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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

VOL. VIII.—No. 5.

MAY, 1884.

WHOLE No. 89.

Study Dust.

SOLOMON said, "Of the making of books there is no end." Is it not wonderful that a few alphabetical characters can, by means of ingenuity and power of thought, be made to continually express in ever changing and pleasing variety, things both new and old? What memories cluster around the dear old volumes, although the dust and rub of years has destroyed their external beauty, they call to mind scenes and friendships long since past. Many thoughts were awakened, as, during the past few days, wearied by the dust and confusion consequent upon a good clean up in the study, we looked into books almost forgotten and saw therein the familiar writing of school-boy days, and remembered fingers long since stiffened by death; the dusty tomes seemed almost to speak as we tenderly replaced them on the shelf. Others would have cast them out to give place to the bright and new, but memory called up the time when they did good service and prepared their owner for the present time of enlarged opportunity. Time may and will destroy them, but as at this moment we handle a volume, Calvin's Institution, and read the publisher's date, 1599, still almost as good as new, save a worn hole, which has scarce destroyed a letter, the thought comes with vividness and power, what is man? How short his heritage of time? Nevertheless, what opportunities for good or evil living affords. Let us be *living epistles known and read of all men*, for such writing neither time nor worms can destroy. The influence of a consecrated life shall live and have a being in the eternity of God.

"Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago;
Now he calls me to confess him
Before I go.

"My past life, all vile and hateful,
He saved me from sin;
I should be the most ungrateful
Not to own him."

A Ribbon of Blue.

"Bismark has given up his beer and taken to cold tea. What is the trouble with the beer?"

The membership of the Church of England Temperance Society now numbers 432,674, Manchester heading the list with 40,000, and St. Asaph being at its foot with 2,000.

A dinner at the Mansion House is rather a gorgeous affair. The simple man with the unmunipal mind

is apt to be a little bewildered by its grandeur. However it does not seem to require much genius to listen to good music; to relish the succession of dishes; to be waited on by the retinue of servers; and in general, to have a good time on such an occasion. Whilst some olden customs are observed, they seem to take new forms. Of course, there was a dazzling array of glass, and continual offers of wine. But, amidst the decorations worn, the blue ribbon was to be met with. When toasts were proposed, it appeared to us that more than one-half the glasses held up contained lemonade. "My father told me," said a gentleman sitting near, "that when he went to big city banquets he used to give a waiter a handsome tip to keep his glass filled with cold tea or toast and water; not to appear to take wine freely would have subjected to unpleasant social penalties." Happily, matters have changed, and one can now refuse wine, even at the Lord Mayor's banquet, without a remark.

"As you make your bed, so you must lie on it." He promised before marriage that he would reform. All the world knows that such promises, made by a drunkard, are *always broken*. In a few words, the woman who knowingly married a drunkard must be content to be a drunkard's wife.

"I was out, said a minister, and thought I would call and see how you are getting fixed for winter."

"Well; you can see for yourself, sir," she replied. "We're getting fixed for winter, the way whiskey has a habit of fixin' drunkards' folks; fixed with rags and bare cupboard, and holes in the windows, for the wind and snow to blow in at; and no prospect of fire."

The following is the way an American humorist, Robert Burdette, puts it:—"Just quit. Without oath, resolution, or promise. Simply quit. If you have a young man's weakness for wine or whisky, as the railroad men say, 'Shut her off.' There is no trouble about it. Let me tell you there is no harm in whisky. It does not, and cannot hurt you—if you don't drink it. That's all you have to do. Don't be a fanatic. Don't be a reformer. Don't be a prohibitionist lunatic. Just simply don't drink, and all the whisky in America can't make you drunk if you don't drink any of it. Whisky never yet hurt a man who didn't drink it."

Will you sign the pledge on this blank line. I solemnly promise by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage

Signed.....

The appropriations for the Indian Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States for the year 1879 are \$36,875.

Hints and Helps for Workers ; or Thoughts and Gatherings from the Study.

THE "United Presbyterian" said it, we repeat it with a hearty Amen, and pass it on to whom, as the lawyers say, it may concern. "I have been an entire year in the church and have not made a single acquaintance." The man who said this was furious in his complaints of the congregation that thus neglected its members ; but the blame should be the other way, for a man who can stay that long among a set of Christians without compelling them to know him proves that he is of little use.

AN Australian paper gives some good ideas on SPASMODIC CHRISTIANS, and we pass them on :—

Dear friend remember there are certain Christians who seem to suffer continually from a kind of religious spasms. At least, if they are not always convulsed, their intermittent state is only characterised by that torpor which is a certain sign of a renewal of the attack. The class of Christians is one which, starting with the best possible end in view, uses the worst possible means to accomplish its purpose. They being by asserting—with some degree of truth, it may be—that there exists in the religious community to which they happen to belong a dead and alive condition of things not at all to be desired, and they at once set about rectifying it as far as their individual connection with the work is concerned. They first of all utter dire lamentations for the falling off in the spiritual life of the Church, and their voices may be heard lifted up in the prayer-meeting deploring in woeful terms their own decadence and that of their fellow worshippers.

A short time passes, and the place that knew them knows them no more, and you see nothing of them.

How many pastors and deacons have to mourn over the possession of these spasmodic Christians in the Church. At a time of religious revival they flourish abundantly, and whole-souledness make simple Christians envy their state of transport and their extraordinary enthusiasm. But by-and-bye, when the popular evangelist has gone to another spot, and the work of building up the converts commences, our spasmodic friends are *non est*. Plodding, patient, every-day labour is out of their line. Either outbursts of excitement, or doleful lethargy ; and not only does their example act detrimentally to the best interests of a Church, but they too often look with a supreme contempt upon those who, by loving care and watchfulness, by a kind word spoken in season, or by a gently action timely performed, do more to win men and women to the Cross of Christ than all the paraphernalia of religious excitement ; and often wound, by invidious comparison and self-righteous speech, those hearts which, while conscious of their own weakness and imperfection, are yet laid upon the altar of sacrifice, and whose possessors believe it wiser to limp day by day along the path of Christian service than to lie in the hospital for incurables, sighing for ever, "O had I the wings of a dove," and mourning their inability to fly. Great public meetings are not religion. Loud applause, splendid singing, emotional praying, are not religion. Earnestness,

however desirable, is not religion. "Pure religion before God and the Father is this, that a man visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world."

God loves intensity. The faithful and true witness saith to the Church at Laodicea : "I would thou wert cold or hot. So because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." The Corinthians, if they were not as religious as the Athenians, were at least in earnest, even if only in selfishness and sin, and the Lord said unto Paul, "I have much people in this place." It is sometimes said that a man will be a better man in after years for having "sown his wild oats," as it is called, in his youth. This is absurd. Nevertheless it is true that a man who goes into sin with all his heart will make a better man when converted than he who has no heart to give to sin or to anything else. Mere theorists, lackadaisical grumblers, and idlers, are of no use either in the Church or out of it. It is perhaps the saddest fact within our knowledge that there is such a large proportion of Laodiceans in the Church to-day. A few members of each congregation usually carry on the work of the church while the rest stand by and criticise. The Athenians were grand at criticising, but the Corinthians were alive and at work.

Let us never forget that our Saviour chose as His most intimate friends the three most intense natures among his followers—Peter, the forward and fallible, and the two "Sons of Thunder."

Let us all aim to do something says an exchange : " 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver ;' a tract given in love may win a soul to Christ and cover a multitude of sin. The following shows the value of one tract :

'Nearly thirty years ago, in a time of revival in the Walnut Street Baptist Church, in Louisville, Kt., two Christian woman, Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith and Mrs. W. W. Everets, went forth together to visit from home to home, and to distribute tracts and to invite sinners to the house of God. Very near the church building they found the family of a theatrical actor, and, in the circle they addressed a slender, youthful son already on the stage. To him also they gave a tract and an invitation. He accepted both, read the tract and went and heard the gospel preached, and soon was saved. His life was now immediately changed, as well as his heart, and he promptly consecrated himself to the ministry and to labor for the salvation of others in preaching the gospel. Thus George C. Lorimer, D. D., was won to Christ and the service of his kingdom.'

Again we would urge christians to be kindly affectionate one to another, and not to forget to entertain strangers in God's house, the following may impress some. The minister of a fashionable church preached a beautiful sermon on the subject : '*Shall we know each other there ?*' He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in the sun-lit groves, by the music of waterfalls, and gaze out upon Amaranthine fields. "And then, too, we shall know each other there," said the minister ; and then added, "ther'll be no stranger in the New Jerusalem ; we'll all be friends." "Beautiful !" said Deacon Sham, as he trotted down the aisle. "A lovely sermon !" said

Miss Simpkins, as she put her bony hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher: "Mr.—, I am glad we shall recognize each other up there." "Yes," said the minister, "it's one of the greatest consolations of our religion." "Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change, though; for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of this society have recognized me yet. BUT—WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE."

The Study Table, New Books and Exchanges.

In this department we give short reviews of such New Books as publishers see fit to send us. In these reviews we seek to treat author and publisher satisfactorily and justly, and also to furnish our readers with such information as shall enable them to form an opinion of the desirability of a particular volume for personal use. It is our wish to notice the better class of books issuing from the press, and we invite publishers to favor us with their recent publications.

The Woman at Work, Brattleboro, Me. U. S. Is a literary magazine devoted to the record and encouragement of woman's work. price \$1.00

Bee Keeping for Profit, by Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton, West Gorham, Maine. This is a useful manual of Bee management, the authoress gives a good deal of condensed and practical advice, showing how to avoid loss, and how to make the B profitable.

War Notes, published by Dougall & Son of the Montreal Witness. It is a live temperance sheet issued in the interest of the forward temperance movement now being so gloriously pushed. The war notes are interesting and stirring reading. Price 25 cents.

Gospel Bells.—Published by Fireside Friend Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, U. S. The title itself is taking and so is the make up. "Gospel Bells" for Sunday-schools, prayer, and praise meetings, contains things now and old in gospel praise, therein are found many gems of song ever dear to christians.

Scripture Baptism.—J. Nettleton, Manchester, England. It is a picture every Baptist should have. Being a good pictorial illustration of a divine ordinance. Cost 2/6, size 17 x 22.

The Sanitarian.—Fulton St., New York. Is one of the highest class magazines, and gives much wholesome and practical advice, calculated to be a personal and national benefit.

Elzevir Library.—S. B. Alden, P. O. B. 1227, New York. Is a continual income of much that is best amongst literature at the cheapest rates.

A ? to be Thought about and Prayed Over.

Reader, you are Saved or Lost, which is it?

A man must be in his present state, either Saved or Lost. Which are you? If you are saved it is through the Blood of Christ alone. If you are lost, and can realize your lost state, and that you are a sinner, it is you that Jesus came "to seek and save." His own words are "The Son of Man is come seek and to save that which was lost." I would ask you to observe Christ's other words, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life, "and shall come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Besides this, listen to your God: "Whosoever will, let

him come." "It's no use," you say, my sins are of the Blackest Dye; I've neglected God all my life." I answer 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from All Sin,' and "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," (Isa. x. 11). Jesus invites all to "come unto Him," and adds, "him that cometh unto Me, and I will in no wise cast out."

QUIETLY THINK OVER THESE WORDS.

"He that believeth not is condemned already." Why?—Read John 3, 18.

The Regions Beyond and the Home Field Notes.

Souls are not saved in bundles; the Spirit asks of each man, "How is it with thee?"

Only 136,000 females, in India, are under instruction, while 2,517,629 males are at school—a disproportion which will rapidly disappear.

The total subscription to foreign missions for the past twelve months exceeds that of the previous year by nearly £100,000, amounting in the aggregate to £1,191,175, made up thus: Church of England societies, £500,306; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £154,813; English and Welsh Nonconformists, £348,175; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £176,362; Roman Catholic societies, £11,519.

Mr. William Bucknell, the generous Baptist merchant of Philadelphia, has given \$10,000 to Rev. Dr. Clough who recently returned from the Telugu mission, for his work in that field.

The *Watch Tower* states that the coloured Baptists of America have recently sent out six missionaries to Africa. These are the right men in the right place. Rev. H. H. Johnson, of our city, is appointed agent.

In 1800 there were, according to the best available statistics, 365,000 in a population of 5,308,483—or about 7 per cent. In 1850 there were 3,529,988 communicants in a population of 38,588,371—about 17 per cent. In 1880, 10,065,663 in a population of 50,153,866—a little over 20 per cent. The population has increased since 1800 nine fold; the number of evangelical communicants twenty-seven fold, or three times as much.

There are nearly one thousand Romanist converts in the Protestant churches of Rome, as the result of ten years mission work.

About 1,000 Chinese children are attending Sunday-school in San Francisco, Cal.

