays not your glad some song, and out of the fulness of your heart, in simple trust to-day, you make the best of life, and care not for, or anticipate the morrow's sorrow, which may never come, or if it comes, be simply the bringer of mercies in disguise. O ye of little faith, are ye not of more worth than many sparrows? Why beat thyself against the cage of circumstances, and try to go beyond the boundary line of present limits? Having food and raiment, why not be thus sweetly content, and with a joyous song, wake music from some other, who like the songster may only want an awakening chirp to pour forth a flood of sweetness, at once cheering and refreshing, inspiring with the gladness of spring-tide hopefulness some wearied listening ones.

*Burlington Hawkeye.* A bachelor upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

A Tiger in the Garden.

A STORY FOR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

"I think it is horrid to have an old tiger in my garden, growing beside my sweet mignonette and tea roses, and forget-me-nots, and all the other pretty flowers," said little Ethel Brown, whose face generally sunny, was now sadly clouded.

"Oh, Ethel! a tiger! how did he get there?" exclaimed mamma apparently much alarmed.

"You know what I mean, mamma, a tiger lilly. Papa won't let me dig it up or transplant it or anything, though I've asked him again and again."

"What is the little verse you copied yesterday, that you said you were going to keep in your mind for a motto? Can you recite it this morning?"

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest,  
The work that so many ne'er do,  
The great work of making folks happy,  
May be done by a lassie like you,

repeated Ethel softly, the cloud for a moment disappearing. "But mamma," she added; "how can I make any one happy by having a horrid old tiger in my garden?"

"Papa has told you that you must let the tiger remain, and it will certainly add to his happiness if you obey him cheerfully."

"How can papa have such horrid taste?"

"Isn't 'horrid' too strong a word; I don't like to hear it so often."

"I have been trying to give up that word, mamma, but the tiger surprised me into using it again."

"I think papa likes that flower," said Mrs. Brown, because it grew in grandma's garden, when he was a little boy. Everything that grandma loved seems sacred to him. Think of your motto, Ethel dear, and be kind to the tiger for papa's sake."

Ethel had a sincere wish to follow the spirit of the little verse, so she complained no more. After a time she began to feel quite friendly, toward the once hated tiger.

Some weeks after Ethel's talk with her mother, she ran into the house in a tumult of glad excitement: "Oh mamma! my tiger isn't a tiger at all, he's a beautiful Japan lily. The bud has opened. Please come to see. Oh I'm so happy!"

Papa looked up from his paper and said, "you have been trying to make me happy and have made yourself happy as well. Don't forget the lesson your tiger has taught you my dear, that the best way to find happiness for yourself is to seek it for others."

"The Bible lesson is better" said mamma: "Even Christ pleased not himself."

EVELYN S. FOSTER.

Missionary Notes, or the Regions Beyond.

God is not only faithful and just to forgive us our sins. But judgeth a man's liberality according to what a man hath, and not according to what a man hath not. Our ability and opportunity is the measure of our responsibility. Are we doing our duty? doing what we can to make known a Saviour's love. The holy war continues, the victory is still far from complete; but in the mission field results have been obtained beyond the expectation and faith of men who counted not their lives dear unto them in such a cause, for such a Master. Earnest labour for the Lord is not only at once the privilege and the duty of the Church: it enlarges her capabilities in proportion as it extends her domain.

To successful and effective work the good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ needs to promptly obey, the ear quick to hear the voice of the leader, the eye acute to detect the approach of the enemy, hands in which their ministrations are accustomed to use the weapons of our warfare, and feet swift to run to and fro on errands for the Master.

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely, and clear the way to the next thing without letting any of them drop out between. If all professing Christians redeemed the time, what sure and effectual work might be accomplished toward the ultimate overthrow of the strongholds of sin. *The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.*

Gordon Cumming, speaking of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who are deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; or those who were bound hand and foot, and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony; a time when there was not the security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come, when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbors with fresh meat! Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work as they do. Now you pass from isle to isle. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is the hymn-singing and the most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer.

A grocer says he fully believes honest tea to be the best policy.

MR. SPURGEON has said some smart things in his day. Amongst these may be classed the following with regard to stingy Christians. Some people, says he, when urged to give, remark that what they give is "nothing to nobody," and that this is about all they give. If a man's religion does not make him generous, it is not worth preserving. We need to grow all round, not only in praying and praising, but in giving.

Sensible Nonsense.

MAUD: "Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother—'Not Like Other Girls'? I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?" Mother: "I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother, instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."

The one was the little guest of her grandmother, and had been feasted with the usual prodigality of grandparent to grandchild. When a second dish of pudding was placed before the child, the first having been dispatched with some difficulty, she looked first at the steaming dish and then at the grandmother, and, with a sigh, said: "Say, grandma, I wish I was twins."

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

Home Circle.

CLEARING THE LOT, by making a lot of lots.—The proposition is to cut up, on a plan, the Tabernacle Building Lot into 600 squares, at \$5 a square, or lot; this will clear the debt thereon, which now calls semi-annually for interest, and it will allow us to put the same to calls of a more evangelistic character, and clear the way for the larger building, which the growing congregation will soon demand. There is a general hopefulness in the scheme and its practicability. Let us hope and pray that the Lord will raise up many friends for the work, who will take from one to a number of lots. The names of the subscribers and number of lots taken will be registered on a plan to be afterwards framed and kept. And a report of lots sold will be given in B. and B. Several can join together; and time, say six months, will be given for the payments to be made.

This is the general outline. Let us work for its success.

SEWING CIRCLE.—The ladies are revived by the evident determination to clear the lot—to renewed activity. And the sewing circle is evidencing they will not lack in zeal in this matter. Friends help them at your homes. The ladies lack funds for material. It can be sent in small parcels, sufficient to keep them busy. They acknowledge this season—Mr. Gaston, 50c.; Mrs. Etter, 25c.; Mr. Avery, \$1.00; Mrs. Spry, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Peddle, material.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—The following in paying for B. & B. sent \$1.00, we therefore credit 25c. to our free list. Mrs. Manual, Mr. J. C. Robbins, Mrs. Dalrymple, Mr. Whitley, Mr. Cook, Mr. J. S. Maclean, writes: "Kindly use the \$10.00 enclosed, in the circulation of your very excellent paper. I most cordially wish you every success in the real good work you are doing for our dear loving and lovely Saviour."

THE TABERNAACLE FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION.—Papers received from Miss, Jacobs. A barrel of apples from a friend in the country. Words fail to express the sincere thankfulness of the poor people in the poor house. Often they would catch the hands that gave the apples and kiss them, and many blessings are asked upon the donors. It takes a barrel and a quarter or a barrel and half to go round amongst them all. Who will provide for further visits? Who can tell the power of an apple and a cheery word. They are very anxious for reading matter; we have not enough; illustrated papers, &c., specially desired. Can you send a few? A small sum will buy many back numbers. The workers have also visited both hospitals.

Special thanks are due to two of our friends, who by sending their horses and carriages have enabled the distributors to do the work otherwise impossible, on account of the distance and time needed in the distribution. We should be specially glad to be remembered in this work about Christmas time. We know many who are poor and our own purse is not deep or full enough.

SPECIAL DONATIONS.—We are happy to announce, although we have not all the lists to hand, that sufficient and something over is promised to give to pay the \$90 due as interest on the lot. If in one year we can raise fifteen times what we have paid annually for the ground rent of our lot, we can be clear of the burden once for all. Let us think and pray it over, and do it.

Money paid to J. F. Avery, and not mentioned in other lists, see lists next month.—Mr. J. K. Hubley, \$10.00; Mr. J. Mason, \$2.00; Mrs. Mason, \$1.50; Mrs. Barrowman, 1.50; Mr. Etter, \$1.00; Mr. Street, \$1.00; Mrs. Burgis, \$1.00; Mrs. R. Murray, \$1.00; Mrs. Chas. Covey, \$1.00; Mrs. Wyatt; \$1.00; Miss Abbie Clawson, \$1.00; an aged Baptist \$5.00 for "Building Lot." Mrs. Warner \$4.00 for lot.

Collected by Mr. Charles Blakney.—Mr. Herman, \$1.00; Mr. Chambers Blakney, \$1.00; Mr. W. T. Francis, \$2.50; Mr. Silas Hubley, \$1.00; Miss Jane Blakney, 50c.; Mr. Geo. Thornton, \$1.00; Mr. Hubley, and Fisher, \$2.00; Mr. James McPherson, \$1.00.

Collected by Mr. J. Myers.—Mr. P. Myers, \$2.00; Mr. Eli Hubley, 25c.; Mr. Aron Hubley, \$1.25; Mr. Geo. Anstry, 25c.; Mr. Stephen Hubley, \$1.00; Mr. Joseph Myers, \$1.25.

BAPTISMS.—Nov. 23, two baptised.

Olive Branches.

BIRTHS.—Nov. 7th, the wife of Mr. Halliday, a daughter, June 16th, the wife of Mr. Chadwick, a daughter. April 20th, the wife of Mr. Finley, a daughter. Aug. 18th, the wife of Mr. Hunt, a son. Nov. 21, the wife of Mr. Joseph Hubley, a son.

Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED.—On Monday, Oct. 27th, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale. Thomas A. Covey, to Jane Heartherington, both of Halifax. Nov. 5th, St. Clair Rafuse to Anna Shankle. Nov. 12th: Hugh Ross to Emma Gaetz, both of Dartmouth. Married at Mizpah Cottage by J. F. Avery.

FADED LEAVES.

DIED.—Nov. 3rd, leaving a widow to mourn his departure, Ambrose Hubley, after a long and painful illness. But the end was peace, having a good hope through faith. Reader, Remember we all do fade as a leaf.

Six Short Rules for Young Christians.

BY BROWNLOW NORTH, B. A.

- 1.—Never neglect daily private prayer, and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. (Heb. xi. 6.)
- 2.—Never neglect daily private Bible reading, and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John v. 39.)
- 3.—Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13-16.)
- 4.—If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Rom. xiv. 23.)
- 5.—Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (2 Cox. x. 12.) You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)
- 6.—Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word, and ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true?" and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. (Rom. iii. 4; John v. 10, 11.)

# SAVED BY A DOG, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



The Disappointed Searcher.

THE sagacity of dogs is well known, and how often has that sagacity, sharpened and intensified, I believe, for the occasion by Divine power, been used to show forth our Father's loving care of us! There is one story told of a shepherd who inhabited one of those glens which intersect the Grampian Mountains of Scotland. In one of his excursions to look after his flock, he carried along with him a child of three years. This is not an unusual practice amongst the Highlanders, who

accustom their children from earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time attended by his dogs, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the height when the horizon was darkened by one of

those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly among these mountains as in the space of a few minutes almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the thick darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way.

