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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. X.—No. 3

MARCH, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 111.



REV. SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

BORN MAY 18TH, 1810.

His great ambition and most successful work has been in mastering the language of the Mic-Mac, the native Indians of these Provinces, so that he might preach to them in their own tongue and give them in written characters the Word of the Lord. To this end, in 1846, he resigned the regular pastorate, gave up all the comforts, conveniences, prospects and social happiness of a pastor, and devoted a large portion of his life to associations with savages, and such comforts as were to be derived from association with them, and spending portions of a lifetime in the wigwams and in the woods. Writing of his work at that time, he says the condition of the Indian was not materially different from what it was two hundred years previously. It was the policy of the colony to keep them in ignorance and degradation. They were taught to preserve the traditions of barbarism, and on no account to become like white men. But, thank God, all this has been changed in forty years, in spite of opposition and difficulties that were apparently unsurmountable. They are now treated not only as human beings, but as citizens. They have the gospel and other books in their own language, they live in houses, dress, work, and eat like other people, and have property and schools of their own. On this day, he, now being 76 years of age, declares he likes the Mic-Mac more than any other language, and from a very humble beginning and with very limited means he worked and toiled until at one time

he could talk and write a dozen languages. He gives as the reason of his preference for the Mic-Mac language. "Because it is the most marvellous of all languages, ancient or modern—marvellous in its construction, in its regularity, in its fulness, and it is the language in which I have, perhaps, done the most good. It is a language that I have translated the Bible into, and been privileged to preach the gospel to thousands of semi savages. Yes, after leaving Parrsboro, I was pastor of the Baptist churches at Horton, Liverpool, Windsor and Charlottetown respectively until in 1846, just forty years ago, I devoted my life among the semi-savage Indians of Nova Scotia."

His Latin versification has proved him a first class Latin scholar. Altogether his life record has been very remarkable and peculiar.

His strength seems unabated, and to-day he often leaves his home to preach and visit the places and people of his early love. For many years he has lived looking to none save the Lord only for supplies.

PLEASE DO NOT TEAR UP YOUR RELIGIOUS PAPERS. Send them to us and we will use them. Often outside the work in the city we have requests for tracts and papers. Could you not send us a little towards meeting necessary expenses for paper to print on, postage, etc. One dear little girl in Franklin, Mass., U. S., sent a cheering little letter and a nice roll of her papers to distribute. Since making up notes for this month the following letter has come to hand. It shows there is a need and opportunity for this service. Who will help?

FRIENDLY GREETINGS TO BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—The editor of the *American*, published in Washington, U. S., thus kindly writes. "BUDS AND BLOSSOMS is the name of a magazine published at Halifax which appears among our exchanges. Its name rightly characterizes its contents. It is a family magazine, extensively illustrated, full of anecdotes and historical, literary and current articles, just such as the members of our households delight to read in their leisure moments. Children and old people find in it what both interests and profits. Its selections are all chaste and elevated, calculated to give healthy views of life and cultivate the Christian virtues. If any of our readers are wishing to find a cheap family magazine we advise them to send 6 cents to J. F. Avery, Mizpah Cottage, Halifax, N. S., and get a sample. Price per year 75 cents.

Papers received from Joey Crockford, Annie Wooderman, Jane Templeton, Mary Stewart, Mrs. Crowe and some others who did not send their names.

Ribbon of Blue Gospel Temperance Notes.



Our last Ribbon of Blue Gospel Temperance meeting at the Tabernacle an open invitation was given, asking any one in the audience who could speak a good word for intoxicating drinks to do so. But as testimony after testimony was given it was altogether affirmative of the baneful and deceitful character of strong drink. Some declared how narrowly they had escaped its power, having been deceived by its flatteries in early youth. Many think that its exhilarating properties are real creators of strength and heart-gladness. Instead experience proves it is pleasure to-day at the risk of emptiness, wretchedness and disgrace to-morrow. The temporary madness and forgetfulness of intoxication is destructive to mental, physical and spiritual well-being. It is the essence of deceitfulness, while it paints delightful fancies and uses in its first entanglement of habit the siren coils of carnal pleasure. The end thereof is often too terrible for pen and ink to picture. Could one take the palsied hand of some poor drunken sot and victim when covered with the gore of its own butchery and press it on this page, its erratic trembling smear would, with all its horrible awakening of horror and disgust, but faintly picture the end and state of many who looked upon the wine when it was red and moved itself aright, until taste and will power held was fast, and the wretched victim, inoculated by the virus of the serpent's bite and adder's sting, lost in debauchery and sin all hope of inheritance in the kingdom of God, till at last, like the man among the tombs, whom no man could bind or tame, the wretched outcast becomes to himself a conscious terror, without hope or God in the present world, and with a fearful outlook and expectancy of torment when the time of final wreckage and death comes to sink him in his own place—the habitation of drunkards—a foretaste of which is often the hard drinker's lot in this present world, when with fevered brain and poisoned blood his friends become hideous and his home an habitation of devils to his heated imagination. Would that he could see the terror, poverty and wretchedness, the creation of his own vile selfishness—his cruel selfishness—which is starving out the life of her he calls wife, and of those ill fed, meanly clad little ones, who often in their fright cry, "Don't father! don't strike poor mother!" children who not only suffer from hunger's pinch with their parents, but whose almost bloodless frames show the mark of a drunkard's cruelty and spite. But enough of such picturing; it excites both pen and brain, until, forgetful of both brevity and punctuation, we fear our readers' patience and our own space will be exhausted. Thank God the day of hope is dawning. Men of all sorts and classes begin to see drink's ruinous wastefulness. At our last meeting fifty pinned on a bit of blue. Let every reader refrain from signing licenses, and work together for the good time coming when the sale and manufacture of alcoholic drinks shall be prohibited.

Archdeacon Farrar, speaking of his recent visit to America, said in his journeying this side he met fewer drunken persons than he had met in a single day in London: "He was bound to say that, in his

opinion, prohibition was productive of the most beneficial results in every single State where the moral condition of the people was sufficiently alive, and the conscience of the people sufficiently educated, to give that measure a hearty support. He visited Portland, the capital of the State of Maine, where the prohibition law was passed twenty-two years since, and had the honor of being entertained by the Hon. Neal Dow, the father of that measure, who was eighty-one years of age, and was a splendid specimen of a total abstainer. He became convinced more and more that the Maine Liquor Law was not, as some represented, a bad law. It had not only worked satisfactorily in the opinion of its supporters, but many of its opponents would not now allow it to be repealed. One great advantage of the Maine law is that it makes drunkenness difficult, and so indefinitely diminishes the amount of drunkenness. Under the present system in England we first of all do our best to lead men into temptation, and then put men into prison because they succumb to it. The diminution of drunkenness in Maine results in the diminution of crime. Equally satisfactory reports of prohibition come from other counties where it has had a fair trial.

Our Study Table—Review Notes.

Sermons and Sayings, by Sam Jones. Published by Southern Methodist Pub. House, Nashville, Tenn., and obtainable at the Methodist book rooms in Halifax and Toronto. Is a book of readable and very suggestive sermons, their peculiarities strikingly strike the attention, and one forgives the oddity of expression, because the good intention of the speaker is evident.

Food Materials and Their Adulterations, by Ellen Richards. Pub. by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. We have enjoyed reading this book, and find it useful and informing. It hangs out the danger flag, so that all can taste, test and judge for themselves what is what.

What incentive the commands and example of Christ's life should have to continuance and faithfulness in well doing. Be not weary, in due time the harvest is guaranteed by Jesus the risen One, who said, I go to prepare a place for you. Brethren, let our aim be to abound in the work of the Lord, for it is not in vain. When we think of how much we owe, the measure of our service seems small, but we are encouraged, knowing it is accepted according to what a man hath. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and we quite agree with one who said, A single dollar may look large, but when spread out over a year it is too thin to lie down upon and pray, "Thy Kingdom come." It is astonishing how small are the gifts of some pretty big Christians who love in word only, and not in deed and in truth. But a book of remembrance is kept by the unerring Judge, who shall give to every man as his work shall be.