Three thousand children now attend Protestant Sunday-schools in Paris, France.

The "Jewish Times" computes the number of Jews all over the world to be 6,503,000.

In Southern India not less than sixty thousand idolaters have cast away their idols and embraced Christianity in the year 1878.

The Buddhist nunneries in China have closed by order of the Emperor.

A skeptic once asserting his unbelief before Sir Isaac Newton, and shortly after seeing a new and magnificent globe in the philosopher's study, asked him, "Who made it?" "No one," was the reply. The sad irony of the philosopher silenced the cavilings of the infidel.

Kind Words. What others think of Buds and Blossoms.

From the Cynosure, Chicago, U. S. :

Buds and Blossoms is a charming illustrated magazine, published by J. F. Avery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, containing forty pages monthly of anecdote and argument for the Christian home. Every number is profusely and finely illustrated. We shall be happy to introduce this magazine to hundreds of American homes, and have secured a special arrangement from the proprietor. *Buds and Blossoms* is 75 cents per year; with the *Cynosure* the two will be \$2.50, or any subscriber who has already paid for this paper can get the magazine at the same rate.

From the Literary column of the Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S. :

Buds and Blossoms.—Edited by Rev. J. F. Avery. Published monthly. Price 75 cents a year. This is an illustrated magazine of a very attractive character. Mr. Avery deserves even a large measure of success than has yet crowned his efforts.

From the Montreal Daily Witness :

Buds and Blossoms and Friendly Greetings is the title of an admirable monthly of a religious character, published at Halifax, N. S., giving 40 pages monthly for 75 cents a year. It is got up in the best English style and should be encouraged. It is edited by the Rev. J. F. Avery.

Short Sermons Without Texts.

When Moses was urging upon the people the importance of faithfulness in the service of God and the value of religion, he gave as a reason in the impressive truth that religion "is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life." This great truth we would do well to remember. Religion, if it be any value at all to us, is of infinite value. It is our life. If so, should it not receive our earnest and prompt attention? Can any man have a proper conception of what heaven really is and make it a secondary object?

Four things are necessary to constitute a Christian. Faith makes a Christian; life proves a Christian; trials confirm a Christian, and death crowns a Christian.—*Hopfner.*

Under the laws of providence, life is a probation; probation is a succession of temptations; temptations are emergencies; and for emergencies we need the preparation and the safe-guard of prayer.—*Austin Phelps.*

Put the knife, with God's help, to some ugly be-setting sin. Stop that one leak that has let so much foul bilge-water into your soul. Put into practice some long-neglected duty. The first step towards improvement with one person was to banish his decanters; with another to discontinue his secular paper on Sunday morning; with another to ask the pardon of injured friends; with another to go after some street Arabs and take them to a mission school.

There have been 221,953 interments in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, making it a great city of the dead.

Let us work that we may eat, and eat that we may live, and live that we may glorify God.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

Some people are given to flattery when speaking of others and make them to appear better than they are; but the Lord uses no flattering words in what He says concerning any of the children of men.

Westminster Abbey is to be lighted by electricity.

Street cars are running in the streets of Tokio, Japan.

The life boats on the British coast saved 726 lives last year.

It is stated that 90 out of every 100 of the people of the Russian Empire cannot read or write.

"The Hindu," a native newspaper published at Madras, India, says.—"The last days of Hinduism are evidently fast approaching."

Home Circle.

In April we generally expect showers. We have not so far realized the expected out-pour or in-pour of subscribers. But the wise husbandman hath long patience, and sows in the hope of coming sunshine and harvest. In faith we still pour out BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, praying that the Lord of the harvest will own the offering and crown with fruitfulness. We have yet to gather in some 300 dollars to meet the expenses. All we ask is, tell Jesus, and ask the Divine blessing upon this and our other efforts, that they may be successful unto the salvation of many.

2d TABERNACLE NOTES.—Baptisms, March 30th 2, April 6th 2. We still rejoice in continued tokens of special and Divine favour. Brethren pray for us.

FLOWER MISSION.—Will friends please commence to prepare scripture text cards for the mission.

SPECIAL DONATIONS.—We have several donations paid in, but as we go to press too early this month to give a full list, and the workers are still gathering. We will in next issue give an account. The intention is to avoid the toil of a tea meeting, and without raise the usual half yearly interest on the lot. Who will help us to extinguish the ground rent. We could otherwise and better employ our means.

Olive Branches.

March, the wife of Capt. Hire of a son. March 22, the wife of Alex. McCracken of a son. April 17th, the wife of Ch. Eaton of a son.

Orange Blossoms.

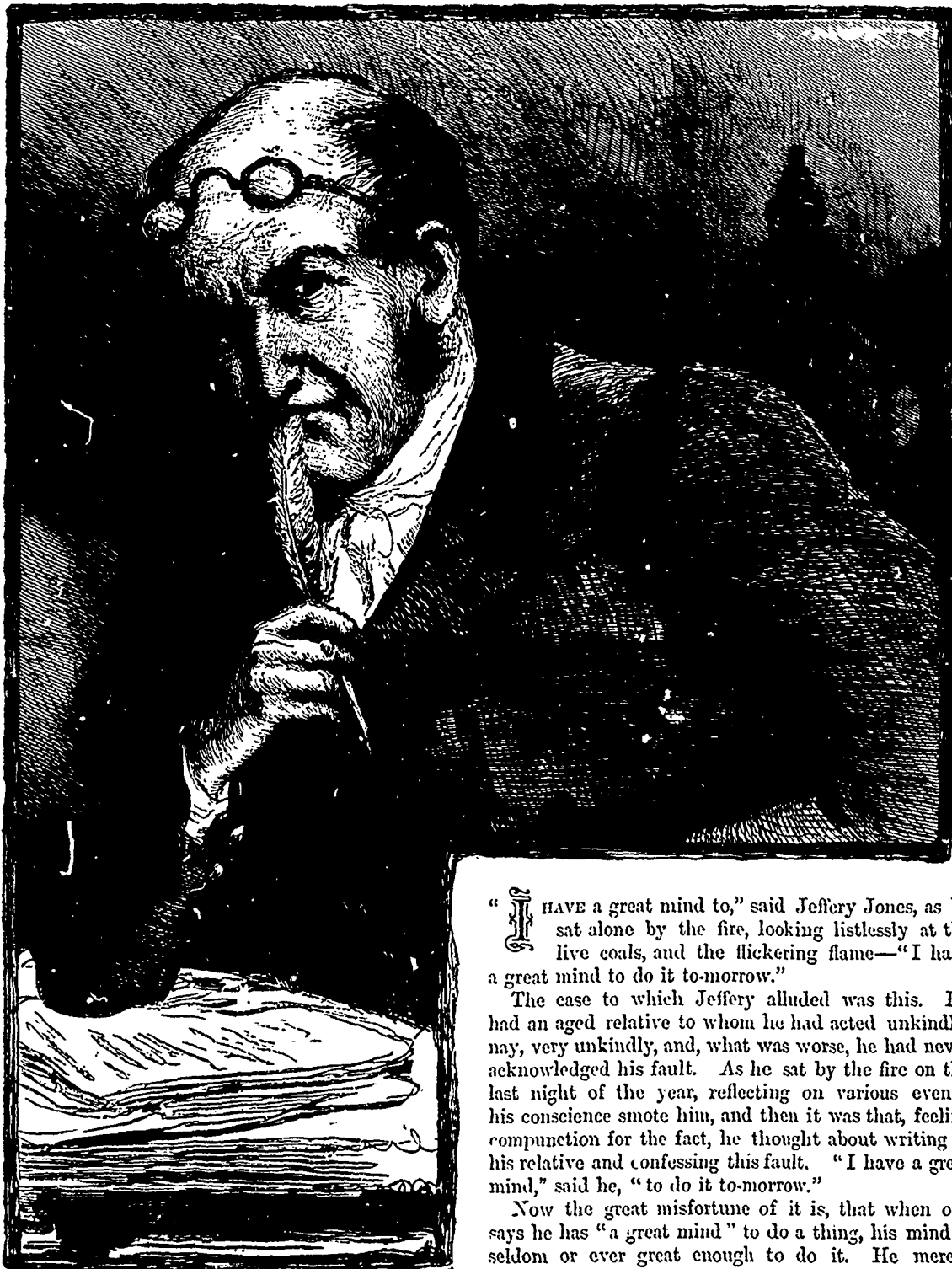
MARRIED.—April 3, John W. McCabe, to Alma Annie Williams, by J. F. Avery, pastor of the Tabernacle.

Mr. Ruskin says that a couple should court seven years. Either Mr. Ruskin has no grown up daughters, or coal is very much cheaper in England than it is here.

FADED LEAVES.

DIED—March 30th, Mrs. S. Boutlier, aged 96. Although her experience had been very varied, and often trying, nevertheless if the face is an index to the soul, it evidenced she had the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Our sister's christian walk and conversation will be long remembered. One by one, our members are fording the river, fearing no evil, known the shepherd has tried the depths, and forced the grave. The glory is all unto Jesus, the resurrection and life is ours in Him.

I HAVE A GREAT MIND TO,
AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"I HAVE a great mind to," said Jeffery Jones, as he sat alone by the fire, looking listlessly at the live coals, and the flickering flame—"I have a great mind to do it to-morrow."

The case to which Jeffery alluded was this. He had an aged relative to whom he had acted unkindly, nay, very unkindly, and, what was worse, he had never acknowledged his fault. As he sat by the fire on the last night of the year, reflecting on various events, his conscience smote him, and then it was that, feeling compunction for the fact, he thought about writing to his relative and confessing this fault. "I have a great mind," said he, "to do it to-morrow."

Now the great misfortune of it is, that when one says he has "a great mind" to do a thing, his mind is seldom or ever great enough to do it. He merely means that he has some inclination to do it; but this

by no means amounts to an intention. So it was with Jeffery Jones. He had pen, ink, and paper within his reach, and his time was at his own disposal; why then could he not write his letter that night as well as in the morning?

As Jeffery continued looking at the fire and musing on things gone by, he remembered also that a neighbour of his had done him an injury, though not intentionally. It is true that he had endeavoured to make amends for it, and earnestly implored to be forgiven, but this forgiveness had never been granted. The last night of the year, however, was not a time to be implacable, so the thought of calling on his neighbour in a kindly spirit occurred to him. "I have a great mind," said he, "to call on him to-morrow."

It was but six o'clock when he said this; why then could he not have put on his hat and great-coat, and seen his neighbour at once? He would then have healed the wounded heart of another, and afforded satisfaction to his own.

As Jeffery Jones went on in his cogitations, it occurred further to his memory that a few days before a case of great distress had been mentioned to him. A poor, deserving woman, well brought up, had, by the sickness and death of her husband, been reduced to extremity, so that some temporary assistance was required to enable her to keep her house over her head and support her little ones. There were many who were ready to help her, but some one was wanted to take the lead. Jeffery Jones was rich enough to spare from his own purse the required sum without inconvenience, or by the effort of an hour he might have obtained it from others, but he neglected to take either course. The last night of the year brought the matter home to him, and he began to think of going to the poor woman and telling her what he intended to do. "I have a great mind," said he, "to go to her in the morning."

Oh, Jeffery! Jeffery! hadst thou had the cause of the poor woman at thy heart, thou wouldest have gone that very hour; the fatherless might then have blessed thee, and the widow have put thy name in her prayer.

Jeffery Jones mused another hour or two by his cheerful fire and well-swept hearth, having "a great mind" to do many things, but ending all in doing nothing. The cold weather gave an additional charm to his fire-side; a comfortable tea and a hot supper drove away from his thoughts his aged relative, his penitent neighbour, and the poor widow; and Jeffery Jones retired to a downy bed, very little affected with thoughts of other people's miseries.

The morrow came and brought with it its occupations and its cares; and though Jeffery was in a great degree a man of leisure, he found enough business of one kind or another to engage his attention; absorbed by the events of the passing hours, the reflections of the preceding night no longer held a place in his memory.

A week or two of the new year had flown before Jeffery Jones gave himself the trouble to inquire after the widow; and he then learned that, as no one had stepped forward in her favour, the landlord had

distrained upon her for rent, and the poor broken-hearted woman with her little ones had departed no one knew where.

Go, get thee to thy comforts, Jeffery Jones; eat, drink, and sleep, if thou canst, without compunction; but for all this thou art not guiltless concerning the fatherless and the widow. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

It might, perhaps, be as much as three or four months after this—for the hawthorn tree was then in blossom, and the birds were singing—when the news came suddenly upon Jeffery Jones that his neighbour had left the country for Canada, having declared that if one thing more than another oppressed his mind on quitting his native land, it was the fact of his never having obtained the forgiveness of the neighbour whom he had unwittingly injured.