After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To continue the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous; he was therefore compelled to go home, though he had lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for many years.

Next morning at break of day our shepherd collected a band of neighbours, and set out to seek the missing one, but after a day of fruitless fatigue he was at last forced by the approach of night to descend the mountains. On reaching his cottage he found that his dog had returned, and on receiving a piece of oatcake had instantly gone off again.

For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning home disappointed he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of food had immediately disappeared. Struck by this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when as usual the dog departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him and find out the cause of this strange proceeding. The dog led the way to a cataract some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the traveller who frequents the Grampian Mountains.

Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog, without hesitation, made his way, and at last disappeared by entering a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd with some difficulty followed, and on entering, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with great complacency!

From the situation in which his child was found, it was clear that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled into the cave. The dog by means of scent had traced him to the spot, and then prevented him from starving by bringing up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child day or night except when it was necessary to go for food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

We do not need to be told how the parents treasured and loved that dog afterwards, nor how they thanked God for the child so mercifully restored to them; our imaginations can better depict the shepherd's glad return than any words could describe it.

Another and still more remarkable incident is told

of a dog in Cornwall, many years ago, but the truth of the story is well vouched for.

In the west of Cornwall is a remarkable hill, called Carn Brea, which has a quaint little castle-like building crowning its height, where a miner and his wife used to live. The miner's work often kept him the greater part of the night away from home, and his wife was left quite alone and unprotected. One morning a very large dog, quite a stranger, and very formidable in his strength, came up the hill and made a sudden friendship with the miner's wife. She was hospitable to him at first, but as night drew on tried to send him away. He, however, firmly refused to go, and after much debate with the huge dog she was obliged to allow him to remain indoors. Late at night there was a sound heard at the door; she opened it, thinking that her husband had returned earlier than usual.

The strange dog instantly sprang out and grappled furiously with some person or persons in the darkness. There was a long and terrible conflict, but at last footsteps were heard in retreat, and the huge protector again returned quietly to her side, and the door was re-fastened. But the poor lone woman was miserable from the fear lest, after all, it might have been her husband, and, lighting a lantern, she sallied forth into the darkness with the dog by her side. As they descended the hill she looked eagerly around, fancying that every moment she might come upon the prostrate figure of her miner, torn, and perhaps lifeless. Just at the foot of Carn Brea she met the unconscious husband, calmly returning after the close of his hours of subterranean labour. Ah, the joy of that meeting! The chivalrous protector, instead of springing upon the figure thus encountered in the dark, gave him a tacit approval, and disappeared into the night. His wonderful mission was accomplished, and he went on his unknown way.

Who would hesitate to attribute this remarkable intervention to the good hand of God? That blind impulse which we agree to call "instinct" is wholly insufficient to account for the appearance of the lone woman's protector at the hour of need. She could never discover whence he came or whither he went. Surely he was sent providentially! and so thought the miner's wife dwelling amid the Druidical rocks of Carn Brea.

One more incident, and then I am done. In the year 1766 the especial interposition of Divine Providence was manifested in a most remarkable manner to a poor labourer at Sunderland. This man being employed in a hedging near an old stone quarry, went to eat his dinner in one of the deep cavities, in order to be sheltered from the weather, which was stormy. As he sat down, he pulled off his hedging gloves, and threw them on the ground at some distance from each other. Being at his repast, he observed a raven take up one of his gloves in his beak, with which he flew away, shortly afterwards returning for the other and doing likewise. The man being much surprised, rose to see if he could find out the cause of so strange an

incident, and to learn what had become of his gloves. Scarcely had he cleared the quarry when, turning his head, he saw large fragments of rock fall down into the very place where he had been sitting, and where, had he continued a minute longer, he must inevitably have been crushed to pieces.

Dogs or birds, nothing is so small but it can be used for God's good purposes. We often speak of "chance" escapes, but no such thing as chance exists. However trifling the escape may appear, we may be sure it is all our Heavenly Father's doing, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ear is ever open to their cry.

J.M.

### HEAVY-LADEN.

**T**HE "heavy-laden"—who are they? Is it difficult to find them out, so as to be able to say to them with certainty, "The Lord meant you?"

Christ's words are all plain and clear. He means what He says; and He says what He means. He does not speak darkly, so that the wayfaring man or the fool may miss His meaning, or be puzzled as to its application. Man mystifies; Christ simplifies. He wants us to understand what He says.

Here He speaks to those who have a burden or burdens. He invites all burdened ones to come to Him for relief and rest. The word does not exactly mean "heavy-laden." It may, or may not, according to the case. "Laden" or "burdened" is all that it actually means. The weight of the burden He does not speak of. The kind of burden He does not specify. The way in which the burden had come, or the length of time during which it had been pressing, He does not speak of. There was a burden; and the burdened ones longed for deliverance. That is all that He implies.

The burden might be spiritual, or it might be temporal. It might be trouble of mind, or pain of body. It might be from a sense of sin, or it might be from the want of a sense of sin. It might be the burden of terror, or the mere burden from sense of need. It might be the burden of disappointment, or vexation, or despondency, or weariness, or unhappiness. It might be the burden of felt emptiness, or of the realised vanity of a vain world. It might be the burden of wounded affection, or deferred hope, or sated appetite for pleasure: the burden of one who had gone to every quarter from which joy could be supposed to come, saying, "Who will show me any good?" and had found nothing to satisfy or refresh. It might be the burden of the sick heart, or the troubled spirit, or the alarmed conscience, or the fretted mind. It might be any or all of these. The Lord gives no detail, but uses this wide, general word, which comprehends everything that can weigh down a human soul and make it long for rest.

Thus there is no weary sinner—no burdened son of Adam who can say, "The word does not mean me." It does mean you, if you have a burden at all, of whatever kind, small or great, spiritual or temporal; and you must not see that word set aside, or refuse the

personal message which it conveys to you from the great Giver of rest.

Are you unhappy? He speaks to you. Are you stung with remorse? He speaks to you. Have you a sense of sin? He speaks to you. Have you a sense of the want of conviction of sin? He speaks to you. Are you fretted, vexed, cast down, disconsolate? He speaks to you. Whatever be the cause of your unrest, He offers you rest. You would fain be happy, but know not how. Here is the happiness, and here is the how, and where, and when, to find it: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Lay no stress on the nature of your burdens, or the kind of weariness that distresses you. Do not mystify that word coming, or suppose it to mean a great many acts or feelings, or sensations, which you must be conscious of or obtain before coming, as if they were to be the price you were to pay, or, at least, the preliminary fitness without which you could not be accepted. Take the words in their simplicity. You want to be happy? Go and deal directly with Him who alone can give happiness, and who will not deny it to you. Yes, go straight to Him, with all that you have, or all that you have not, with your feeling, or your want of feeling; with everything that makes you a weary sinner; go at once—do not mock Him by excuses or pretended humility; go as you are at this moment.

You will find His promise sure, "I will give you rest." He has love enough for you, and pity enough for you. The fulness of rest is with Him, and He wants to make you partaker of that fulness. There is no hindrance in Him: let there be none in you. He stretches out His hand; do you stretch out yours. He says, "Come;" do you answer, "Lord, I come." He not only waits for you, but He beseeches you to come. His invitations and entreaties are sincere and true. He utters no hollow words; His is the most honest invitation you ever got in all your life. Be sure of that. He will not mock you. Do not, oh weary child of sin, mock Him! He is a Saviour to the uttermost.

### WATCH YOURSELF.

**M**Y Christian friend, you are watched. The world is watching you. Enemies are watching you. Sinners, scoffers, sceptics, and hypocrites are watching you. And if you go wrong there are those that will rejoice at your failure, and exult over your downfall. It will not harm you to be watched, if you only watch yourself. You are not to be dependent upon sinners and scoffers to warn you of danger, or persuade you to duty. You are to "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

No person on earth has so great an interest in your prosperity as yourself. And if you are led astray or go wrong, others may talk about it; but you must feel the pain, and anguish, and sorrow that come from wrong-doing. Hence it is your business to watch yourself, to "watch unto prayer," and to maintain a life of constant vigilance in the service of your Divine Master.

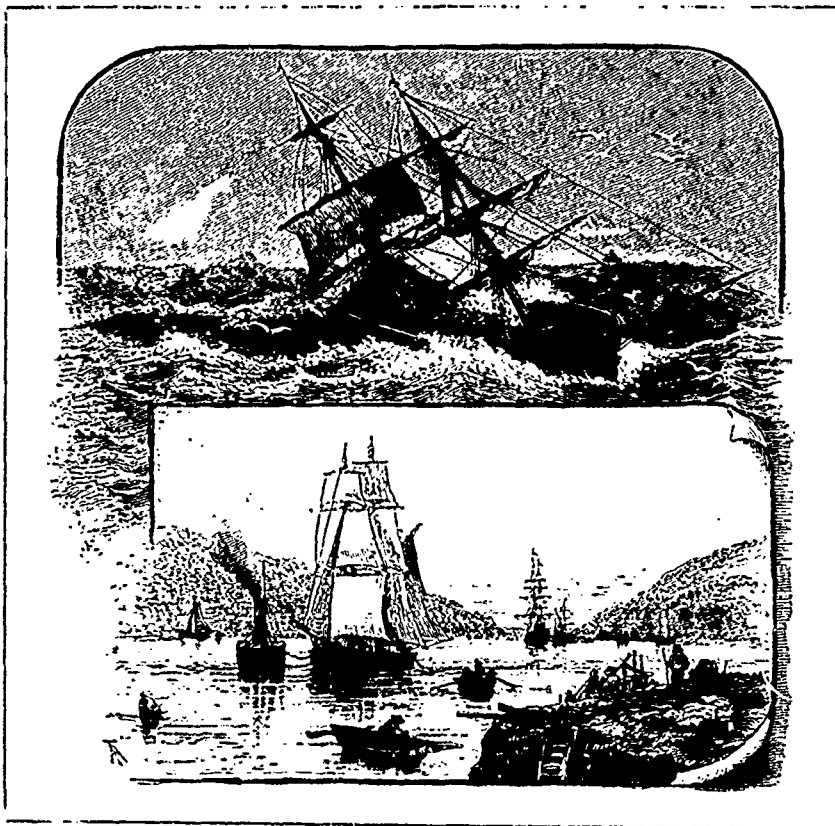


THE FREETHINKER.

READER, you may be a man without faith, a man of reason, a freethinker. I too have been like you. There was an evil hour when once I slipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief, I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind; I said to reason, "Be thou my captain;" I said to my own brain, "Be thou my rudder;" and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history.