We need quite a number of subscribers to enable us to carry on the work. Five hundred new names will help us to do much more mission work. Will you aid? Every new name is a direct gain. We have plenty of copies on hand to complete the set from January. Any person wanting to bind last year's who may have lost a number can be supplied. We will send a few complete sets of numbers for half price if sent for at once.

The Regions Beyond.

Some of our friends are very fond of singing,

Must I go and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Nor one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at his feet.

To us the answer seems to come again and again,
there is no necessity to go empty handed.

"Oh, ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee,
Strive for souls while still you may."

The field is the world, and ample scope is here given for the energies and faith of souls most inspired to go forth bearing precious seed. To-day the dark Continent of Africa is opening up as a New World for missionary enterprise. West Africa is now connected with Europe by ocean cable which is to be extended to the Cape. The plans of the present would make the veteran, and now glorified missionaries, Moffat and Livingstone glad, could they see whereunto their seeding has tended to the harvesting. If there be joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, surely the glad tidings must be known to those who are for ever with the Lord. The mighty continent, at one time considered a dreary desert, is proven to have some of the grandest water ways of the world, and already steamers are darting hither and thither on their gospel errands. The Henry Wright is in use at Zanzibar and Mombas, the Illala is navigating the Nyanza; the Eleanor is engaged on the Victoria Nyanza, the Good News is raising steam on the Taganyika, and the Henry Reed and Peace have made their first trip on the Congo, above Stanley Falls. The Charles Jansen is under construction for the Nyanza, and the Henry Venn has been completed at a cost of \$30,000 for voyaging on the Niger.

CHINA.—The Church Missionary Society in its last report speaks of having 2,318 communicants, English Presbyterian missions has nearly 3,000 members; American Methodist and Methodist Episcopal missions have between them 3,000; the China Inland missions, according to this year's report over 1,000 converts. The English Baptist report sixty churches and over 1,400 members.

The Chinese Christians connected with the various Protestant churches and missionary enterprises shows a grand growth. In 1845 there were only 6 communicants. In 1853, 350. In 1863, 2,000. 1873, 8,000. 1883, the total was 20,000. Many of these are gathered as in Christ's days and ministry, from the poor. Nevertheless some of the rulers have believed, and in the Emperor's palace at Pekin twelve or fifteen ladies have their Christian Sabbath day.

INDIA.—The fiftieth anniversary of the American Baptist Telugu mission was celebrated by jubilee exercises at Nellore, India, from the 5th to the 10th of last month. The success of this mission during the past few years has been phenomenal. Nearly ten thousand converts were baptized during the last six months of 1878, and there is now a Baptist church at Angole, with 14,632 members, and a Baptist

theological seminary at Ramapatam, with two hundred students preparing for the ministry. There are more than 26,000 church members throughout the mission field.

Is it not time for Christians to pray, work and give? The signs of times are surely pointing to the day when by millions men will be born unto the Kingdom of Christ and spread as well as welcome the gospel of Christ.

Our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, gave a very pleasant and profitable talk about the manners and customs of the natives among whom they have made their home, and whose conversion and instruction they have made their life work in far off India. The address being practically illustrated by a large collection of things and articles such as are made and used by the people of the East. They moreover showed their sympathy in our work by requesting that the collection \$10.60, less paid expenses, be given to the Tabernacle funds.

A minister writes: "I wish you ever increasing success. I prize B. & B. very highly, and think every boy and girl—in fact every person young and old should read its pages." A friend writes from England: "They are all in love with it. I do not know when ever a magazine so took hold of my feelings and affections. Five persons to whom I have shown it express their intention to take it." A lady writes from Kazabazua. "A friend sent me a copy of your beautiful magazine. I read it with both pleasure and profit. Should like to see them in every home, especially where there are children." One friend sends: "The very covers are good. Every page is calculated to bring one closer to the Lord." These and other kind words we put on record to show our appreciation, and for the encouragement we think they will give our readers to go actively to work and canvas for the magazine. It is not what we say, but what others say.

"About fifteen of us younger students have resolved ourselves into a band of Sunday workers for the purpose of telling the Old Old Story to some of our poor in this vicinity. We go in twos or threes on Sunday afternoons and visit houses, hold prayer meetings and teach Sunday Schools. We are in need of tracts and papers to use in the work, especially Sunday School papers. I thought perhaps you could give us some back numbers of BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. Could the Sunday School send some of their old paper? I am sure they would be gladly received by the poor people. We visit six stations and about 30 or 35 houses on Sunday afternoons."

MEN AND WOMEN OF ISRAEL HELP!—If you love the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley you can prove it by aiding the circulation of B. and B. The first aim of the Editor is to preach Jesus and to scatter good seed. Brethren, we ask your sympathy and prayers.

We thank the following in sending \$1.00 payable for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. We place the 25c. extra to our *Press and Mission Work Fund*. Mr. Cummings, Capt. Arnold, Mr. W. Crowe, Mrs. Lowe, A. C. Robbins, Mrs. J. Hushman, Mrs. John Mason, Mrs. S. A. Smith, Mrs. Finley, Mr. McCrow, each 25 cents.

Home Circle.

SPECIAL MEETINGS have been held during the month, and thank God not in vain. The church is showing evidences of quickening, the result has been increased attendance at the prayer-meetings and additions to the number of the saved. The writer's son, Oswald, being amongst those who came out, and by their baptism publicly avowed themselves on the Lord's side.

Members received during the month, by Letter 5; Baptism 5.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL is promising and encouraging. Evidently the spirit of the Lord is working graciously, we can see the seed growing, souls are being saved. Financially the Sabbath School is given to devise liberal things. Our S. S. Treasurer's report shows a very healthy state. By weekly offerings they raised \$166.50; picnic, 106.65; with balance in hand, \$75.88. Total of their funds for the year \$349.03. This outside regular church accounts as given last month.

BUILDING FUND.—More lots need to be sold. A few more have been sold. Our S. S. is to the front again. Annie Hubley's class has paid in for another lot \$5. Mr. V. Davies' Bible class paid in \$10 for two more lots. Miss Salesman one lot, \$5.

FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION.—Through the kindness of our Welfville friends and the Floral Band we were able on February 2nd to visit the poor-house and to give to the hundreds of inmates three or four apples each. The overwhelming thankfulness of the poor creatures for a favor individually so small made the contributors to gulp down their own feelings because of their unthankfulness for the much larger favors lavished upon them by our Father.

TRACT AND MISSION PRESS.—During the month, through the volunteer labor of a young brother, Mr. Davis, we have had over 7,000 pages of tracts printed and scattered. Besides we have sent out two whole armfuls of various religious papers to the poor-house, city prison and hospital. This independent of the 2,000 copies, or 8,000 pages, of BUDS AND BLOSSOMS scattered freely during the past two months.

The Homiletic Magazine of London, commences vol. xiv. with Jan., 1886, announces that an American edition issued simultaneously with the London edition, will be published from the office of "The Pulpit Treasury," 771 Broadway, New York. E. B. Treat, publisher. This arrangement places two first-class evangelical magazines. The Homiletic Magazine of London and The Pulpit Treasury of New York, within easy reach of clergymen and others, as the American publisher offers to send both magazines to one address for \$4.00 postage prepaid.

The Missionary Review.—Princeton, U. S. Has a work and field peculiar to itself, and the editor is a far-seeing man, who tries to keep an eye at home, on behalf of the regions beyond. The Master aid and bless him in provoking others to love good works.

The "Don't Forget it Calendar," 1886.—Handy, practical, useful, for professional and business men. A daily monitor for engagements, and ready reference to the past—a daily tablet for memoranda of passing events and items for future use. A single copy, 20 cents. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 771 Broadway, N. Y.

FADED LEAVES.

On Sunday, Feb. 21, in company with Rev. Mr. Churchill the writer had to go to the cemetery with the eldest son of Rev. J. W. Manning. It was a sad task, for only the previous Sunday we spoke to the little fellow (aged 7 years and 9 months), his cheeks were then all aglow with health, and his mother said, "Mr. Avery, Ralph wants to be baptized." On the Wednesday diphtheria seized him. To the watching one who said, don't you feel sorry to leave father and mother, he said, not very sorry, where I am going they soon will come.