And so, Jeffery, thou hast allowed thy neighbour to cross the wide seas with an arrow in his heart, though with a word of kindness thou mightest have removed it, and poured oil and balm into his wounds.

Thou hast prepared bitter herbs for thy repast, and planted thorns in thy pillow. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him."

It was when the reapers were at work with their sickles, and binding the sheaves in the fields, that a letter with a black seal came to Jeffery Jones, which made his heart misgive him. As he feared, it was to say that his aged relative, to whom he had acted unkindly, was dead.

And what thinkest thou now, Jeffery? The poor widow wandered away in her distress without thine aid; thy neighbour left his country without the consolation of thy forgiveness; and thine aged relative has been called away from the world without an acknowledgment from thee of thine unkindness. Truly, thou hast encompassed thyself about with many sorrows.

To waste that time in profitless musing which ought to be employed in benevolent action, is a great though a common error. When our ploughing and sowing is ideal, our harvest is not likely to be real. We may point the finger of reproach and derision at Jeffery Jones; but are we ourselves free from his sinful infirmity? Do our deeds equal our determinations? and are we aware that he who defers till to-morrow the duty of to-day, risks the hazard of never doing it at all?

Reader, time is hastening on with giant strides, and eternity with all of us is well-nigh at hand. If thou hast a fault to confess, an injury to forgive, or a kindness to perform, be not content with having "a great mind" to do it, but set about it with all thy heart, and let it be done directly—

Remembering, in this world of sin and sorrows,
That one "to-day" is worth a score "to-morrows."



THE LIVING BIBLE.



It would be folly for any person to deny the antiquity of the Scriptures. The writing of them extended through more than fifteen centuries, and the earlier portions were written more than three thousand years ago. There is no other record so connected and clearly defined of equal antiquity.

When we consider the character of the times through which the Scriptures have come down to us, how can we doubt that they have been watched over by the all-seeing eye and defended by the unseen, yet almighty hand of God?

Unnumbered generations have drifted down the stream of time and been swallowed up in eternity; empires have risen and fallen; thrones have been set up and have tottered, crumbling and dissolved; revolutions have marched over the fall of nations with earthquake tread, with the sword in one hand and the lighted torch in the other; and world-famed libraries, containing the gathered learning and wisdom of ages, vanished in smoke, while the Bible came down to us through the whole, un mutilated by Vandal hands, undimmed by the mildew of ages, and unsoiled by the dust of more than thirty centuries.

The Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, and when these languages became out of date, it seized upon the living languages of the world, and is now read in more than two hundred languages and dialects! The Bible has a stronger hold upon the world to-day than it ever had before, and stronger than any other book, and more copies of it are printed, circulated, and read than of any other, and no other book is read in so many languages and dialects. Is there nothing supernatural and divine in such a book?

Great God! with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.

Then let me love the Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

LENDING TO THE LORD.



HUNDRED years ago Samuel Hick, a lowly evangelist, was widely known in Yorkshire. His benevolence was unbounded, and his deeds of charity were only limited by the contents of his pocket. His wife was obliged to secure a portion for household expenses before he went abroad, and to take care that his pocket was not too full, for he was sure to return with it empty.

But Samuel sometimes gave her the slip. Once, when he was on a journey, he had occasion to visit a minister at an early hour. He found him with a sick wife and no servant, preparing a very coarse breakfast for his eight children. Samuel gazed at them with pity, went out, and wept. On searching his pocket, he found that it contained two guineas, one of which was borrowed. He immediately gave one of them to the minister, and when he returned home accounted for it to Martha by saying that "he had lent the Lord a guinea at Rochdale."

Martha thought half-a-guinea would have been sufficient; but he replied, "Bless thee, my lass, the Lord will soon make it up to us." And it so happened that he got several pounds unexpectedly in a few weeks.

Returning from the coal-pit one day, with his cart full, he was addressed by a little girl, who ran out of a cottage to beg a little bit of coal, as her mother was ill and they had no fire.

Samuel stopped, went into the house and made inquiries; finding it a case of need, he poured out his load at the door; and then went back to the pit and got another load for himself on credit.

He denied himself to benefit others. Having given a poor widow sixpence, she thanked him in a way that overpowered his feelings. His mind was still dwelling upon it, when the thought occurred to him, "Can sixpence make a poor creature happy? How many sixpences have I spent on this mouth of mine in feeding it with tobacco! I will never take another pipe whilst I live, and I will give to the poor what I save from it."

Some time afterwards he was taken ill, and his medical attendant told him that he must resume the use of the pipe. "Never more, sir, while I live. Let come what will, I'll never take another pipe; I've told my Lord so, and I'll abide by it." And he sacredly kept his vow.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE LORD.

READ LUKE iv. 1-13.



WE read before of the Holy Ghost descending on Jesus, and now we find Him "full of the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit abode in Him, remained in Him. Thus He was ready to meet temptation.

We are taught to pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" yet here we find our Lord Himself, who taught us that prayer, "led by the Spirit into the wilderness," where He was to be tempted. But temptation could not overcome Him; rather His power over Satan was all the more shown by this temptation, and so all turned out to the glory of God. Though God does not lead us into temptation, yet He does let us be tempted; but He will not suffer us to be tempted above what He will enable us to bear.

Satan does not know everything; no one does but

God. He would not have tempted Jesus if he had not thought there was a chance of succeeding; he did not know that there was, and could be, no sin in Him. Perhaps he even dared to think that Jesus, instead of being strengthened by the Holy Ghost, would be thrown off His guard by the gift He had received. Jesus had taken man's nature, and man is apt to be puffed up by spiritual gifts; but Jesus was in no such danger, for there was one part of man's nature which He had not taken—its sinfulness.

Jesus was tempted for forty days! We often find temptation hard and long; but our Lord endured more than He calls His servants to endure. He ate nothing all that time, but though He was afterwards hungry, His strength was miraculously kept up.

The three temptations that are mentioned were the last, and came at the end of the forty days. Jesus had overcome all hitherto; but now He was hungry,

all the kingdoms of the world, if He would worship him.

The last temptation was perhaps the most crafty of all. Jesus would not work a miracle at Satan's bidding, nor would He fall down and worship him; but now Satan found a text in the Word of God, and tempted Him with that. He quoted the words aright—the words of the 91st Psalm; but though the words were right, Satan's use of them was wrong and wicked. We are not wilfully to run into danger, trusting to God to preserve us: that is presumption, not faith; tempting God, rather than trusting Him. Jesus therefore would not cast Himself down. He answered Satan's text with another. Scripture, like all other gifts of God, may be misused. The text from Satan's lips was only the letter of Scripture misapplied: that which Jesus used was both the letter and the spirit.

<p>Know, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord He is God.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Deuteronomy iv. 39.</i></p>	<p>Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Job xxxvii. 14.</i></p>	
<p>In the day of adversity, consider.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Ecclesiastes vii. 14.</i></p>	<p>—</p> <p>CONSIDER.</p> <p>—</p>	<p>Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider your ways.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Haggai i. 7.</i></p>
<p>Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Hebrews xii. 3.</i></p>	<p>Consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Hebrews x. 24.</i></p>	

and probably weak through fasting; Satan would therefore make a last attack, perhaps he might overcome now. Our cruel enemy has no pity; he never spares us; he will come upon us in our weakness, or when we are ill, or downhearted, as well as when he thinks us to be puffed up with pride.

Satan fits his temptation to our case. Jesus was hungry; so he tempted Him first with food. But he has temptations of various sorts; if one does not succeed, he tries another. Thus he did with our Lord. Jesus had come into the world, leaving all His greatness and glory, and now He was poor and low, for He took upon Him the form of a servant: did He not wish for greatness? Would He not like to rule over the world into which He had come? This was the next temptation. It was not Satan's to give; he was a liar when he said it was; but he did offer Jesus

Let us not be surprised if temptation comes. It will come; Satan will not let us alone. But, however painful it may be, it cannot overcome us, if we watch and pray. That is what Jesus bids us do: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Probably Jesus suffered when He was tempted; though He could not fall, yet He might be pained. It is a bad sign if temptation does not pain us; if we hate sin, to be tempted to sin must be painful. But help is always ready; and our Helper is far mightier than our tempter.

God can forbid Satan to tempt us, and make him depart from us, and so give us rest. But let us not put off our armour. He will come again, when God lets him. He departed from Jesus only "for a season," until the time when he tempted Him again. He did tempt Him again.

F. B.



THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

ON one occasion a friend found Michael Angelo gazing, like one inspired, upon a roughly hewn block of marble. When he asked him why, the sculptor replied, "I am thinking of the imprisoned angel I am going to set at liberty." By ten thousand patient touches he accomplished his great design, and the angel released came forth in beauty to be admired by the world. There is something better than the released angel—a depraved man renewed by the powers of the Holy Ghost; transformed, not into the figure of an angel, but into the Divine image, made like Christ. This is one proof of our holy religion not often enough insisted on. The Gospel alone of all religions proposes to regenerate men and to make them new creatures.

I state only a historical fact when I say that in the time of the Cæsars the apostles preached a new faith, grounding it upon the claim of the regeneration of mankind, and if that is true, then Christianity differs from all other religions that ever existed, and in it a new beam of hope dawned upon the darkness of the world. Such being the claim of Christianity, I am not surprised, when I look into the writings of such a man as Celsus, to see that he asserts that no such reli-

gion can ever prevail, as it undertakes to regenerate the wicked, to make men over again, which is impossible. If it be impossible, then indeed must Christianity abandon its claim; but if it be possible, if again and again it has been done, then is Christianity Divine.

Never was there a dialogue as short as that of Christ with Nicodemus that contained so much. Nicodemus was startled by the very fact that is contained in Celsus' proposition. "How," he exclaims, "can a man be born again when he is old?" Very solemn is Christ's answer: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." On that fact—that the Gospel could regenerate mankind—was its Divine Founder willing to stake His claims.

Perhaps you recollect how the Christian fathers answered the infidel argument. They said: "Come into our assemblies, and see whence we came; how the old hate and savagery have died out of our lives. Come and see how we recognise as our neighbour any one that needs our aid; how we forgive our enemies and do good to our persecutors. Come and see whether the Gospel has made transformations among us or not." It is simply a question of fact. If the Gospel can take depraved men and make them new

creatures in Christ Jesus, it shows itself to be worthy of its Divine Founder.

Then the question arises, Is it true that the Gospel does effect such transformations? Of that truth there is no better example than the apostle Paul. To see a man once filled with insane fury against the followers of Jesus so transformed as to weep over the enemies of the cross, so earnest in preaching the same Gospel he had hated that he ceases not to warn every one with tears; this surely is a mighty evidence of the power of Christianity.

How will you explain it otherwise that a man who had laboured to overthrow the altar should be so changed that he is ready to lay himself upon that altar, if need be, a willing sacrifice? How else will you explain it that he cast off all associations of his past, entered upon a life unparalleled, and went forth to girdle the world with light through his missionary labours? If Saul of Tarsus was not different from Paul the apostle, never was change wrought upon a human heart.

Dr. Hoge.

WILBERFORCE AND THE SCOFFER.

A GENTLEMAN, calling on Wilberforce, found him reading the Bible. He began to rally him for employing his time with that musty old book, remarking that we saw the course of nature going on as usual, and that there was no reason to expect that those future events the Bible spoke of would ever take place.

Wilberforce replied, "It is sufficiently singular that what you have been saying is just the accomplishment of what I have been reading." Then, turning to 2 Peter iii. 3, 4, he read the passage to his visitor, with what effect is not known.

THE PLACE OF TERROR.



N the day after the battle of Jena, the 15th of October, 1806, many of the French soldiery were scouring the country, robbing and demanding money. Between the village of Ranschurtz and a new inn, in a hollow of the road, some of the marauders were overtaken by the enraged peasantry and murdered.

At the same moment a French baggage-waggon came by, with a feeble escort. As soon as these soldiers saw what had happened to their comrades, fearing a similar fate, they cut the traces of the waggon, left it sticking in the road, and fled to relate what had happened.

"Very early in the morning of the 16th of October," relates Govéan, a French officer, "Guignier de Revel sent for me. He was commandant of the third regi-

ment of the Line, in which I was captain of grenadiers, and which was then quartered in Naumburg. He showed me an order from Marshal Davoust, to surround the village of Priesnitz, and, as some French soldiers had been murdered there, to shoot all the inhabitants, with the exception of women and children, and to burn their houses to the ground.

"The commandant was in the highest state of excitement at this cruel order. He threw his sabre on the ground, and exclaimed, 'Have I lived to my present age to see such horrors, and to be intrusted with their execution?' He declared that he would rather break his sword to pieces than burden his conscience with such a bloody deed, and tarnish the French arms with barbarity."