It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of freethought. I went on, and as I went the

But here the devil foiled himself; for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. There came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death-dream. When I arose, faith took the helm; from that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back; faith cried, "Away, away." I cast my anchor on Calvary; I lifted my eye to God; and here I am alive and out of hell. Therefore, I speak what I do know. Ask me again to be an infidel. No; I have tried it; it was sweet at first, but bitter afterwards. Now, lashed to God's Gospel more firmly than ever, standing as on a rock of adamant, I defy the arguments of hell to move me, for, "I know in



skies began to darken; but, to make up for that deficiency, the waters were brilliant with coruscations of light. I saw sparks flying upwards that pleased me, and I thought, "If this be freethought, it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands; but anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on, they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me, they seized the prow of my ship, and dragged me on, while I, in part, gloried at the rapidity of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the landmarks of my old faith. As I hurried forward, I began to doubt my very existence; I doubted if there were a world, I doubted if there were such a thing as myself, I went to the very verge of the dreary realms of unbelief. I doubted everything.

whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

*May be had separately as an Illustrated Handbill.*

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

**PRECEPT.**—Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God; Him shalt thou serve, and to Him shalt thou cleave, and swear by His name. *Deut. x. 20.*

**PROMISE.**—The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, He will make me to walk upon mine high places. *Isab. iii. 19.*

**PRAYER.**—In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in Thy righteousness. *Ps. xxxi. 1.*

## NATURE AND GRACE.

**S**OME people make a great mistake in thinking that every one must be brought to God in exactly the same way; as a consequence, it often causes them uneasiness when they compare their experience with others', and because they were not converted just as Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so was they think their conversion was not real. But God's grace can work by divers means. We suppose that scarcely ever were two persons taught of God just alike. He met the shepherds on the hill-side while occupied with their daily calling; He spoke to the wise men of the East by the leading of the star, as truly as He arrested Paul by a voice direct from heaven. And though amongst us His Word read or preached is the ordinary way by which He draws the hearts of sinners to Himself, yet He can use, and use effectually, far different agencies if He see fit to do so.

It has been often remarked that nature never yet converted a single soul. It is quite true that nature herself cannot save, for she can teach us nothing about either sin or a Saviour; but God can use the influence of nature for His own purposes, as the following narrative will show.

Annie was not a Christian. She had been brought up by pious parents, and had heard the Gospel from her childhood, but she had never really accepted it. She liked to listen to an arousing sermon, for her feelings were easily acted on; but there was no permanent result. God had given her, however, one special taste, and that was to be the means of drawing her heart to Him. Her love of nature was almost a passion. Turning from the ordinary amusements of her age, she would wander by herself in the woods or by the sea-shore, finding in these solitary walks abundant pleasure. Often and often she would climb some breezy hill overlooking the ocean, and then would gaze at the prospect till her eyes would fill with tears and her heart with an irrepressible longing after the Creator of all this beauty.

"At whose creative word appeared the dry land and the sea,

My spirit thirsts for Thee, O God! my spirit thirsts for Thee!"

This was the language of her soul, and then she would pray real prayers that she might know Him. At other times her prayers were but the form without the spirit. Thus, though she had moments of intense enjoyment, she was not really happy, for she had as yet only a natural religion, and not the peace of a reconciled and forgiven sinner. But God, as we have said, can employ His own handiwork to carry out

His own designs, and He was doing it all the while. Her prayers were not forgotten—they were registered in heaven.

If Annie was impressed with English scenery, it is not surprising that the effect of a visit to Switzerland was more decided still. She drank in the beauty round her with exceeding pleasure; but the old longing for something more became urgent indeed. She was always praying now; one day in particular, as they were crossing a mountain pass, the party stopped to rest, and Annie, as was her custom,



stole away from the others to indulge in a solitary walk. She paused in a spot of surpassing loveliness—the sunny peaks rose in the clear blue sky, a glacier of purity mounted before her, and a carpet of flowers was at her feet. The scene seemed more than she could bear. She threw herself on her knees in an agony of prayer, and with no eye but the eye of God upon her, she gave her heart to Him to be taught, and led, and guided as He should choose, if only He would give her Himself. And so He did.

She rejoined her friends, she went back to England. Then came anxiety, suspense, sorrow; but she

had a refuge now—she had found a Saviour, she knew in whom she believed; His love, better than the love of nature, filled her heart; and to the end of her life she believed that it was through nature she had been led up to nature's God—God in Christ.

It does not so much matter what were the means of our conversion, as to be quite sure about the fact. We may not even be able to fix the exact date, but if it has been God the Holy Spirit's work, it is just as real for all that. He may work suddenly, but I think that more often He works gradually. That is what He does in nature, and nature in nearly all its processes is a picture of grace. So if we can look back and see we are different now from what we used to be; if the things which delight us now are not those which once gave us pleasure; if our lives take their tint from eternity rather than from time; if the desire of our souls is to the Lord and the remembrance of His name, then we may take comfort and say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Let us also take heed "to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." If, on the contrary, we know nothing about these things, and have never felt for ourselves what it is to turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, oh, let us without delay pray from the depth of our soul, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And then the God who heareth prayer will do for us what He did for Ammie. M. K. M.



### THE HANDSOME WOMAN.

There is a shabby, irregular street in one of our large seaport towns in the South of England, not very attractive to the casual observer, but which, if it could be rid of the dirt and squalor that are seen on either side, would have many points of interest to any one who cared to look for them.

Even in bleak winter time, it occasionally makes a pleasant picture. In the early morning, when the pure white snow has fallen, covering with its fleecy robe the dirty pavement and murky houses, this dingy street is far more picturesque than a row of handsome and regular buildings. The high sloping roofs, the queer gable windows, the low wooden houses and irregularly built chimneys, stand out

sharply defined in white against a dark sky, all defects and blemishes hidden by the mantle of the driven snow.

Yet, under ordinary circumstances, it cannot be called a pleasant street. Far from it, for dirt and vice and misery abound on every side. There is a tall chapel, with a stone-paved yard containing a few trees, at one end of the street, but the small shops kept by butchers, bakers, and chandlers, the many public-houses, the shabby private dwellings and lodging-houses, are such as may be seen in the back streets of any large town. There are many courts on either side, and the people who live in them are neither courteous nor refined.

Many years ago, before the street had quite sunk to its present position in the social scale, in one of the small shops lived a woman, who would under any circumstances have been called "plain," but she was more than that—she was really ugly. Not only were her features coarse, her eyes small, and her mouth projecting, but passion, vice, and evil temper had set their hideous stamp upon her countenance and had distorted it.

The bad language and abuse in which she frequently indulged were well known to every one living in the street; but no one was more frequently annoyed, and no one felt her tongue's sharp edge more keenly, than her opposite neighbour, Mr. Young, a greengrocer.

He often irritated and worried her into a violent passion; and one morning, when Mrs. Smith had been standing at her door abusing him in her loudest voice and her strongest language, he determined to be revenged upon her.

He said nothing, but with grim humour sent for a man who had some native talent in the way of painting portraits, and told him that he wished him to paint a life-size portrait, faithful and true, of his opposite neighbour, just as she appeared in her shop.

In a short time a picture was sent home, roughly done, of course, but still a likeness, not a caricature, of the remarkably unattractive features of Mrs. Smith. Underneath in large letters was this inscription—

THE HANDSOME WOMAN.

The picture was fastened to the front of Mr. Young's house, just over the shop; and one morning, when Mrs. Smith rose and looked out of her bedroom window, the first sight that greeted her astonished gaze was her own life-size portrait staring her full in the face, from her neighbour's house just opposite.

Yes, there it was, with her own plain features, her coarse mouth, her snub nose, her dark skin and woolly hair, the very lines and wrinkles, even the savage expression of her countenance.

Oh, how angry she felt! Although she might have persuaded herself before that she was, at any rate, fairly good-looking, she could not consider the picture before her to be the portrait of a handsome woman, and could only regard the inscription beneath it as ironical. It was of no use to fly into a passion, and storm and rage, for the picture created great excitement in the street, and every one recognised her as the original of it. Every passer-by stopped to look at the cause of the commotion, and then, catching sight of Mrs. Smith, walked on, with a smile or a

jeering laugh, while Mr. Young stood at his door, quietly enjoying his neighbour's chagrin.

When, at length, she could bear it no longer, she bribed some boys one dark night to deface and damage the hateful portrait. But it was of no use; her tormenter soon had it refurbished up again, and also provided a wooden shutter which closed over it at night, and was securely fastened and locked to keep it from injury.

How long this might have continued, or how it might have ended, there is no telling.

But a change took place in Mr. Young himself. He attended some special services, and began to see himself in the light of God's Word as a lost and ruined sinner. His heart was touched and turned to the Lord. He became a new man in Christ Jesus, and the change soon showed itself in his life. Instead of taking a malicious pleasure in rousing the angry feelings of his neighbour, he regretted what he had done, and one of his first acts was to take down the offending picture.

Thus Mrs. Smith was relieved from the daily annoyance which had so greatly troubled her, and it became nothing more than an unpleasant memory.

But although the picture was removed, the woman remained as unattractive as ever, and was in no wise the better for having seen herself as others saw her. And is it not so with some of us? When we see the portrait of ourselves in God's Word, ugly, evil, loathsome, and full of sin, we reject the idea of its being our likeness, and try to persuade ourselves that it must be intended for some one else. Even when we are compelled to recognise it, we do it reluctantly, and go away and forget what manner of persons we are. But when the picture is continually before our eyes, do we not loathe and detest it?

Yet though a human countenance which has grown old and become ugly through sin can never be lovely in this world, we have the comfort of knowing that even as Christ will change the vile bodies of His saints and make them like unto His glorious body, so He can change and renew our evil hearts by His Spirit, and make them clean, and pure, and holy.

L. B.

## THE TELEPHONE.



WHAT a wonderful thing is the electric telegraph! We see the telegraph wires stretched overhead along our railways and roads; but how few people understand how the messages are sent along those wires; and even those who do can only tell us they are conveyed by means of electricity; but what electricity is, no one knows! It is a mysterious thing that travels quicker than time! There is a telegraph wire running all the way from Ireland to America, a distance of 3,000 miles, and yet the electricity travels so fast that it will traverse that distance sixteen times in one second!

But there is something more wonderful still than the electric telegraph, and that is the telephone, for by it a message can be sent quicker even than by the

telegraph. The telegraphic machine requires time in working it, and each word has to be spelt out letter by letter, and then can be read only by those who have been trained to the work: but with the telephone a message can be sent as fast as though it were delivered by word of mouth, while any one can send a message by it; all one has to do is to speak into the instrument, and the words are heard at the other end of the wire as soon as they are spoken! The telegraph delivers the message in writing, but by the telephone the voice of the one who sends the message is heard, although the message may be sent scores of miles!