Since our last record of the departed the changing hand of time has meted out the span of two who were brethren beloved in the church and congregation. The first called was our brother Deacon Simeon Whidden, who died Nov. 20th, aged 61 years. His was a long and consistent testimony to the power of God's grace to sustain and keep faithful unto the end, and to endure suffering patiently. Just when his limbs were beginning to feel the chill of Jordan evidently he felt the warm breath of that glorious Home where the weary are at rest, for he murmured to the writer, "I have got a view of the Boulah land," and after these, his last words, he passed over.

Since the above lines were written we have to record the decease of his son, Charles McL. Whidden, who died Feb. 13th, aged 33. As we pen this we look up at the bookcase he made, and can say he shewed to us personally and to the Zion we love no small kindness. We doubt not father and son are reunited in the presence of the Lamb, and that they are forever with the Lord.

On February 4th our brother James M. Hernan fell asleep—blessed sleep from which none ever wake to weep. At the commencement of his sickness a friend met him returning from the doctor and in reply to a question, said, "if I got better it is all right, and if not it is all right." Reader, could you say, if not it is all right? Our brother never said much, but he was one of the sweet singers in Israel, and we have missed the full strong tones of his voice in the sanctuary services, but know now in a fuller sweeter song he sings. In the Sabbath School for years he was a worker. At a time of testing in the church he shewed to his pastor the strength and consistency of his character. To the sorrowing ones we would say, We know the sufficiency of the grace of God in Christ and the good hope you have through faith. Be of good cheer and rejoice even whilst you weep, for the resurrection greeting and glory is not far off. Until then may the God of comfort supply all your need.

Reader, are you prepared to meet God in the judgment? Are you saved? safe in Jesus?

Olive Branches.

BIRTH. Jan. 8th.—The wife of William Koddy, a son.
Feb. 2nd.—The wife of William Myers, a son.

A WIFE is the making or unmaking of the best of men.

YOUR destiny may be decided in a day; there are moments more precious than a year.

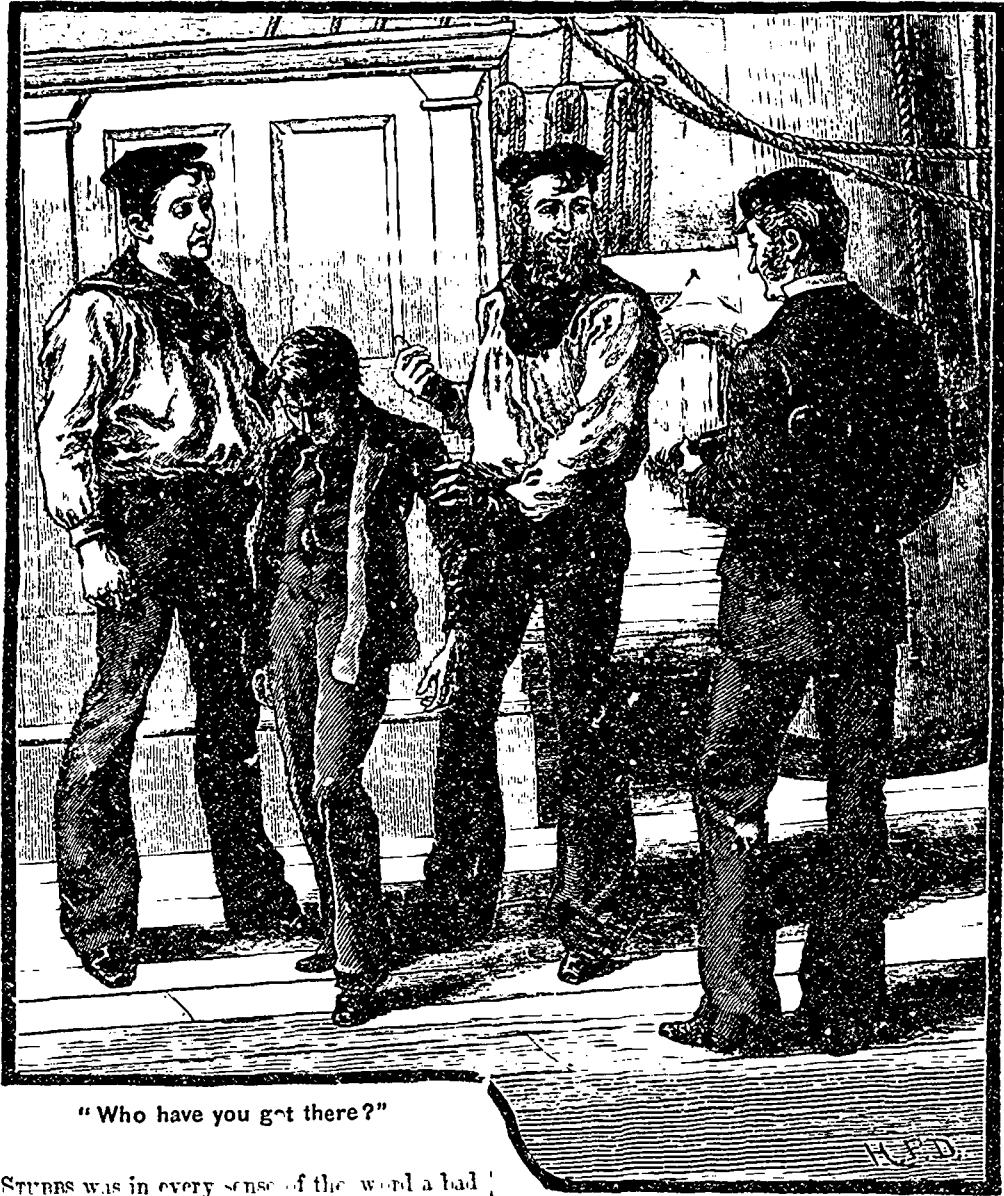
THERE is nothing so demoralizing in business nowadays as the chance element; and, in the long run, nothing so disastrous.

NOTHING is so important as having a definite purpose in life. There is no tragedy so sad as that of a wasted life.

HAVE an honorable purpose, and pursue it with enthusiasm, resolution and diligence, and the turning points in life will turn in your favor. Be your best self. Obey your highest convictions of right and duty.

Please canvas earnestly. We do this work for Christ's sake, and you can help.

JACK THE STOWAWAY, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Who have you got there?"

JACK STUBBS was in every sense of the word a bad lad. His mother and father, his school-master, his Sunday-school teacher, and pretty nearly everybody in the village considered him an extraordinarily bad lad. He was bad from top to toe.

And yet it wasn't from want of a good example or a good training at home, for more respectable, steady-going folks than his parents you could scarcely find. They did what they could for him, and spared no pains to bring him up well; nevertheless, in spite of it all, young Jack was a regular scapegrace, continually in mischief, and up to his ears in wrong-doing.

Was there an orchard robbed? Jack Stubbs was

sure to be at the bottom of it. Were cattle sent a-straying in the lanes? There wasn't the least manner of doubt that it was Jack's hand which had undone the fastenings. Did other lads take to bad ways, play truant from school, or defy their superiors? Everybody knew that young Stubbs was the ringleader and chief instigator. No doubt Jack was sometimes fathered with bad deeds for which he was in no way responsible; but this was after all a rare thing, for there were but few bits of mischief which he hadn't a hand in.

Now it is plain that young Jack's ways were not to be tolerated much longer. Either he must bend or break. So his father, determining to bring things to a head, and check him in his evil doings, had recourse to a very thick stick and some tough muscles, which, with the young gentleman for their victim, were exercised somewhat vigorously in the back kitchen. Thuds and howls and multiplied promises of amendment were heard with startling clearness, not only throughout the house, but some doors off as well.

So long as the pain lasted Jack was a very good lad, and obeyed orders promptly; but alas! with the dying away of the pain, and the disappearance of the bruises, his improvement vanished too. And so it was not very long before he was as bad as ever.