It was difficult for Captain Govéan to pacify his brave commandant, and to convince him that it would be giving a bad example of insubordination, if he dared to oppose so plain a command. With a heavy heart Guignier at last gave the order to march back to Priesnitz.

The village was surrounded. Those of the villagers who were able concealed themselves or escaped. In a moment, however, the soldiers were in the houses. All whom they met were driven out of the village, just as they were—no one knew whither or wherefore. The pastor's son Grossman was among the inhabitants who were driven out. He understood French, and approached the commandant, to ask him what they had done, and what destiny awaited them.

In answer, he received a written proclamation to this effect: "The inhabitants of the village have had the audacity to murder Frenchmen passing through their territory, and have stopped and plundered a transport. It is necessary to make a terrible example. The inhabitants of the aforesaid village, with the exception of old men, women, and children, are all condemned to death, and their houses to be set on fire. Naumburg, October 16th, 1806."

When Grossman understood the state of affairs, and the impending danger, he had a conference with the French officers, in which he forcibly represented the innocence of the inhabitants of Priesnitz, and called their attention to the mistake through which they were to suffer.

Grossman's warm representation made a deep impression on the commandant Guignier de Revel, and he wished to march his battalion off without executing the marshal's orders. He was only prevented from pursuing the plan by his officers making a new proposal. They wished to send a messenger to Naumburg to inform Marshal Davoust that the village of Priesnitz appeared to be innocent of the alleged crime; that there were other villages with somewhat similar names, and that it seemed desirable to suspend the execution of the punishment.

A horse was accordingly brought, and Lieutenant Sico mounted and rode off; but who can depict the terror which was felt during his absence? At seven in the morning the people had been driven out to the spot, since called the Place of Terror, and it would be eleven before Sico could return.

Meanwhile, more men and women, who had concealed themselves, were driven out. Children cried for bread; an old man of eighty, leaning against a hedge, seemed almost frozen; the women, mostly half clad, wept aloud; and even strong men trembled, for a cold wind blew, and thick hoar-frost covered the ground.

At length the officer was seen approaching at full gallop. Did he bring with him life or death? He dismounted, and the other officers gathered round him. And what was the answer of Marshal Davoust? It was short and severe: "The order is immediately to be executed."

The unfortunate people of Priesnitz were scarcely less dismayed than the commandant Guigner. He was in a most difficult situation; for he could not come to the resolution of executing the order, and yet he did not wish to be openly disobedient.

"Then the happy thought occurred to me," writes Govéan, "to say that he could march off, and leave me to execute the order, for that I and my company would remain."

The commandant at once retired, and only Captain Govéan and his company stayed behind. He had the trumpet immediately sounded, and sent some of his men with burning torches round the village, to set fire to a few houses and barns on that side where the wind could do the least damage. The flames burst through the thatched roofs.

While this was going on the terrified inhabitants were weeping and wringing their hands, as they witnessed the destruction of their property; Govéan's grenadiers quickly returned to the assembled crowd, so that no one any longer doubted that they were all going to be shot together. Govéan, however, only wished to frighten the people away, while he ordered his grenadiers to take some young men prisoners and detain them.

As soon as the miserable beings saw that they might flee, they ran breathless into the open country without looking round. Seven young men only were taken, and driven back to the former spot, the Place of Terror. "What they internally felt no language can describe. With burning terror they fell to the ground, and one of them embraced the knees of the captain."

"I advanced myself," writes Govéan, "between them and the grenadiers, and then gave the word to load and present. If my men shot as I expected, all was right; if not, I should fall with the unfortunate creatures, whose lives I had endeavoured to preserve. At any rate, subordination, the pride of the French army, remained untarnished. And now, waving my sword, I said, 'Fire.' The grenadiers shot away over their captain, as he had expected, and over the poor creatures who were kneeling behind him. Immediately after the discharge, and before the smoke had subsided, Govéan quickly said, 'Turn to the right,' and without waiting, he led his company back to Naumburg, and announced officially, 'The order is executed.'"

The unfortunate seven who had been so near death knew not how it was that not one of the shots had

taken effect, but that the French were gone. It was long before they dared to stir.

At last they rose, and standing behind a wild thorn bush, under a large pear tree, one of them opened his lips. It was the son of the schoolmaster. "Let us fall down on our knees," said he to the others, "and pray an earnest prayer, since the good God has preserved us." And the seven young men knelt down together and prayed, and thanked God for their deliverance, while the flames were raging behind them in the village.

On the Place of Terror a simple memorial was afterwards erected, and every year, on the 16th of October, the deliverance was commemorated.

It may not be uninteresting to add that the above-mentioned Grossman afterwards entered the ministry in the Lutheran Church, of which he became one of the greatest ornaments. Grossman died June 29th, 1857. It has been said of him: "Grossman went to his rest in honour. He died as he lived; he lived as he taught; he taught as he believed; for him is laid up a crown of righteousness which fadeth not away. The memory of the just is blessed."

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FAITH.

A CAPTIVE was brought before an Asiatic prince; the scimitar was already raised over his head, when, oppressed by intolerable thirst, he begged for water. A cup was handed him; he held it as if apprehensive that the scimitar would fall while he was in the act of drinking.

"Take courage," said the prince, "your life will be spared till you drink this water."

Hearing this the prisoner instantly dashed the cup of water to the ground! The prince could not go back from his word, and the captive's faith saved him. The word had passed, it was enough; and the captive went on his way rejoicing.

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NEARING THE CITY.

WHATEVER advantage we may gain from the looking-glass in our early days, we find, as we get on in life, this picture of ourselves just as we are is not always so welcome. The mirror remains the same, but we are altered, and it tells us this so truly that we do not find ourselves going away from it with the smile we used to wear. You remember the day when the first grey hair came in sight, so soon to be followed by others of the same whiteness, and when the furrows on the brow, and those lines of care showed up your face. Not very pleasant, was it, to see these?

Ah well, you say, there has been cause enough for them; things have not gone all smoothly, and life has been a weary way. So, dear friend, with all of



us, more or less, it has been the same; the way of life, like the country road, has its ups and downs. But it is a good life after all, if we have the Saviour to walk with us, and surely He knows the painful way full well, for the print of His feet are upon all its thorny and rugged paths.

Yes, we are all of us growing old. To some who read these words the journey is almost over: to others, too, who hardly think it, the end may not be far off. So we want to attract your thoughts away from those useless regrets over the grey hairs and furrows to the gracious Lord, who, at the end of the weary walking, waits to receive us home. For if you are the Lord's, depend upon it every step onward, every year that swiftly flies, brings you only nearer to your rest above.

Returning one night from a long walk in the country, we saw in the distant sky a glow of light, the reflection of the city to which our steps tended. That light was over our home, where our loved ones waited for our return, and perhaps were at that moment looking out upon the dark night to see if we were coming. This thought quickened our steps, and we rejoiced as every milestone was passed which showed that we were nearer home.

So, dear friend, with the grey hairs on your brow, look up; the city is not far off whose foundations

are of God, the many mansions prepared by the Lord for those that love Him. And it may be, most likely it is the case, that some whom you have loved and lost are there before you, waiting for your coming, so that you may be welcomed home. Is not this a cause of joyous hope? quite willing, of course, to bide His time; but when He shall speak the word, prepared, like Samuel of old, to arise, saying with glad expectation, "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth."

And as to those lines of care upon your forehead. He knows all about it, for "He was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." A good Christian man was talking to us the other day, he had called to tell us of his wife's sudden death the day before, and with sobs stifling his speech he tried to say, "Thy will be done." When he broke down at last in crying, he said, "The Lord knew what it was to shed tears, so He won't mind my weeping." No; all our cares and all our tears are surely known to Him who said so tenderly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Have these troubles of yours shortened the journey a bit? Well, never mind, they have brought the rest nearer, and after such toil the home of peace will be all the sweeter.

How often in a country walk have we climbed a high hill, from the top of which we have been able to look back upon the way we have come. In glancing over our past years, is it not true that although we have been so wayward, still "goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever?"

That is the best of it; but, of course, God always has the best for us. What if we are getting old, if the brightness of our eye is fading, our steps are feebler, and our hair is grey? Even now our hands are perhaps on the latch of the door which shall lead us to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. We hear of other people dying, and we speak with pity about them, although if they lived the life of Jesus, they have died the death of the righteous, and are safe at home. But our turn will come sooner or later—are we ready for it? Some people do not like to insure their lives because it reminds them in an unwelcome manner of death; others neglect to make their wills for a like reason; but, however foolish this may be, it is far worse to put off preparing for eternity!

One night Mr. Moody preached in his large building at Chicago to a crowd of eager listeners, and at the close he told them to take the text home and pray about it. But as the people left the building the fire bells were ringing, and that night Chicago in great part was burnt to the ground. Many of his hearers perished then, and had little opportunity of thinking over his words.

Death is near, and the grave awaits us all; but Christ who conquered the one, and broke the bars of the other, is ready to receive us into glory. Trusting in His merits, we need no longer fear to grow old, because in His own good time He will bring our storm-tossed barks safely to their desired haven. *Jesse Page.*

THE MOTHER'S FORGIVENESS, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



In weak health and in depressed spirits, I had been labouring in the Gospel, apparently without any success, for a lengthened period. No words of mine seemed strong enough to turn back the swollen tide of wickedness which, like a torrent, rolled down the streets of our town, and I was beginning to despair of ever doing a work for God in such a place, when I was requested to occupy a pulpit in a neighbouring city for a single Sabbath evening. Somewhat unwillingly I consented to do so, for I was just then meditating a retreat from the ministry altogether, thinking it not impossible that I had mistaken my vocation in life.

When I arrived at the scene of my evening's labour, I found but a very small congregation assembled. The place of worship was filled with a cold raw fog, through which a few tallow candles faintly glimmered. Throwing myself, however, upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, I began to speak to the people the word of life. Taking for my text the glorious words, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," I endeavoured to illustrate and to enforce the following truths: That man as a sinner was under condemnation; that man by himself was wholly unable to escape from this condemnation and its consequences, but that God, in the Gospel of His Son, had provided a means of escape, that He had established in the world a grand foundation for the

sinner's hope, and was well pleased with him who, casting himself upon this foundation, was desirous of being saved according to the Divine method.

While I was proceeding with my address, my attention was forcibly arrested by the appearance of a poor ragged boy, who was standing in the aisle near the door. He was shivering with cold, and occasionally, as the wind howled past the windows in fitful

gusts, he would draw his tattered garments closer round him to protect his emaciated frame from the fierce and searching blast. How it was that I began to lose all thought of the congregation, and to speak as if that poor boy were my only auditor, I know not, but so it was. I forgot the cold, dull place of worship, and earnestly prayed to God to bless the words to the salvation of that wretched outcast.

I cannot explain the cause, but I inwardly felt that night that I had been made instrumental in doing good. I returned to my own field of labour rebuked for my want of faith, and resolved to work more zealously, and to exercise more implicit trust in God.

On several occasions I made inquiries with regard to him of persons who were likely to meet such as he, but always without success; and yet the thought would often occur to me that he and I were destined to meet. We *did* meet, and under circumstances never, never to be forgotten by myself!

It was the middle of winter, and the snow was lying deep on the earth, when one evening as I was reading in my study, I was told that a very poor woman wished to speak to me. "She would not come in," the servant said; "but would be very thankful if I could allow her to ask me a question at the door."

Upon going to the door, a most pitiable object met my view. Prostrate upon the steps, her forehead touching the cold stones, lay the poor woman; she was very thinly clad, and seemed almost frozen by the severity of the winter air. At the sound of my voice she started, and made a languid attempt to rise, but her strength failed her, and shivering with cold she sunk down again into a kneeling posture, looking at me with a mute prayer for compassion and succour.

With the assistance of my servant, I carried her in almost a fainting state into the kitchen, and for a time she remained without power to utter a single word; but gradually she recovered, and accepted very gratefully some food that was set before her. She had not, however, eaten above a mouthful or two before she suddenly recollected the object of her errand. She burst into tears, and exclaimed in a voice broken by emotion, "I didn't come here to beg, sir, indeed I didn't!" She paused for a moment, and then, in more quiet tones, gave me the following account of herself.

She was a widow, having lost her husband above five years ago. She had seen better days, for while her husband was alive she, together with her son, her only child, was enabled to subsist very comfortably; but upon his death ruin and want stared them in the face, and they were reduced almost to beggary. By dint, however, of great exertions, she had contrived to keep herself and her child out of the workhouse, and she was beginning to regard the future even hopefully, when her son, just as he was approaching the age when by his efforts he might have assisted his widowed parent most materially, ran off to sea! Thus was she deprived of both husband and child, and left with only penury and grief as her bitter portion.

