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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

VOL. X.—No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 118.

Pickings After the Feast.



It is said that a sea voyage improves the flavor of good wine. If this is so, we have good hope that our pickings from the Northfield Convention will not be found stale or unsavoury. The material has twice crossed the Atlantic. Now on its return, after reading, we decide it is evident they had a kingly feast, and wine such as Jesus gives His guest, and that it is not too late to pass round some of the fragments gathered up. It will be remembered that Mr. D. L. Moody has erected at the place and home of his boyhood a stately pile of buildings, devoted to the training of Indian boys and girls; and that in the summer vacation the school is turned into a place for the study of the Bible and other religious exercises. This year 300 students from nearly 100 colleges, chosen to represent their fellow students, spent their vacation, or a part thereof, at Mount Hermon, Northfield, in the earnest spiritual atmosphere there. They caught the true missionary spirit, and instead of a score of young men for missionary service, at the close of the meetings, ninety-six declared themselves candidates for mission work in heathen lands.

Some of the best things mentioned, were by Mr. Moody and others from their bible markings:

The Rev. W. F. Crafts suggested that Ps. ciii. 3-5 might be pictured in Bible margins as David's ladder to heaven, with the following words on the successive rounds from the bottom:—"Forgiveth," "healeth," "redeemeth," "crowneth," "satisfieth." Faith might be pictured as a bridge of four arches—(1) the arch of belief, built by the intelligent; (2) the arch of submission, built by the will; (3) the arch of trust, built by the heart; (4) the arch of manifestation, built by the life.

He spoke of using arrows (the red lights of danger in the Orient) to mark in Bible margins all passages of warning and judgment, and a red cross inserted in the very midst of every passage which is known to have led any one to conversion, that such passages may be quickly found when working with enquirers.

Some one had underscored the two "begans" in the story of the prodigal (Luke xv.)—"Began to be in want"; "Began to be merry." The earthly woes of sin are only a beginning of sorrows; the earthly joys of the Christian only the beginning of his endless joy.

Another extract from a worn Bible was: "The sinner has his death and his judgment before him. The Christian has death and judgment behind him." Another: "Jesus came from heaven about our sins.

Jesus went back about our miseries. Jesus is coming again about our glory."

Mr. S. E. Bridgman read from his marked Bible at the opening Revelation that it contained 245 recognitions of the Old Testament.

On the fly-leaf of Mr. Moody's Bible a friend has written in a small circle in the centre of the page "D. L. Moody" and around it seven other circles (as in a target) with the following promises of protection written out in them: Cant. ii. 6; Lam. iii. 7; Ps. xxxii. 7; Ps. xxxvi. 7; Ps. xxxii. 10; Ps. cxxv. 2; Zec. ii. 5.

On an interleaf, at the story of the Cross, he has the following:—For the servant the Master died; for the guilty the Innocent died; for the debtor the Creditor died; for the sick the Physician died; for the flock the Shepherd died; for the subject the King died; for the soldier the Leader died; for the work the Maker died; for man God died.

What shall the servant, the guilty, etc., render to the Master, etc.? Let him love.

Mr. Moody also read from his Bible a note of the contrasts in the first three and last three chapters of the Bible. Genesis tells of creation; Revelation, of the new heavens and new earth. Genesis tells of Satan tempting; Revelation, of Satan overthrown. Genesis tells how sorrow entered this world; Revelation, of a world where there is no sorrow. Genesis tells of the earth being cursed; Revelation of the time when there shall be no more curse. Genesis tells of the tree of life lost; Revelation, of the tree of life restored: Genesis shows how man came under the dominion of death; Revelation summons the dead, small and great, before God. Genesis tells how the first Adam lost his kingdom; Revelation, how the "Second Adam" became victorious.

In Mr. Moody's Bible, Col. iii. 12, 13, is noted on the margin by words and picture as "The Christian's whip of seven lashes."

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—There he goes. He is a member of the church—on his way to his dinner; he always goes. He is true to his dinner, and walks a mile and a half to get it. He may stay away from his prayer meeting; he forgets his church meeting; he is slow in his pew rent; he is neglectful of the Sunday-school; bad weather keeps him back from many things; but in all his fickleness and failings, he is true to his dinner. He may slight his soul, but he is true to his stomach. Every man has his god, and serves him faithfully. But, then, not every man has the same God.—*Religious Herald.*

Never stoop to do or say anything that is beneath the dignity of the character to which you aspire.

Tabernacle Flower Mission.



Often think the Wolfville Floral Band are very unselfish and consistently christian in their continued service because they have not the excitement of distribution. Weekly they collect and send us flowers. Their text cards are always specially neat, and well adapted for the purpose. The variety in design and shape gives them an additional charm. During a recent visit we said to one of the nurses, 'do you think they value the text cards?' He said, 'I know they do, and take care of them too; they gather them up when they leave for home, some send them before they go.' As if to confirm this statement, the next ward into which we went, a patient brought out a newspaper with a pile of cards in it and said, see I take care of them; haven't I got a lot; I have been here more than twelve months."

For the benefit of those who cannot go in person and who are interested, it will interest to describe our going, and a visit. Around a table piled with flowers gather a happy group; some brought and collected not only a few flowers, but all the papers, etc., they could, others a little tea, sugar, candy or cake. These little things are reserved more particularly for the old ladies in the poor house. After an hour or an hour and a half of busy sorting, bunching the flowers, etc., a start is proposed, bouquets are counted, and the anxious question is, who shall go? raised generally not by any unwillingness amongst the workers, but on account of their eagerness and our lack of teams, and accommodation to carry them. But to-day we have a special treat for them. Mr. W. Crowe has sent his large express, and will take just as many as can get in. Strange what a capacity, but even it had limited room. Why so much eagerness to go to the poor house? Surely the sights and surroundings are not enchanting. Why do they sing in the open court and with a cherry woid hasten from ward to ward, regretting we have so little to give, and surprised that such small favours are so thankfully received. Many compare their home, lot, and comforts, and say, 'Well I ought to be thankful.' Sometimes a quick-witted patient will give us cause for a hearty laugh. One young sister was very kindly and modestly passing around papers and said who can read? I can, said one, 'give me some large ones I am very fond of reading.' That is right said the visitor, 'you must read to those who cannot.' The reply was a little funny and amusing. 'My dear pretty little miss, do you think my lungs are made of leather?' One dear old soul wishes us luck, and said, 'the Lord make your judgment easy.' They are always anxious to know of Mrs. Avery's welfare since the new comer has prevented her visits. In all sincerity when the child was sick they said, 'we will pray God for his recovery.' The first time we went out they said, 'is the child better.' Evidently showing that in their prayers there was expectancy of receiving.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman charms the heart.

Stay not until you are told of opportunities to do good; inquire after them.

Regions Beyond, or Mission News.

"Why is it?" was the question which arose a few days since we read of the destructive fire which has just taken place at the B.M.S. Arthington Stanley Pool, Congo, Africa. It will doubtless be the most interesting way of giving the news to give extracts from the missionaries letters:

"My dear Mr. Baynes,—With this you will receive from Mr. Whitley the news of our terrible disaster at Stanley Pool—all our Arthington stores burnt to the ground. The loss is simply appalling. All the the goods ready for three new up-river stations, stored at Arthington, to be at hand directly our numbers would permit of our going forward (the time is now at hand) are destroyed. This alone means over £1,000. All the barter-stock (Congo moneys) of Arthington Station and for the *Peace*, certainly £800. All the gear, extra fittings, tools, etc., of the *Peace*, value of which can only be correctly estimated by Mr. Grenfell; and also a large quantity of the personal belongings of Messrs. Grenfell, Whitley, Charters, Biggs, and Davies—food, stores, clothing books, etc. I question very much if £3,000 will cover this terrible loss. It is so fearful that I shrink from the figures as they stare at me from the paper I am now writing upon.

The stores appear to have caught fire from the annual grass-burning, which is sometimes prematurely and carelessly carried on. Who fired the grass is impossible to say. Our houses being all of wood, bamboo, and grass, they ignite very readily. It is almost a wonder that this is the first fire we have had in our mission, save two insignificant conflagrations at the same station. It teaches us that we must have permanent buildings of brick or stone, corrugated iron, or entirely of plank. These we are pushing forward, as I think you know. At Underhill Station we have our beautiful plank house, and a small iron store; at San Salvador our old stone house, though with thatch roof; at our new Arthington site (Nshasha), one house, at any rate, of corrugated iron and wood, also thatched; and here at Wathen the pretty little clay and timber house (thatched), built by Mr. Darling. At Arthington brick-making has commenced. Here we have many thousand of bricks already made, and five thousand are to-night burning in our kiln. I hope we shall soon have some brick houses built.

The stores for new stations are destroyed, we shall use up here anything at all available, such as nails, etc. In the meantime we are absolutely without supplies of any sort for barter stock, except damaged wire, which, I fear, the people will not take.

"Friends at home, I pray you come now to our help, and come at once. It is not so interesting as to subscribe to a new station or a new steamer, I know, but it is our great and pressing need, and this surely will excite sympathy.

"But what is to be done about this terrible loss of mission property! We must appeal to our special Congo Mission friends.

"The *Peace* is just 'safe home in port' after her long four months' cruise. Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell and Charters all well. Grenfell writes me: 'the whole of the upper river, which was so uneasy,' is as quiet as pastoral Wilts—no single sign of hostility anywhere,

and plenty of food. We passed no group of towns without entering into friendly relationship."

P.S.—If any reader would like to have a part in restoration we shall be happy to receive and forward donations.

GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.—Rev. A. L. Therrien, of Montreal, gave at the Tabernacle a very interesting and detailed account of God's providential dealing with the Grande Ligne Mission work, and how wonderfully the Lord had wrought among the French Roman Catholics, himself and his father's family being amongst those brought into the Gospel liberty and light by its means. The word of the Lord was the mighty instrumentality used. How important then that men should be sent as ambassadors with the book of mercy. For there are not a few all around to whom the word of the Lord is a sealed book. And the living epistle is needed to be seen, heard and read, ere the quickening word will be received, or searched into.

How to make "Buds" Blossom.

We give the advice gratis, and will take pay in the after fruits, which we hope will be the result of advice given and received.

This magazine is nearing the end of its TENTH year of publication and we would say: Renew! Renew!! Renew!!! Begin now to actively canvass. We shall be happy to send you circulars and specimen copies of BUDS AND BLOSSOMS if you will distribute the same with a kind word. We will be pleased to pay commission if you wish. Sometimes the suggestion has arisen, "why continue this toil when you reap no actual financial reward?" "Because we believe in doing good in all the ways we can, to as many as we can, and as long as ever we can. Knowing labor in the Lord is not in vain, and that the laborer will receive whatsoever is right from the Master's approving hand. The promise of the Lord is with and for them that fear him. My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." We could relate many providential ways in which this has been done in connection with the history of BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

The aim of this Magazine is to encourage believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, in their daily walk amidst the realities of life. Christian privilege, Christian life, Christian testimony, and Christian work, will be its leading subjects.

Conscious that much good has been done, we plan for continuance and enlargement. Brother give us your prayerful aid. We would say as David of Goliath's sword: "There is none like it." Saul's armour and sword untried, he assayed to use, but the keenness and efficacy of the other he had proven by cutting off the boasting tyrant's head. Who that knows the worth of prayer in faith effort, would rely upon aught save the Lord only?

We are sometimes a little annoyed, if not discouraged, by delinquents who could, if they would, pay for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS and do not. In all honesty we feel if they will not do so, then they ought to be made willing to feel in their purses and hand over what is justly due, and for which full value has and is being given. At the same time the prayer, Lord be merciful to us miserable sinners, would not

be out of place. This does not apply to those who cannot and would if they could, and will as soon as they can. With such we can patiently bear, and if needs be, suffer loss. Will all who can, please try and give us their back subscriptions, in many cases long since past due. Shortly we shall commence to stamp the wrappers which go to such with the words, *past due, please remit*, with the hope it will be an effective reminder, where sending bills and postals are ineffective. To this end PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

The Editor earnestly invites all who approve the Magazine, or find it a help to them, to make it widely known to others in any of the following ways:—

1. Ordering each month extra copies to give away.
2. Leaving copies on sale at the Booksellers.
3. Contributing to the fund for free circulation.
4. Sending the names and addresses of Christian friends to the Editor, who will send to each a specimen copy, free by post.
5. Circulating in their letters, or otherwise, copies of the prospectus, which may be obtained in any number from the Editor, free of expenses.
6. Personally canvassing for subscribers among their friends.

Ribbon of Blue, or Temperance Notes.

At the last convention our returned missionary brother Churchill, told us he should be ashamed to bring some of his native Christians to this country to let them see the wastefulness of some of our so-called Christians, who both drink and smoke, and say that they are too poor to give anything to Christianize the heathen. But it is evident they can, and do afford to waste in smoking many dollars every year. Is it not a sin and burning shame that so much wealth, often the result of the poor man's honest toil, should go up in useless smoke. The creation of which is too often a poisonous process to the smoker.

Is it not sad to see even children practising this baneful and enslaving habit. A habit not merely wasteful of wealth, but worse, the health and stamina of their physical system, which could be so much better used in the struggle and honest battle of life in this world of sin and sorrow. No man, woman, or child, can afford to waste God-given strength; it was intended for a useful purpose, and energy rightly spent is a blessing unto the user, and the expenditure adds blessing to those around.

Young man don't drink, swear or smoke. First in the list of your getting put the kingdom of God; this is the way of true and eternal gain.

Study Table and Review Notes.

The words of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage are always calculated to do good and to arrest the attention. E. B. Treat, publisher, New York, promises a spicy volume this month, entitled: "Shots at Sundry Targets," in which, by the special authorization of DeWitt Talmage, some of the targets shot at, will be, "wrongs to be righted," "follies to be shunned," "dangers to be avoided," "victories to be won." With many others of equal interest and importance.

Home Circle.