One morning Jack Stubbs was missing. Instead of turning up at breakfast-time as usual, his place was vacant. He had disappeared, it was afterwards discovered, with his best suit of clothes, his father's silver watch and purse, and other small articles of value. While the little household had been wrapped in sleep he had been up and doing, and before they had awakened had vanished no one knew where.

* * * * *

"Holloa! Who have you got there?"

"A young chap, cap'n, as we've just been and found stowed away behind them casks there."

"Ho! ho! A stowaway is it?"

Then Captain Stewart, fixing stern eyes upon the half-starved lad, put him through a somewhat stiff examination as to who he was, where he came from, and what he wanted, and finally asked how he would like to be thrown overboard to the sharks.

Of course, the stowaway could be no other than young Jack Stubbs, whose ambition had at length led him seaward.

Now, master Jack hadn't been very long on board the *Saucy Arcthusa* before he was undeceived on more matters than one—unpleasantly undeceived.

For one thing he intensely disliked work, and having the idea that the sailor was a man whose hands were everlastingly in his pockets, was smitten with the idea that a sailor's life was the life for him. But lo! no sooner is he discovered to be on board than he is set to work in a most unpleasant fashion, and kept at it from morning until night. Captain Stewart was not going to have any lazy land-lubbers on board his ship.

Some little light was thrown upon his inexperienced mind, too, on the subject of discipline. Here he had put his head into a trap with a vengeance. At home no doubt he defied everybody, but he soon found what different sort of people he had to deal with now. Discipline! it was all discipline, and always discipline, and woe be to the man or boy who didn't obey. Of course he tried it on for a while, but the rope's end left such an unpleasant stinging sensation behind it, that he soon fell into the ship's ways. This was another bitter pill he had to swallow.

Poor Jack! how his poor bubble had burst! How often he wished himself at home again, seated at the

well-stocked table, cared for, loved, and tended day and night!

But the greatest surprise of all was when he found his soul as thoroughly looked after as it had been at home. Captain Stewart was a Christian man of the right sort, who, having tasted the sweetness of a Saviour's love, longed to pass it on to others, and so he provided good books for the men, set on foot a Bible class, and saw that the Sunday was maintained as much as possible as a day of rest. Young Jack found himself taken in hand, and warned and encouraged, and taught with quite a startling warmth.

It is strange how circumstances alter cases, for while at home Jack Stubbs turned up his nose at all that was good and Christian, on board ship, and under such unexpected teachers, he actually began to turn an open ear to what was said of Jesus and His love.

* * * * *

"Any letter from Jack?"

"No, wife, none."

How often, I wonder, had this mournful question and reply been uttered? Never a day since Jack had vanished had they remained unspoken.

But one stormy winter morning, when both hearts were sadder than usual, they saw lying upon the table a letter with a foreign postmark upon it.

It was a letter from Jack at last, and such a letter! It told the whole story of his past—from the night when he stole away from his home up to the time of writing. It told of his perils and his escapes, of his joys and sorrows, and how at last he had seen the error of his ways, and had turned into better paths. He was coming back soon, he said, and fervently did he ask their forgiveness for all the trouble he had been to them both. He would be a different son from what he had been.

"Wife," said the husband, "this makes up for it all. God be praised!"

Rev. Charles Courtenay.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

IN Upper Carinthia is a village named Millstadt, close to which there formerly stood a large Jesuit monastery. In the latter half of the last century a boy, fifteen years of age, served as waiter in this monastery, who had secretly inherited from his parents the Protestant faith, and that good old book of Johann Arndt, called "The Garden of Paradise."

This lad had been entreated by his dying father to continue in and to practise the pure faith, to use the little book in secret, and to take good care of it, for in a little while perchance the day might come when he would be allowed to confess openly Luther's doctrine. The boy faithfully followed the injunctions of his dying father. When, late in the evening, all in the monastery had retired to rest, the young Protestant lighted a candle in his chamber and prayed and read out of the "Garden of Paradise."

One of the fathers, who also frequently stayed up longer than was the custom in his cell, remarked that almost every evening, at that unusual hour, a

light was kindled in a chamber on the ground floor. He made a secret investigation, and overheard the lad's prayer.

One evening this father ordered the young servant to come to him to his cell, announced to him what he had discovered, and commanded him to bring the book to him immediately. The youth was at first confused, but soon recovered and began to defend himself; but it was of no avail, the book must be brought without delay.

When it was produced, and they were both alone and unobserved the Jesuit looked into his book-cupboard, drew out a book, and handed it to the lad. Well, it was a "Garden of Paradise" too!

"I also pray and read every day out of Arndt's 'Garden of Paradise,'" said the venerable old man. "And you, whom I have long loved and respected on account of your good and upright conduct, continue firm in your faith. Behold these strong convent walls! they will be forsaken and will fall, but this insignificant little book will remain."

The Jesuit was right. Of the Jesuit monastery at Millstadt only the blackened walls remain, but not far from them there flourishes a prosperous evangelical community, whose most precious book, after the Bible and Luther's Catechism, is the "Garden of Paradise." The name of this village is Unterhaus.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

READ ST. MATTHEW XXV. 14—30.



IN this parable our Lord still teaches us about His coming at the end of the world. As the time of His leaving them drew near, almost all that He said to His disciples bore upon this subject, as though He would leave them under a deep impression of it, to live so always when He should be gone. And so He would have us to live.

In this parable He teaches us about the talents which He has entrusted to us, and the use we are to make of them, and the account we must give.

A talent was a sum of money. In our case it means not money only, but all the various powers, gifts, and opportunities which we have in this life; such as our time, our bodily strength, our powers of mind, our station in life.

Our Master has gone away, and has left us, His servants, here below. He has given talents to us all, to some more, to others less, as to the servants in the parable; but to all He has given some. When He comes again He will reckon with us. He is not like this master, who did not know what his servants were doing with his goods till he came back. Our Master, though He is in heaven, yet knows exactly what we are doing every day. What does He see us doing with

our talents? What kind of account could we give, if we were called upon for it now?

The two first servants were both faithful, and equally faithful. The very same words of blessing were spoken by their master to them both. Yet one had been entrusted with five talents, and had made them ten, while the other had received only two and made them four. What does this teach us? That we shall be reckoned with according to the use we make of our talents, not according to the talents themselves. A poor man may be as faithful a servant of Christ as a rich man, and receive hereafter as full a blessing. One who has never even learnt to read may be as true a Christian as a great scholar; a servant as a master; a child as a grown-up person.

True, the scholar, the master, and the grown-up person have more talents, greater opportunities of doing good; but this is not the question: the question is, what use they make of their talents, whether five, or two, or only one. They who love their Saviour have this comfort, that, however humble they may be in station, learning, or ability, yet He will certainly own them as "good and faithful servants," if they use their little aright.

The servant who was cast out, was cast out, not because he had received only one talent, but because he had made no use of that one; he would have been just as unprofitable with five talents.

How plainly his case shows us what our Lord expects of us? He kept his money safe; was not that enough? No, he should have used it; his condemnation was because he was an unprofitable servant, he made no profit of it for his master. Many excuse themselves by saying, "I do no one any harm." But what is that at the best but to hide their talent in the earth? Even if what they say were true, they would be unprofitable servants; and the unprofitable servant was cast out.

But it is not true. Every one who is not doing good in the world is doing harm. A person has an influence over others, whether he thinks of it or not. What he does and what he says, the general tone of his character and conduct, tells upon those around him for good or for evil, they are the better, or the worse, for him. The talent is not really hidden in the earth, though he may think it is; it is above ground, doing harm if it is not doing good.