She followed the prodigal with her tears and prayers, but more than two years elapsed without any tidings of him reaching her. At length, one Sunday evening, while she in sad loneliness of heart was brooding over

his fate, her boy had suddenly presented himself before her, and with many tears besought her forgiveness.

"God knows, sir, how readily I forgave him! I thought no more of his past misconduct in the delight I experienced in his return. He had been shipwrecked, and escaped by almost a miracle; he came home to me in rags, and looking very weak and ill, quite the ghost of his former self. But since then, sir, he has been more than any mother can wish, working night and day, poor fellow, to make up for his running away from me."

At this point in her narrative she broke out into a stream of tears. I tried to comfort her, and told her how glad and thankful I was that her son had returned to her.

"Oh, sir!" she said, between the sobs which were rending her poor bosom, "how shall I tell it you? My boy, my darling Richard, is dying! He has been dangerously ill for more than a month, and I am afraid there is no hope of his recovery. I have parted with almost everything we possessed to provide him with necessaries."

I at once took out my purse, with the intention of giving her a trifle of money, but she hastily said, "It is not money I am seeking of you, sir;" and then, after a short pause, in which her tears flowed freely, she continued: "During his illness he has frequently told me that had it not been for a sermon he heard when he came home to his native land, he might still have continued disobedient and wild. It seems, on his way home, that he heard some singing, and was so attracted by it that he entered the place where it was, and it was a place of worship. There he heard the sermon which determined him to change his course, and he began his new life by coming home that very evening to ask his mother's forgiveness. And oh, sir, it is after the minister that preached that sermon that I have walked miles and miles.

"My poor Richard says that he should be so glad to shake hands with that minister before he goes hence; but though several have come to see him, he says to me when they have gone, 'Mother, he has not come yet!' At last some one advised him to come to you, to tell the story I have told to so many. If you could come and see my dying boy, a mother's best prayers should ever ascend to heaven for you. We live a little way out of D——."

"What!" I said, starting with a suspicion that now for the first time crossed my mind; "and was it in D—— that he heard the sermon about which he speaks?"

"It was indeed, sir. Oh, were you ever there?"

"Was it about Christmas time that your poor boy came back?"

"It was in the month of November, sir; how well I recollect——"

"Say no more," I replied; "I believe God has sent you to the one you want at last; I was preaching at D—— about that time, and I verily believe I saw your son there!"

To describe the mother's gratitude upon my signifying it as my intention at once to accompany her home, is next to impossible. I quickly obtained

a conveyance, and taking with me a few necessaries for the sick boy's comfort, we set off together. She had prepared me to expect a very miserable place, for she had been obliged to part with almost every article of furniture to buy food for her son; but I think I never entered a room so chill and comfortless. Not a spark of fire enlivened the rusty grate; a feeble rushlight was flickering in the window, and in the corner of this abode of wretchedness was a heap of straw, upon which the dying boy was fast breathing out his life. The parish surgeon was leaving just as I entered, and to him I said with some warmth, "Is it in a hole like this, sir, that people, however poor, ought to breathe their last?"

"You must complain to the authorities," he said, not unkindly; "I can only tell you that I have to see poor people die in *worse* places than this almost every day of my life!"

I approached the prostrate figure of the poor boy, and for some moments my heart was too full to speak, as I recognised in those wan and wasted features the countenance of the youth who had so attracted my attention when preaching at D—. I soon saw that death had marked him for his own, and that a few hours would terminate his earthly existence.

I said, "Richard, my poor boy, I am sorry to see you so ill; I have thought very much about you ever since I saw you at D—, now more than twelve months ago, and I have often prayed God to bless you!"

A smile of blessed calmness, as of the heaven unto which he was going, lit up the features of the dying one, as he replied in a whisper, "It is so kind of you to come; I knew you would, if you could but be found out; and mother, *dear* mother, has been so kind to take so much trouble; I behaved very ill to her."

His mother knelt down and kissed his parched lips.

"But your mother, Richard, has forgiven you," I replied; "and there is a Saviour more loving and gentle, and more ready to forgive than the tenderest mother who ever watched by a sick-bed."

"Yes, sir, I know there is; I *know* there is," he repeated with great emphasis. "Thank you a thousand times for telling me about Him in a way that I could understand;" and then, to my grateful surprise, he repeated the pith of the discourse I had delivered at D—.

"Oh, how I prayed that night, sir, as I was going home to ask mother's pardon! Once I felt almost inclined to turn back and not go home; but then there sounded in my ears the words, 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;' and so I knelt down in a field near to where mother was living then, and prayed God to have mercy upon me, and give me a new heart; and I have often thought since, sir, that God's reception of the sinful wasn't unlike mother's receiving of me, for she didn't mention anything about the past, except to forgive me for it, and to encourage me for the future."

"Yes, Richard, God meets His penitent and prodigal ones when they are a great way-off, and clothes them

in royal robes; and His angels in heaven rejoice over the repentance of a sinner."

A violent fit of coughing prevented for awhile any further conversation; but upon its subsiding he said, in a painful whisper, "You have come, sir, to see me die. Do not weep, mother; it's all for the best, and we shall meet again where men hunger no more, nor thirst any more, and where God wipes away all tears from our eyes. It seems hard to part now; but we shall hereafter see that it was for the best—for the best," he repeated.

"And do you feel, Richard, that Christ is with you now?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I feel Him underneath my soul, holding it up like mother's arm is holding my head now."

We stood silently watching him, believing that he was sinking into his last sleep. Anything more solemn than the chamber of the dying there cannot be on this earth of ours; the death-bed, be it where it may, in the cottage or in the palace, is a spot round which our tenderest and most solemn thoughts and feelings gather. To this hour, some of my deepest feelings stand associated with that night of watching by poor Richard's dying bed.

Towards morning he awoke, and said in an altered voice, "Mother, where are you? I cannot see you."

His mother knelt down and supported his fevered head upon her arm.

"Is the minister gone, mother?"

"No, Richard, I am here," I said, gently drawing my hand across his forehead, upon which the dews of death were thickly rising.

"How the wind roars, mother; it has put out all the light!" Alas! it was death's blindness that was taking hold upon him.

"Richard, my dear boy, there is a world where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; there is no night there, Richard."

"No," he replied, with startling energy, "the Lamb is the light thereof."

He now laboured fearfully for breath, and more than once I thought the vital spark had fled. Suddenly he became quite calm, drew his hand from mine, and lifted his arms in an attitude of prayer; then in words, that for their strength of tone seemed rather to belong to the living than the dying, he cried out, "There is no condemnation!" and fell back on his mother's bosom and died there.

TAUGHT OF GOD.

THE great Earl of Chatham went with a friend to hear Mr. Cecil. The sermon was on the Spirit's agency in the heart of believers. As they were coming from church the great statesman confessed that he could not understand it at all, and asked his friend if he supposed that any one in the house could.

"Why, yes," said he, "there were many plain unlettered women and some children there, who understood every word of it, and heard it with joy."



Lepers by the Wayside.

LEPROSY.

THOUGH we cannot comprehend the leprosy nor cleanse the leper, there are many things to be learned from this mysterious disease. It has ever been regarded as a direct punishment from God, and absolutely incurable, except by the same Divine power that sent it. God alone could cure the leprosy. It was so understood by Naaman the Syrian, who came from Damascus to Samaria to be cured by Elisha; and when "his flesh came again as the flesh of a little child," he said, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel."

It is a curious fact that this hideous disease still cleaves to Damascus, the city of Naaman, for there is a mild kind there which is sometimes cured, or apparently cured, even at this day. I have met with cases, however, where the cure is only temporary, and perhaps it is so in every instance.

There is nothing in the entire range of human phenomena which illustrates so impressively the Divine power of the Redeemer, and the nature and extent of His work of mercy on man's behalf, as this leprosy. There are many most striking analogies between it and that more deadly leprosy of sin which has involved our whole race in one common ruin. It is feared as contagious; it is certainly and inevitably hereditary; it is loathsome and polluting; its victim is shunned by all as unclean; it is most deceitful in its action.

Very often new-born children of leprous parents are as pretty and as healthy in appearance as any, but by-and-by its presence and working become visible in some of the signs described in the 13th chapter of Leviticus. The "scab" comes on by degrees in dif-

ferent parts of the body; the hair falls from the head and eyebrows; the nails loosen, decay, and drop off; joint after joint of the fingers and toes shrink up, and slowly fall away. The gums are absorbed, and the teeth disappear. The nose, the eyes, the tongue, and the palate are slowly consumed, and, finally, the wretched victim sinks into the earth and disappears, while medicine has no power to stay the ravages of this fell disease, or even to mitigate sensibly its tortures.

Who can fail to find in all this a most affecting type of man's moral leprosy? Like it, this too is hereditary, with an awfully infallible certainty. As surely as we have inherited it from our fathers do we transmit it to our children. None escape. The infant so lively,

with its cherub smile and innocent prattle, has imbibed the fatal poison. There are those, I know, who, as they gaze on the soft, clear heaven of infancy's laughing eye, reject with horror the thought that even here "the leprosy lies deep within." So any one might think and say who looked upon a beautiful babe in the arms of its leprous mother, in that little community near Zion's Gate.

But, alas! give but time enough, and the physical malady manifests its presence, and does its work of death. And so in the antitype. If left unchecked by power Divine, the leprosy of sin will eat into the very texture of the soul, and consume everything lovely and pure in human character, until the smiling babe becomes a Nero, a Cæsar Borgia, a bloody Robespierre, or the traitor Iscariot. These were all once smiling babes.

Again, leprosy of the body none but God can cure, as is implied in the strong protestation of the king of Israel when Naaman came to him: "Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" So, also, there is only one Physician in the universe who can cleanse the soul from the leprosy of sin. Again, medicines of man's device are of no avail, but with him none are needed. He said to the ten who stood afar off, and lifted up their voices and cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" "Go show yourselves to the priests;" and as they went they were cleansed. And with the same Divine power He says to many a moral leper, "Go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee;" and it happens unto them according to their faith.

When looking at these handless, eyeless, tongueless wrecks of humanity, the unbelieving question starts unbidden, Is it possible that they can be restored? Yes, it is more than possible. It has been accomplished again and again by the mere volition of Him who spake and it was done. And He who can cleanse the leper can raise the dead, and can also forgive sins and save the soul.

Thomson's "The Land and the Book."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.



THE annual fair was being held at York, in the year 1776; and a number of young people had, as usual, assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to witness its sports and engage in its revelries. Amongst the crowd of youngsters present on this occasion was the apprentice of a blacksmith in a village near Tadcaster—a tall, slim, rough-looking lad, but with a more gentle heart than is usual with those who work at the forge and anvil. He caught sight of a crowd at a short distance, and he went to see what was the entertainment.

A man was standing on a table addressing the people around him with great earnestness. As Samuel Hick approached, he caught the sounds of a hymn. This riveted his attention, for music had always a charm for his ears. So he decided to stay and hear what the preacher had to say.

Presently a gentleman stepped forward, and told the preacher that he should not hold forth there; and that he would pull him down. He advanced to put his threat into execution, when Sammy, whose blood was up at this interruption, clenching his fists, said, "Sir, if you disturb that man of God, I will drop you as sure as ever you were born."

Some time afterwards Sammy heard that the Rev. John Wesley was going to preach at Leeds. Distance was no object with Sammy, and he started off to hear the celebrated evangelist. On entering the chapel, he was deeply impressed with the appearance of that venerable man. The text was from James ii. 18: "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." It proved a nail fastened in a sure place to the young blacksmith. He came away perfectly convinced that he had neither faith nor works, but was a guilty sinner in the sight of God.

His father took a blacksmith's shop at Micklefield for him, and he began to work his way through the world when he was twenty-one years old. But little capital was required for his business. Having his tools, he wrought for his daily bread, which he always found to be forthcoming, and he had need of nothing.

Samuel considered that it would be well for him to have a wife. He had joined the rustic choir of Aberford church; and one day he saw there a young woman to whom he took a fancy. He went up to her and told her what he felt and thought. It may be well supposed that this sudden courtship filled her with surprise; but probably knowing something of his simple and impetuous character, she was not shocked. She listened, and listened again, till she began to think that he was in the right; and after some little experience of his society, she consented to a marriage. She was six years older than Samuel, but made him a loving and excellent wife;

especially as, by her prudence and economy, she counteracted the effects of his thoughtless generosity.

His union with Matty was destined by God to have an important influence on his history for time and eternity. They both had a certain fear of God and respect for religion; but neither of them had any practical experience of the renewing power of Divine grace. But his mother-in-law was a pious woman, and often spoke to her daughter and son-in-law about the one thing needful, and interceded for them before the throne of mercy. She was not permitted to see the fruit of her efforts during her life, but it was brought forth immediately after her death.