CLEARING THE LOT.—Preparatory work is not always the most cheering or inspiring. Sometimes it is discouraging, and the toilsomeness is apt to cause faintness and weariness in well-doing. In fact unless there be a constant consideration of the end and purposes, few will continue in well-doing. None can deny the need we have of an upper room in which to work for, and worship our King. Much good has been done and blessing enjoyed in our vestry, but this should only stimulate to greater effort. Faith demands works as an evidence. All and always at it for Christ's sake, is a good motto for a christian church.

It has always been my desire as pastor by active co-operation and self-denial, to follow and lead in every good work. Following Christ demands self-abnegation.

Per Aggie M. Collishaw—Brenton Mayo, 25c.; Thos. W. Jackson, 25c.; Jas. W. Austin, \$2.00; Wm. Garmon, \$1.00; Joseph Cashin, \$5.00. Total, \$8.50.

Collected by Minnie Baker—Richard Crayden, \$2.00; Mr Ott, \$1.00; David McDonald, \$1.00; A Friend, 50c.; Manley Beals, 10c.; A Friend, \$1; J. Paterson, \$1.00; Frank Keys, 50c.; George Hood, \$1.00; Olivia Charlton, \$1.00; A Friend, 25c.; Isaac McDonald, \$1.30; A Friend, 25c.; M. Gray, 25c.; Mrs. DeWolf, 25c.; J. Lawlor, 50c.; Mrs. Walker, 25c.; Mr. Hull, 25c.; Mrs. Robinson, 25c.; Mr. Braine, 25c.; Mrs. Sillick, 60c.; Wm. Bowen, 25c.; Minnie Baker, \$2.00; O. B. L., 25c. Total, \$15.00.

ENVELOPE DONATIONS.—Mrs. Avery, \$4; B. Byers, \$1; C. Blakley, \$1.50; Miss Brightman, 40c.; Miss Jane Blakley, 60c.; Mrs. Barnstead, \$1; Miss Collishaw, \$1; Miss Campbell, \$1; Wm. Davies, \$2; Mrs. Dickey, \$1.50; Wm. Frances, \$1.50; J. K. Hubley, \$2; T. A. Hubley, \$1.50; J. M. Hopkins, \$1; Miss LeBrocq, 60c.; J. D. Mannel, \$1; Wm. Myers, \$2; Jas. McEachern, \$1.25; John McEachern, \$2; Miss McEachern, 40c.; Mrs. McPhee, \$1; Wm. Nodwell, 50c.; Mrs. J. E. Otts, \$1; Wm. Peddle, \$4; Miss Stevens, \$1. Total, \$34.75.

PERSONAL KINDNESS.—Before they call I will answer. The last BUDS were not mailed when a letter was received from the United States, Mr. Stetson notifying me that \$50 had been placed to my credit at the Bank of Nova Scotia. Words fail to express the impulse it gave to go on in duty's path. It said so plainly, the Lord can and will provide. Means are not coming in the way you expected for your work. Fear not, only believe. In a way not of our own seeking, but in and for the Lord's work, personal expenses are multiplied at least three hundred dollars, with no visible means of increase, save as the Lord raises up friends, and sends the needful assistance in and for the work. When we penned copy for the magazine last month, little, very little, was coming in, even the ordinary income from subscriptions was falling short of reasonable expectation. Still faith said, trust in the Lord and fear not, the Lord can and will provide. At such a time to receive the \$50 was to us indeed heart's ease. The Lord abundantly reward the donor. Doubtless the Lord moved him to this act. Is it not a good thing to trust in the Lord? Can he not raise up all the friends and funds we need?

Small gifts are just as acceptable and show the same impulse, at least we thought so when Mrs. Stephen and Mrs. Aaron Hubley urged us to take potted plants and other things from their garden.

THE OUT-DOOR PRAISE MEETINGS have been continued after Sabbath evening service, where the four ways meet on Gottingen Street; nearly an hour has been spent in singing sacred songs and solos. Testimony has been given, that the words and prayers interspersed have been a means of grace and comfort. It is evident all sorts of people enjoy songs which speak of the virtue of the blood of Jesus, and the 'home over there.'

HOME MISSION WORK.—We still endeavour to do it in several ways. Brethren and sisters—do we all do our best to rescue the perishing and to care for the dying? Time is short. The fading, falling, fallen leaves cry, as we crush them under our feet, *what thou doest, do quickly.* Do we go forth bearing precious seed? Do we expect to gather in the harvest which is in the end of the world? Time was, time is, time shall be no more. What are you doing for Jesus?

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL is in an encouraging and progressive condition. The annual pic-nic not only cleared its own

expenses but left a balance in hand a part of which the Sabbath School voted to the Grande Ligne Mission. Strangers who visit our city are invited to come to see the school. Teachers and scholars are always in demand. Render prayer for all Sunday School workers, specially that at the Tabernacle a great and glorious work may be done for Jesus.

Brethren pray for me that great grace may be given. That God may use me to the conducting of a very gracious and special interest. Pray that my soul may be filled with power from on high. My desire is to be wise to win souls. To feed the flock, both sheep and lambs, and so to live, that to live may be Christ and to die gain. I have not been without testimony that souls have been won of late. Although not added to the church at the Tabernacle, the Lord is owning the word preached, but my soul longs for greater blessing.

FLOWER MISSION.—Since Sept. 1st distributed 767 bouquets. Flowers sent for mission from Miss Jackson, Miss Belle, Mrs. R. B. Fraser, Mrs. T. A. Covey, Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Landells, Miss Eva Berry, Miss Luella Dickey, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Corkum, Miss Smith, Miss Auld, Mrs. Griggs, Mrs. T. Spry, Mrs. Naylor, Mrs. DeYoung, Miss Minnie Rhume, Mary Tully. Mrs. John Rhume sent barrel of apples for Mission. We also thank Mr. Blakney and Mr. Crowe for truckage of the same. Mrs. Ogilvie, 25c.

Flowers are faded, but the Tabernacle Flower and Fruit Mission can continue its work if friends send apples. A barrel will supply the Poor House all round once. We have no apples on hand. Distributed the one sent this week. A hint to the wise is sufficient. You do not care to go. You can send to the poor. We know some truly deserving. Read Lev. xix. 10; Deut. xxiv. 21.

Papers sent: from Nellie Stuart, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Bond, Ida Conrod, Annie Barnstead, Mr. Templeton.

Distributed during the month, 6,100 pages papers and tracts, 216 copies B. and B., equal to 8,400 pages.

FADED LEAVES.

Died Sept. 7th, aged 53 years, at Margaret's Bay, Sarah Maling. "Will you bury mother to-morrow?" were the sad words which fell from the lips of one of her sons. But through his tears his face shone as he talked of mother's virtues and goodness. The lines: "What is home without a mother" were forcefully illustrated to us as never before. Sitting thoughtfully some time, one of the young men said, "How I used to love to drive out here and stay a few days; now she is gone, I feel I shall never wish to come again. The old place and homestead has already lost all its charms for me." Love makes home the dearest spot on earth. It was a sweet and solemn service in the little country church. As we left her body on the hill-top, hard by the pine tree and wended our way homeward and heard the loving remarks of the bereaved concerning the truly christian character and worth of the departed, many thoughts were started. Specially sweet seemed the ditty of childhood:

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we meet to part no more,
Oh! that will be joyful when we meet to part no more."

In less than a week a son called and said, "Father is dead, will you come and bury him?" So we add another name to our recorded list. Rev. W. Lucas died Sept. 14th, at Hammond's Plains, aged 56 years. It was a funeral of deep interest. Some 13 years previously the people of his choice asked for his ordination. The writer therefore preached the sermon at the beginning and ending of his public work. A work which excited little interest outside the coloured settlement and brethren where he dwelt. But his short ministerial life work, lives to-day in the fond memory of his people, and doubtless the fruit will continue to be seen after many days. They loved him as a father. He was a good man and true. In making these records, the thought comes to us, "work whilst it is called to-day; now is the time of opportunity." Soon the night cometh when no man can work. Faith without works is vain. What am I doing for Jesus? Can He say, will He say well done, good and faithful servant. Note: it is not "great and successful," but "good and faithful." Be not slothful in well-doing, but in everything let Jesus have the praise, for by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. Watch and pray!

I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS ANY SUN,
AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"I don't believe there is any sun," said a blind man quite seriously, one fine afternoon, to the great surprise of his wife and children.

"Not believe there is a sun! Why, George, we can see it every day of our lives," said his wife.

"I can't see it," returned poor George, gloomily.

"But you believe us, don't you, father?" said Polly, his youngest child.

"And you can feel it. The sun's shining brightly now; and how warm it is!" added Willie.

"It's often warm when the sun does not shine," continued George.

"There! now you talk of when it shines, and when it doesn't, so you must believe there's a sun after all; you're only joking, father," said Willie.

"Well, I have no doubt you see something you

call the sun. I can tell when it's out by my feelings, as well as you can with your eyes; but I daresay the world would get on nearly as well without it as with it, after all."

"Poor father!" Willie said to his little sister; "how sad it is to be blind!"

* * * * *

Not far from the blind man's home lived one who called himself a philosopher.

"I don't believe there is a God," he would say; "or, at least, if there be one, the world, which has got into a great mess, would get on as well without Him."

Some listened, some admired, some laughed, some pitied him.

Among the latter was a little girl, his niece, who was allowed to spend a week with him.

The day before she left home, her father had said to her, "Amy, your uncle does not believe there is a God; he is spiritually blind."

"Poor uncle!" said Amy. "Will not God open his eyes? I will ask Him."

The first evening Amy spent with her uncle, she noticed that there was no family prayer, as at her own home. She thought of what her father had said, and spoke her thoughts aloud, as children do.

"Uncle," she said, "perhaps God lets you be blind because you don't ask Him to give you sight."

"What can the child mean?" said her uncle.

"Father says you are spiritually blind," said the child. "Oh, I am so sorry!" and she burst into tears.

"What nonsense is this?" said the great man, angry at the child's words.

She did not want to vex him, so she kissed him, and said, "Good-night," and ran upstairs to bed.

The next morning she came down, looking cheerful enough.

"Ah! that's the face I like to see," said her uncle.

"But, uncle, you don't laugh," said Amy.

"I don't see much to laugh at, little woman; but I like to have people bright and happy about me."

"Perhaps it's because he's blind," thought Amy, "that he doesn't see much to laugh at;" but she said nothing.

"And what have you done with last night's trouble?" asked her uncle.

"I've told God all about it," returned the child.

Her uncle was silent, not wishing to say a word that could disturb her faith.

"Father says you don't believe in God," said Amy, her eyes fixed upon him with a pitiful wonder.

"Your father ought not to say such things," said the philosopher, half ashamed; "he might trust me that I would not talk on these matters to you."

"But why not, uncle?" asked the child, still pityingly. "If you're blind I will pray for you."

"And so your father thinks me blind, does he?" laughed the philosopher.

"You must be blind if you don't see that there's a God," said Amy, with a child's persistency.

"Come to my knee, and say a prayer for me," he said.

Surely the Spirit was striving with him then. The child knelt down as she was told, and folding her little hands together, said earnestly, "Pray God bless poor uncle, and make him see, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Then getting up, "I'll say it for you every night and morning till you do see," she said, stroking his cheek caressingly, as if he had been naughty and in disgrace—as, indeed, she felt he was.

"But, uncle," she added, after a moment's thought, "you will say it for yourself too, won't you, every night and morning?"

She could not persuade her uncle to promise this, and she marvelled much that he could think it too much trouble to ask again and again for such a precious gift as sight.

There is no more to tell.

Miracles of love are still being wrought in God's universe. The bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining everywhere. But unless the philosopher has taken the little child's advice, and gone humbly down upon his knees before God in earnest, persevering prayer, how can he see anything of His power and love? The eyes of man's understanding being darkened by sin and unbelief, he cannot see God.

Reader, how is it with you?

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

THANK God for the Bible, whose clear shining ray
Has lighted our path, and turned night into
day;

Its wonderful treasures have never been told,
More precious than rubies, set round with pure gold.

Thank God for the Bible in sickness or health,
It brings richer comforts than honour or wealth;
Its blessings are boundless, an infinite store;
We may drink at its fountain, and thirst nevermore.

Thank God for the Bible sent down from above,
Revealing to mortals God's infinite love;
A fathomless sea with its bright shining shore,
Where the glorified dwell and are safe evermore.

Thank God for the Bible—rich treasures untold
Are laid up in store in its city of gold,
That beautiful home of the saved and the blest,
Where no sorrow can come, where the weary find
rest.

Thank God for the Bible! how dark is the night
Where no ray from its pages sheds forth its pure
light;

No Jesus, no Bible, no heaven of rest!
Oh, how could we live, were our lives so unblest?

There are millions who wander in darkness to-day—
No Jesus, no Bible, no knowledge to pray;
God help us to feel, and to act, in His sight,
To render our thanks, now, by giving them light.

M. H. W.

MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FAILURE.

THESE words fell from the lips of a young man disappointed in business, disquieted in mind and body. All was dark and foreboding; there seemed no ray of hope, no trust in an overruling Providence, no joy or comfort which comes to the Christian at such times, no word of Jesus speaking salvation, bowed down with the sorrows of this life, and hopeless of another.

Disease was preying upon this young man, and the deepest anxiety was felt for him. We stood powerless, yet hoping and praying.

Returning from a ride, he was asked if he felt able to spend a few moments in the "prayer meeting." He assented; and none could describe the look of eagerness on his face as he listened to a young stranger who feelingly declared what Jesus had done for him—how disappointments and trials had come, yet beneath, round about, and above all was Jesus, so ready to sympathise, pardon, and accept, if we only come to Him with penitence and faith.

The blessed Spirit sent every word with power to him who had so long dwelt in darkness and sin, and he sweetly yielded himself to Christ.

Prayer for this young man was answered; his health is restored, and he lives to testify the love of Jesus, and lead others to that unending joy which awaits all who trust in His atoning blood.