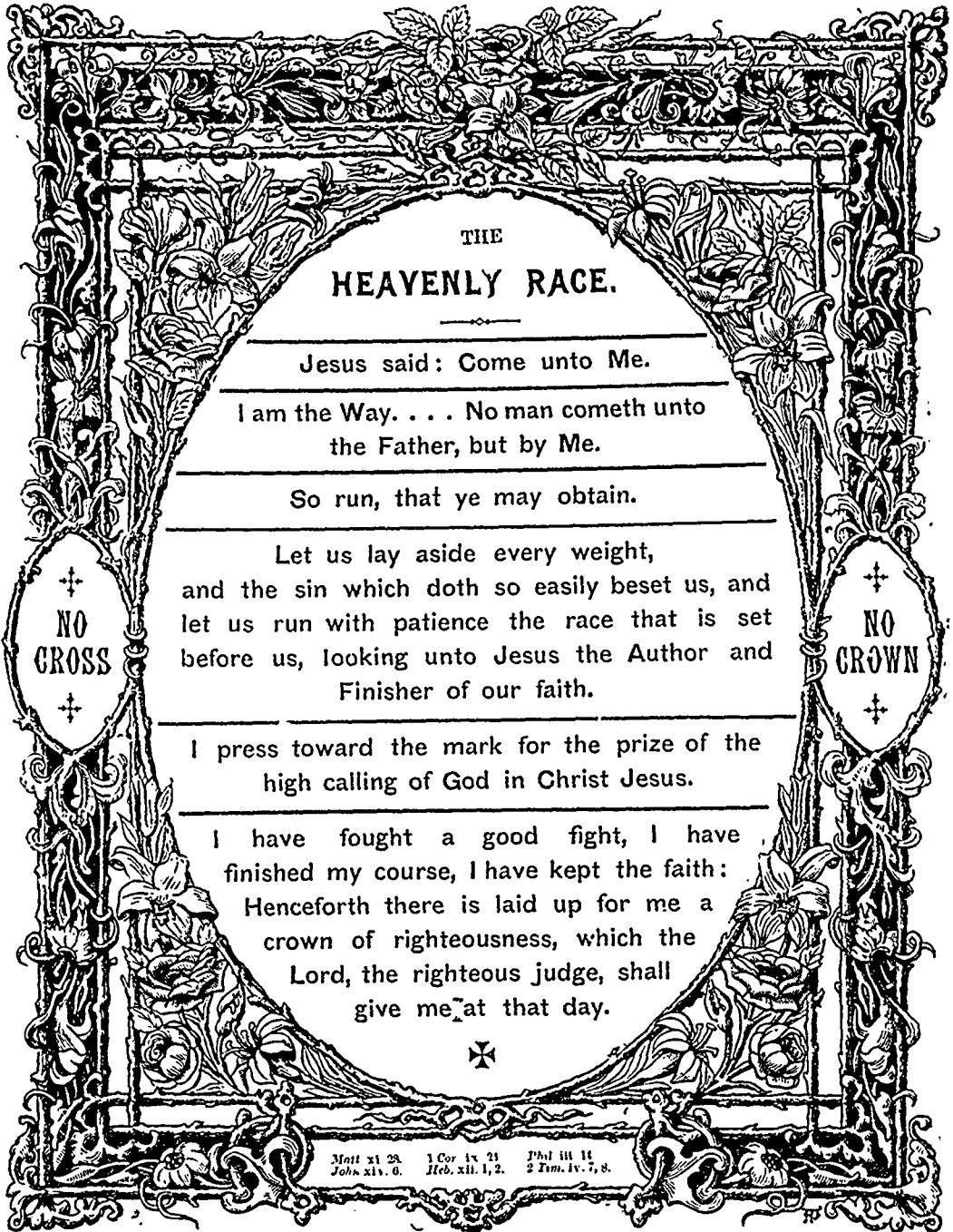
Did the master mean to acknowledge that he was a hard man? No; he only took the servant in his own way, and condemned him out of his own mouth. If he was indeed so hard and unreasonable, why did not the man take all the more pains to satisfy him, instead of making it an excuse for doing nothing?

In like manner many have hard thoughts of God. They think Him stern and severe, and His service bondage. But what does God say of Himself? "God is love." And how does our Lord invite us into His service? "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Our Master is kind, gracious, and compassionate. All our strength for

servicing Him must come from Him; nay, even the wish to serve Him. He will help our infirmities. He not only knows how we are using our talents, but is ever ready to help us to use them aright.

This is our time for servicing Him; the life we are

of His infinite grace, Christ will give it to every faithful servant. We know not what honour and glory may be meant by being made ruler over many things; but this is clear, that Christ will give more than heart can think. Every day let us try to use our talents



THE
HEAVENLY RACE.

Jesus said: Come unto Me.

I am the Way. . . . No man cometh unto
the Father, but by Me.

So run, that ye may obtain.

Let us lay aside every weight,
and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and
let us run with patience the race that is set
before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and
Finisher of our faith.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the
high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

I have fought a good fight, I have
finished my course, I have kept the faith:
Henceforth there is laid up for me a
crown of righteousness, which the
Lord, the righteous judge, shall
give me at that day.

Matt. xxi. 28. 1 Cor. ix. 24. Phil. iii. 14.
John. xiv. 6. Heb. xii. 1, 2. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

now living, the very days we are now passing. What kind of servants are we, faithful or unprofitable? Let us lay to heart this awful contrast; the "outer darkness" on the one hand, the joy of the Lord on the other. None could ever earn a share in that joy, yet

for Him; deeply feeling our responsibility; yet not in slavish fear, but rather in the spirit of willing and glad obedience; earnestly desiring to be true to the Lord whom we love, and to give ourselves to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. *Rev. F. Bourdillon.*

GIVING UP THE KEY.

I HAVE been staying for a few weeks in a very beautiful part of Wales.

There is a certain cottage among the hills where I often stopped to rest on my way to a favourite spot which some of our party were sketching. The good woman who owned the cottage would give us a basin of milk, or some hot water for tea, and make us welcome to rest as long as we liked in her quiet little room.

One day when we were within half a mile of the cottage, we met her coming towards the village. She instantly offered to turn back with us; but this we would not allow.

"I'm only just going, ma'am," she said, addressing me, "to meet my child. She's the only one, you see, and weakly, too, and she's a great pet. I've sent her into the village for some milk, and I know the can will be over-heavy for her to carry all this way, so I just put on my bonnet thinking I'd help her. But if you'll please take this key, ma'am," she added, giving me the key of her dwelling, "I shall be so glad if you'll go in and rest till I come back."

I took the key, and thanked her very much; but we did not go into her house. We sat on a bank outside waiting her return; and I could not help meditating gratefully, and yet sadly, on the lesson she had taught us. How she had trusted us with all she possessed, and yet we were nearly strangers to her.

There was something very touching in her perfect faith and confidence in us—it was so child-like, the spirit which our Lord loves; for He tells us that we must become as little children if we would enter into the kingdom.

"Oh, that we could have the faith in our dear Saviour that this poor woman has in us!" I thought. "That we could just give Him the key of our hearts, and entreat Him to enter in, and not only rest awhile, but dwell there."

I asked myself, and I now ask you, dear reader, this solemn question, Have you done so? Have you gone to Christ and begged Him to come and dwell within your heart and take complete possession?



"Behold I stand at the door, and knock," He says. "If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Happy indeed is he who opens the door; for when the Lord comes to dwell with man He makes the desert "blossom as the rose," and every waste place becomes fragrant with flowers.

And yet, so far from going out to meet Him and giving Him the key, how often, alas! do those whom He loves, those whom He died to save, shut their hearts altogether against Him.

Many of us do not hear Him knocking. There is so much going on within the house, we seem to have no time for listening. We have our living to get, our

children to provide for; all our waking hours are filled with toil, and at night we are so weary we must sleep, to be ready for the next day's work.

But now, let us ask ourselves — If a dear friend should come to our house, and sit down, and have a quiet, comfortable talk with us, would it not refresh us, and make us stronger for our work? We should not, I think, grudge five minutes to a visitor like that, especially if he spoke of help that he could give, and of a good time coming when every innocent wish of our hearts will be satisfied, and all pain and sorrow cease. Just such a friend is the Lord Jesus.

If you want to know what He will do when He comes to your house, read the thirty-fifth

chapter of Isaiah. Here are a few verses from it:—

"He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."

As some who read this may not quite understand these Scripture words, I will tell you a true story of one to whom Christ came; and this, I think, will make them clear.

There was once a poor collier who had a wife and

four children. He was a drinking man, and made all his family miserable. As his wife truly said, "He was no husband to call a husband, and the children ran away from him when they saw him." His family were in the greatest poverty, and his wife had only a bed of straw to lie upon; for all the money went in drink.