Yes, the telephone is indeed a most wonderful machine, enabling people to talk to one another though separated by long distances. But after all it is no new invention, for there is mention of telephonic communication in a very ancient book written two thousand five hundred years ago.

What do we read in the Book of Isaiah lxx. 24? "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Our words travelling as soon as we utter them all the way from earth to heaven! Heaven must be millions of miles away from this earth, and yet God says, "While men are yet speaking, I will hear!" What a perfect telephone between earth and heaven is prayer! And so cheap—no charge made for the use of it; any one who likes may use that telephone as often as he likes and as long as he likes: while no skill is required in using it; the little child can make as good use of it as can the most experienced speaker.

There is something more wonderful still about this telephone that runs from earth to heaven—a dumb man can be heard by it just as well as a man who can speak! For it conveys thoughts and wishes as well as it does words: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed"—it does not matter which—either reaches the ear of God the very instant we send them heavenwards.

If a telephone office were opened in York, and the wire ran from York to Windsor Castle, and we were informed that the Queen stood at the other end listening to all that was said, while everybody might speak free of charge with the telephone, and might ask of the Queen whatever they liked, what a crowd there would be day and night round the office door!—what pushing and struggling to get at the machine!—what numberless petitions of all sorts would be continually flying along the wire!—how many would return and repeat again and again their request, for fear it might be overlooked among so many!—and how continually the office-keeper would have the question put to him, "When do you think I shall get an answer?"

But what are you doing with the grand telephone which stretches from your own house to the very ear of the King of kings? Are you using it daily? Do you yourself pray? Is there family prayer in your house? I ask you to grasp what a grand privilege is put within your reach—you can at any moment speak to God Himself!

And when you do use this grand telephone of prayer, do not forget to look for an answer.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM?

I was speaking the other day to a young man who evidently lived a quiet, respectable life. Illness had come, and by God's mercy he had been spared, and the days of convalescence turned out to be days in which he thought a good deal about the past. There was something wrong in his life—what he did not exactly know, as he now desired to serve God and to live for Him. He felt that in spite of being a respectable man it was not all right, there was something hanging as a weight on him. So I spoke to him of sin. I told him that our Father, the all pure, all holy God, would not admit sin into heaven, none could enter there with their sins. I reminded him of the truth that all have in some way broken God's laws, sinned against Him, and thus rendered themselves unfit to meet Him.

All this he quite saw, and then, bringing it home more personally, I said, "Your sins, what have you done with them? Have you brought them to your Saviour?" No, he had not. This was what was wrong.

And now, dear friends, who read this paper, I am going to ask you this same question.

You know, as this man did, that you have sinned. Your life may be externally most respectable. You may not steal, or lie, or drink, so that your neighbours and friends can see you. You may live a very quiet life, but is this all? If you knelt down and asked the Holy Spirit, to show you yourself, do you think you would see yourself as sinless? Ah no!

You may not break the eighth commandment by stealing in a general way, but are you quite sure you have never broken it for all that? How about your time, some portion of which you owe to God for worship and prayer? Have you never defrauded Him of any of that? Have you never by an unkind speech stolen your neighbour's good name, lessened it in value in the eyes of others by speaking of his sins needlessly, perhaps, if at all exaggerated, not quite truthfully?

Are you always quite truthful? When you tell God you can't think of Him now, that you are too busy, is that true? If it were a case of getting better-paid employment, a place for your son who is out of

work, or twenty pounds—would you say you had no time to think of it? You would make time, my friend, depend upon that.

You may not drink, but are you never self-indulgent? Ah, I need not go on; for the questions you can ask yourself will come readily enough.

Answer them truly, and you will soon find many, many sins.

Then, my friend, what have you done with them?

You cannot enter heaven with one single unforgiven sin upon your soul. How, then, can you hope to go there?

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." That is God's Word, and hear, too, another sweet message of comfort spoken by the lips of Him who has loved you all through your neglect of Him: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Go, then, to Him by faith. Tell Him your sins in your own words. Tell Him that you are not sorry for them as you should be. Ask Him to give you sorrow, and He will give it to you. And believe Him that you can, there at His feet, leave the burden of your sins and rise pardoned, the weight gone and their guilt blotted out. Do not try to bear your sins yourself, as you have done for so long. Remember if you do that the day will come when you will seek Him and not find Him, when, crushed down by the burden, you



knock at the golden gate and the answer will be, "Too late!"

Will you not go to Him while it is yet time? Go now, and then you will be able to say—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
'Till not a spot remains.

"I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him,  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares."

# THE STRANDED BOAT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



When the gust struck the boat he was well prepared for it.

THE STRANDED BOAT.

“DON’T you think the wind is rising, John?”  
 “You’re right, lass. We shall have a stiffish breeze before the day’s out.”

John Tregannon was a fisherman, and at the time when the above words were spoken was preparing to launch forth on the bread-winner’s errand.

“Then don’t go. Do stay at home this once.”

Very pleadingly, very tenderly said, with eyes as well as lips, while the wifely hands closed around the brawny arm, as if to lovingly enforce her entreaty.

“No, lass; the cupboard’s empty, as you know well. ’Tis but bad luck I’ve been having lately. Perhaps I’ll be more fortunate to-night. Good-bye, lass.”

In a moment he was in the boat, and rowing rapidly seawards.

There was a heavy load on Mary Tregannon’s heart that day, and it grew heavier as the day wore on, for the wind rose hour by hour, and lifting the waves, sent them booming louder and louder upon the rocky shore.

And yet she was a brave-hearted woman. She wasn’t one to be easily scared by high winds and raging seas. She had known her manly husband weather worse storms than this. Why, then, should she be so troubled and distressed? Why should such terrible visions cross her mind—visions of a battered boat, of a well-known form lying still and cold with its white face upturned to the driving clouds?

Yes, why? She asked the very same questions herself, but she could give no answer. It was a presentiment, that was all. It might be a warning, for what she knew. She had known such things; most folks around believed in them.

Poor woman! How she struggled and strove to be quiet! How she prayed and bade her soul, “Cheer up! cheer up!” How she tried to hope for the best. And how, in spite of all, her fears would assert themselves and add to the weary load upon her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Whew! Here it comes!”

John Tregannon had seen the sea darkening in the distance, and knew what to expect, so that when the gust struck the boat he was well prepared for it. But it was a terrific gust, and made his stout little craft quiver from stem to stern.

“Well, I’m in for it now, at any rate,” he said to himself, “and I must do the best I can;” so he took in some reefs, made everything as tight as possible, and shook himself well together, for he knew that he should need all his skill before very long.

It seemed a very unequal fight—that little boat and those tremendous squalls. It seemed as if her planks must start asunder within five minutes. It seemed a very miracle that she rode on so long safe and sound.

And what a picture—that brave man in the stern, holding fast with one hand the guiding rudder, and with the other now slackening and now pulling taut the swollen sail! The stern, firm face of the man said

plainly enough, “John Tregannon will do his best to fight the storm.”

But the storm has not reached its height yet. The gusts are coming on more quickly and boisterously than ever.

“Things are getting more serious, John, my man,” said he to himself, and for the first time he began to wish himself back with his wife and little ones.

Presently a great wave rolled up and sent its crest right over boat and man, literally burying them for a brief moment.

And now John Tregannon’s thoughts are turned deathwards.

“One or two more of those waves, and there’s an end of John Tregannon—that’s certain.”

“And what then, John?” something seemed to whisper in his ear.

“What then? Why, I shall be in heaven. The Lord’s my Saviour. My sins are washed away, every one of them. I’m ready whenever He likes to come, bless the Lord!”

\* \* \* \* \*

A mother and her sailor lad are down upon the sea-shore, gazing earnestly in the direction of the horizon. They hold on firmly to each other, for the wind is blowing a very hurricane. They say nothing, for nought but the noise of the storm can be heard to-night.

“God grant my poor John may come back to me again!” was her inward cry.

It was a weary watch. But presently there was an end to it, for there came down to their side two of her husband’s mates, who drew her gently away in the direction of her little cottage. They had some news to break to her.

Alas! alas! such news. A boat had been found some miles higher up, stranded, and empty. And the boat was the one which bore away her husband that fatal morning. The snapped mast told only too mournfully of the fury of the blast.

There were big tears on those two bronzed faces as the men moved away from that desolate home and its heart-broken inmate. One said, “Poor Jack! A good chap he was; better prepared than we are to die.”

“Ay, ay, a deal more,” was the response.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bright sun rose the next morning on a smooth and quiet sea, very different from the sweep of the waves on the previous night. It was hard to believe that it was the same sea.

“Oh! cruel, cruel sea, to snatch him away from me!” was the wife’s weary, agonising cry. There could be no more beauty in the sea for Mary Tregannon.

How everything seemed to mock her this morning! The sunlight, the singing of the birds, the playful shouts of the neighbours’ children, all seemed to mock her misery.

And to add to the bitterness of her cup, the very

sailors on the beach, her husband's mates, joined their joyful shouts to the general merriment.

She could not stand it, and shutting the door with violence to keep out the mocking noises, put her apron to her eyes and sobbed bitterly.

But the closed door could not keep out the boisterous shouts, thick though it was.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

She had tried to shut out the sounds, but it was no good, and with a curious perverseness she must expose her ears to it all by standing in the open door. Why, she knew not. Neither had she time to ask, for there came rushing towards her, with outstretched arms, the form of John Tregannon himself!

John's boat was stranded indeed, but John himself had been picked up long before by a passing smack.

*Rev. Charles Courtenay.*



### YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN.

"Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Corinthians vi. 19, 20.

To the Christian who realises the great fact of his redemption, it is a most encouraging thought that, being thus a purchased possession, he belongs to Him who has bought him with a price—he is not his own. For if his soul and its safety lay in his own keeping, liable to all the changes, not only of his outward but of his inward life, how insecure would he be, how little could he guide himself, or provide for the growth of his soul in heavenly grace, so that it might be prepared for a heavenly state hereafter!

But he is not his own; and as we value that for which we have paid a high price, so does God value those immortal souls for which no less a price has been paid than the precious blood of Christ. And while the Christian is reminded that he is not his own, it is his comfort and his strength to know that he belongs to his God, as His portion, His ransomed inheritance, in whom He will be glorified. It cost Him dear to purchase those souls of ours, and they are precious in His sight beyond all the riches of this earth. He would have them to be pure and holy, reflecting His own glory, and renewed in His image, and, to accomplish this object, His Holy Spirit is ever working and His eye is ever watching over them—they are His!