—♦♦♦—
 WORTH READING.

A Personal Saviour.—I need a Saviour to save me. I have no salvation till I find a Saviour. A person I must have. The highest truth will not save me, further than as it brings me to the Saviour, that He may give, and I may get eternal life.

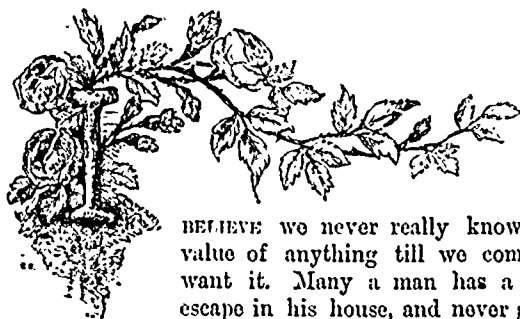
Dr. John Duncan.

Grace, Grace.—A poor man in Fife, before eating, asked a blessing in these weighty words, which were found, after the Duchess of Gordon's death, written on a slip of paper in her hand:—"Lord, give me grace to feel my need of grace, and give me grace to ask for grace, and give me grace to receive grace; and, O Lord, when grace is given, give me grace to use it. Amen."

Perseverance.—Said President Wayland to his students: "Young gentlemen, remember that nothing can stand before days' works. Steady purpose and perseverance in well-doing must tell. They will level the mountain we could not climb."

A Holy Life.—Dr. Charles Hodge once said in conference:—"On one occasion a missionary was examining a class of Hindoo youth in the Bible, and asked the question, 'What does walking with God mean?' They hesitated for a few moments; at last one said: 'It is to live as Mr. Wray does'"—a good missionary, known for his holy consistent life.

THE WAY THAT I TAKE.



BELIEVE we never really know the value of anything till we come to want it. Many a man has a fire-escape in his house, and never gives

it a thought till the cry of fire is heard, and then he remembers the escape soon enough, and uses it too. And sure I am that there's many and many a verse in the Bible that we never feel we have anything to say to, till something happens that teaches us we could not do without it.

There is one verse that I learned the value of in a time of sore trouble—just these few words, "He knoweth the way that I take." I am sure I had read that verse hundreds of times; of course it was true, for it was in the Bible, and besides, God, being God, must know everything; so it was no wonder He knew the way that I took. That is all I ever thought about it, if indeed I thought so much, till I was kneeling beside my poor husband, and he lying dead in his coffin.

We had been married thirteen years, and every year the love between us grew greater and greater, till at last it seemed as if we knew each other's thoughts without putting them into words. And oh! he was so good, and kind, and wise. He had such a wonderful way with the children, such a way of making them love him, and withal be so respectful and obedient. What he was to me—but I mustn't begin to talk of that, but only thank God I had him for thirteen years.

As I said, I was kneeling beside his coffin, my very heart breaking with sorrow, and with the awful desolation that only the widow knows—and the widow's God. What could I do without him? How could I, a poor weak woman, manage the children? There was Tom, with his proud high spirit; and Willie, who downright hated school and lessons; and poor little sickly Mary, and the two little ones,—and not one of them able to earn a farthing but myself.

I knew well that in a real, big trouble I might go to our good minister, or his kind and feeling wife, and that they would gladly do anything they could to help me. But it was not only a great trouble that I was fearing, but just the every-day life, with the little trifling things that would be always happening, and that he was always so wise and kind about—he that would be laid in his grave in the morning. Oh! what could I do without a friend on earth to help me?

But as I thought that, and the tears were falling fast, I seemed to hear a voice whispering in my very heart, "He knoweth the way that I take."

"He," that is, the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, so He has all power to help—the Son of man, so He

could sympathise and feel "In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able also to succour them that are tempted." He knoweth my way, for He has trodden it Himself. "He was in all points tempted (or tried) like as we are." He knoweth it, it is familiar to Him, so nothing that happens to me can take Him by surprise.

Then I thought of the verse, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He has, as it were, a store of every thing I want laid up for me, so that as He knows my way, and knows what I want, He will supply all my need out of those riches in glory, which will never come to an end, however much He may give me out of them.

Then as He knows my way, and knows what I want, He can never be taken unawares; I can never want anything that He has not already to give me. It was something like when an aunt who was married and settled in Australia, wrote word for us to send my little sister out to her, and that she would provide for her. We lived far away down in the country then, and knew nothing of what she would want for the voyage; and as we were wondering what we could do, another letter came, saying our aunt had written full directions to a friend in London, who would find everything for her, and that Bessie had nothing to do but to go to her on such a day, and she would see her on board the vessel, and take care that she had everything right.

I believe we would much rather have fussed about everything ourselves, at the risk of making plenty of mistakes, but we had no choice, and had to do as we were bid. When Bessie went to London, she was very curious to know what was in the big trunks, numbered 1, 2, 3, and marked with her name. But the friend said she would not tell her, and that when the time came she would find she had everything she wanted, for that she herself had been to Australia, so she knew all about it.

And so it turned out, for, as Bessie wrote us word, it wasn't only that she had everything she wanted, big and little, but over and above that, in every box there was sure to be something for a surprise, to cheer her up and give her courage. And wasn't that better than if we had tried to manage, and perhaps

left out many a little thing she might have wanted, and that only one who had been to Australia could know about?

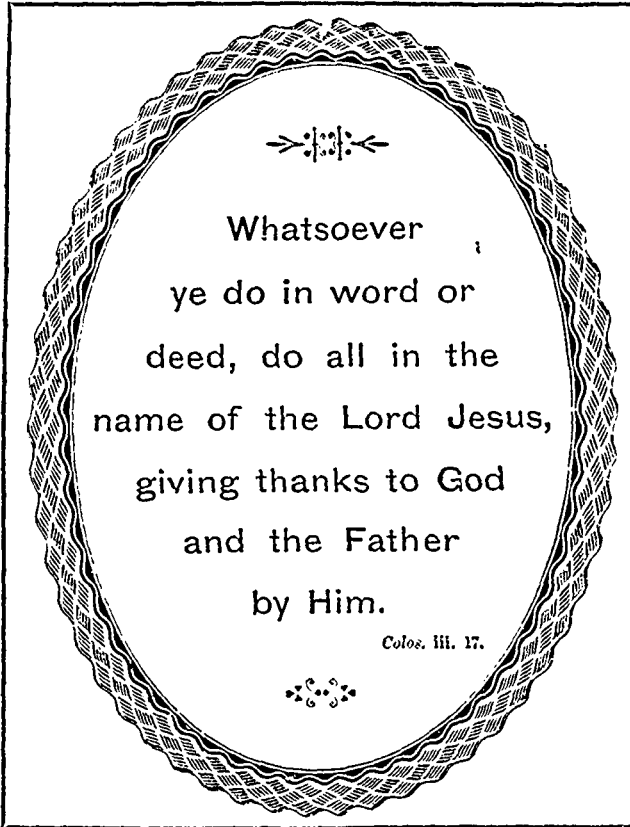
And so with the Lord, "He knoweth the way that I take;" and day by day and hour by hour He will give me what I want, as I want it. If everything in heaven and earth belongs to Him, and if He loved me so much that He died to save me, I need not fear He will grudge me what I want. Most of all, what I wanted now was comfort and wisdom. And isn't He the very "God of all comfort?" So that all the comfort my dear husband had given me came from God; and now that John had gone to his heavenly home, God would send me the comfort straight from Himself. And then, as to the wisdom, it says, "He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous." For

a moment the last word staggered me. How could I call myself righteous? I could not do it at all; but then I could say, "The Lord is my righteousness." So that full of sin as I was in myself, I was counted righteous in my Saviour.

I could not think any more then—I could not even pray, unless, indeed, the feeling of need was prayer; and I think it was, for I got up from my knees helped and comforted for all that lay before me, and thanking God for that precious verse. And it's just past the telling, how He has helped me ever since—helped me in my own want, and helped me with the children. When the loneliness is strong upon me, I hear Him saying, "I the Lord thy God will hold

thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." He brightens up my poor heart with the sunshine of His own love. He has made the children to be so easily managed, too, and as obedient to me as they ever were to their father, just because I am asking all the day long for a bit of the "sound wisdom" He has laid up for me. And, of course, the thought of this encourages me when I'm fearful for the future, so that I am sure (and no wonder, seeing that "He knows the way that I take") that when my last hour on earth comes, I shall be able to say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" and they are following me now, right into the very house of my God, where I shall dwell for ever and ever.

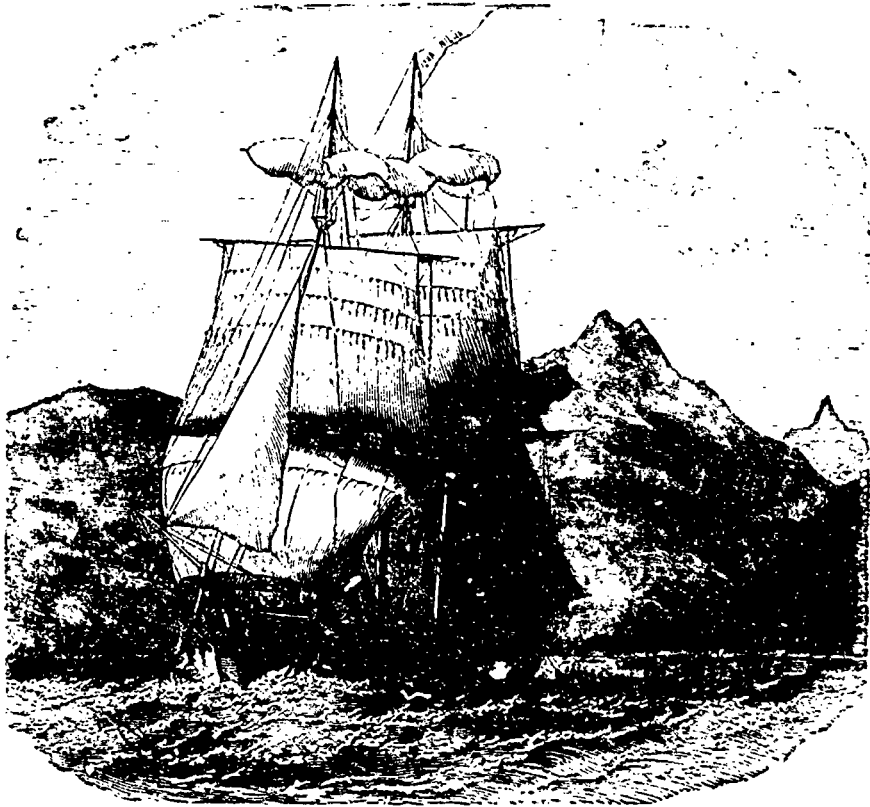
Amen and Amen.



FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Psalms cvii. 23-27.



OUR SAILORS.

THE tide is full, the wind is fair,
The hour is striking now,
And word goes round with hearty cheer,
"Up anchor to the bow."

The capstan creaks as bars are manned
By sailors stout and true;
The captain smiles as from the strand
The anchor comes to view.

With sails unfurled to catch the breeze,
And cargo trim and taut,
The gallant ship glides o'er the seas,
Towards her destined port.

Oh, pray the God that rules the main,
To keep that vessel fair,
And make the voyage, though long, a gain,
That all may blessings share.

God help and bless our seamen brave,
When tempests fierce alarm;

Be swift to hear, be strong to save,
Make bare Thy mighty arm.

When silent on the deck they tread
In midnight reverie,
When thunder near the breakers dread,
God help our men at sea!

God watch and save our kinsmen dear,
In sunshine, storm, and calm;
When friends are far, when home is near,
Oh, shield them safe from harm!

Oh, bring the ship and all her crew
Safe to our shores again;
God bless the men on ocean blue:
Let each one say, Amen!

And landmen, too, a voyage must take
Across life's stormy sea:
Lord, help us all the port to make,
In immortality.



THINGS THAT ARE PRECIOUS.

ARRY is the man who aspires to possess precious things. We need not be poor. We need not be blind, and miserable and naked. We need not go mourning all the day. There is available for us a hoard of precious things—things earthly

and heavenly, things present and future, things temporal and things eternal. "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas,

or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." "How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."

We live, we breathe, we move, we speak, we know. We are not stones, we are flesh and blood. Life—wonderful life—gives activity to our limbs, brightness to our eyes, and melody to our tongues. We have brains that can think and hearts that can feel. In one word, we are living souls. What a precious thing this life is! Are you using it well? Is yours a sanctified life? Is it fruitful of wise thoughts and worthy deeds? Do not say that if you were somewhere else, or in some other employment, or in an entirely different condition of life, you would then live a truer and more splendid life. No—

"The trivial round, the common task;
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

Be not impatient for a change in your position. Glorify God in your present life, and remember that twenty, forty, or sixty years of existence in this beautiful world is a boon of priceless value.

There are probably not less than three thousand promises in the Holy Scriptures. Three thousand promises from God to man! Surely "God is love." Three thousand promises of guidance, food and raiment, defence and consolation, mercy and peace, health, prosperity, and honour, glory, immortality, eternal life, and endless joy in a perfect heaven. And all these great and precious promises are in the Bible—in my Bible—in my Bible which is in my house.

"Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!"

Three thousand promises! Why, I know three that would be more than we deserve. Here is No. 1: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell

in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Here is No. 2: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." And here is No. 3: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." And there are three thousand more! Rest, then, in the Lord. Be quiet, be patient, be still. He is faithful that promised. The Scripture cannot be broken. All the promises of our Heavenly Father are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Yes, the promises of God, even the living God, are true promises. Let us therefore taste them, and they shall be as honey; hear them, and we shall find them as sweet music to the soul; ay, believe them, and we shall sing aloud unto the God of our salvation.

Let us remember the Divine method, the appointed order of prayer. There is the way, and it is written plainly in the Scriptures.