One day this collier went from curiosity to hear another collier preach. The text was this: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

The drunkard was smitten in his heart when he heard of the love of Christ; and he prayed very earnestly to Him that He would indeed come and save him. Such prayers are never prayed in vain. Christ did come and save him. Then he who had been blind saw the folly and misery of sin; his eyes were opened, and he saw the love of Christ and the beauty of holiness. His ears were opened too, and his tongue was loosed, so that he could hear and receive the truth, and speak as he had never spoken before.

Instead of curses came forth blessings from his lips; and the little children who had in former days run away from him in fear would now come and climb on his knee, and talk to him in their pretty childish way. Lo, waters broke out in the wilderness, and streams in the desert. His poor wife, whose heart must have thirsted many a time for some loving word, was no longer neglected and miserable, for the dragons of sin were driven out of her husband's soul, and the parched ground became a pool.

Perhaps you are thinking, "I am not a drunkard, I am not a bad man, but I like to be the master of my own actions. I can't give up the key of my heart to another."

In other words, you are saying, "I will not have this man to rule over me."

But, alas! if Christ does not rule over you, Satan will. Nay, even now you are in bondage to Satan unless you have given up your heart to Christ. And "the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus our Lord."

Which of these two masters will you serve?

The one is a hard and cruel tyrant; the other, "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The one "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;" the other is the "Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep." The one pays you for your service with misery and death; the other gives freely eternal life to all who trust in Him.

Oh, be persuaded to give up the key of your heart to Christ. Give Him yourself, and then all things are yours—"Things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

J. B.



CONSIDER YOUR WAYS.

THIS was God's message to the people of Jerusalem. But it is His word to us, as well as to them. He would have all people to consider their ways.

We are too apt to live without thought. We fall into habits almost insensibly. One person does what he sees another do; many follow custom blindly, and numbers have no other rule than their own pleasure.

God would not have us live so. He would have us think, and think seriously. He says to us, "Consider your ways," set your heart on your ways, think about them, examine them well.

Now this is a thing, not merely to hear about, or to read about, but to do. Each person is to do it for himself, to consider his own ways; and it is a very serious and important thing. For every way has an end; there is no way that does not lead somewhere.

In order to help us to consider our ways, let us think of some questions which we may ask ourselves about them.

Has conscience anything to say against our way? Do we ourselves know, or even suspect, that our way is not a right way? How is our time passed? What are we doing on our week-days? How are we spending our Sundays? Of what kind are our pursuits, our pleasures, our companions? Has conscience anything to say against us, and does it sometimes speak?

Are our ways according to the Bible? It is very important to have a clear conscience; but conscience itself must be taught by the Word of God. It is not enough that we should do what we think to be right; we must do what God says is right. Are our ways, then, according to the Bible? With many shortcomings can we yet take that blessed book and say, "This is what I desire to follow; this is my rule, my guide, my pattern; this is how I wish and try to live?"

Another question we should ask ourselves is this—What shall we think of our ways hereafter? Whatever we may think of our ways now, are they such as we shall look back upon with comfort in time to come? Sickness and death give very different views of things from life and health. What will our present ways seem to us when eternity is near? What will our thoughts be, when we look back upon our present time, and the way in which we are spending it—upon the opportunities and means, the gifts and talents which we now have, and which we are certainly using in some way or other? What shall we think of our ways when we come to consider them as past ways?

Another solemn question may be drawn from the Bible itself. We read there of two ways, the broad way and the narrow way—the way of death, and the way of life. Our way is one or other of these. Which? This is a solemn question; and all the more so on this account, that many are in the broad way, few in the narrow. Men do not like to think this, but it is true, as true as the words of God's own truth can make it. "Enter ye in at the strait gate:

for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Which are we among—the many or the few? Which is our way—the broad or the narrow? What will our end be—destruction or life?

Jesus said, "I am the way." Is He our way? It is not enough to be sincere and in earnest; we must go by that way which God has provided, or we shall certainly find that our way is not the way of life. Jesus is the way, the only way; no man cometh unto the Father but by Him, neither is there any other name by which we can be saved. When we are considering our ways, we must not leave out this point. We must make sure that our hopes are built on the right foundation, that we are looking to Christ alone, that our feet are on the rock. If Christ be not to us the way, the truth, and the life, then, whatever our ways may be in other points, they are certainly wrong, deeply and fatally wrong.

Once more. We read of Enoch that he "walked with God;" and the same is said of Noah, and that, too, in an ungodly age. Here is another thing to ask about our ways. Do we walk with God? Are we in the habit of holding communion with Him in secret? And at all times, in private and in public, do we try to maintain a sense of His presence, to live near to Him, and to follow His holy will? The apostle Paul writes to the Corinthians, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Is that true of us? Have we the Spirit of God? Are we growing in grace? Are we making progress? As years advance, do our souls advance too?

Here, then, are six different points of inquiry about our ways:—Are they against conscience? Are they according to the Bible? What shall we think of them hereafter? Are we in the broad way or the narrow? Is Christ our way? Do we walk with God?

It is God Himself who bids us consider our ways: "Now therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways." It is a plain, direct message from Him, as though the prophet said, "Now therefore it is not I that speak to you, but the Lord Himself—He who knows all your doings, He whose eye is always upon you, He who knows every secret motive that influences you—He bids you stop and think. He Himself calls upon you to turn away your thoughts from trifles and from worldly things, and to fix them upon yourselves and your ways. This is the Lord's will, the Lord's command."

Why does God thus command us? That if our ways be wrong, we may amend them; that we may repent and turn; that we may seek and find mercy; that we may be safe and happy. "God is love." In His very warnings and exhortations He is love. The people at Jerusalem did consider their ways. We read that they "obeyed the voice of the Lord their God, and the words of Haggai the prophet, as the Lord their God sent him, and the people did fear before the Lord." And what followed? "Then spake Haggai the Lord's messenger in the Lord's

message unto the people, saying, I am with you, saith the Lord."

Even so will the Lord receive, pardon, save, and bless all who consider their ways, and turn, and seek Him by Christ Jesus. "I am with you," He said to the repentant people of Jerusalem. "I am with you," He says to all who hear, believe, and obey. When God is with us, then our ways are happy indeed, happy as they never were before. Then we have a Father in heaven; then we have a Saviour; then we have a friend in all trouble, a helper in all difficulty. Then we have pardon and peace, a conscience clear, a mind at ease, and a good hope for eternity.

This may be ours, freely and fully ours, if we will seek it in and through Christ Jesus; and the very first step is to consider our ways, as before God, and seeking the help of His Holy Spirit.

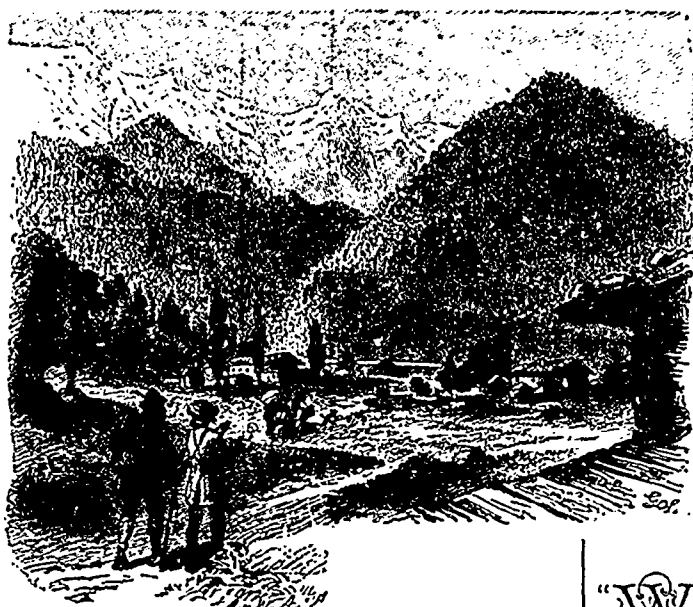
THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THIS Sun is radiant with glory—the brightness of Jehovah's glory, and the source of heaven's glory. It communicates light—intellectual light, spiritual light, eternal light, the light of human reason, saving conversion, sanctifying influence, gospel consolation and heavenly prospect. It is the Sun of salvation; its every ray is a ray of salvation shining on a guilty world. When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, rises and shines, how rapidly do the shadows of spiritual darkness flee away, and what a day refulgent with light does He kindle in the soul! There was once a total eclipse of this Sun. Not only the darkness of Calvary, but the gloom of the sepulchre surrounded Him. Morning, however, soon dawned on the tomb, and He rose again in all His splendour. This Sun will never be eclipsed again, but is destined to shine until it has scattered every cloud, enlightened every region, and illumined every heart.