Let us then rejoice to think of the value that our God sets upon us, and the care that He bestows on us. The various scenes through which we are led, and the discipline to which we are subjected, come not to us by chance: they are the ways in which He to whom we belong is leading us, in order to our highest good and His own glory. We may not now understand the purpose of His dealings; but we shall hereafter, if we trust Him

now. The love that bought us throws light upon all. The knowledge that He cares for us, as His dearly-purchased treasures, is a key to the secret of His ways. Let us rejoice that our soul's prosperity and progress are in better hands and wiser keeping than our own; and let us glorify God in our bodies and our spirits, which are God's.

"Art thou a saint? and doth  
Thy God thee own?  
Call thee a child, an heir, a chosen one,  
One with Himself and His beloved Son,  
Heir of His crown?"

Live, then, the life of faith,  
The life divine;  
Live in and on this ever-living One,  
Who bears thee on His heart before the throne;  
His life is thine!"

### THE JAPANESE CONVERT'S STORY.

ONE of the converts of a recent revival in Japan relates his experience as follows:—"For thirty years I have been seeking rest for my soul. I sought it first in Buddhism, then in Shintoism, but found it not. In my happiest moments I felt that there was still a lack. I could not tell what it was, but I knew I needed something I did not have, and did not know where or how to get it, to make me happy. I heard of Christianity, and determined to come to Nagasaki" (he lived a hundred miles distant) "to see if I could learn how to obtain it. I came into this church, and heard the Christians tell what joy and peace they felt in their souls, and I said, 'That is just what I want.' I determined to pray to the Christian's God. He heard my prayer, and has given me what my soul has so long been crying for—peace, joy. During any one hour since I believed, I have had more joy than in all the years I was a Buddhist. The Christian religion is the true religion."

### GOLD DUST.

—No state of soul is worse than lukewarmness. God cannot abide with it: He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot."

—Jesus pleads for you when you cannot pray for yourself.

—Christ is able to help you, and as willing as He is able: prove Him in every trial, put Him to the test in your present distress.

—We can only exalt the Redeemer's grace as we sink in our own estimation.

—We generally think better of ourselves than we are willing to acknowledge.

—What are you doing for God? against Satan? for the cause of Christ? in opposition to sin?—Let conscience honestly answer.

—Say not, I have no right to the blessings of the Gospel. Do you desire them? If so, God says, Take them.

—Doubts and fears say you are not yet quite dead to the law; you distrust Jesus, and cannot give God credit for speaking the truth.



THOSE TEARS HAUNTED ME.



“Those tears haunted me,” said a young woman, when recounting to a friend the way in which God had led her to Himself. “My father and mother,” she said, “cared

nothing for religion; but they let me go to a Sunday-school until I was twelve years old. In my home, and in the society I was thrown into, I almost entirely neglected all that I had been taught. When I was nineteen I had the typhus fever, and I was admitted to the hospital. A missionary used to come into the ward to speak to the patients. Some used to listen to him, and some used to jeer him. I joined the latter in their sad practice; for I was averse to what he spoke about, and I wanted to be let alone. But still he kept coming. At last I thought he must be concerned about me, or he would not continue to come to me, when all my friends were so afraid of taking the fever that they did not come near me at all.

One day I heard him sympathize with a patient, and breaking to her the sad news that her sister was dead, and praying that God would support her. But I turned my back to him when he came to my bed, because I would not talk to him. I heard a sigh, which tempted me to look round, when I caught a sight of his face, and saw the tears running down his face. This was more than I could bear. Those tears went to my heart—those tears haunted me. He didn't know this. I didn't speak. I got worse. At length, awakening out of a kind of stupor, I overheard the nurse say, ‘Poor thing, she won't be here long.’ Then I thought, ‘I am dying, and I am not prepared to die.’

“For a long time I was insensible. Then came the crisis, after which I began to recover. I soon left the hospital, but I never told the missionary my mind. I resolved, however, with God's help, to lead a new life. But the burden of my sins pressed on me. For want of right counsel, for three long years I

walked in darkness, and was filled with alarm. My mother thought I was mad. I was on the borders of despair, when one day I entered a place of worship. The preacher gave out the text, ‘Look unto Me, and be ye saved.’ He set forth the Lord Jesus Christ as the bearer of the sinner's guilt, and as his intercessor before the throne of God. He spoke of Christ's willingness and ability to save such as I felt myself to be. This brought relief to my soul. I continued to attend there. I believed in Jesus, and found peace with God. I was received as a communicant, and I now rejoice in God my Saviour. But those tears—I seem as if I could never get them out of my mind. They have followed me ever since.”

How touching this is! But should it not lead us to ask, “How have we been affected by the tears that have been shed over and for us, and above all others, by the tears of Jesus?” The tears of Jesus! have we ever thought of them? He was

a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with tears. They were familiar to Him. Sorrow left its mark upon Him. But all His anguish of body, soul, and spirit was for us. Behold Him as He weeps over Jerusalem; see how His heart is wrung because of the hardness and impenitence of those who rejected all His overtures of mercy. Is He glad of their coming ruin? No. “When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.”

Mark His tears and anguish of soul in Gethsemane, and look upon Him as He hangs upon the cross, and see, fellow-sinner—

“See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?”

And this—all this, each one may say, was for me. For He “poured out His soul unto death,” not for the sinners of one age or country, but for those of all ages, and of all lands. Like the tears of the missionary with the poor girl in the hospital, may the consideration of the sorrow and of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ touch your heart, and so affect your mind as to make sin hateful to you, and lead you to look and pray to Him, to turn you from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living God. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

“Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.”

*May be had separately as a Handbill.*

**FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.**

**I** WAS "on the tramp" last year.

I am especially fond of walking. God has given me strong limbs and tough sinews, and I have tramped a good bit in my time. I don't remember ever to have found a hill too steep, or a lane too long. I've walked over most of England, and a bit across the Cheviots into the Scotch heather; and I have seen the top of Snowdon, and fetched a circuit round Skiddaw from east round to east again. And I have traced the Thames river from Gloucestershire to Westminster; and that's the loveliest bit of walking that I ever have done—now that I look back on it all, I say so.

And this tramping is my way of spending my holidays. I work at my trade fifty weeks in the year, which leaves me two weeks for recreation. That trade of mine keeps me pretty fast to my shop-floor, and I enjoy my fortnight of holiday

"James, follow your leader; keep straight, James, I say."

That sound came across to me too, along with the scent of the mould. It was the voice of the man who held the nearest plough, and he was calling to the lad in front of him, whose furrow had gone a bit awry. "James, what are you about, boy? Follow your leader, and you'll keep straight."

That was all. The lark was singing above us far in the blue. The horses made the chains rattle as they slackened their pull at the end of the field, and the men called gruffly to them by name as the wise brutes stopped and turned; but I heard no more than that.

And yet I shall not soon forget that gate by the hedgerow of the Cambridgeshire lane.

"Follow your leader." A good bit of advice, and one that holds good for plenty of life besides ploughing. Years ago, when I first began to see the rights and wrongs of things, I chose my Leader



doubly because I am kept tight indoors as a general thing. 'Tis the working, not the resting, that makes holidays sweet, believe me!

Well, last year I was in Cambridgeshire. Not many hills there, nor even woods (which are the next best things), but for all that I found a good deal in the flat country to pay me for my trouble in walking the length and breadth of it. Such widths of corn! if any one wants to know how green the world can be, let him go to the Fens, and learn what the colour of grass and corn really is in the latter end of May.

I was resting against a gate in the afternoon after a long brisk tramp from the town of March towards Whittlesea. It was about four o'clock, and I was thinking of the next inn and a cup of tea while watching some ploughs travelling up and down the field beyond the gate. The ground was trampled and beaten down; sheep had been there evidently, and now the farmer was breaking it up for a sowing of roots. He seemed in a hurry about it too, for he had three powerful teams at work.

Slowly and evenly the sharp shares cut into the ground, and the smell of the freshly-turned earth came across to me where I stood.

I saw the folks who were following the dark one—Satan, the king of evil. That isn't the best sort of leader for me, thought I; their faces all marred and spoiled: ambition, avarice, envy, hatred, drink, self-indulgence—ugly sort of markings to be left on a man's face! And I noticed where the dark one led them. Down into rioting ways, or greedy ways, into quarrels, and extravagances, into vice and misery.

No, thought I; bad as I am, I can see that that's not the leading for me. So down on my bended knees I asked for another sort of guiding. *And I got it.* Not the king of evil, but the King of Glory is my Leader, and His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.

But the worry is to keep in His ways. I take my eyes off Him—my thoughts away from Him, that is—or my work keeps me up late and calls me out of bed early, and I am tired and dispirited, and cut my praying short, or my friends persuade me to one thing, and my neighbours sneer me into another, and the consequence is that I find myself far enough away from the path where the Master's blessed steps have gone before.

Then comes a heavy time. For it is none so easy

to untie the knots that ill habits have fastened about one's feet. None so easy to cast out careless thoughts, and uproot evil desires. I fancy the farmers and the labourers don't find it easy to run straight furrows; they have to learn the work, and give all their heed- ing to it when it is learnt: which is something the way with me in my own affairs, both of soul and body.

But here is a help: "Follow your leader, James; keep straight after the leader!"

Yes, yes, yes, that is the plan. When a man has, by God's grace, been able to choose the best Leader in earth or in heaven, why, then let him follow close: the closer the better.

Trade is dull; some bad debts make a heavy pull this year on the purse and on the credit. There's a rough bit of ground for a man! What's best to be done?

Why, follow the Leader! The Lord Himself was a working man; He found it hard now and again to buy a crust for Himself and His friends, let alone the taxes. But He didn't murmur, or make out that He ought to be rich and grand if all things were as they should be. He didn't speak against Caesar on his throne, nor against the soldiers that were overrunning the country. He owed no man anything. He bade His followers to lay up riches for themselves, but riches of the sort which could not be robbed from them, and which rust cannot spoil, nor time destroy.

Then one's neighbours are "ugly" to one. They do unkind actions, and say unkind words, and perhaps one's own familiar friend joins in with them, making a whole tangle of thorns in the daily path—thorns, ay, and nettles too!

Where did the Leader's steps go in a like case? Listen to what He said, "Do good to them that hate you, and love ye your enemies: lend, hoping for nothing again. . . and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for He is kind unto the unthankful and the evil."

There's a pattern for a man to set before himself! So many a time the words come back to me, "James, follow your leader." And when the world seems getting extra rough, and things take to going contrariwise, I say them over and over by way of cheering myself on. For I know it is only for a little while.

In a score or so of years I shall be done with working and waiting and watching. The world, and the ways of the world, will be of little account in the land I'm going to. For I must follow my Leader to the place where He has gone, through the shifting times of this troublesome world to His kingdom of light.