Listen and be glad: "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the spirit of the contrite ones."

Listen and learn: "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."

Listen and obey: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Listen and trust: "The Spirit itself helpeth our infirmities."

Listen and rejoice: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Trying according to this method, we shall have real, personal, blessed communion with God. Do you all know what that means? Communion with God! Oh, it is a precious hour!

Seek—seek earnestly—this purifying communion with the Almighty. It is the daily bread of the Church of God. Without it we are "wells without water," trees without fruit, harps without strings, men and women walking in a vain show. "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."

Think of a man who can be justly called a liar, a cheat, a swindler, a hypocrite, or a drunkard. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Good names are immortal. They flourish like the palm-tree. They inspire us like the song of a great singer. Think of the names of Martin Luther, George Washington, David Livingstone, Richard Cobden, and the Prince Consort. They are like pillars of white marble, to remind us that we may be great and good. Yes, the names of the saints are immortal. There are two promises from the Lord Jesus concerning them. Here is the first: "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels." And here is the second: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the

temple of My God, . . . and I will write upon him the name of My God." Your name is to be in the book of life, and God's name is to be upon you. Here are safety and honour combined. Be careful, then, of your good name; it is more precious than rubies, and mightier than the armies of kings. And remember it is written that "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

God did not put men into an unfurnished house to dwell. The green fields, the red rose, the white lily, the majestic hills, the deep sea, the solemn stars, the fair moon and shining sun, are radiant with colour, brightness, and splendour, and make the habitation of men a joy for ever. Oh! the world is very beautiful. Field and wood and garden and common and orchard and rivers and lakes and great seas fill me with rapture and worship.

Look at the mountains, and think of God's strength; the flowers, and think of His love; and the sun, and think of His glory. Go into the fields to find God, to the sea to worship Him. In the rich emblazonment and embroidery of nature, see the vesture of the Almighty, and know Him as thy Father in heaven, and thou shalt feel a sense of dignity and blessedness unknown before; and remember that God can make your heart like a summer sea—calm, contented, and consoled from golden morn to dewy eve.

Some days ago I stood beside a little burial-ground. It was far away from cities and markets. It lay on a hill-side, beyond a rough common, and the morning sun fell upon it. A few sheep grazed around it, and a shepherd's dog sat watchful near its gate. All was very still; no noise of war, or rail, or mill, or busy town. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." I bless God for death. I bless God for the resurrection. I bless God for the open gates of the skies. I bless God for the life—the new, strong, immortal lives of His people in heaven. They rest from their labours. They sing everlasting songs. They see the King in His beauty. They weep no more. Yes, heaven is precious, very precious. And Jesus is the way. Do you know that? Jesus—Jesus—Jesus alone is the way. Come to Him, and He will give you the precious things of His kingdom for ever and ever.

REV. G. W. McCLE.

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PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"**T**HANK you, and I am much obliged to you." This was said by a hungry man at my door, to whom I had given, not gold or silver, but just a little remnant of food which my children had not wanted.

I had looked at him doubtingly, half disposed to turn him away unrelieved, thinking that perhaps he was not really needy, and certainly he was not very good-looking.

But when I saw the hungry eagerness with which he received my gift, and the change of his countenance from sullen despair to beaming thankfulness, the

gratitude of the man brought tears of pleasure to my own eyes; for what is there more gratifying than to know that a kindly action has been well bestowed and well appreciated?

As I watched the poor man walking away, and devouring his morsel, my thoughts, or rather conscience, whispered, "Where is your gratitude to the God who gives you all things so richly to enjoy? Will it bear any comparison of proportion with that which this poor suppliant so evidently felt and so earnestly expressed?"

Ah! which one of all of us feels that habitual thankfulness ever due to our Creator, Preserver, and bountiful Benefactor, who daily loadeth us with benefits, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies—who knows our need before we ask, and does not withhold until we merit? We never can merit any mercies, either temporal or spiritual; but we are commanded and taught to pray for them to Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

He who never prays can never be grateful; and a prayerless and thankless must be a miserable man.

The prayerless man takes the blessings of Providence, which may perhaps be thickly strewn around his path, as matters of course. He has not asked for them; he has not considered whence they came, and he does not offer any thanks for them. But one day he will have to give an account of them.

But, although God in His Fatherly mercy causes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sends His rain on the just and the unjust, and scatters the bounties of His Providence, so that they are received by many as by the beasts that perish; yet for His richer stores of heavenly food, for the bestowal of a spiritual life, for His supporting power and guiding grace—for these mercies He will be inquired of. He waits to give, but we must ask.

Many things which we know to be necessary to the existence and comfort of our children we give them before they are capable of forming a wish for any especial pleasure or good; but with their increasing consciousness we teach some simple sound of asking, and almost simultaneously a note of thanks; while the child, taking the desired object, feels his dependence, and trusts and loves.

We may, perhaps, call prayer and praise the pair of wings to carry the Christian ever upward and onward through the troubles of time to the confines of eternity, whence—

"He may mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies."

But what support for this present time, or what hope for a future, can that man have whose heart is void of prayer and praise? If such an one reads this, does not his inward feeling whisper "None?" Certainly he has none. But just as certainly a loving Heavenly Father is waiting to be gracious even to him. And now is the time to ask.



WE TRAVEL THE COUNTRY.

"PLEASE to buy a basket," said a soft voice, that of a little girl five or six years old, with two or three small baskets on her arm.

"Who sent you to sell baskets, my little girl?"

"My mother, ma'am. She is on the road with father and the cart."

"And where do you live?"

"We doesn't live anywhere just now, ma'am. We travels the country all the summer long."

Was it the oddity of the expression, or the truth of the sentiment, or the exquisite melody of the child's voice, soft and sweet as music, that fixed the words in the memory? Long after a toy basket had been purchased, and the child with her father and mother and the travelling van had disappeared, the silvery sounds seemed ringing in my ears; and often since, in trouble and in joy, through the many changes of a changing world, the thought has again returned: "We do not dwell here; we travel the country."

And we "travel the country." Our beautiful world, is it not a convenient travelling carriage? But, oh! not a home. It has all things needful for a journey—daily food and daily comforts; rest, refreshment, even luxuries; but nothing abiding. We cannot remain here; "we travel the country."

In the springtime of life we bound onward with hope and vigour; there are chilling rains and keen winds then, but the elasticity of youth overcomes them. Summer, with its brighter days and rougher storms, finds us still travelling. Autumn arrives,

with its rich harvests and glowing fruits. Onward yet! We may pluck and eat, but we may not lay up in store. Winter is on us; have we yet a resting-place? Ah! we may have deceived ourselves before, but now we know that through every changing season, every change of scene, from youth to age, from birth to death, "we travel the country."

Is there, then, no rest for the pilgrim? no home for the wanderer? Must we ever toil on, on, with no blessing for the present, no hope for the future, and lie down at last in sorrow, unsatisfied, unblest? Oh, not so. "We seek a country," "a better country," where are no storms, no deserts, where pain and toil and weariness shall be no more. On that everlasting home we fix our eyes; for that we labour; thither, through all our wanderings, our footsteps tend. Our march is homewards. Sustained by this bright hope, unconquered by toil, undismayed by danger, through storm and sunshine, through desert and forest, "we travel the country."

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

"His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

"The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
'Till I my Canaan gain.

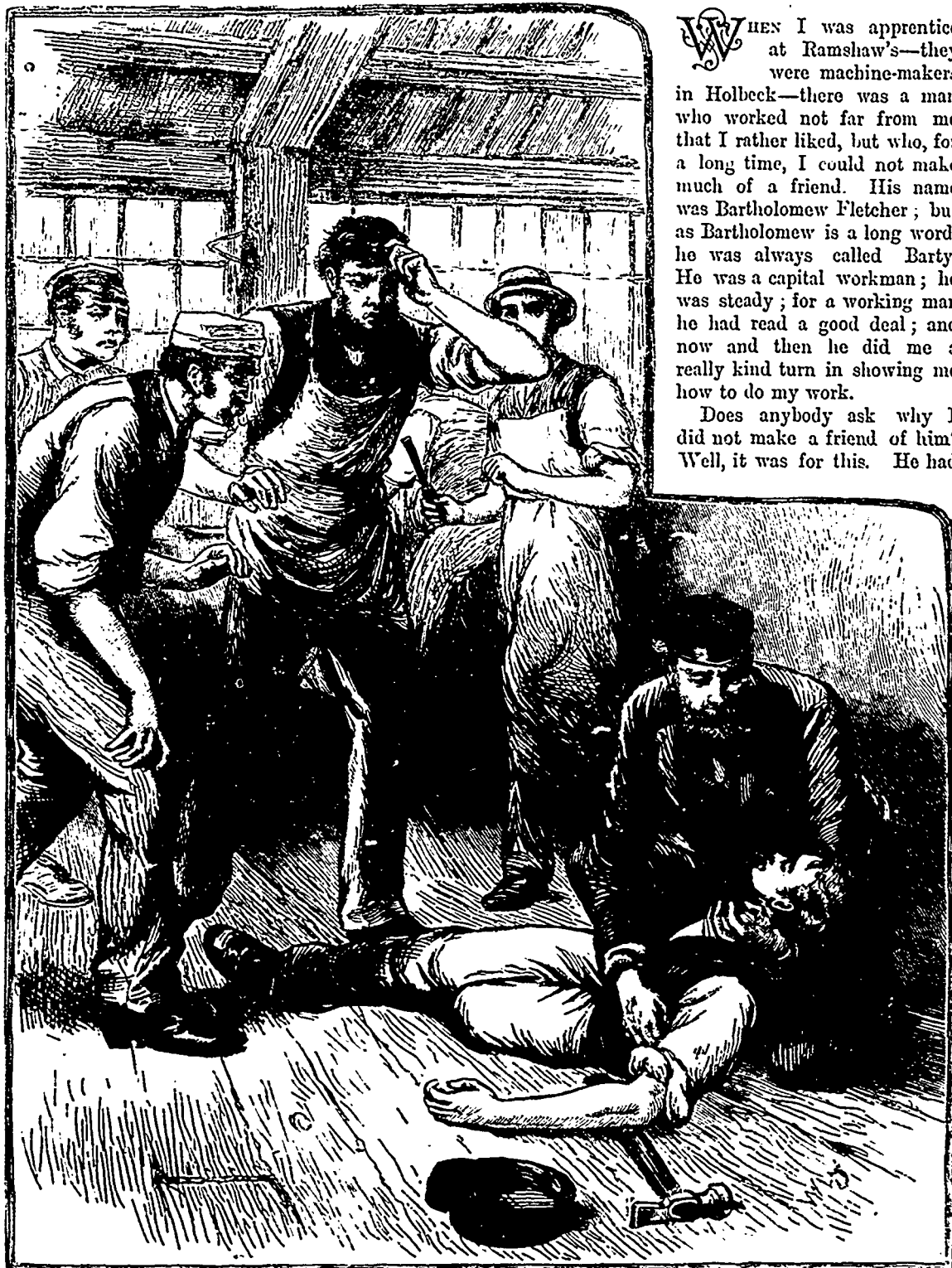
"Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A country in the skies.

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
As Jesus bids me come.

"I come—Thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, oh my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast!"

BARTY FLETCHER'S TEMPER,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



WHEN I was apprentice at Ramshaw's—they were machine-makers in Holbeck—there was a man who worked not far from me that I rather liked, but who, for a long time, I could not make much of a friend. His name was Bartholomew Fletcher; but as Bartholomew is a long word, he was always called Barty. He was a capital workman; he was steady; for a working man he had read a good deal; and now and then he did me a really kind turn in showing me how to do my work.

Does anybody ask why I did not make a friend of him? Well, it was for this. He had

"such a temper." He used to say he had French blood in his veins, and that some far-back ancestors of his had come over to England in a time of persecution; but whatever sort of blood it was, it was very hot. The least thing that did not please him set him off, and when once he got into a passion there was no knowing what he would do. There was some truth in what he said, that his passion did not last long, and that it was "off as soon as it was on;" but then, unfortunately, it was very often on again as soon as it was off.

That was why, for a long time, I had not much to do with him. I was afraid we should not get on together, for I have a bit of temper myself. Then, too, I remembered those words of Solomon in the Book of Proverbs: "Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go: lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul."

A man of that sort never lacks provocation, especially in a shop such as ours was. I have always noticed, too, that when a man has a temper like Barty's, there are always people who delight to tease and vex him.

There were some of that kind in our shop. They liked, as one of them said, "Just for the fun of the thing, to get Barty's monkey up;" and with that view they played off upon him annoying practical jokes, such as hiding his tools or his breakfast, which, as he lived at some distance, he always took with him to the shop. If he had only had the good sense to take these things quietly, they would soon have ceased; but unfortunately he had not.

Of course all this was very thoughtless on the part of those who did it; and it was more than thoughtless—it was wrong. It was not doing as they would have liked to be done by. Besides, the man who wilfully provokes another is in no small degree responsible for any mischief that may be done by the man whom he so provokes.

Barty had a weakness for rhyming. I did not know much about poetry, but it seemed to me that some of his verses were very good. It so happened, however, that one of the men—a clever sort of fellow—got hold of one of Barty's rhymes, and he altered it in such a way as to make very silly doggerel of it. What was still more provoking, he brought Barty's name into it in a way that made him look very ridiculous. This was written in a large, clear hand, and posted up in the shop. As soon as Barty saw the paper he tore it down with great wrath; but he did not gain much by that, for some of the men had got it off, and they sang it to a well-known comic tune. Of course this was sadly vexing to a man like Barty.

One day, whilst this was going on, I happened to look at him, and I saw at once that mischief was brewing. He was pale with anger. If I could have said or done anything to calm him down, or anything to caution those who were tormenting him, I would have done so; but I could do neither. All at once, however, the whole thing came suddenly to an end. Barty had a hammer in his hand, and knowing who was the ringleader of the mischief, he hurled it at him. The man

saw it coming, and, ducking his head, avoided the stroke, and the hammer flew far beyond him. But it did not fall harmless, for it struck on the head of a youth who had taken no part whatever in what had been going on. Its force was greatly spent, or it would have killed him. As it was, the poor lad fell down stunned and insensible, and at first it was thought he was dead.