READY FOR THE GARNER.

LORD, I am content to stay Thy time, and go Thy way, so Thou wilt exalt me also in Thy season, and take me into Thy barn, when Thou seest me ripe. In the meantime I may desire, though I am not to repine; I may believe and wish, though not make any sinful haste. I am willing to wait for Thee, but not to lose Thee; and when Thou seest me too contented with Thy absence, then quicken my languid desires, and blow up the dying spark of love, and leave me not till I am able unfeignedly to cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" My conversation is in heaven, from whence I look for the Saviour. My affections are "set on things above," where Christ sitteth, and my life is hid.

Richard Baxter.



THE LOST SHEEP.

A TRAVELLER in the Swiss Alps was standing at the foot of a tremendous precipice, which, with almost perpendicular steepness, overhung the road on which he was walking. A clergyman joined him and told him that, on a previous occasion he had stood at the same spot, looking up at the towering rock above them.

At a great distance up the mountain side could be discerned a few patches of bright green grass.

On one of these he could just perceive a solitary wandering sheep, which, tempted by the freshness of the herbage, and not heeding the dangers of the place, had strayed from the easier slopes of the mountain right into the centre of the precipice. He was wondering how the "silly sheep" would get back to a place of safety; when suddenly he heard a voice far up on the mountain side, though no one was visible.

The sheep had heard it as well; yes, before he had. It was the voice of the shepherd, and it knew his voice. At once it began to retrace its steps. It could not turn, so narrow was the ledge on which it stood. But walking backwards, it slowly and gradually left the dangerous precipice, and then bounded off to join the shepherd and his flock.

This little incident affords a striking illustration of the parable of the Good Shepherd, and it also serves to remind us that still does the great Shepherd care for His sheep. One of them is wandering—tempted, perhaps, by the first exposure to the pleasures of the world. All seems fresh and gay. Without any wilful or deliberate intention of deserting the Good Shepherd that gave His life for the sheep, one step after another is taken which leads further and further from Him.

It seems, perhaps, to some anxious beholder—to a parent, a teacher, or a minister—that this wandering lamb will soon fall into greater sin. But suddenly a change

takes place; the wanderer begins to retrace his steps—and why? He has heard the voice of the Shepherd. A sermon, or a hymn, or a word of Scripture comes home to his heart, shows him he is wandering and in danger. When he would have gone on to destruction, the Lord called him back to His fold.

Oh, how loving is that "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls," who will not suffer one of His sheep to perish. How anxiously should we listen for His voice, how immediately should we obey it and turn unto Him. Then is fulfilled that Scripture, "The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice."

PROFIT AND LOSS.

WHAT shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This solemn question of our Lord sets before every thinking man the priceless worth of the soul. There can be but one honest answer to this question. It shall profit a man nothing to gain the whole world if in so doing he loses his soul. There is nothing that a man can give in exchange for his soul that shall be an exchange. For his soul is that which lasts. His possessions, however large and magnificent, he can carry no farther than to the grave.

Reader, this is written of your soul. It is all the difference between success and failure, between total loss and endless salvation! Whether it be worth much or little to others that you stand in the company of the redeemed, it is the only thing of worth for you. Your own salvation is the thing towards which you should address your desires and efforts until Christ be formed in you the hope of glory.

What if you lose your soul? Can you bear the thought? Are you going to make an endless and remediless loss of yourself? Are you going to chase phantoms all your earthly days, and let yourself go out at last into the blackness of darkness for ever? Your soul is of priceless worth to you. It is you! The question before you, friend, is of saving or losing yourself. What are you going to answer to that question? The matter lies in your own hands. It is the disposal of your own soul that is at stake. What shall it profit you to lose your soul? What will you give in exchange for your soul?

Take this question home to your heart, reader. It is the question for you to face. It is a question which you are answering in spite of yourself. But we beg you, let your answer be right. Save your soul! Do not, do not throw yourself away!

O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn,
Nor let him stay the morrow's sun;
Oh! let him not Thy counsels spurn,
But haste deserved wrath to shun.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

IT was a wet day in London. You who know London can tell what that means. There had been fogs besides, and the result of rain and fogs together was that the mud was of the very muddiest description.

I suppose there was no crossing swept for those who

wanted to reach the other side of the street; certainly there was no kind policeman in those times to stop the traffic now and then for the help of those who wished to do so.

A little girl was standing on the pavement, wanting to cross; but it was a difficult matter to manage. She

then walked up and down, looking into the faces of these who passed. Whatever it was she wanted, she did not seem to find it; everybody was too busy and too absorbed in their own concerns to take any notice of a child like her—there was no encouragement in their faces.

Presently there came one. A man of noble bearing—but she never heeded that; a man with God's peace in his heart—but she could not see into that inner life; she only knew he had a kindly face, such as she had been searching for and she at once went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

That man with the kindly face was our beloved and now lamented Lord Shaftesbury, and in telling the incident himself, he added, "And that little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life!"

This little anecdote may well stand for a type of Lord Shaftesbury's whole life. It was the helpless and the weak ones to whom that life was devoted; but perhaps it was the children came nearest to his heart. I should not think one ever appealed to him in vain. I am sure that often and often, as he walked the streets on some errand of love to them, the Master's words must have been whispered in his ear: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Fifty years ago Lord Shaftesbury took up the cause of children working in mines and factories, and the England of that day thrilled with horror as he brought to light details more worthy of foreign slavery than a free country like ours. For twenty years he fought in Parliament for these oppressed ones, and the "Ten Hours Bill," as it was called, was at last passed, limiting the hours of labour to ten instead of twelve, sixteen, or eighteen, according to the will of the employer. In mines, where formerly little ones of five and six were constantly employed—numbers dying under the unnatural treatment—the labour of women and children is now prohibited altogether, thanks again to Lord Shaftesbury.

The little boys who used to climb the chimneys on cold, dark winter mornings—beaten if they were loth to go, coming back bruised and bleeding when they did go—also claimed his sympathies; and now the little chimney-sweep has disappeared from history altogether.

The poor waifs and strays of London streets never had so good a friend till Lord Shaftesbury turned his attention to them. Others have followed, but he led the way. With a lantern in his hand, he searched at midnight in railway arches, under stairs, or on roofs for the strange resting-places of these homeless boys. Very soon they had gathered ten thousand children into the ragged-schools, and Lord Shaftesbury was patron, mover, and supporter of all.

Three hundred thousand children since then have been rescued from vice and misery, and trained up in the ways of godliness and honesty. Some have

departed through grace to the Better Land, and many more have grown up into happy and useful lives, blessing the name of Lord Shaftesbury and the ragged-school.

There was no end of the work he did. Once he invited thieves to supper, and two hundred and seventy responded. Though used to the society of the great and noble, and of the Queen herself, he could stoop to the vilest, if only he could do them good; and many of these thieves he was the means of reclaiming from their evil courses.

When the details of "Outcast London" were not long since brought before the public, creating such a sensation, Lord Shaftesbury objected to the term, and said it should rather have been "Sought-out London;" for that he himself, in conjunction with the City Missionaries, had, he believed, visited every nook, corner, and cranny of the vast metropolis.

Yet with all this he was labouring incessantly in Parliament, attending to his own estate in Dorsetshire, taking the chair at almost every religious and philanthropic meeting; and wherever Lord Shaftesbury was wanted, there Lord Shaftesbury was sure to be.