Three days after the good woman died, it seemed as if she appeared to Samuel in his sleep, and taking him affectionately by the hand, warned him to flee from the wrath to come; telling him that if he did not repent, he would never meet her in the paradise of God. The slumberer awoke in horror. He jumped out of bed, groaning from the anguish of his soul. His wife awoke in alarm, and thinking that he had been seized with sudden sickness, was going to call her neighbours. But Samuel withheld her, saying, "I want Jesus—Jesus to pardon all my sins." He was in great distress. "My eyes," he said, "were opened—I saw all the sins I had committed through the whole course of my life—I was like the Psalmist—I cried out like the jailor."

The penitent blacksmith knelt down on a "flag" near his bed, and there poured out his soul before a



prayer-hearing God. He had been taught the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He had often been directed to the Lamb of God. He had heard of Jacob wrestling all night with the angel till he prevailed. He took the same plan. Heedless of cold and weariness, he continued on his knees through the dark hours of night, till he felt that God had mercy on him, and he had peace with heaven.

Samuel thought he could soon make all men believe like himself, and be joyful in the Lord. So

next morning he went to the mistress of a public-house, and began to tell her what "the Lord had done for his soul;" exhorting her to seek and find the same blessing. She repulsed him with scoffs, and turned him out of the house. He, however, retired to a field, and earnestly prayed for her to that God "who seeth in secret." He returned to her, when he found her manner quite changed. She was at the door in tears, and on seeing Samuel asked him to forgive her. He replied, "Oh yes, that I will; and if you will let me in, and pray with you, the Lord will forgive you too." She readily assented; and the consequence of that little prayer meeting was her conversion to God.

As Micklefield was in a hunting district, and Samuel became known for shoeing horses properly, he frequently came in contact with the gentry of the neighbourhood; when he always tried to put in a word about religion. An esquire, in the heat of the chase, came to Sammy to have his horse's shoe fixed, and swore at the man who had done it wrong on the previous day. Samuel said that he paid the rent of the shop, and would suffer no man to take God's holy name in vain in it; and, therefore, if the gentleman would not cease swearing, he would not set the shoe on. This led to further conversation. When the gentleman went away, he pleasantly offered Samuel some silver; but the latter said, "I only charge a poor man twopence, and I shall charge you, sir, no more." He was afraid that taking more on that occasion might be wrongly interpreted.

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DON'T TEAR THAT LEAF.



An irreligious man, who had taken a leaf out of his Bible to wrap something in, and was going to tear it in pieces, was stopped by a friend who said, "Do not tear that, it is part of the Book which contains the words of eternal life."

The unbeliever, though displeased at the reproof, put back the leaf again. Some time after he thought to himself, Let me see what the eternal life is, of which this book should tell me. He took out the leaf of his Bible again, and the last verse of the prophecy of Daniel met his eye: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." He then asked himself what would be his lot at the end of his days if he remained unconverted; and this serious personal inquiry concerning the words of the prophet led him to the feet of the Redeemer.

A single text of the Bible applied to the conscience has often effected remarkable conversions. One who is well known by his sacred poetry had gone through long years of doubt and anguish.

"At last," he says, "came the happy day which was to break my chains, and convince me of the free mercy of God in Christ. I had thrown myself on a seat in a state of despondency difficult to describe; and perceiving a Bible near me, I thought I

would try once more whether it could do me any good. The first verse I read was this: "Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

As I read these words my heart was opened, and my mind seemed to be enlightened by a beam from on high. I felt that Jesus Christ had given full satisfaction for all my sins, that my pardon was sealed in His blood, and that the justification which comes from Him is complete. All that I had formerly heard came back to my mind, and I accepted the Gospel fully.

Constant prayer, persevering meditation, a simple mind, a humble, candid conscience, a personal application of the Scriptures to our own state and conduct—these, then, in short, are the conditions of a good and pious study of the Word of God.

Let us come to the Bible poor and naked, and it will cover us with the robe of Christ's righteousness. Let us ask from it all that is necessary for us, and it will give it us. If our soul is empty and famished, it will satisfy it with the good things of the house of the Lord. If our mind is wavering, it will fix it on the Rock of Ages.

The Bible will do all this for us by the power of the Holy Spirit, and still more, if that is possible; but only on the condition that we will renounce our own presumptuous ideas, and accept the plan which God has formed to make us holy in this life, and happy in the life to come.

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AN OLD TEETOTALLER.



In the year 1839, Mr. Jay was solicited to attend a festival of the Teetotal Society in Bath, but as this was not convenient, he conveyed his sentiments to the meeting in the following letter, which was afterwards published extensively both in this country and in America:—

"MY DEAR SIR, — Circumstances will prevent my accepting your invitation to attend the Teetotal Christmas Festival on Friday evening. I am thankful

that all through life I have been a very temperate man, and for more than twenty-five years, generally, a teetotaller, but for the last six years I have been one constantly and entirely. To this (now I am past seventy) I ascribe, under God, the glow of health, evenness of spirits, freshness of feeling, ease of application, and comparative inexhaustion by public labours, I now enjoy.

"The subject of teetotalism I have examined physically, morally, and christianly, and after all my reading, reflection, observation, and experience, I have reached a very firm and powerful conviction. I believe that next to the glorious Gospel, God could not bless the

human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating liquors.

"As every man has some influence, and as we ought to employ usefully all our talents, and as I have been for nearly half a century endeavouring in this city to serve my generation, by the will of God, I have no objection to your using this testimony in any way you please. I am willing that both as a pledger and a subscriber you should put down the name of,

"My dear Sir, yours truly,
"WILLIAM JAY."

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

MANY of our readers are no doubt occasionally present when the popular lyric, "God save the Queen," is sung; and they must have often felt dissatisfied with certain expressions in it. The following is a new and much more satisfactory version:—

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May Peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On War no more!

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in the nation's love
Her throne maintain.

May just and prudent laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle!
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile!

Nor to this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide earth o'er.

RICHES OF THE GOSPEL.

WHEN I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt, and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light on the mystery of Providence, to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace.

Tell me of that Lord Jesus, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Tell me of His intercession for the transgressors, as their "Advocate with the Father." Tell me of His chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of His presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith.

Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.

Mason.

THE BIBLE.

CAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, as here we stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!
Bread of our souls! whereon we feed,
Our manna from on high!
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!
Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon, when doubts surround!
Compass, by which our course we keep!
Our plummet line to sound!

Riches in poverty! our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress tower!
Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Of victory's hour the palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness, Gilead's balm!

Childhood's instructor, manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!
Word of the ever-living God!
Will of His glorious Son!
Without thee, how could earth be trod?
Or heaven itself be won?

Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit, which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal,
And we, if we would rightly learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teachings turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Bayton.



BLESSING UPON THE MERCIFUL.

SOME years ago I spent a Sunday in the neighbourhood of some large iron-works in Shropshire.

During the service I was much struck by the devout manner of a working man who sat near me. He was, as I afterwards found, a carter employed in the works. His heart was evidently engaged in praising the Lord and seeking His favour during the prayers; and when the sermon began, he scarcely took his eyes from the preacher the whole time.

As I walked homewards with my friend we came up to our fellow-worshipper, just as he and his children passed a field in which were some horses feeding. He gave a low whistle, and three or four of them came at once to the side of the fence and put their heads over to be fed and fondled. Our road lay in the same direction, so we entered into conversation. After speaking about the morning service, I said to him, "Your horses seem very fond of you, my friend."

"Yes," he replied, "the poor beasts often teach me a lesson. When I remember how little I do for them, and yet how grateful they are to me, I am ashamed of myself for my want of gratitude to God. 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider.' I often think of those words when I see them come to show their love to me. Then, too, I sometimes ask myself how it would be with me if my heavenly Master got angry with me as readily as I get angry with my horses. I try to treat them kindly,

but I sometimes lose my temper with the poor dumb things, and am ashamed of myself for it afterwards. Oh, sir, it would be a bad case for us if God was not more forbearing with us than we are with our servants!"

"Why, Jones," said my friend, "the foreman at the works says that you are as tender to your horses as if they were your children."

"I don't know about that, sir," replied he, "but they are God's creatures as much as I am. If my Father in heaven made them, I ought to treat them kindly for His sake. There's a deal in the Bible about dumb creatures, and how good God is to them. 'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.' 'These all wait upon Thee, that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season; that Thou givest them they gather. Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.' How good and kind He must be to care for all these millions of living things!"

The good man's heart was so full of his theme that fresh illustrations of it came up all the way homeward. He felt that God was with him in his daily toil. And that, as he drove his horses to work, or fed and cleaned them in the stable, it was his Master's work, and for his Master's sake that he did it. His devout and merciful spirit was beneficial to him in many ways. It won for him the respect and confidence of his employers; it made him always happy in his work, and it was blessed

to his own soul; for his daily duties became to him a constant means of grace. He seemed to be in communion with God in the common tasks of life. He was a striking exemplification of the proverb, "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul."



GOD GIVES TO EVERY ONE HIS WORK.

WHOEVER professes and calls himself a Christian has received from the Lord Jesus his appointed work. But as the Lord has not done this in any miraculous way, it must be in the ordinary ways of Providence. His Providence makes it needful that men should work for their bread, and that society and all public and private affairs should be carried on by means of head-work or of hand-work. It is clear, therefore, that the work which the Lord hath given each of us to do means the lawful duties which belong to whatever station Providence has caused us to be born in, or by circumstances and events makes us either rise to or sink to.

One man has a weakly body and a clear understanding, and his work turns out to be head-work. Another has a powerful active body, and not much ability or habit for close thinking; his work generally turns out to be hand-work. But each of them has his work to do; the Lord hath appointed it; and when He comes again, He will examine. Yea, even now He sees and knows whether it has been done and how. Let us learn to do our daily work as God intends us.

A MILLION FOR A MOMENT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"A million of money for an inch of time!" exclaimed the dying Queen.

TAKE care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," says the old proverb. Now every one knows that time is money, so with a little alteration we may apply the same proverb

to both time and money. "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

Let us think a little about what time is.

It is the ante-chamber of eternity. The outer

room in which we are to prepare to enter into the presence of our King.

It is the thread with which we are to do our work, which shall last for ever.

It is the school in which we are to learn our one great lesson of love, before we go to the home which God has prepared for us.

And yet how we waste our time! We take care of our money, putting it out at interest, and often looking twice before we spend sixpence; yet our time we give to any one who wants it.

Five minutes are spent at the corner of the street gossiping, ten minutes in gazing out of the window at some exciting scene, perhaps a fight, a drunken brawl, or a dispute between two cabmen; and we never realise that we have frittered away something which is far more precious than gold.

Our life is short; a few of us live to three or four-score years, but by far the largest number die long before that. Neither you nor I can tell at what hour the Master will come; then how dare we so waste the time He has lent us? Save the minutes, then.

"A million of money," cried Queen Elizabeth on her dying bed, "for an inch of time!" God forbid that we should any of us feel like that. And if we would not, let us set to work now to save the precious moments.

First beware of lazy habits. It is just as easy, if you are in moderate health, to get up at six as at eight, and here you gain two good hours to start with. Many a poor woman with a large family would be less of a muddler if she would get up herself a little earlier, and train the children to do the same.

It was once said of a well-known man, that he lost two hours in the morning, and spent the rest of the day running after them; and many a man is driven to the public-house by the hopeless scramble and muddle in which his wife must live if she does not know how to manage her time.

Never waste minutes. If you are waiting for any one, always have something at hand which you can do. A gentleman once wrote a long book during the minutes when he was waiting for his wife to put on her bonnet! A text of Scripture could often be learned in this way, and might prove a weapon against Satan many a time.

Teach your little ones the true value of time.

"I can't read myself," said a workman to me once, "for I was sent out into the world very early, and have had to work hard ever since."

"Then how is it you know so much of the Bible by heart," I asked, "besides being acquainted with a great many other books?"

"Why, you see my little Annie got telling me one day that she had read about King Alfred, who divided his time so regularly, and got through such a deal of work. So I thought, that's just the way for me. I muddle my time away now, and seem to be always doing and never done. So I just prayed to God to show me how I'd best manage it. And then it all came upon me suddenly one day that I wasted the whole of my time when my day's work was over. I might knock in a nail or two, or mend a chair now

and then, but as a rule I sat by the fire or loafed about the lanes with a friend."

"But you must have some rest and change," I argued.

"Yes, and I get it. Rest does not always mean idleness, very often it only means a change of work. I've heard the parson say, when he feels tired with getting his sermon ready, he goes and digs for half an hour, and that rests him. So you see, as I work with my hands all day, I get Annie to read to me in the evening, or at the dinner hour. We keep one book which we call our dinner book, and although it is only about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at the outside, you'd hardly believe the number of books we get through."