The whole shop was sobered at once.

Hearing of what had happened, the police were very soon on the spot; and the surgeon who had been called in gave such a serious report of the lad's condition that Barty was taken into custody, and he spent that night in one of the police cells. On the following day he was brought up before the magistrates. As the case could not be decided till it was seen what might become of the lad, it was put off for a week. At first the magistrates were inclined to send him back to prison; but they were at length induced, though with great difficulty, to let him out on bail.

Poor Barty! I went to see him that same evening, and he took it very kindly. I think I never saw a man more crushed and humbled. He was distressed on account of the poor lad whom he had unwittingly injured, and he was overwhelmed with shame to think that he should have had to stand in the dock of a police-court. He said he could never hold up his head again. Then, too, if the lad died he would be put on his trial, at least for manslaughter, if not even for murder; and what a disgrace that would be both to himself and his family!

I comforted him as well as I could; and, knowing how wretched he would be if he had nothing to do, I urged him to go to his work again the next morning. But he said he could not do that, for first the masters might not allow him, and then he could not face the men.

I thought it over during the night, and the next morning I spoke to the foreman about it. He thought I had better see the managing partner, and accordingly he took me to his room. That gentleman heard what the foreman and I had to say, and after a little thought he gave his consent.

I then said to the foreman that another thing was needed to enable Barty to return with comfort, and that was that the men should make no allusion to what he had done, least of all in the way of reproach. He agreed with me, and he called the men together to talk to them about it.

Rough as many of the men were, they were all touched by what the foreman told them of Barty's distress, and they all promised to do as he requested. More than that, the men who had done so much to provoke Barty came forward of their own free will, saying that they were quite as much to blame as he was, and that they were very sorry.


I was sent off at once to tell Barty of all this. He was more than thankful, and that afternoon he went back to his work. Not a word about what had happened was said to him by anybody, and the kind looks which he saw on every face comforted him greatly.

Barty had to appear in the police-court again on the day appointed; but by that time the lad was in such a fair way of recovery that the magistrate dismissed the case, only giving Barty a serious admonition to keep his temper under better control.

Poor Barty's painful experience in this matter was a lesson to him all his life. From that time he gradually became more and more self-controlled, though sometimes I could see he had a hard battle for it. As he once told me, whenever he was sadly provoked, there came up to him the vision of his hammer on its way to the boy's head, and then that of himself in the police-dock; and these withheld him from many an angry word he might otherwise have spoken, and from many a hasty deed.

Better still, he had found where grace was to be obtained to subdue even the most hasty temper in all the world.

THE REDEEMED SLAVE.

 YEARS ago, when slavery was permitted in America, a strange incident took place. A lady who owned slaves, and had educated and treated them kindly, suddenly died, when the estate was sold by her trustees in order that the money it fetched might be divided amongst her numerous relatives. In the auctioneer's advertisement, the slaves—men, women, and little children—were treated in the same way as the horses and cows, only considered more valuable. In the list was—

“Lot 41.—Julia; a beautiful young woman, aged sixteen, fairly educated, almost white, perfect in form, teeth sound, hair three feet long, and without a fault.”

Unknown to her, a free coloured young man thought of her very much, and intended to save up money to buy her from slavery, and try to win her to be his wife, having already saved nearly a hundred dollars for that object. In strength he was almost a giant, and in trade a skilful joiner, who had a good prospect of making money. It was a terrible blow when he read the advertisement of the sale, but he quickly resolved what to do.

He was present at the auction, and when Julia was ordered to step on the block, the crowd pushed nearer to view her. The bidding commenced, and she was finally “knocked down” for seven hundred and fifty dollars to a cruel-looking man, who at once paid the money, and led her away as if she had been nothing more than a beautiful two-legged beast.

The young giant followed, and at a convenient opportunity showing himself to the slave-owner, offered to take the place of the heart-broken girl. The man at first would not hear of it, though he admitted the young joiner was worth much more than he had given for the girl. At length he consented to the exchange.

Legal papers were drawn up, and when the substitute placed “the freedom” in the hands of the astonished girl, together with his one hundred dollars, he gently said, “Julia, in your future for my sake keep from all wrong; while I live I shall always feel glad that I have taken your place, and one day we shall meet each other again before the throne of God,

when we shall both be free for evermore!” And with another word, “Farewell!” spoken gently but sadly, he turned away—a slave!


Still, a mighty joy filled his heart, and though the skin of his face was almost black, there was a glory in his expression which astonished his master and almost made him afraid.

On the journey up the Mississippi the steamer came into collision with a huge raft of wood, and in the confusion several passengers were drowned, one of them being the newly-made slave. His owner returned to New Orleans to claim the girl as his slave, but, believing she was free through the substitute, she resisted him, and at once ran to the judge.


The decision was, that as the slave-owner had accepted the joiner in exchange for the girl, she was free; and she left the court saying to the master who had sought to drag her away, “The law says I am free, for he whom I shall for ever love took my place and made me free.”

That touching story will help you to see that your soul is free from the penalty to which you are condemned, if you believe the Gospel which proclaims it. Had the girl not believed that the substitution of the other had given her freedom, she would have allowed herself to be dragged into slavery. She believed the act of the other one had given her a just claim to be a free woman, and the law upheld her. Likewise, the Gospel declares that God's dear Son took our place and laid down His life for us, and that whosoever believes this shall be saved from the consequences of sin, and be able to say, “The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

THE BAMBOO.

 THE bamboo is literally the Hindoo's staff of life. Its uses are manifold. He builds his house of the bamboo; he fertilises his fields with its ashes; of its stem he makes vessels in which to carry water; with two bits of bamboo he can produce fire; its young and succulent shoots provide a dainty dinner dish; and he weaves his sleeping mat of fine slips thereof. The instruments with which his women weave their cotton are of bamboo. He makes drinking-cups of it, and his head at nights rests on a bamboo pillow; his pots are built of it, he catches fish, makes baskets and stools, and thatches his house with the help of the bamboo. He smokes from a pipe of bamboo, and from bamboo ashes he obtains potash. Finally his funeral pile is lighted with bamboo.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

 HERE are times in life when it is of real advantage to play the moral policeman, and to find ourselves out. Human nature plays strange tricks with itself sometimes, and what we need to do under such circumstances is to bring home the fact, prove it, and “give ourselves in charge.”

Now, there is one handy little fact which is capable of great service in the execution of this policeman's duty. Indeed, there are few moral criminals whom it cannot find out. It is this: "Where there's a will there's a way." Faithfully put in motion, this little fact will tear our excuses into shreds, and force us to confess that we are greater sinners than we thought.

The fact of the matter is, dear friends, that in ninety-nine out of every hundred difficulties in life it is not the way that is wanting at all, but the will. It is not that the thing cannot be done, but that we will not do it. But then we do not like to think so, and so we put it down to the way rather than the will. This is why there is such need to ask ourselves the question, "But is there not a way?" And then to pounce down upon ourselves with the fact: "Where there's a will there's a way."

Let us look at the common-sense principles which underlie the fact that "where there's a will there's a way."

Here is a third principle underlying our well-known proverb: Where there's a will, and the way has been found, *the finder will step into it without a moment's delay.* It is of no good finding a way unless you intend to walk in it. "Ways" were never intended for "lookers-on," but for "steppers out." To be at the pains to find a way, and then to see how other people look in it, is the supremest folly. The end of life is not to discover only, but to walk.

Now let us see how our little fact works in a few important duties of life.

The way of salvation furnishes a good illustration of this principle. I fancy, nay, I am sure, that in the vast majority of cases it is not that people cannot find the way of salvation, but that they do not wish to, and all their difficulties and all their doubts are only other forms of a want of will. Is not this what the Lord Himself tells us: "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life?"

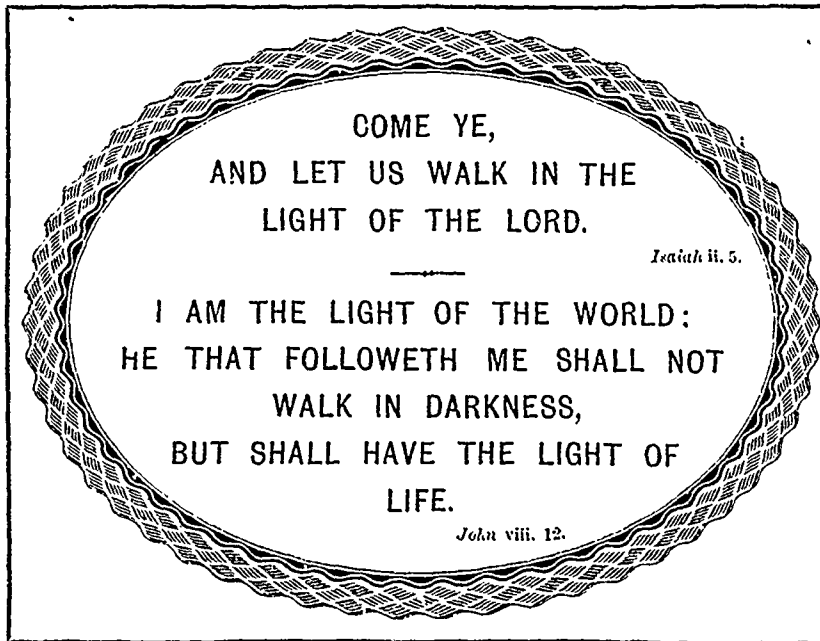
The way would be clear enough if the will were right. An entangled will lies at the root of many a seemingly mystified way. A willing mind finds but little difficulty in making its way to the cross. "Where there's a will there's a way."

The way of holiness affords a second illustration. Thousands are afraid of being too holy; to be half and not wholly consecrated is their will. To give up all that is doubtful, to be entirely unworldly, is to go further than they are prepared for. They don't wish it, and yet many of these people seem to be always searching for the "way of holiness." The truth is, they don't find it because they don't, in the depths of their hearts, want it. "Where there's a will there's a way."

The way to God's house may seem a great descent in the way of illustration, but it meets the case of too large a class to be quite omitted. Many people find abundant reasons for staying at home on Sunday—some because they have a cough; others because they are delicate or have children to look after, or because they haven't superfine clothes. Now, I am going to judge no one. I prefer that my readers should judge themselves. But are there not a few, here and there, who cannot see "the way" because they haven't "the will?" What leads me to believe that this is often the case is, that their reasons for not going to church do not stand in their way when the market or the concert-room are in question. In their every-day pleasures, having "the will," they easily manage to find "the way." Why should it not be so in their church-going too, that "where there's a will there's a way?"

I trust my readers will see to it that from this time they both have "the will" and find "the way."

Rev. Charles Courtenay.




Here is one: *Where there's a will, we shall soon find a way.* Of course, if there's no will, we shall close both eyes and try to see through the eyelids. If we don't want a way, we shall not only not look for it, but make up our minds without looking that there can be no way. But if we do want a way of action we shall get up early, keep both eyes wide open, set our wits to work, and—find it. Nobody in this world has yet been able to see without looking.

Here is another principle: Where there's a will, *if we cannot find a way we should make one.* There is wonderful ingenuity about a willing mind. Nothing can so quicken the wits as desire, intention, resolution. Is it not this principle which has produced the world's great inventions? Men, hedged round with difficulties, have set their foot down with a sounding "I will," and, lo! the "way" has opened out with marvellous quickness. The will is stronger than most difficulties, and few difficulties will say it "nay."



A TRADITION OF THE VAUDOIS.

“ Oh! lady fair, these silks of mine
 Are beautiful and rare—
 The richest web of the Indian loom,
 Which Beauty's self might wear :
 And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
 And with radiant light they vie ;
 I have brought them with me a weary way—
 Will my gentle lady buy ?”

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
 Through the dark and clustering curls
 Which veiled her brow, as she stooped to view
 His silks and glistening pearls.

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
 And lightly she turned away ;
 But she paused—at the wanderer's earnest call—
 “ My gentle lady, stay !”

“ Oh ! lady fair, I have yet a gem,
 Which a purer lustre flings
 Than the diamond-flash of the jewelled crown
 On the lofty brow of kings ;
 A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
 Whose virtue shall not decay—
 Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
 And a blessing on the way !”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
 Where her youthful form was seen—
 Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks
 waved
 Her clasping pearls between.
 "Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
 Thou traveller grey and old;
 And name the price of thy precious gem,
 And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
 As a small and meagre book,
 Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
 From his folded robe he took:
 "Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
 May it prove as such to thee!
 Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
 For the Word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way—
 But the gift he left behind
 Hath had its pure and perfect work
 On the high-born maiden's mind;
 And she hath turned from her pride of sin
 To the loveliness of truth,
 And given her human heart to God
 In the beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old grey halls
 Where an evil faith had power,
 And the courtly knights of her father's train,
 And the maidens of her bower;
 And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
 By lordly feet untrod,
 Where the poor and the needy of earth are rich
 In the perfect love of God!

WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

THE following earnest words are taken from an address recently given to his brother working men by Sam P. Jones, a well-known evangelist in the United States:—

The Lord Jesus Christ knows where your trouble is. He knows where you have broken down; He knows which wheel has broken down, and which side of the waggon, and how many spokes are out, and whether the hub is burst. He knows you from bottom to top, through and through. To have the sympathy of a great heart like Christ's and then hear His voice say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," is enough to win any one to be a Christian. Christ knows not only your trouble, and how to locate it, but He has got a remedy in Divine grace that will brace and strengthen you right where you broke down.