Therefore, it is not much to do—just to hold on for the few years that remain! Slipping, falling, weak and weary, discouraged at times, and hard put to it, yet following still.

Keep straight, keep straight! The words that helped me I here pass on to any who, like me, have chosen the best of all Leaders, the Man Christ Jesus. I say to them, Take heart! keep straight! follow on! The Master has gone over every bit of ground before us, and He is thinking of us, and watching us, and helping us always. And when we reach His feet we shall be satisfied.

*Crown Temple.*

## BLIND ALICE.

**I** FIRST became acquainted with blind Alice at a small meeting held in a neglected part of a town on the south coast. This meeting had been established for the purpose of bringing the Gospel before those in the district who would not attend the more stated means of grace. Her parents were poor but honest people, very industrious and sober, but quite unmindful of the claims of personal religion. They had brought up a large family in the total disregard of the Bible, the Sabbath, and the house of God. A severe attack of illness in early childhood left behind it a weakness in her eyes, which ultimately issued in total blindness.

I remember with great distinctness the first time she attended, and the intense earnestness with which she listened to the simple exposition of the Word. The seventeenth verse of the ninth Psalm ("The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God") was applied to her mind with peculiar power, which resulted in a state of deep conviction of sin. In a conversation I had with her a few weeks afterwards, she remarked:

"A short time since, I had no idea of inward religion. Although I was never immoral, I have lived without God. How different is it with me now! and what reason I have to praise the Lord for His goodness in causing me to see and feel my guilt and danger! How I long for pardon and peace He only knows. Sometimes I feel a great deal of comfort, which leads me to hope I am accepted; at other times I cannot hope at all; but thank God for occasional gleams of comfort. My eyesight is gradually going, and I shall soon be quite blind; but if I could have my eyesight perfect this hour, if my soul would be endangered thereby, I would rather be blind as long as I live. Heavy as the affliction is, I can believe it is all for the best."

It was some months before she was brought into the enjoyment of that peace which is the result of faith in Christ; but when she did believe, so evident to her was the fact of her acceptance in the Saviour, that she said, "I could as easily have been persuaded that I did not exist, as that I was not pardoned."


Among other evidences of the reality of the work of grace in her heart, was her anxiety about the spiritual condition of her parents. This was a source of the deepest grief to her, and many times she has spent the best part of the night in prayer on their behalf. While there yet seemed but little ground for hope concerning them, she used to say, "I believe they will yet be saved. God has promised to hear prayer, and He will not be worse than His word, and I have great comfort in praying for them." At length she saw the answer to her prayers, first in their anxiety, then in their earnest seeking, and finally in their triumphant faith; they both departed this life with a well-grounded hope of future happiness.

On the death of her parents she went to reside with a relative, and undertook the chief care of his large family. Now began a course of trial and persecution, which for a long season she had to endure. No means

were left untried to shake her confidence, or draw her from the path she had chosen. She often referred to the unkindness to which she was subjected on account of her decision for Christ, but never in the way of complaint; she always spoke with the deepest pity for those who so sorely oppressed her. "Poor things!" she would say, "they did not know any better. I should have been like them if the Lord had not been gracious to me. I felt I could love them notwithstanding their unkindness, and continue praying for them, believing that in God's time He would answer my prayers, and save them."

She thus acted out the injunction of her Lord: "Pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you." She has been privileged to see the answer to her prayer of faith. Several members of her family are furnishing pleasing evidence of their conversion to God, which has been brought about mainly through her instrumentality.


◆◆◆  
**HEAVY-LADEN.**

 UR Saviour's invitation was to the labouring and the heavy-laden. How many of them there are, scattered through this weary world, laden with sin, with grief, with cares, with woes, with sorrows; pressed down by poverty, suffering beneath the hand of disease; tried, troubled, and afflicted.


The Saviour bids the "heavy-laden" come to Him and rest. Will you not come, oh, weary, heavy-laden soul? Life is brief, time is short, earth is a scene of trouble, toil, and conflict; yet there is rest to come. But we need not wait for that rest. There is rest even now to those who take Christ's easy yoke, and learn of Him: for He has said, "I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

"Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart;  
Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within—  
'Till I am wholly lost in Thee."

◆◆◆  
**NOW IS THE TIME.**

 OD says "now!" Do you say "now?" Why not "now?" "Now" is the accepted time; the day of salvation; the best time; the only time. Whenever your salvation occurs, it must be in some "now." Why be cheated out of present salvation and present blessings that might come to us in this "now," in waiting for some other "now?" For many reasons, yea, for every reason, that other "now" cannot be so good as this "now." We shall be no better—we must be worse; we shall have more to do, and less time to do it in. It may be "now" or "never." Disability, disinclination, or death may be in the near future. There is no promise for that other "now," but "all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus" in this "now." Come now to Christ and be saved!

**HOW? WHEN? WHERE? WHY?**

 YOU ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ.  
I do not know;  
There came a yearning for Him in my soul,  
So long ago.

I found earth's fairest flowers would fade and die—  
I wept for something that could satisfy;  
And then—and then—somehow I seemed to dare  
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know—  
I cannot tell you *how*;  
I only know  
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ.

I cannot tell;  
The day, or just the hour, I do not now  
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone,  
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone  
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin:  
I think—I think 'twas then I let Him in.

I do not know—  
I cannot tell you *when*;  
I only know  
He is so dear since then.

You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ.

I cannot say;  
That sacred place has faded from my sight,  
As yesterday.

Perhaps He thought it better I should not  
Remember where. How I should love that spot!  
I think I could not tear myself away,  
For I should want for ever there to stay.

I do not know—  
I cannot tell you *where*;  
I only know  
He came and blessed me there.

You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ.

I can reply:  
It is a wondrous story; listen, while  
I tell you why  
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face.

I was alone, I had no resting-place;  
I heard of how He loved me with a love  
Of depth so great—of height so far above  
All human ken,

I longed such love to share,  
And sought it then,  
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me *why* I thought this loving Christ

Would heed my prayer.  
I knew He died upon the cross for me—  
I nailed Him there!

I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!"  
I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live:  
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,  
He called me—and in penitence I came.

He heard my prayer!  
I cannot tell you how,  
Nor when, nor where:  
Why, I have told you now.

IT MADE A NEW MAN OF ME.

In front of the Medical Mission and Coffee Room in the town of Salford, a woman stood one summer afternoon looking up the narrow street "Garden Lane," leading to "Paradise" at the end—a poor, sad "Paradise," beginning with a flaunting corner beer-house, and backed by courts of woeful misery.

A man came round the corner; he glanced at the mission as he passed, and to her extreme surprise, he raised his hat, and bent his head.

"Whatever do you do that for, master?" cried she.

I seed; it were one of them texts on the walls. I sat there a-waiting while they were getting my medicine ready; and I looked at it, and looked at it, till I couldn't stand it! It made a new man o' me."

"Will you tell me what the text was?" said the woman.

"Well, come along, and I'll show you. I knows the way." He walked in before her, went past the coffee-room, along a sort of passage-way, into the large waiting-room. Up to the end he led her, and stopped before a board on which in plain letters was written, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body



SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings:  
It is the Lord who rises,  
With healing in His wings,  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul, again,  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it, after rain.

In holy contemplation  
We gladly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new.  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may:

It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too.  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear;  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flock nor herd be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

"Have you ever been there? do you know about this mission?"

"Ay, that I do, missis, and I say you's a blessed place."

"Ah, then, I suppose they cured you here when you was ill; is that what you mean?"

"No, that's not it; they did a deal of good to my body, to be sure, but it were my soul as I was speaking of."

"And what did they do to your soul? Which of them did you hear? Was it the old doctor or the young doctor?"

"It wasn't neither th' owd doctor nor the young doctor; it wasn't nothing as I heered, but summat as

on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye<sup>r</sup> were healed."

"Now just see that!" said he, "His own self bare our sins in His own body—no, I couldn't stand that. I wonder any one as knows it can stand it; it taught me what a sinner I were,—it did make a change of me! Bless His holy name! And I do say, Bless this place, too. 'His own self,'—just think' of that! That's what I meant, missis. Good-day."

"Oh for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!"

# THE SISTER'S CARE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**S**LEEP, baby, sleep, while the lovely light  
Shines through the dark old firs;  
The birds sleep sound in their nests all night,  
And only the wild wind stirs;  
Far over the hills and far away  
The earth is losing its gold;  
And sheep-bells chime through the twilight grey,  
While the flocks come home to fold.

Straight home we go to your own warm nest,  
And sister will sit and sing,  
When mother watches her darling's rest,  
And the stars are clustering  
Like silver flowers in the darkened sky,  
And the toil of man is done;  
Sleep, baby, sleep to my lullaby,  
And wake with the waking sun.

*Sarah Douaney.*



*AN OLD WOMAN'S HEROISM.*

**L**UMBERFORD is a small riverside town in the Midlands. It is like a lullaby to spend a week amid its quaintness, after the hurry and bustle of city life. I like to wander through its almost empty streets, and watch the leisurely way in which life proceeds, even on its busiest days.

The tide of business activity has passed it by, but it bears no unworthy reputation, for it is well known to fame as the birthplace of one of the greatest religious writers of any age or country.

One frosty January day I had come back to indulge in memories which its time-honoured churches and broad river never failed to revive, when, in passing through the square where the Grammar School stands, the recollection of an old friend darted into my mind.

"I wonder whether Nurse Day still lives in the old place. I have half a mind to look her up," I said, reflectively, and at once turned in the direction of her home.

Grey Friars' Walk looked monotonous and dull, just as it used to do, and before one of the smallest houses I paused at the door and knocked.

It was ten years since I had last raised that knocker; but I cling to any old association with a tenacious fondness: perhaps because I have so few left, perhaps because my nature is slow to form fresh interests.

A beautiful old woman opened the door, who dropped a curtsy when she saw the bearded stranger who stood upon her clean step.

"Why, Nurse Day," I cried, "you actually do not know me!"

"It surely is not Mr. Harold come back from India?" she said, as she emptied a chair for my use.

"Yes it is, nurse. And now tell me all about yourself, for I have not heard one word since you brought me home all those shirts that you had ironed for me, and which you helped me to pack, before I sailed for India all that age ago."

"Dear me, Mr. Harold," she replied, with a gratified smile, "you are just the same as ever; kind-spoken and grateful for our simplest duty to you. As for me, I have been ironing shirts most of the years while you have been away. Those are Dr. G——'s." Here she pointed to a pile of snowy linen that filled up the only spare chair in the little room, which showed all the signs of "ironing day" in a laundress's home. "Ain't there a beautiful gloss on them, sir? It seems to me as if the irons knew what a good man he is, and made his fronts shine as they will not for anybody else, try as I may."