My friend understood the principle of saving the minutes, you see, and surely he was a happier man for it. "My times are in Thy hand," says the Psalmist; and if we also remember this we shall look upon each hour as a precious gift from God. Then when the thread of life is snapped, and the voice we have listened for says, "Behold, I come quickly," we shall not be terrified, but, trusting in our Saviour's love, shall answer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

R. M. W.

AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT.

AMONGST the thousands of working men who followed a public funeral through the streets of Paris recently, the greatest number wore the sprig of red immortelles which is the badge of a denial of immortality.

It was a terrible spectacle for a Christian mind to contemplate; but the more thoughtful and powerful minds amongst these men witnessed at the very time to their belief in an immortality. The celebrated man whom they were burying had himself lived and died with this conviction; and in the oration pronounced over his grave occurred the remarkable words, "Let us hope that in the better world where he now is, he hears us, and approves us."

If men like Victor Hugo can speak in that strain, it goes surely far to show that the belief in our immortality is an instinct of our nature, which some may try to crush out, but which the most thoughtful will ever recognise and obey.

The disbeliever in our immortality needs a positive assurance that death ends all. But where is that assurance to be gained? There is no voice to tell us that. Reason declines the task, if only it be fairly consulted. Meanwhile, on the other hand, there comes the clear cry from Revelation: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment." What a striking connection we have there between two inevitable things—a universal death and a universal judgment!

The universality of death is the most prominent feature of all human life. That death is no respecter of persons is one of our tritest sayings. Our churchyards and our burying-grounds are the favourite spots for moralising on the emptiness of all distinctions

between man and man. Death is known as the all-leveller. The powerful and the weak, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the old and the young, the good and the bad, are all there side by side. This man's greatness, or wealth, or wisdom, or age, or virtue, has not warded off the stroke. And another's weakness or poverty, or ignorance, or youth, has not exempted him from it either. None are so mighty and none so weak as to escape the Reaper's scythe. Different as the lives are, there is always the same end at last. This is the universality of death; and the universality of judgment is exactly similar. Death and judgment are bracketed together as equally inevitable. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

Hope of escape there is none. A man may as well expect never to die, as to be never judged. And he will be judged moreover at the same bar and on the same footing as the rest. If death knows no distinctions neither will the judgment. Earthly justice is at best but faulty. How often it has been perverted—its stroke stayed by the display of power, the influence of wealth, the exercise of intellectual skill. But just as those means fail in the face of death, so must they fail before the judgment that is to follow. If a million of money cannot purchase a moment of time, neither will it or ought else purchase a hair's breadth difference of judgment in the great assize. None will be too great; but also none will be too small. If the judgment is universal, it will be also *individual*. The appointed death reaches every one, and so will the appointed judgment. There will be no being lost in the crowd. Each of us must die at last as if death singled us out alone in the whole wide world. And each of us will have to be judged afterwards, as if the whole judgment were for no other purpose than our own individual trial.

There is a certain relief to be found now in a partnership in misfortune. But that feeling will be wholly lost hereafter. The rich man in the parable found evidently no relief in the presence of his wretched fellow-sufferers. His one cry was that others might be saved from joining him. So as we stand before the great white throne it will be for an individual trial. If we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, it is that "every one"—every one separately and individually—"may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

What an awful thought for weak human nature, to have to stand alone before the great tribunal, and to meet the searching glance of God laying bare one's inmost thoughts and secret deeds, without a soul to stand by as our supporter or our advocate. Except, indeed, we find such a supporter and advocate in the Judge Himself, except we can recognise in the Judge a Saviour whom we have already trusted, loved and served.

To-day, thank God, the Judge still tarrys at the door, tarrys still to act the Saviour's part. But who knows how long He will tarry there? To-day there is a cry outside your heart—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Before another week comes round

death may reverse that altogether. As the soul passes into the outer darkness there may come the cry, "Lord, Lord, open to me!" And there may come the answer then, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." And after this—the judgment!

Rev. John Robertson.

THE WIND'S VOICES.

"MAMMA, what makes your face so sad?
The sound of the wind makes me feel glad;
But whenever it blows, as grave you look,
As if you were reading a sorrowful book."

"A sorrowful book I am reading, dear,
A book of weeping and pain and fear,
A book deep printed on my heart,
Which I cannot read but the tears will start.

That breeze to my ear was soft and mild,
Just so, when I was a little child;
But now I hear in its freshening breath
The voices of those that sleep in death."

"Mamma," said the child with shaded brow,
"What is this book you are reading now?
And why do you read what makes you cry?"
"My child, it comes up before my eye.

'Tis the memory, love, of a far-off day,
When my life's best friend was taken away;
Of the weeks and months that my eyes were dim
Watching for tidings—watching for him.

Many a year has come and passed,
Since a ship sailed over the ocean fast,
Bound for a port on England's shore;
She sailed—but was never heard of more."

"Mamma," and she closer pressed her side,
"Was that the time when my father died?
Is it his ship you think you see?
Dearest mamma, won't you speak to me?"

The lady paused, but then calmly said,
"Yes, Lucy—the sea was his dying bed.
And now, whenever I hear the blast,
I think again of that storm long past.

The wind's fierce howlings hurt not me;
But I think how they beat on the pathless sea,
Of the breaking mast, of the parting rope,
Of the anxious strife and the falling hope."

"Mamma," said the child with streaming eyes,
"My father has gone above the skies,
And you tell me this world is mean and base
Compared with heaven—that blessed place."

"My daughter, I know, I believe it all—
I would not his spirit to earth recall.
The blest one he—his storm was brief—
Mine, a long tempest of tears and grief.

I have you, my darling, I should not sigh.
I have one star more in my cloudy sky—
The hope that we both shall join him there,
In that perfect rest from weeping and care."

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

READ JOHN IV. 27-12.



JACOB'S WELL.

WHEN the disciples came back, they were surprised at finding their Master, whom they had left alone, in conversation with this Samaritan woman. Doubtless they felt as others did on the subject of Jew and Samaritan. But they said nothing. Their reverence for Him

would not let them question what He did.

The woman, forgetting what she came for, and leaving her waterpot behind, now goes back to the city with her wonderful news. She calls the men of the place to come and see. Here was a man, she told them, who had told her all she had ever done: must He not be the *Christ*!

Meanwhile the disciples were still with Jesus at the well. But when they asked Him to eat of the food they had brought, this was His answer: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." What then? Had any one brought Him food while they were away? So they questioned among themselves. But Jesus had eaten nothing. "My meat," said He, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." The word "meat," here and elsewhere, means food in general.

In that conversation He had been doing His Father's work, the work for which He had been sent, the work of grace, the work of salvation. He loved the work; especially because it was His Father's work. It cheered and comforted Him. While He was about such work He forgot hunger and fatigue. Oh, for more of the spirit of our Lord, that we too may so delight in doing our Father's will that it may be as food to us!

The conversation was a very important one. In that very place it led to many souls being won to God. And it was almost the beginning of that harvest of souls which was to follow the ministry of our Lord, and of His servants after Him. The thought of this rejoiced Him greatly, and He encouraged His disciples with the same thought. It was not then the season for the common harvest, there wanted four months to it; but there was another harvest, a spiritual harvest, which was already ripe. The people of that place were ready to hear and receive the Gospel, all through the land hearers would be found, and far beyond that land, the whole world was now to hear. He Himself was the Sower, He was beginning the work; and others too had had their share in the work of preparation—the prophets and John the Baptist.

Now the disciples were to go forth, and reap where

others had sown. Let them do it faithfully; their work would not be in vain. Fruit should be gathered unto life eternal: men should be converted; souls should be saved; every faithful labourer should have his reward; and all at last should rejoice together.

How happy is this prospect! How blessed is this work! All workers for God are fellow-workers with Christ Himself. It is an honour to do the *least* service in such a work, and for such a Master. Are we doing what we can? Look at the fields around us! Look at our own immediate neighbourhood, look at our own country, look at heathen lands! Are not the fields ready for us? Are they not white to harvest? Does not the Lord send us also?

The woman's first words to her town's-people had some effect; many believed on Jesus because of them. But many more believed afterwards. For He taught them Himself, during the two days that He passed there; and those who attended on His teaching were brought to a clear and full belief; "we have heard Him ourselves," they said, "and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." No such profession of faith had yet been made by any body of men as was made by these Samaritans. How great a blessing had come to that city! How good for them it was, that they besought Him to stay with them!

Let us beseech Him to stay with us, let us cherish His presence by the Spirit, let us abide in Him and He in us. We may learn much by the ministry of man; but He Himself is the Great Teacher. He will teach all who seek Him, He will teach them more and more. A man's words may arrest the attention, and strike the conscience, and lead to further inquiry; but they who are thus led will not be satisfied without learning from the Lord Himself; and sometimes those who are thus taught of Him will learn to know even more of spiritual things than the preacher or friend himself who first was made use of to draw their thoughts that way.

F. B.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

The following lines used often to be written on a blank leaf of the Bible in the days of Queen Elizabeth.—

HERE is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

The tidings of Salvation dear,
Come to our ears from hence!
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shield of our defence.

Read not this Book in any case
But with a single eye;
Read not, but first desire God's grace,
To understand thereby.

Then happy thou in all thy life,
Whatso to thee befalls:
Yea, doubly happy shalt thou be
When God by death thee calls.

A NOVEL TEA PARTY.

It is related of that Christian merchant, the late Mr. Samuel Budgett, that returning home one Sunday evening from a village where he had been about his Master's work, he saw a number of youths idling in a lane, with every appearance of being persons of the worst habits. He thought how they had been spending that lovely summer Sabbath, and his benevolent heart grieved for their state of moral destitution.

He went to them, and, in his own kind way, entered into conversation; he said he wished to see them happy. "You have minds, and I should like to see you improve your minds; you ought to have something to think about, and to employ you usefully."

After chatting with them till he gained their attention, he said, "Now, if I gave you a good tea, would you like to come and take it?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" was the reply.

"Then come up to the vestry of Kingswood Chapel to-morrow evening; we are going to have a little meeting and you shall have a good tea."

This invitation, which was to a tea-meeting of tract distributors, was accepted. He paid for tickets for his new friends, who did not fail to attend and do ample justice to the fare provided. He then came up to them and said, "Well, have you had a good tea?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I suppose you know many young men just of your own kind, who go about the lanes on a Sunday night, like you?"

"Oh yes."

"Do you think if I promised them a good tea they would come?"

The answer encouraged him to hope for their company on such terms. One hundred tickets were soon after distributed to the worst young men in the neighbourhood, with a promise of a bountiful treat if they came to Mr. Budgett's large room on a certain evening. This gentleman's character was too well known for them not to be aware that he had some religious end in view; still they did not like missing the feast; so they compromised the matter by resolving that the moment they had finished

the tea, they would go away before they could be involved in a religious meeting, or anything of that sort.

But Mr. Budgett was a match for them; he met their stratagem by one of his own: his heart yearned for these poor lost sheep, to bring them to the Good Shepherd, and, like the apostle, "being crafty, he caught them with guile."

Above a hundred of these outcasts of society assembled on the appointed evening; the room was crowded, and seldom was there so extraordinary a company



The wild rogues were quite thunderstruck.

gathered under a decent roof. In one corner of the apartment, especially, it seemed as if the ringleaders had fixed themselves; and to this point one of Mr. Budgett's sons, who was in the plot, immediately betook himself, made one of the party, and talked familiarly with their chief.

Just as the repast ended, the pre-concerted move began to be made; but Mr. Budgett ran up into the desk and said: "I asked you to come here for the purpose of doing something for you—something that will be of use to you. Now, just as a start, I will

give among you, fifty pounds, and you must make up your minds what you will do with it."

The "wild rogues," as the narrator of this interesting incident calls them, were quite thunderstruck. It is easy to run away from a prayer-meeting, but it is another matter to run away from fifty pounds. Hats were laid down, and some turned back from the door.

One of Mr. Budgett's sons, he who had identified himself with the strange visitors, called out, "Fifty pounds!—that's something; why there are about a hundred of us, and supposing we divide it amongst us, there will be half-a-sovereign a-piece." Another, who was also in the secret, at once rose and objected, saying it would be foolish to throw away such a sum as fifty pounds in that way; they had better put it to some use that would do them good for a long time to come. This was argued until all seemed to agree with that suggestion. It was then proposed to found a society for study and mental cultivation, to be called the "Kingswood Young Men's Association." This was carried by vote, and Mr. Budgett appointed treasurer.

Weekly meetings in the vestry were then arranged for Sunday evenings, after service. This secured Mr. Budgett's object of withdrawing them from their rambles on Sabbath evenings, and getting them to the house where Christians meet to worship God.