I am so glad that my Saviour not only loves and sympathises with me, but that He has got the very thing I want Him to give when I approach in prayer and supplication.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." You are a poor

sinner. You are the especial one. Christ invites and names you first. "I know," says He, "every trouble that presses on your heart; now come to Me. I know how to relieve you and how to bless you; come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

When I was a sinner a few years ago, and was doing all the harm and wrong I could, I woke up, and my whole being was a raging stream; and I was so restless that I fell down on my knees and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and when God came to me, and the Lord Jesus told me, "I have given you rest," then I thought to myself, "Is this rest?" I never knew what I wanted, and God named it for me, and it is rest.

If I wanted to understand what the word "tired" meant, I would not go to a dictionary, but would go to the poor fellow who had been carrying mortar up those flights of stairs to the top of that building. All day long he walks up and down those stairs, and about night I see his knees are tremulous and weak; they will hardly hold him up. When that fellow quits at sundown, I will ask him what is "tired." He knows all about it. If anybody knows what unrest is, it is a poor sinner. The devil has got no mercy on a sinner. The devil will put his chains around our limbs and trot us without stopping. Isn't it strange that anybody in the world will serve the devil, or do anything for him?

This world has got to come to this fact: that the best thing a man can do is to do right, and that wrong is the worst thing a man can do. If you do right, it is a personal benefit; if you do wrong, you can never get over it. We see this when a man comes to the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus tells him there are some things he must not do, and there are some things he must do.

There is a good deal of difference between rest and resting. You see a fellow that has been resting all day, and you ask him: "What are you doing?" And he says, "I am resting." As soon as he gets rested he wants to get up and be doing something. A state of restlessness is a state of activity. When a sinner comes to Christ he is tired. Christ sets him down and allows him to rest. Now, he is rested, and he wants to do something. Now, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Here is a little stream of water flowing along smoothly, and that little stream in its frolics and courses says: "I am tired, I want rest." Man throws up a dam, and he sees the placid waters of the little stream pile on the dam, and there they are resting like a little child on its mother's arm. And it rests and rests, and again it begins to get dissatisfied and "unhealthy." Then the little creek says, "Now that I have got rest, I want to be turned loose and run down to the great ocean." We see it turned loose, and it runs down and turns a mill-wheel, and then runs down and turns a factory-wheel; farther down it runs a machine-shop. And so that little stream is finding rest in its usefulness as it goes to its destination.

Let us pile up our lives round the cross of our blessed Saviour, and stay there until we are perfectly

rested in Christ; and when the rest comes He says to us, "Come out and bless the nations." Go to work on that plan, every one of you, and help your neighbour. The sweetest rest a man ever had is the rest he finds in activity. I believe serving God is the only thing a man never gets tired of doing. Lots of the merchants say, "I am going to quit the mercantile business; it is too hard." Lawyers say, "I am going to quit the legal profession; I am worked to death." And doctors say, "I am going to drop out of the business, because it is too hard." I want to tell you that no lawyer or merchant in the world is any busier than I am; but I am going on until God calls me up higher.

"Take My yoke upon you." All the trouble I ever got into was when I slipped that yoke and said, "I will do as I please;" and all the trouble I ever had was when I did what I pleased and as I pleased.

There is one good thing about Christianity: Christ not only knows all about me and heals me, but He tells me how to keep true. He tells me how to do as a father and husband. My wife has a heap better husband since I obeyed Christ. He tells me how to act as a neighbour. My wife loves me, my neighbours respect me. When I turn my back on Christ I get into trouble. I want to tell you one secret in my life: I have never yet undertaken a thing without Christ's help, and without asking His help, but that I failed in it. I never asked Him to help me in a single thing that He did not help me through. Now, don't forget that.

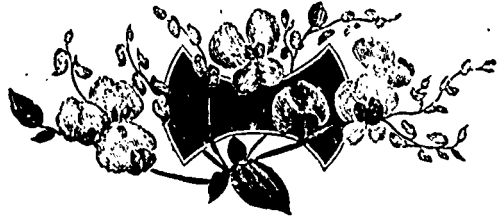
There is nothing better in heaven than religion. When you have got religion, you have got the best thing in heaven or earth. Religion in this world is inlaid with pearl and gold. We receive a beautiful gift. We may lay it on the table in the parlour as the gift of a friend, and there it stays on the table, and we show it to our friends. One day some one handles it, and a hidden spring is touched, and the lid flies open, and there is the richest jewel inside. Religion is a beautiful casket, and we show it to our friends; but when a Christian man touches the secret spring of his religion, heaven and everlasting life open out to him.

Let us give our hearts to God, and when we die this will be as a spring-board on which we can leap right into the glories of the world above.

—♦♦♦—

No Time like the Present.—Some persons, when Christ begins to knock at the door of their heart, put Him off from time to time. They trifle with their convictions. They say, "I am too young yet; let me taste a little more pleasure of the world. Youth is the time of mirth; another time I will open the door." Some say, "I am too busy; I have to provide for my family. When I have a more convenient season I will call for Thee." Some say, "I am strong and healthy; I hope I have many years to live. When sickness comes, then I will open the door." Consider that Christ may not come again. He is knocking now: let Him in. Another day He may pass by your door.

M'Cheyne.



PROCESSION OF JUGGERNAUT.

THE Rev. William Smith, Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, of Calcutta, gives the following graphic description of a recent visit to this famous idol:—

I had heard again and again, from experienced missionaries in the meetings of mission workers, held monthly in Calcutta, that a great movement had begun, and that any day we might have converts not by ones and twos, but by hundreds and thousands. At first I thought these men were giving expression only to what they hoped for; but I am beginning to think that they are right. Here are one or two facts which strengthen my conviction that a remarkable change is taking place.

A few months ago occurred a famous Hindu festival. It is the occasion when the god Jaganath (or Juggernaut) is dragged in his car. It is not so many years ago since men and women throw themselves down in fanatical frenzy before the car, and were crushed to death under its broad wheels. This was only put a stop to by the British Government interfering, and still precautions are taken to prevent any misguided creatures from destroying themselves.

As that festival day is a national holiday, we gave the students half the day. I took occasion to say to the senior students that they were to understand that we were in no way countenancing the religious observance of this day, but recognising it as a national "tamasha," or fair day.

One of the students shouted out, "We don't believe in Jaganath;" one, however, said, "Why not?" It was evident that to the bulk of the class the whole festival was a mere superstitious observance.

Mr. Hamilton and I started by a mid-day train for Serampore, a few miles up the river, to see the dragging of Juggernaut's car. An immense crowd of people has assembled in the little village, and at 3 p.m. multitudes are coming in from all sides.

At intervals on the road there are stationed preachers from the several missions in Bengal, and there is for each of them an attentive crowd of hearers. Many European missionaries are busy selling copies of the Gospels in Bengali. The price is merely nominal, but it was a revelation to me to see how eagerly the country people were buying. A Bengali does not part with his pice (copper money) except for something he values or desires—be sure these Gospels would be carefully read in many a country village where, perhaps, no missionary ever entered.

Tracts also were freely bought. One of the Church



Torchlight Procession of Juggernaut.

Missionary Society's agents told me that no persuasion or effort was needed to get the people to buy, and when preaching to the people all heard him respectfully and attentively.

The roofs of the houses from which a view of the car can be had are covered with people, chiefly women. Every little knoll or rising ground back from the road from which a peep can be had at the car is covered by a dense mass of native women. Probably this is one of the few days in the year when the women of some families are allowed to appear in public.

The car cannot be moved till the magistrate of the district gives his permission. There he is on horseback not far from the car. Policemen are guarding the space near the car, to keep back the fanatics who would otherwise throw themselves before the wheels when the car began to move.

A screen of canvas covers the face of the god, so that we cannot see whether his countenance is benign or cruel. Enormous ship's hawsers are attached to the car and passed out to the crowd. Thousands of men rush forward to grasp them and help to pull. These men are naked to the waist, and look like two black parallel lines drawn down the white mass filling the road.

At length the signal is given that all is ready, and the strain is put on the ropes at once; the huge mass moves, and a cry rises from the many thousands of "The God! The God!"—a cry that thrills you as

perhaps never human cry did before. The priests have whipped off the canvas covering from the face of the idol, and there is the grinning monster face of Jaganath. Artistic merit it has none; it is in that respect on a level with the faces cut on a turnip by a youthful artist for Halloween. Yet see how the awe-stricken women are bowing their heads in adoration!

There cannot be the least doubt that multitudes of these ignorant people have the same feelings that their ancestors had towards the god. But see that crowd of men around the Rev. Mr. Payne, of the London Mission, who is preaching in Bengali. When the car began to move the cry of the worshippers has only made them look around to see that the car is in motion, and then they turn their faces away to attend to the preacher again. The car moved on, but his congregation for the most part remained.

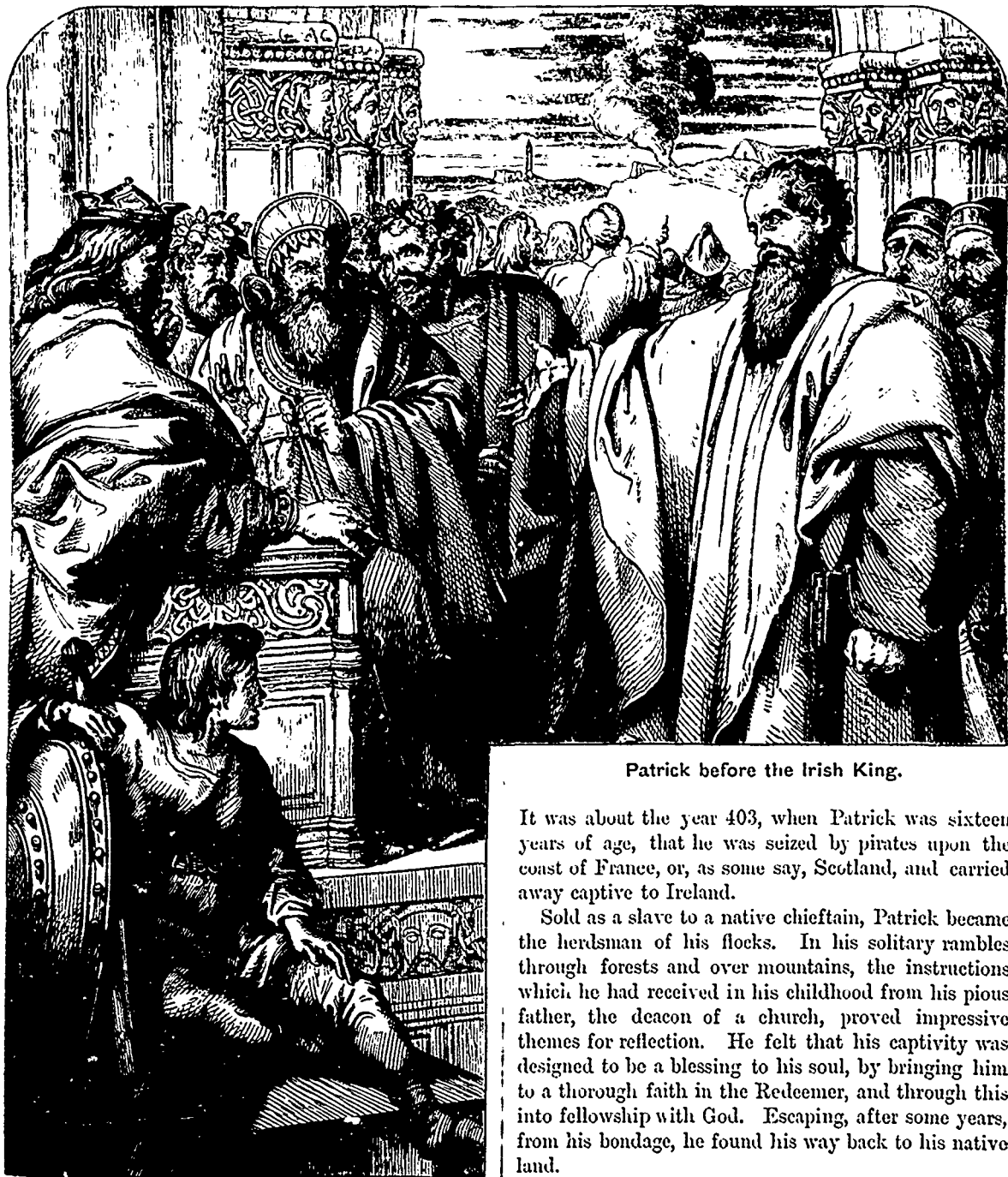
That fact impressed me very much.

Some of the ladies connected with the London Missionary Society were literally besieged in their carriage by the natives to get tracts.

At Serampore station on our way home, I met some of the missionaries who had been working all day in the villages, and all agreed that the eagerness of the people to hear the Gospel, and to purchase gospel and religious tracts, was something quite remarkable. I give this account of what took place at a famous Hindu festival to show that fanatical opposition, if it existed at all, might be expected to show itself on such an occasion, but it nowhere appeared.

PATRICK AND THE PIRATES,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



Patrick before the Irish King.

It was about the year 403, when Patrick was sixteen years of age, that he was seized by pirates upon the coast of France, or, as some say, Scotland, and carried away captive to Ireland.

Sold as a slave to a native chieftain, Patrick became the herdsman of his flocks. In his solitary rambles through forests and over mountains, the instructions which he had received in his childhood from his pious father, the deacon of a church, proved impressive themes for reflection. He felt that his captivity was designed to be a blessing to his soul, by bringing him to a thorough faith in the Redeemer, and through this into fellowship with God. Escaping, after some years, from his bondage, he found his way back to his native land.

Here his thoughts often reverted to the cruel rites he had witnessed in Ireland. In dreams by night, and in meditations by day, the conviction thrust itself upon him that he was called to attempt the rescue of the race amongst whom he had dwelt from a spiritual thralldom.

About the same time Celestine had appointed a Roman presbyter, named Palladius, to proceed to

Among the Irish, after the first introduction of Christianity, many of the old heathen superstitions lingered, and the horrid rites of their worship, such as the sacrifices of children to Com-cruach, the Moloch of Ireland, continued in use to a much later period among them than in Britain.