"Nothing but iron shirts, old friend; that is strange. How about your husband and son?"

The old face became quite grave, a look of patience and dumb suffering crept over it; but it was in her former placid voice that she answered:

"My boy enlisted for a soldier three years ago; he has been moved about from place to place, and is now at Dover; but wherever he is, he writes me regular, and it is but seldom he troubles me for help,—I have nothing to complain of in my boy," she said, with a vigour which showed clearly that others were less kind in their judgment of him. Then in a gentler voice she added calmly, "And I buried my husband six months ago, after a long illness which made him welcome death as a friend."

"Then you are alone in the world, Day?"

"That is so, Mr. Harold; and yet you have not said it all, for while I stand before my wash-tub on Mondays and Tuesdays, with the rheumatism that had in my arms that I often wonder how long I can bear up if this bitter weather last on, I feel that the Lord who said, 'Lo, I am with you always,' is not far off, but that He is dwelling in my poor, weary old heart, and that just as I wash the stains out of the clothes in my soap-suds, so He washes me clean with His most precious blood. You would hardly believe what sweet thoughts He gives me, and how near sometimes I feel to the better world. Then when I pile up my baskets of fresh, sweet linen, which a neighbour's lad carries home for me, and never charges me a penny for doing it, I seldom let them go without praying that the young ladies who wear those flounced skirts, which take such a deal of goffering, may be clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, and have their garments made white in the blood of the Lamb."

"You still keep to your old bright faith, I see. I wish this religion of yours could comfort me. I need it as much as you do, but it has never helped me yet."

The ready tears of age sprang to her eyes, and her lips moved as though she were praying silently; but she gave me no reply. To break the awkward pause, I pointed to a cup of flour and water which stood upon the table beside the ironing-board, and asked abruptly, "What is that stuff for?"

Nurse Day smoothed down her silvered hair with her thin wrinkled hands, her lovely old face was bathed in a pink blush like any young girl's, and in the surprise of the moment, quite taken off her guard, she answered meekly, and yet as if she disliked revealing her secret, "It is my dinner, sir."

"Your dinner! impossible!"

"Once in a way it does very well; my appetite is easily satisfied, and as I happen to have some flour in the house, it saves my buying a loaf of bread."

"But surely you earn enough to make a living?" and I looked round at all the clothes which crowded up the room.

"I shall do after this month is out, sir. You see my poor husband's illness cost a deal one way or another, and towards the end I got into debt a bit. Afterwards, when there was only one to work for, I paid off the small debts first, and then began on the big bill, and now I'm almost clear of that. It was for my poor dear's coffin, and it came to two pounds, and

the undertaker told me to make myself easy, and pay him as I could, quite convenient to myself. In six months I have been able to let him have thirty-eight shillings, so there are now only two due to him. It was a dreadful burden at first, Mr. Harold, for I kept saying to myself as I stood here at work, 'Suppose you die yourself, and the parish has to bury you, and that kind man never gets his money;' but the Lord bore it in upon my mind quite clearly that I should live to pay it, and so I gave up worrying and kept on steady at my task; and now, thank God, it is near finished."

Do you think I can make known to you all that passed through my mind as I listened to the old woman's recital of her unconscious heroism?

I also had buried my dead. There is a far-away grave on the outskirts of an Indian city where my young wife sleeps with our babe upon her breast. The sun burns down upon their names carved in costly marble, and it had never entered into my heart to thank God that I was thus able to record their names.

I dared not offer to finish Nurse Day's holy task; but, to her great surprise and bewilderment—not her satisfaction, I believe, strange as it seems—I made her understand that, from that hour, her poverty had ceased.

It was some time before she grasped the fact that every week she should receive a certain small sum which would serve to maintain her in comfort for the rest of her days, and that at her death she should be laid to rest beside her husband, without troubling the parish for that final human ministration.

It was only on one condition that the old woman would accept this provision from one whom she had served faithfully in the home of his boyhood. She begged to be allowed to take charge of my linen; so every Monday I send it off in a small hamper by rail, and at the end of the week I get back a fresh supply of glossy collars and faultless pocket-handkerchiefs, which are the envy of my London friends.

Is it a far-strained idea that sometimes the fragrance as of prayers is wafted to me as I unpack my old friend's handiwork? May it not be in answer to her petitions that I, even I, have set out to seek the heavenly land, where our beloved dead are waiting till we join them, for the full perfection of that new life?

E. C.

### THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.

—Come to God for what no one else can give you, or do for you; plead His promise, and expect His aid: so you honour Him.

—Seasons of pain and trouble may be sharp, but they must be short: God is only angry for a little moment.

—Every pain you feel is necessary: God doth not afflict willingly, or for His pleasure, but for your profit.

—God never changes, however circumstances may vary; He is always LOVE.

—Every danger makes way for a new salvation; and every salvation is a new proof of God's faithfulness, kindness, and care.

—You cannot trust man too little, nor God too much.

—Look for the hand of God where the eye of reason can only see the hand of man.

—If God has done it, it is both your duty and privilege to submit and acquiesce.

—In all you suffer, Jesus sympathises with you.

—Nothing takes place by chance; there is a design worthy of a God in every operation or permission.

—No man will live in sin except he love it.

### THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

THE coming of "the Son of man" is likened by our Lord to the sudden approach of the bridegroom to the ten virgins, when "at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh." It will be at a time when men look not for Him, and in an hour that they are not aware of.

The cry will not only reach the living, but will awaken the dead also: "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

It will be the period when the real character of every one will be disclosed. How many now are taken to be what they really are not! They have a form of godliness, but are destitute of its power; but then shall be discerned the difference "between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not."

It will be the hour of final separation: "One shall be taken, and the other left." Christ shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. In that day every one will find his own place, and every one will go to the place for which his character fits him. The hypocrites, the men of pride, of avarice, of pollution, and of falsehood, are not fitted for heaven. One design of the judgment of the great day will be to give to every one his own proper place for eternity. God "hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained." And every one shall receive according to what he has done in the body, whether it has been good or evil.

But while the cry, "He cometh," will be made at the advent of the Lord, the summons of death, to an unconverted man, is similar in many respects, in its immediate results, to those which that cry will produce upon the wicked who shall be alive upon the earth when the Lord shall come. Surprise, confusion, anxiety, useless effort, and final exclusion from the presence of the Lord, will be the effects in both cases. "As it was in the days of Lot: they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."

The time when the cry is made in the parable is significant. It is at midnight, the hour of forgetfulness and sleep. The seriousness of an event is often increased by the time of its occurrence. Every one





*"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!"*

feels that there are seasons which add much to the solemnity of circumstances. The cry of fire is alarming at all times; but at midnight it thrills the soul.

The ocean tempest is always solemn and terrible, when the mighty billows are lifted up, and the mariners "mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble," but the cry of the perishing on a sinking wreck at midnight, uttered amidst the flashes of the heavens and the bellowing of the storm, is still more terrific. The wild scream of anguish seems then uttered with the bitterness of despair.

The chamber of the dying is solemn: the realities of the eternal world are brought near, God is there; "How awful is this place!" but to be alone with the dying and the dead at the midnight hour throws a deeper awe over the mind, and makes us realise more vividly and intensely the fact of our own mortality.

Reader, thank God with all your heart that it is not yet too late for you to seek salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Seek it now, lest you should be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Every

hour you neglect it your heart becomes harder and harder; and religion postponed generally ends in the loss of the soul. The door is open now, but soon it will be shut. The language of the Redeemer now is, "Come!" but in the great day of account it will be to the impenitent, "I never knew you; depart from Me." As you are at death, so will your end be forever. Your character, your memory and conscience, will remain with you in eternity. And if your sins are not pardoned on earth, the ever-enduring sentence will be, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Turn ye, then, to the Saviour. He waits to receive you, and there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. He knows your heart and your wantings. He has marked your sins; not one of them is forgotten before Him; yet may you look to Him, by repentance and faith, for salvation and eternal life. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Wash, and be clean." Delay not, lest the space given you for repentance expire, and you perish in your sins.



*A SOLEMN WARNING.*

**W**E presume that you are not immoral, nor, in the popular sense, sceptical. Yours is not the sin which breaks out into open vice, and disgraces you in the eyes of men, but still, do you not cherish and practise the sin which sets at nought the authority of God, breaks His law, neglects His mercy, grieves His Spirit, despises the sufferings of Jesus, and encourages others in irreligion?

Are you not living without prayer, without repentance, without love to God, or the interest of His kingdom? And, to crown your guilt, are you not trusting to your selfish and secular morality to justify and save you?

"While such as persevere in vicious courses will surely perish," says a distinguished writer, "it is equally certain that, as a basis of justification in the sight of God, a blameless moral life is altogether inadequate. It is a bed too short to stretch ourselves upon, a garment too narrow to cover us. Men often imagine, in their blindness, that they are too good to become eternal associates for the reprobates in hell; but let the commandment come with power to the mind, and their thoughts, feelings, and pursuits be brought to the test of God's law, and they soon discover themselves to be great sinners. Often do men go on flattering themselves in their own eyes, until eternity discloses their real character, and their souls are lost.

"Oh, wretched state, to one who had not dreamed of it, but had gone down into eternity under the delusion of the great destroyer, to bid an eternal farewell to the Bible, to the house of God, to the sacramental table, to the invitations of mercy, to mercy itself, to heaven, to angels, to saints, to God and to Christ, to love, to peace, to hope; to all enjoyment, corporeal, mental, and spiritual; to become a companion of devils and damned spirits, and a prey to endless remorse!"

This may seem to you harsh language. But does it not exhibit the sentiments of the Bible? And when you behold such terrible manifestations of the fruits of sin "going before to judgment," even in its incipient forms and stages, how can you imagine that the greatest of all sins as estimated by God—that of rejecting the provisions of His grace, and living in impenitence and unbelief under the tender and urgent calls of His redeeming mercy—will be less severely rebuked and punished in the world of righteous retribution that such language imports?

How often do we see men, even in this world, awakened to a most keen and agonising conviction of these truths. Think you not that there is meaning in such Scriptures as these? "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

No matter, then, how fair your external morality; if you have not taken the Divine law for your rule of life, and yielded yourself to the requirements of the Gospel, by that repentance towards God and faith in Christ which imply a new and heavenly mind, there is a voice of high authority and everlasting truth saying to you, as to the young man in the Gospel, "One thing thou lackest." It is the great, the essential thing, the "one thing needful." It is religion. "Thy heart is not right in the sight of God."

You were born, perhaps, of pious parents, or at least in a Christian land, were favoured with Sabbaths, sermons, prayers, counsels. Will it not, then, be manifest that you wrought out your own destruction?