The result of this happy tea-party was that about sixty of these young men attended regularly, and were met with on Sunday nights after service for religious instruction, and in the week for secular instruction. The original donation was laid out in a good library, and year after year, a tea-meeting was held, at which very substantial books were given as rewards.

From "The Cottager and Artisan."

CHIPS.

Integrity.—Wilberforce writes of the Rev. Thomas Scott: "The grand point for imitation is his *integrity*. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. No consideration of interest, gratification, or credit could make him swerve consciously a hair's breadth from the line of duty. This, depend on it, is the best of all signs. I have often remarked that it has always ended eminently well with those in whom it was visible. Such a one was Lord Teignmouth. I know no one quality which I always recognise with such heartfelt pleasure in any persons whom I love."

Personal Prayer.—I am resolved to exercise myself in praying always, all my life long, viz., with the greatest openness to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to Him,—all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and every thing and every circumstance.

Resurrection Joy.—The resurrection of our Lord fills us with elation, because, as He triumphed over death and the grave, so shall we. They who sleep shall rise again. Beyond the "smiling and the weeping" there is laid up for those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ an eternity of bliss with their risen Lord.

AFRAID OF THE GOSPEL.



ONE of his hearers observed to the Rev. T. Burchell, a missionary in the West Indies, that she was long kept back from attending the chapel,

from the effects which she understood were generally produced on the "gospellers," namely, that no sooner did they come to the chapel than they gave up buying and selling on Sunday, and dancing, drinking, gambling, and swearing at all times. As for herself, she could not subsist without the former, and would be miserable without the latter; and that, although she felt much curiosity to visit the place once, she feared to do so lest similar effects should be produced on her.

At length, however, she made up her mind to come, "but," said she, "I had not been there an hour, when I began to weep under a sense of my guilt and danger."

On returning home, her convictions and distress somewhat abated. She also began to calculate the loss she would sustain, if she no longer worked, bought, or sold on the Sunday, which was the only market day; and thought it best, upon the whole, not to repeat her visit in the evening.

However, evening came, and she was so wretched that she felt she must go to the chapel again. And now the word of the Lord so affected her, that, regardless of all consequences, her only concern was to know how she could be pardoned and saved. From this time she felt no inclination to attend scenes of mirth as before: and as for the Sabbath, she was so anxious about her soul that she never thought of the market. She afterwards joined the church.

THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS.

"**T**his Man receiveth sinners." Poor sin-sick sinner, what a sweet word this is for thee. Respond, respond to it, and say, "Surely then He will not reject me." Let me encourage thee to come to my Master, that thou mightest receive His great atonement, and be clothed with all His righteousness. Mark, those whom I address are the *bonâ fide*, real, actual sinners; not those who only say they are sinners with a general confession, but those who feel their lost, ruined, hopeless condition. All these are frankly and freely invited to come to Jesus Christ and to be saved by Him.

Come, poor sinner, come. Come, because He has said He will receive you. I know thy fears, I know thou sayest in thy heart, "He will reject me; if I present my prayer He will not hear me; if I cry unto Him yet peradventure the heavens will be as brass; I have been so great a sinner that He will never take me into His house to dwell with Him."

Poor sinner, say not so; He hath published the

deeree. Is not this enough? He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Dost thou not venture on that promise? Wilt thou not go to sea in a ship as staunch as this? He hath said it. It has been often the only comfort of the saints. On this they have lived, on this they have died. He hath said it.

What! dost thou think Christ would tell thee He will receive Thee, and yet not do so? Would He say, "Come ye to the supper," and yet shut the door upon you? No; if He has said He will cast out none that come to Him, rest assured He cannot, He will not cast you out. Come then; try His love on this ground—that He has said it.

Come, and fear not; because, remember, if thou feelest thyself to be a sinner, that feeling is God's gift; and, therefore, thou mayest very safely come to One who has already done so much to draw thee. If thou feelest thy need of a Saviour, Christ made thee feel it; if thou hast a wish to come after Christ, Christ gave thee that wish; if thou hast any desire after God, God gave thee that desire; if thou canst sigh after Christ, Christ made thee sigh; if thou canst weep after Christ, Christ made thee weep.

Ay, if thou canst only wish for Him with the strong wish of one who fears he never can find, yet hopes he may—if thou canst but hope for Him, He has given thee that hope. And oh, wilt thou not come to Him? Thou hast some of the King's bounties about thee now. Come and plead what He hath done; there is no suit which can ever fail with God when thou pleadest this. Come to Him, and thou wilt find that true which is written, "This Man receiveth sinners."

C. H. Spurgeon.

HOW THE QUESTIONS WERE ANSWERED.



HERE was sorrow and sadness one wintry day in a home which had been for years as bright and cheerful as any working man's house in Redbury.

For sickness had laid its hand on the father, the head of the household, a robust and sturdy man who had never before known a day's illness. Now the strong man lay weak and feeble as a little child, and the boys and girls moved softly about the house, their hearts heavy with grief and a sense of coming sorrow.

The mother seemed at first hardly able to realise the dreadful truth, which was hourly becoming more apparent to all the rest of the family. But one morning when she left the sick-room she fairly broke down, and said amid her sobs, "What shall I do if he is taken? I cannot live without your father, he

has always been so good and kind. What can I do without him?"

"God will not forsake you, mother!" whispered one of the children; and although she made no reply the words went straight to her heart.

In less than a week the dreaded event had happened, the beloved husband and father was no more; the last words had been spoken, and were fondly remembered, and the loving spirit had passed away to the home above. Mrs. Bennett, who but a week or two before had been a happy and honoured wife, now felt what it was to be a lone widow, beset on every hand with puzzling questions.

Questions! questions! Nothing but questions all day long, asked by the little ones, by inquisitive neighbours and friends, and by her own anxious heart. And how was she to give answers to them? How were they to live? And where? Were the little ones to go to school? Who would take care of them all, now father was gone?

Four of the children were unable to earn anything, and the two who had gone out into the world did not seem able to render their mother any assistance.

The poor widow was at her wit's end. She had no time to devote to the luxury of grief, but she snatched a few minutes during the time of the funeral to escape to her own room to have a good cry, and to lay her troubles before the Lord, who had been for years the strength of her husband's life, and, in a less degree, of her own. For while she had that strong arm and stout heart to lean upon she had not felt so entirely her dependence upon God, and her need of Divine help.

With a lightened heart she went downstairs to the trying task of meeting the friends just returned from the funeral, each with a well-meant attempt at consolation. Then there were questions again. What did she think of doing? Of course she would not keep on that house, and many other things which she had not asked herself yet and dared not try to answer.

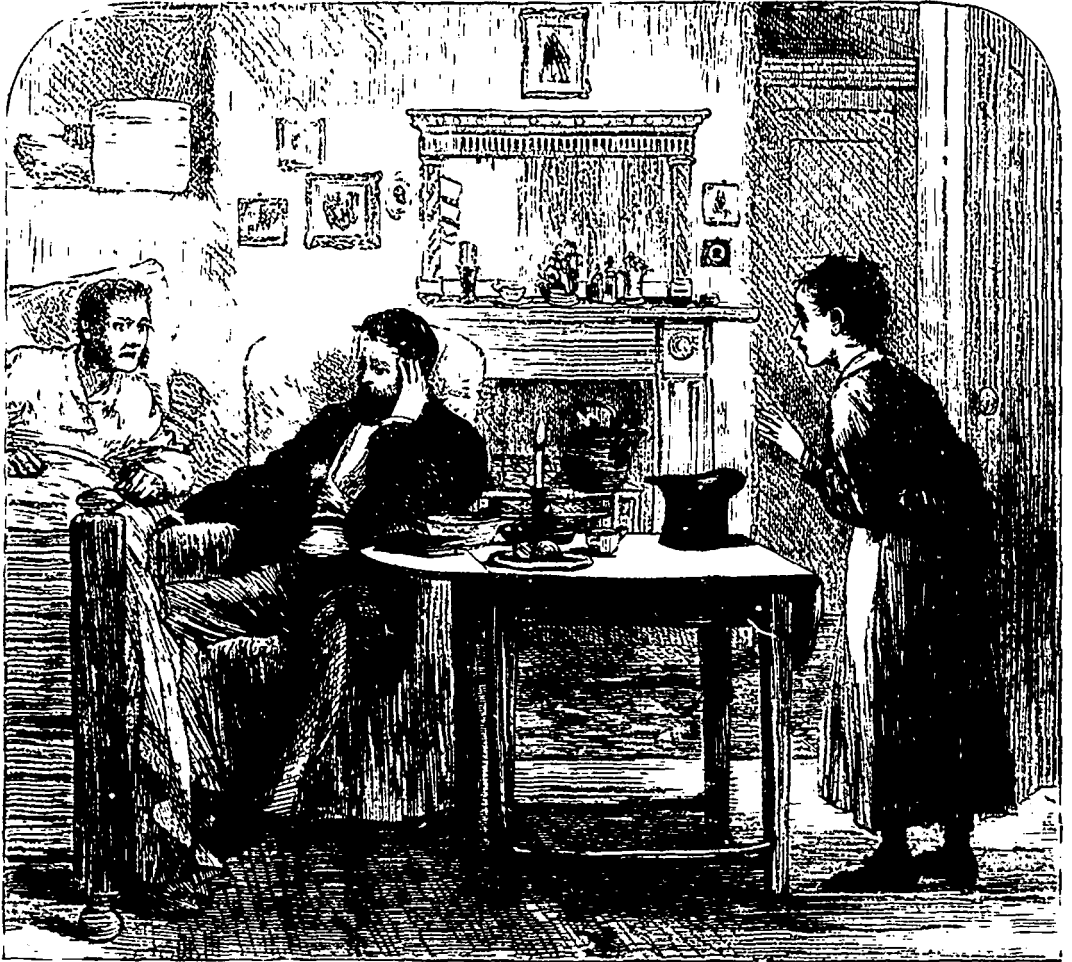
"Good-night, uncle. Mother is tired now, she will be able to tell you more about her plans next week," said Ben, the eldest son, at last, kindly replying for her.

In a few minutes all the relatives bade them good-bye, and the sorrow-stricken family were left alone by their own fireside to talk over their future prospects.

"We must leave this house," said Mrs. Bennett, after a few minutes' silence; "if I sell part of the furniture, perhaps I shall be able to take two or three rooms somewhere."

"I know where you will be able to find the rooms," said Ben, glancing at his wife, who, with her first-born in her arms, was sitting just opposite him.

"You must come to live with us, mother," he continued. "We have plenty of room, now that we live at Mr. Brown's offices; and the youngster takes up Fanny's time so much that she can't look after them so well as she did at first. If you will help her with the offices, you will find plenty of room in the house."



The head of the family, a robust and sturdy man, lay weak and feeble.

Tears filled Mrs. Bennett's eyes. She had not expected this offer, but thought that her eldest son, having a wife and child dependent upon him, would be quite unable to help her. Indeed, since his marriage she fancied, as mothers often do, that Ben had grown cold and indifferent to her, and that his wife secretly despised her. But she felt ashamed of these fancies when she saw Fanny's approving smile and heard her say, "Yes, you'll be able to settle there comfortably, granny."

"That will be lovely!" cried Nelly, the youngest girl. "I can nurse the baby, and perhaps Mr. Brown will take Tom for an office boy, and we shall all be happy again."

Tom's face did not look very bright at this suggestion. His desire was to become a good mechanic in the large yard where his father had worked, and if he left school just now he perhaps would never be more than a labourer. He was working hard, and longed to keep on until he knew enough to enter the yard.

"I think I must stay with Mrs. Sims," said Mary, the eldest girl. "I was going to give notice, you know, mother, because cook is so bad-tempered; but I learn a good deal from her, and missis is so kind, and perhaps I shall get to be a cook myself before long." Already many of the dreaded questions were being

answered by the children themselves, and the widow's heart was lighter and her sleep more peaceful that night, for she felt sure that the Lord, who had already begun to show her the way she should take, would lead her safely on to her journey's end.

In the days and weeks that followed Mrs. Bennett often had cause to rejoice and give thanks for the many mercies and joyful surprises that came to her. Not only did she find a comfortable home for herself and her family in her son's house, but Mary did so well, and proved herself so useful to her mistress, that her wages were raised, and she was able now and then to help her mother with a small present.

Tom's schoolmaster was quite annoyed at the idea of the lad's leaving school when he was getting on so well, and finally offered to teach him gratuitously until he was able to enter the yard, rather than let him leave at once and spoil his prospects for life. Many other kind friends came forward and helped in various ways, and although nothing could ever make up for the loss of the husband with whom she had spent five-and-twenty years, the children were thoughtful and good, and Mrs. Bennett was greatly cheered and comforted by the kindness shown her, and saw in every fresh instance of it the loving care of her heavenly Father.