Ireland for the purpose of gathering together and instructing the scattered professors of Christianity. Palladius, however, died, without accomplishing much, and now Patrick, who had made his desires known at home, was commissioned to succeed him.

Patrick landed at Dublin, which was even then a port of considerable repute, in 432, the year of Pope Sixtus's accession. Conversant with the language and manners of the people, and earnest in his work, his success was even beyond his hopes. A chieftain shortly became a convert, and proved a powerful protector to his teacher. In a large barn belonging to this chief Patrick preached to crowded audiences every day, and his disciples rapidly increased. Large concourses of people were also assembled in the open air by the sound of the drum.

On Easter-eve a *pagan* festival was also to be kept, and it was a law that no fires should be lighted on that night till the great fire in the palace of Tara was kindled. But early in this eventful evening, the flames of a large fire were beheld by the astonished princes ascending from the hill of Tara. It was the paschal-fire, lighted by the hands of Patrick. Inquiry was instantly made, and the Christian apostle was summoned into the royal presence, where he gladly availed himself of so good an occasion for denouncing the cruel superstitions of the Druids, and preaching, it may be hoped, salvation only by Christ.

Patrick continued his labours in Ireland for more than thirty years, founding many churches, and giving an impulse also to civilization and learning, which led to the Irish taking rank, some centuries later, with the most enlightened of the European nations. Although many, indeed most of the legends of this remarkable man are doubtless to be rejected as utterly unworthy of belief, he is certainly among the few worthy names in the great catalogue of saints

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BEGONE, DULL CARE.

I NEVER did a better thing for myself in this world, and never a better thing for my wife and family, than when I gave our landlord in Green Court notice to leave, unless it were that I took the house we live in now. Our old house was well enough, and it was cheaper by sixpence a week than the house we went to in Vine Street—and sixpence a week is a good deal for a poor man; but we had got some bad neighbours, and Mary—for all she's one of the most peaceable women in the world—said there was no getting on with them.

The house we came to is in Vine Street, right away at the other end of the town from Green Court. It is an airy sort of place, and we have a nice bit of garden. It is a capital thing for a shoemaker—that's my trade—to have a garden. It is good exercise to dig and such like; and then it is pleasant to have potatoes and cabbages and a few flowers of one's own growing. Better still, it keeps a man from the public-house.

But I have the best thing of all yet to tell about our house in Vine Street. We got a real good neighbour. I thank God, and I shall have cause to thank Him to all eternity, that we ever came to live next door to John Varley. And his wife is as good as he is—and that is saying a great deal.

I am fond of singing, and I have been ever since I was a lad. I sing at my work, and without ever thinking about it, I break out singing in my garden. I had hardly any songs that were worth singing till I knew John Varley; and I wonder now at the poor, silly trash that pleased me.

One fine evening I had gone out into my garden, and I was doing some light work about a flower-bed, when a snatch of a song came into my mind, and in half a second it was on my lips. It was a bit of "Begone, dull care." I did not know anybody was within hearing; but John Varley was on the other side of the hedge. What with attending to my flowers, and what with my singing, I did not hear him walk down. But there he was, just in time to hear the words—

"My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it is one of the wisest things
 To drive dull care away."

"And that's how you intend to get rid of dull care, is it, George?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "it's a good thing to get rid of it any way one can, for it's dull enough; and, for my part, I don't see a better way than that the song tells about."

"How old may you be, George?" he asked.

"Three-and-thirty," I said.

"And how long have you and your wife been married?"

"Ten years," said I.

"And have you always been so able," he asked, "to dance and sing; that you never had any troubles and cares in which you could do neither?"

I considered before I replied, and then I said, "Well, I can't say we have. I have always had plenty of work; and we've had plenty to eat and drink; and we've all had good health. I don't think Mary has done much dancing since we were married; but I've done a lot of singing; and I don't think we've had much care."

"God has been very good to you, George," said John; "and I don't want to say anything to make you dull or sad; but you will be very different from most people if a time does not come when you will want something better than either dancing or singing to drive away your care."

"Ah, well," I said; "it will be soon enough to think about that when it comes."

"I don't know that," replied John. "I don't think there's any good in forecasting troubles, which, after all, may never come; but is it not wise, if one can, to be ready for anything that may happen in that way?"

I saw what John meant. Now I liked him very well; but I should have liked him a great deal better

if he had not been so religious, for I had a notion—I see now how wrong it was—that religion was about as dull as care. Thinks I to myself, “He wants to make [me] religious. I’ll stave that off, anyhow.”

John looked disappointed, for he saw what I meant. However, he said no more—that is, about religion, but talked on some other matters, and then went into his house.

It was not long before John’s words proved true. Troubles came, in which I could no more sing than I could fly. I’ll tell you how it was.

There was a great deal of scarlet fever in the town, and it carried off a great many children. It got into Green Court, and went through at least half the houses. I don’t think there was a place in the town where it was worse. As we heard how bad it was, Mary and I said to one another, “What a good thing it is we are out of Green Court!”

But it came to us in Vine Street, after all. We did not know till poor little Ned, our oldest lad, fell sick, that about a week before he had been playing with some of his old playmates in the court, and that he had been into one of the houses where the fever was worst. The doctor said that there was very little doubt he had caught it then.

The fever seized all our four children, and a terrible time we had of it. Poor Mary was worn out, and so was I, for the poor little things had to be attended to night and day. We would not have cared about that, if they had only pulled through; but we lost two of them. Ned went first; and I can’t tell you what a pang struck to my heart when they told me he was dead. Then little Charlie followed. Their mother was broken-hearted, and so was I. If I live to be an old man of four-score, I shall never forget what I felt those two days when I followed my little lads to their graves.

I don’t know what we should have done if it had not been for Mrs. Varley. She had no little ones of her own, for all her children were grown up, and none of them were living at home; so she had no need to be afraid for them, and she was not a bit afraid for herself. She came in every day; and though she had all her house-work to do herself, she sat up every other night as well. As for John, why, he was as kind as kind could be.

The Sunday after poor little Charlie was buried I was sadly down-hearted. I could not help fearing that we might lose the other two, just as we had lost the two that had gone; and then I was afraid for Mary—she fretted so sorely, and she had been so harassed by waiting and watching. Everything looked gloomy, and there was not a gleam of sunshine anywhere.

In the afternoon I walked down the garden, and sat down on the seat. In a little time I heard John Varley’s footstep—I knew it was his—coming down the walk. He sat down beside me.

“It’s a great trouble, George,” he said; “I know all about it. It’s five-and-twenty years since we lost our little Nelly. She was about the same age as your Ned. These losses of yours have made it all

come up almost as fresh as if it had been only yesterday.

“It’s all right, George,” he continued; “and you’ll see that some day, if you don’t see it now. I would gladly have given all I had in the world to keep our Nelly; but I have often thought what a blessing it has been, both to me and my wife.” I looked at him with wonder. “Why, the tears are in his eyes,” said I to myself, “as he thinks of his little lass; and yet he tells me that it was a blessing he lost her. Anyhow, it is aught but a blessing that we have lost our bonnie lads.”

I dare say he saw what was passing in my mind. He went on, however, whether he did or not.

“I’ll tell you what I mean, George. Hannah and I loved one another before that; but I am certain we’ve loved one another better ever since. There’s nothing like a great common trouble for binding hearts together. But, far more than that, we’ve loved our heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus Christ; and we did not do that before. We found we wanted better comforts than we could give one another, or than anybody else could give us; and we found them in God, through the Lord Jesus Christ.

“Well,” I said, “I can’t deny I’ve thought very little about religion, not nearly so much as I ought to have done.”

“And don’t you see, George,” he said, “that these troubles are the way God takes to lead you to think about it? Ah, if you only would, you would be so happy. You would not only get comfort in your present trouble; it would make you happy for all your life.”

“But I hardly know how to begin to think about it.”

“I’ll tell you, George,” he said; “that is, if you will let me. We are all poor, lost, guilty sinners, and first of all we need salvation. The Lord Jesus died for us on the cross, and if we only believe in Him He will forgive us all our sins; and we are all freely welcome. He gives us His Holy Spirit, too, to make our hearts clean, and to deliver us from the love of sin. That’s the first thing—to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.”

I sat still, and said nothing. I did not know what to say.

“Come with me, George, to service to-night,” he said. “We’ve a good minister, and I am sure you will hear what will do you good. And take Mary with you. Hannah”—that was John’s wife—“will take care of the children.”

We went. The minister might have known we were going, and have made his sermon just for us. It was on the text, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” Mary and I talked a good deal together that night, and we resolved we would go to the house of God regularly. Better still, we soon found our way to Christ.

I don’t deny we have had our troubles and cares since; but we know where to take them. We have learnt to call God our Father, and to rest our care on Him in faith and prayer. Thank G. d, He has never failed us!

JOHN HARRISON'S PHOTOGRAPH.

WITH some difficulty John Harrison had been persuaded to have his likeness taken. Except his youngest daughter Mary, who kept his house, his sons and daughters were all scattered. One was in Canada, another in Australia, and the rest were in different parts of the country. As was quite natural, they wanted to have their father's portrait, both that they might look at it themselves, and that they might show their children—those of them who had never seen him—what their grandfather was like.

The photographer had some trouble in getting a satisfactory likeness, for John was fidgety and restless. At length, however, he succeeded, at all events, to his own satisfaction; and he promised that the cartes should be sent to Norton, where John lived, in the course of a few days.

In due time the parcel arrived. It will be readily believed that it was eagerly opened.

"It's capital!" exclaimed Mary to her brother George, who, with his wife and two children, happened to be just then on a visit to Norton. And George agreed, and so did his wife.

"Humph!" said John; "ay be." But he decided just then to give an opinion. The fact was, the picture was too faithful. John had never been a handsome man, and of late years he certainly had not increased in youthful beauty. The photographer had done his best, no doubt; but still he could not turn an old man into a young one.

Mary put one of the cartes on the mantelpiece in the parlour, in a little frame which she had bought for the purpose.

About a week after, John's minister, Mr. Aylmer, called, and seeing the photograph, he looked at it attentively, and said, "Why, John, it's you exactly!"

"Do you think so?" replied John, rather drily. "Well, I reckon it must be. Anyhow, they all say so."

"Don't you like it?" asked Mr. Aylmer.

"I can't say I do," replied John, rather hesitatingly. Then, with a good humoured sort of laugh, in which there was mingled just a little vexation, he added, "I never reckoned myself particularly handsome, but I did think I was a better looking fellow than that."

"Ah, well, John!" he said, "I am afraid you are not alone there. I have known a good many people who were just as little pleased with their photographs as you are, even though other people thought them excellent. And there is another kind of likeness,"

he added, after a moment's pause, "which I have found people just as unwilling to admit to be correct."

"And what may that be, Mr. Aylmer?" asked John.

"I mean," said Mr. Aylmer, "God's picture of the inner man of the heart, which I told you about on Sunday."

"Well now," said John, who prided himself on being outspoken and independent, "do you know, I thought you a little bit hard upon us."

"You thought, I suppose," said Mr. Aylmer, with a smile, "that you were a better kind of man than I made you out to be."

"That's what I thought," replied John.

"Let me remind you, then," said Mr. Aylmer, "that the picture I held up was not mine, but God's. Now who, think you, is most likely to know all about our nature—the God who made us and who searches all hearts, or we ourselves?"

"I can't deny that God must be," replied John. "But does God really make us out to be as bad as you said?"

"Here is what God says by His prophet Jeremiah: 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' And the Apostle Paul tells us that 'The carnal mind is enmity against God.'"

"But," said John, "I have been a good living man all my life. Nobody can say I was ever a drunkard, or a thief, or anything of that sort."

"And God's Word does not say you ever were," replied Mr. Aylmer, "and I don't say so. What it says is, that we have all by nature sinful hearts."

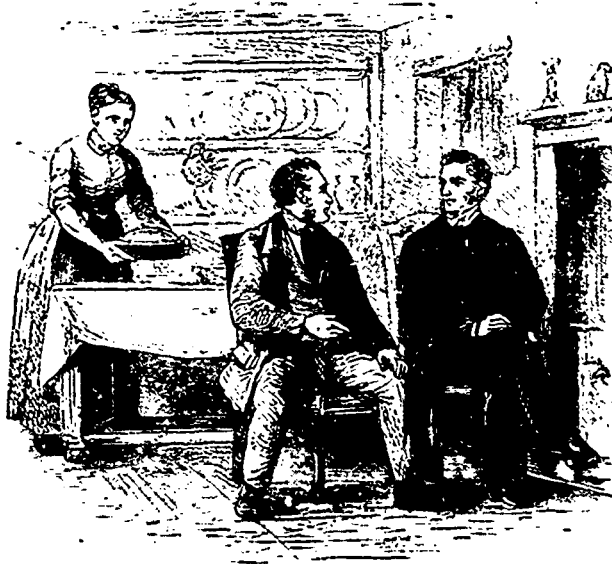
Is there not a great deal that passes in your heart which you would be ashamed to have known?"

John admitted that there was.

"And yet," said Mr. Aylmer, "there is a vast amount of evil in our hearts which we never see to be evil till God's Spirit comes and shows it to us. But then there is something which is encouraging."

"What's that, sir?" asked John.

"For one thing," replied Mr. Aylmer, "however sinful we may have been, God is able and ready to forgive us all our sins. The Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross, and shed His precious blood for us, and if we repent of our sins and believe in Him, they will all be washed away. But besides that, God's Holy Spirit can so change our hearts that the power of sin will be overcome, and we shall daily grow better and holier, and more like the Lord Jesus Christ. God has wrought great wonders in this way; and if you and I will only believe with our whole hearts in Jesus, He will work as great wonders in us."



A CHINESE COLPORTEUR.