And then to think not only of the injury you have done to yourself, but of your evil and destructive influence upon others. By continuing in impenitence and irreligion you encourage others to do the same. It would seem to be enough to have gone to eternal ruin alone; but to have influenced others to follow you, to execrate you as a guilty cause of their perdition,—this, probably, will be the most fearful ingredient in that cup of trembling which a righteous judgment will press to the sinner's lips. This is the most terrible portion of what the Scriptures mean by "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish."

And, finally, to think not only of the evil you have done, but of the good you might have done. You might have united yourself to the Saviour of the world in accomplishing a work in which angels would rejoice to engage.

Through Divine grace, you might have been instrumental in promoting the glory of God, in extending His kingdom. You might have blessed earth and blessed heaven, healed the sorrows of humanity below, and added to the songs of the redeemed above. You might have sent the saviour of goodness down through all time and all eternity. You might have scattered

its sweet perfume over your grave, and borne its fragrance thence to heaven at your resurrection. You might have beheld a multitude of shining spirits redeemed from sin, encircling the throne of light and glory, to whom you had been made a blessing.

You might thus have realised in your own person the fulfilment of the Divine promise, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Say, is not all this too much to lose? Listen again to the voice of God. Listen to it: "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart." This warning slighted may prove fatal, this call refused may leave you in sin and misery for ever.

### THE WAY AND THE GUIDE.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Psalm xxxii. 8.*

**W**HOSE voice is this which comes to us at the opening of every turn in the way, offering us not only the instruction we need, but the guidance of His eye and His presence? The future lies all dark and uncertain before us; we know not what a day may bring forth, much less another year; and we know full well, if we know anything of ourselves, that our own wisdom is not sufficient to guide us, nor our own strength to support us, during the future with all its possible events, now hidden from our eyes.

How needful for each of us, then, to realise what it is to have the Lord Himself on our side! He knows all, and appoints all for each of us; who but He can supply to each the guidance required? who but He can go along with us through all the way, strengthening, helping, instructing, and comforting His people? Let us be well assured of His willingness to do all this, the promise is large and free, and the Christian knows that in Jesus Christ "all the promises of God are yea, and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us."

Therefore let us take courage for the future, not only from remembering His goodness in the past, but from a lively faith in His promises for the future; and, assured of His guidance, let us with humble and thankful hearts look up to Him continually, asking what He would have us to do, and seeking His blessing on all we undertake: "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies."

### PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

**PRECEPT.**—It is the Spirit that quickeneth. *John vi. 63.*

**PROMISE.**—Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. *Eph. iv. 30.*

**PRAYER.**—Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth: hide not Thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit. *Psa. cxliii. 7.*



### UPWARDS AND ONWARDS.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" *Psalm xlii. 1, 2.*

**U**PWARDS, upwards to thy gladness,  
Upwards to thy heavenly goal,  
Bid farewell to all thy sadness,  
Flee to Jesus, O my soul!  
He is thy life;  
He will give thee rest at last,  
Shield thee here from time's rough blast  
And this world's strife.

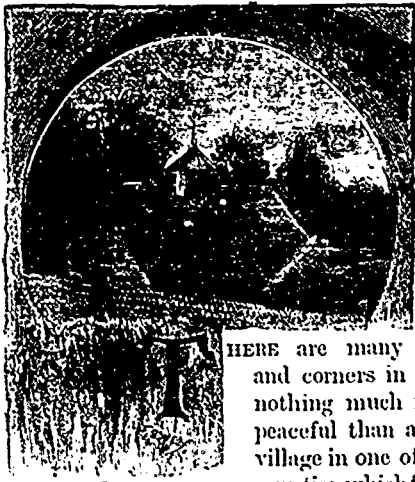
Onwards, onwards, ever nearer  
To thy Jesus and thy home;  
Quick ascending, ever clearer  
Shall the heavenly light become.  
God is thy tower;  
Though beset with foes around,  
Jesus will thy foes confound  
With His great power.

Firmly, firmly now confiding  
On thy Saviour, kind and true,  
God thy footsteps ever guiding,  
And His mercies ever new;  
He will appear,  
Helper in each time of need,  
Strong Protector, Friend indeed,  
Then never fear.

Enter, enter to the holiest,  
Jesus has the way made plain,  
There in attitude the lowliest,  
Tell thy care and grief and pain.  
God is thy Friend;  
Though the world despise and blame,  
Jesus' love remains the same,  
Time without end.

Higher, higher, O my spirit!  
Soar above the things of earth;  
Think of thy Redeemer's merit,  
Yield Him all that thou art worth.  
He left His throne  
To seek thee ruined, wretched, lost;  
Thy ransom did His life-blood cost;  
Thou art His own.

Upwards, upwards, look above thee,  
Follow Christ within the veil,  
Let not earthly trifles move thee,  
Let not earthly thoughts prevail.  
Time soon shall cease,  
And earth decay; then heavenward press,  
And Jesus shall for ever bless  
With rest and peace. *Johann Casper Schade.*



THE  
SMOOTH  
HANDLE.

HERE are many pretty nooks and corners in England, but nothing much more fair and peaceful than a certain little village in one of the southern counties, which for the present we will call Elsenham. Certainly, people who like the noise and bustle of large cities might call it dull; but those who had dwelt there for the best part of their lives were not of this opinion. That Elsenham must be a healthy place was proved by the rosy cheeks of the children, the strength and activity of the larger part of the inhabitants. Those who were weak and ailing, were so from age, or some other such cause, and doctors' visits were so rarely needed that the nearest of that useful profession lived fully ten miles from Elsenham, and never found it inconvenient.

One of the villagers, however, might have been singled out as destitute of that quiet cheerfulness and content that we generally see on the faces of those whose home is in a rural neighbourhood. Harriet Evans was the busiest and most hard-working woman to be found in a day's walk, but there was an anxious restlessness in her looks, her tones, and her ways, that none who saw her often could fail to notice.

The secret of this is soon told. She was one of those unhappy people who make troubles out of nothing; who think of future possible griefs and losses when there are none in the present; who take the worst view of people and of circumstances, and thus destroy their own peace of mind, and that of every one who has any dealings with them.

Her two rooms were as "neat as a new pin," according to the old saying, for she had no one to make a litter there. In her early womanhood she had been left a childless widow, and now at fifty years of age she had laid by a nice little sum to secure her against need when work was impossible. But for the present Mrs. Evans was well able to earn money by her ironing and her beautiful fine-sewing, and the Elsenham people who heard her complaints and dismal forebodings were apt to say that "some folks never knew when they were well off."

"Yes, it's true that I've plenty of work now," Harriet would admit, when some of her neighbours told her she had good reason to be content; "but there's no saying how long it may last. Some of the families might move away, or I might get laid up and not do a hand's turn for weeks. I'm sure there are nights when I lay awake thinking that I may come to want yet, in spite of all the years I've been toiling."

These and many other such thoughts (with the aid, too, of her fretful, anxious expression) were enough to convince any one that poor Mrs. Evans had not laid to heart certain words of Scripture which say, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

All of a sudden her frequent complaints of loneliness were cut short, and for the future her grievance was that she no longer had "a quiet place to herself." A brother who had been away so long at sea as to be supposed dead, suddenly arrived in England, and when he proposed that he and Harriet should "jog along together," she could not well say no.

From his first appearance in Elsenham, Captain Morgan was in high favour. Not only the children, but the mothers and fathers were never tired of hearing his adventures during the sailor's life he had only given up because he was growing old. True, he was rough in manner, but he had a heart of gold; and big people as well as little ones soon find out when such is the case.

"Well, well, Mrs. Evans," said the neighbours now, "you are indeed in luck. As if you weren't well-to-do enough before, here's your own brother come back from foreign parts with a tidy bit of savings, to settle down with you till he dies. You'll not complain of being lonely any more."

"No, it's company, to be sure," was the answer; "still, though I'm glad to see George after all these years I fancied he was lost, it seems to me I could work better and feel more happy before he came. One gets used to being alone, you see, and my brother coming has put me rather about."

It is possible—indeed, some of the people who pretend to know everything were sure of it—that Captain Morgan was also "put about" by finding his sister so different from what she had been in their long-past childhood; but he never said so. Seeing that she was the cause of the worrying, discontented people of this world, the good-hearted sailor pitied her, and made up his mind to bring peace to her face if he could. "Dear, dear, Harriet!" he often exclaimed, "have you forgotten the old saying that there's two handles by which you may lay hold of everything? Take the smooth handle, sister, 'tis always the best plan."

Sometimes Mrs. Evans answered him sharply, "It was all very well for those who never troubled their heads about anything." At other times she turned away without a word, and kept silence for hours, so that at last the captain was forced to seize his glazed hat and seek the company of some of his boy admirers in the village. There were, however, moments in which Harriet really thought her brother was in the right, and wished she could "take things by the smooth handle;" but she absolved herself at the same moment from all blame by deciding it was not her way, and people could not change their natures at her time of life.

Yet, as time passed on, this woman began to understand that the captain's beaming face and bluff good-nature were not due alone to his natural disposition. He could talk freely of storms at sea, but the words would have stuck in his throat had he even tried to tell of a certain night when the old Bible stories of



*The mothers and fathers were never tired of hearing his adventures.*

childhood came back upon him. In the deadly peril he had cried, "Lord, save, or I perish!" and from that moment had taken Christ as a Saviour from the consequences of sin as well as from sudden death.

The captain's religion, then, had no expression in words, but he did better—"he lived it," as one of the Elsenham people expressed it, when she told me all she knew of him. It was in this way he came to do such good that many a one had reason to thank God for leading old Captain Morgan to spend his last days in Elsenham.

There were some among the village people to whom the Sabbath was only a day for extra work, or for idleness and pleasure; these were won by word and by example to God's house. Quarrels and ill-feeling were often changed to harmony and goodwill by the timely interference of this peace-maker. But to tell you of all that he did for others would make my little sketch

of him into a book, so I must only mention the change he brought about in his sister Harriet.

Long after his death she kept, written in a large round hand and hung upon her wall, the proverb he had been so fond of quoting; but before that time came, Mrs. Evans had learned to "take everything by the smooth handle" in its best and highest sense. I mean—and I want to give it as a "recipe" to all who are of an anxious, troubled disposition—she had learned to take hold of everything with the handle of faith in God, and to believe that, knowing our desires, hearing our prayers, and understanding as we do not what is for our real good, He will manage for us if we only trust Him. And thus His peace, "the peace which passeth all understanding," came to Mrs. Evans's heart and shone on her face at last, thanks to the lesson she had learnt from the rough seafaring man who had been one of the best of Christians.