THE following touching narrative appears in *The Foreign Missionary*, under the name of the Rev. C. R. Mills, of Tungchow. It illustrates most vividly some features that are observed in the best of the Chinese Christians:—

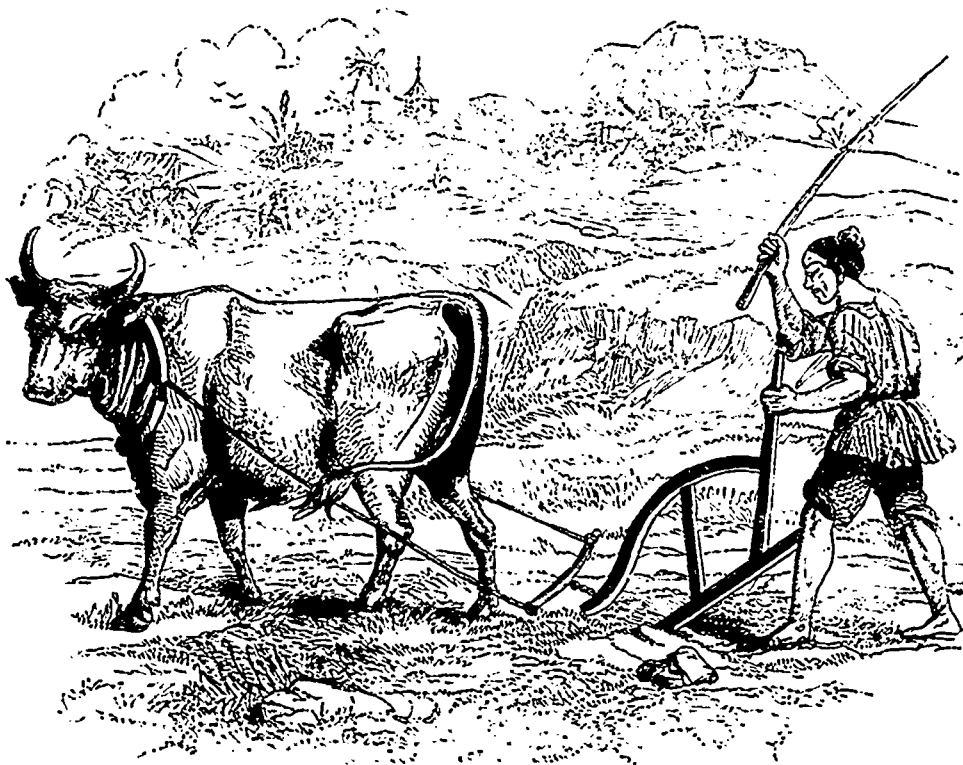
"I write this from an inn at a country village among the hills, sixty miles south-east of Tungchow. Five years ago this spring I visited this place for the first time. I spent several days visiting the surrounding villages and preaching the Gospel. I stopped at this same inn and occupied the very room I do now.

"One morning I was having prayers with my assistant, Mr. Lan, when a man about sixty-five entered the room, and greeting us very cordially, expressed his great satisfaction at meeting a minister of the Gospel,

aside the book in disgust. 'I will read no more,' said he, 'of a man who could work miracles, but who hadn't spirit enough to defend himself when spit on and abused.' But the story had a strange charm for him. He read it again carefully. At last he got to understand the vicarious nature of Christ's suffering.

"And then his admiration and gratitude knew no bounds. He resolved to serve this Saviour, who, for our salvation, was buffeted and spit upon and nailed to the cross. Presently he discovered that his character was very far from Christ like. One by one he mentioned to me his faults, and how he turned from them, that he might imitate Christ.

"I learned afterwards from the villagers that this story was strictly true. He had been fond of gambling, given to lawsuits, and was grasping, unjust, and revengeful. In all these respects he had changed



and stating that he had long desired it above all things, I asked him to join us in our reading and prayer, which he did, after which he told us his story.

"He said his name was Sun Hyoa Yang; he lived in this village, which is called Tong Kin Puh, and had a vegetable garden. Several years before (I think eight) a man passed through the district selling Christian books. For a few cash less than a cent he had bought a little tract of a few pages. I think it must have been 'Paul's Discourse at Mars Hill.' He was led to buy it by the unusual clearness of the type. He read it and was interested.

"Others in the region had bought larger books, and from them he got, I think, the Gospel by Matthew, the Gospel by Luke, the Acts, and Romans. He read the Gospel history as far as the crucifixion, and threw

entirely. Moreover, he tried to be actively useful. The villagers said he was a perfect saint; they had never seen anything like it.

"All this time he had never seen a preacher, and but two Christians, and then only transiently as they passed through his village. I was delighted with the man, and so was Mr. Lan. I gave him a New Testament, asked him to come to Tungchow the next time we had a class of inquirers. He came the following autumn, and was baptised. The following spring I left for a visit to the United States. During my absence Dr. Martin set him to work as a colporteur. He was faithful and zealous, and eminently unworldly.


"This spring, at his earnest request, we started a boys' school in his village. He entered into this enterprise with characteristic enthusiasm, giving a room

for the school in his own house, getting a teacher, securing pupils, and so on.

"After I started on my spring tour, Mrs. Martin made a visit to his village. He was not very well, but no one supposed his illness serious. He was delighted with the opportunity the women of the place had of hearing the Gospel from one of their own sex. When Mrs. Martin returned, he rose, dressed himself, and attended her a little distance on her way. He only lived four days from that time.

"The man who lived in his house and cultivated his vegetable garden, and his neighbours, have been just telling me about those days. He did not suffer much. He prayed almost constantly. He wished to talk of nothing but religion. He was joyful. He walked with God like Enoch and was not, for God took him."

THE WHITE FRILL.

" COULDN'T you put a little white into your mourning?" said Ellen Douglas to Lucy Hayne, one bright morning in June. "I mean just a frill or something. Mother says it's so dreary to see you going about all in black. Sick people get fancies, you know, and that's a fancy of mother's; though, perhaps, she wouldn't be pleased at my telling you."

The speaker was a good-tempered girl of about seventeen; and though the words may seem hard, they were not unkindly spoken. Ellen was a farmer's daughter, a healthy, happy girl, and very fond of her cousin, who had lost her mother a little before Christmas. Lucy's father had died when she was a baby, and in losing her mother she had lost her home, and was now living with her uncle and aunt Douglas.

Lucy made no answer. The tears came into her eyes, and she felt, it must be owned, a little hurt. But she was a good girl, and loved her aunt dearly; and, indeed, she had much cause to do so. It happened that very afternoon her uncle gave her a beautiful white rose, and she pinned it into her dress, on purpose to try and make herself look brighter for her aunt.

Mrs. Douglas noticed it directly, and said, "I'm afraid Ellen hurt your feelings, my dear, by what she said this morning. She told me afterwards she wished her words back again the minute they were spoken. But she did not mean to be unkind; only she is too anxious to give in to all my fancies. And really that rose does look nice—like a little bit of hope in the midst of your great sorrow."

A word sometimes takes deep root, especially in a mind like Lucy's. She thought over what her aunt had said; for she was a thoughtful girl, and she had not sorrowed as one without hope. Why, then, should her dress give no expression to the hope, but only to the sorrow?

That very moment she looked up, and saw how the sun, which was breaking through a heavy cloud, had given to it its "silver lining;" and Lucy's heart was not slow to receive the lesson. But she said nothing.

She was in the habit of looking up, not at the earthly sky only and the material sun. The spirit within looked up, and sought the illumination of the Sun of Righteousness.

Every night before Lucy went to bed, she read a few verses in her Bible, and thought about them, praying that her mind might be enlightened to understand them. And she tried sincerely to act out what she read. She was reading though St. Paul's Epistles, and this night she read the 5th chapter of the first of Thessalonians, as far as the 16th verse—"Rejoice evermore."

There she stopped, for she wanted to read it all again. Three verses particularly struck her.

First, St. Paul says, we are "all the children of light and the children of the day."

How often words like these are used in speaking of those who follow Christ! And does not "the light" and "the day" mean joy as well as purity?

Lucy thought it must; and the 10th verse gave her such a feeling of reunion with her mother that she found a reason for rejoicing, and learnt the verse before she closed her Bible: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Such comfort this gave her that she wondered less at the words "Rejoice evermore" when she came to them the second time, and felt that it might be possible, after all, even to rejoice in suffering.

As Lucy put away her Bible, her eye fell upon the white rose, which was lying on the table, looking faded and sad enough.

"Poor rose!" she said to herself; "I will give you some water. Mother was so fond of roses."

The next morning it was quite revived, and she fastened it again into her dress. As she did so, some thoughts which came into her mind about it gave her a lighter heart than she had had a long while. She entered her aunt's room with a look more than resigned; it was cheerful, for a flood of light seemed to have broken in on her cloud of sorrow.

Before the day was over she put a white frill into her dress, as Ellen had requested her. "After all, it's more Christian," she said to herself. "Surely Ellen is right; and one ought always to have a little white in one's mourning."

Perhaps, reader, you would like to know what Lucy's thoughts were about the flower. Well, I will tell you.

As she noticed how it revived in the water, she remembered that God's Holy Spirit is often compared to water in the Bible; and she thought, "God will send Him upon me if I ask Him earnestly; and He will just give me fresh life every day, and help me to be cheerful."

After this Lucy would as soon have forgotten to wash her face in the morning as neglect to ask for that dew from heaven which she wanted so much to refresh and strengthen her soul. She became quite noted for her cheerfulness; and, though she had many severe trials, she was always ready to forget her own sorrows in trying to sustain and comfort others. The Lord had indeed given her "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

“**A**ND as for our friends,” says good Richard Baxter, “there are far more, and far better, in heaven than on earth. . . . Our friends here are wise, but they are unwise also; they are faithful, but partly unfaithful; they are holy, but also, alas! too sinful; they have the image of God, but blotted and dishonoured by their faults; they do God and His Church much service, but they also do too much against Him and too much for Satan, even when they intend the honour of God; they promote the Gospel, but they also hinder it; their weakness, ignorance, error, selfishness, pride, passion, division, contention, scandals, remissness, do oft so much hurt, that it is hard to discern whether it be not greater than their good to the Church, or to their neighbours. Our friends are our helpers and comforters, but how oft also are they our hinderers, trouble, and grief! But in heaven they are altogether wise, and holy, and faithful, and have nothing in them, nor there done by them, but what is amiable to God and man.”

A HINDRANCE TO PRAYER.

ANGER is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant—descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over. And then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed some time through the air about his ministries here below.

And so is it ever with the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument. And the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer; and then he must recover it, when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed—mad even as the brow of Jesus—and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven!

Jeremy Taylor.

MERCY FOR ME.

Is there mercy for me? So stained is my heart
With the sins of a life, little hope can I have.
Stay! Jesus is waiting such sinners to bless,
Jesus the merciful, mighty to save.

But sad is my thought as myself I behold,
So strengthless for good, so ready to sin:
Be comforted, He will the power impart,
His grace is sufficient the battle to win.

I have tried to be good, and vows I have made,
But to promise is futile, so easy to fall;
Abandon poor self, to your Saviour return,
He is able and willing to bring you through all.

O Jesus, I trust Thee, whatever may come,
I am safe in Thy care, and my sins never more
Can trouble me, washed in Thy blood which atones
For sinners the vilest, the rich and the poor.

Oh keep me and guide me in life's rugged way,
Hold Thou my weak steps, on Thine arm will I lean,
Rejoicing in hope, pressing forward to know
The joys everlasting which eye hath not seen.

Jesse Page.

GOD OUR SHIELD.



IN ancient times, no warrior's equipment was complete without a shield; indeed, it was his principal means of defence. With it he turned aside the swift arrows and fiery

darts of his enemies, warded off the sharp sword-thrust, or protected himself from the shower of stones or other missiles. It was worn upon the left arm, and proved a most effectual defence while the wearer faced the foe, but formed not the least covering for a coward's back. It was considered such a disgrace for one to lose his shield, or be wounded in the back, that the patriotic Spartan matrons ended their parting salutations to their sons, "Return with your shields or upon them."

As shields were a necessity in ancient warfare, they varied in size, shape, or material, according to the notions or resources of the people. In the earliest ages, they were made of the bark of trees, osier willows, and the skins of animals; but as nations advanced in wealth and civilisation, shields were made of brass, steel and other metals, and often of great beauty of finish though none the less a means of defence.

G O D I S L O V E .



OUR God is love: and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

Oh may we love each other, Lord!
As we are loved of Thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
In honour of Thy name.

As weapons of offence changed, those of defence changed, and shields gradually diminished in size, but gained in beauty and adornment, until, at last, they became merely armorial bearings.

Many passages in the Bible that make mention of the goodness or greatness of God are beautifully illustrated by the modes of agriculture, or warfare, or the peculiar customs of the times in which they were written, and we need fully to understand these in order to appreciate the beauty or force of such passages. When Abraham was sojourning in a land whose inhabitants were continually at war, God spake unto him, "Fear not, I am thy shield." And so, all down through the ages, He was the shield of all that put their trust in Him. He led Israel from bondage, often delivered them from their foes when every help of man was vain; sustained David, when hunted as a partridge on the mountains, or hidden in the dens from the relentless Saul; protected the timorous Elijah from the persecutions of Jezebel. Indeed, the Holy

Book is full of confirmation that God has ever been a sun and shield to His chosen people.

Paul, amid all his hardships by sea and land, his "fightings without and fears within," ever found God his "shield and exceeding great reward," and, after his varied experience, exhorts us to put on the whole armour of God, "above all, taking the shield of faith."

This shield does not promise immunity from bodily hurt, but it protects that which is of infinitely more value—the soul. So long as with our face to the foe we follow the Captain of our salvation, He will lead us on to victory, and nothing shall be able to hurt or destroy the soul that is protected by the "shield of faith" in Him. No subtle, sin-poisoned arrow of unholy desire, no sword-thrust of worldly policy, no shower of thick rushing temptations, shall be able to overcome its power; for "God is our strength and shield, and nothing shall prevail against Him."