And now at last he is taken from us. The burden and heat of the day is past, and he is gone in to see "the King in His beauty," and to hear His words of welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We can ill afford to spare him, but all hearts are in the hands of the Lord, and He can raise up another to fill the place of His honoured servant if He please. Let us ask Him to do so.

And let us remember the secret of all this outward work—Lord Shaftesbury walked with God. The constraining love of Christ from his early years had taken possession of his heart, and all his gifts of talent, position, influence, were laid at his Saviour's feet. He could say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

When the end came it was very calm and peaceful. Not long before his death he said to a friend, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He has been my Friend for long years."

And when, on October 1st, 1885, he fell asleep, at the age of eighty-four, his own aspiration was fulfilled: "I trust that I shall go down to the grave and rise again with the line written on my heart, '*Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*'"

J. K. M.



BRING YOUR FRIEND WITH YOU.

I KNEW of a man (said Dr. Pentecost) who was converted at one of our meetings in America. He was a commercial traveller. He determined that he would not let anybody know that he had been converted. He was going to serve God. Well, only the day after he was converted he was standing in front of one of the large hotels in Boston, when he was accosted by one of his fellow commercial men.

"How are you, old fellow?" said his friend, in the familiar style of an old acquaintance; "come in and have a drink," and started at once towards the bar-room.

Here was a crisis. Instantly it occurred to our newly-converted friend, who was going to keep his conversion a secret, that to go into a public bar with an ungodly friend, and hold fellowship with him over a glass of whisky, would be utterly inconsistent with his new life in Christ. What was he to do? He thought he would excuse himself, so he said:

"No, thank you; I think I will not drink to-day."

This did not satisfy his friend.

"Why, what's up? I never knew you refuse a drink before."

"Well, I don't feel like drinking to-day; that's all."

"Well, come and have a cigar then."

But this also was declined. He was unwilling to go into the public-house and fraternise with his friend over the bar. Again the astonished questioner asked:

"Why, what's the matter with you? Come along."

"No, I can't go to-day," said our secret convert, in great confusion; and then stammered out, hardly knowing what he said—"I have a Friend with me."

"Oh, that's all right. Bring your friend with you; any friend of yours is very welcome to drink at my expense."

"No, I cannot bring Him in. In fact He would not go in there," said the young convert, things beginning to clear a little in his mind.

"Then come without him; it will take you but a moment."

"No, I will not go without Him."

Looking about among the bystanders, the inviter said:

"Where is your friend, and who is he, that he won't come in and have a drink, and that you can't leave for a moment to have a glass with an old friend?"

There was nothing for it now but to confess, and so with some trembling, and yet with perfect frankness, he said to his acquaintance:

"The fact is, I only last night became a Christian. I did not mean to say anything about it, but you compel me to speak. My Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ. He would not go into that bar-room and take a drink, I am sure; and by the grace of God I do not mean to go anywhere or do anything that will make me part with Jesus Christ."

You see, that man could not keep his conversion a secret.



NO ROAD.

"HOLLOA! what's up now? What's the matter here?" cried a workman, as, together with his mates in the same employ, he returned to the place of labour after absence on duty in another place.

They were brought to a stand by a board having an inscription upon it, "NO ROAD," and by a broad deep ditch across the path.

"What's up? What's down, you mean," said another, pausing to listen as cries from some mysterious depth reached their ears again.

"Help! help! for life and mercy, help!"

"Why, where be ye?" cried one, staring round with amazement. "Sure it ain't nobody down in the sewer there."

"The more fool he! Why didn't he mind the notice?" said another labourer, coming up, "let him enjoy himself there a bit, till it's convenient to clear him out."

"Nay, nay, Williams," said the first speaker, "that mustn't be; he'll be suffocated before long. Come, mates, who'll help? I'm going down."

The ladders were promptly lowered, and as no leader in an act of humanity ever lacks followers among our honest sons of toil, plenty of help was immediately given; and after some time spent in clearing away the rubbish which had been thrown down by the fall of the unlucky simpleton who disregarded the notice, a human form was brought above ground on the stout back of one of the labourers. Whoever he was, he seemed much exhausted, and did not at once recover either the fright or the fall.

"What for didn't ye mind the notice? Do you think it's put up for nothing?" asked one of the rescue party.

"I thought I could have leaped over the opening when I once got to the top of the heap of rubbish spread along there," replied the poor gentleman, when able to speak quietly, "but I found it too wide."

"In course it was, else what was the good of writing 'No road' up over a place where a man might play at hop, skip, and jump?"

"And when I tried to scramble back again the heap gave way, and slid me down the wrong side into that abominable hole."

"Well," said the listener, laughing, "it's good for you that we came along in time; and you won't be trying this game again in a hurry, I reckon."

"Don't sir," said the man who first volunteered

help. "It isn't every despoiser of warnings that gets safe up out of the ditch."

There was evidently more than met the ear under these simple words.

"One for him and two for me, I suppose, brother Bob," said another of the men, slyly; and turning to the rescued passenger, who was considering how best to reward his preservers for their timely help—"He's a sort of preacher, you see, master, and you've given him a text that does his heart good, and makes for his way of thinking. He holds there's only one way to heaven, and that 'no road' means what it says, and if folks go climbing up some other way, belike they'll find the gap too wide, and come down into a worse pit than this, and no strong fellows near to haul them out again."

"Is it so? Is that what you think, my friend?" asked the gentleman, in surprise.

"I read it in the Book of God, sir," replied the man, fixing a fearless eye upon the questioner's face, and respectfully taking off his cap. "It is said of the Lord Jesus Christ, 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' And the Lord Himself declared, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' He may come of himself to a judge who is obliged to condemn, but only in Jesus Christ can he come to a Father who loves to forgive. The Lord Jesus in my place, punished for my sins, I in His place, by believing His words and works, accepted before God. That's the gospel, sir; let poor sinners bless Him for it."

"There!" said Robert's brother, triumphantly, "didn't I tell you he could preach when he has a mind?"

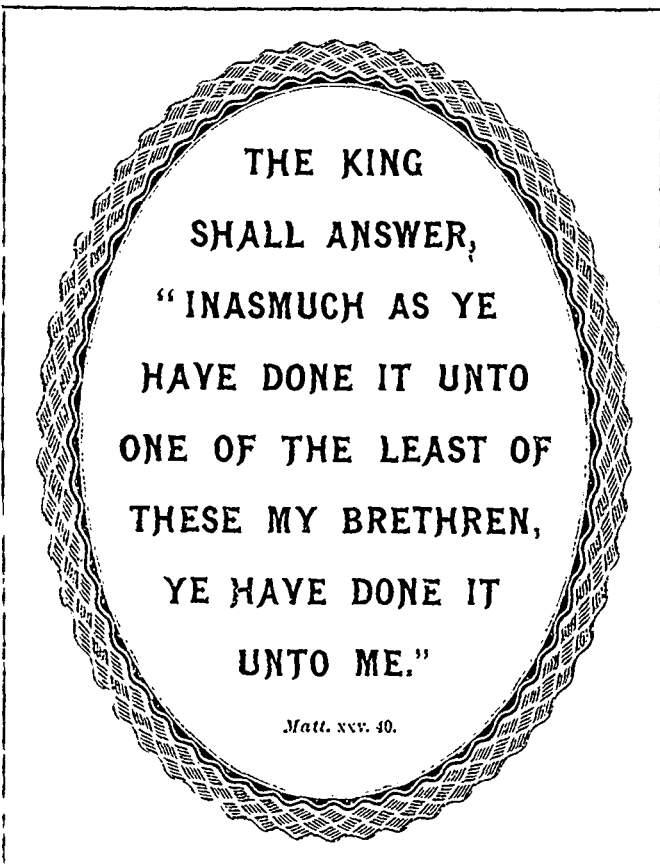
"But cannot we do our best in this world, and trust God's mercy for the next?" asked the gentleman, who still stood among them shaking and rubbing his be-mired clothes.

"God help thee to learn that there's 'no road' that way!" said the Christian man, earnestly. "There is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. 'Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,' 'having an high-priest

over the house of God,' all is done for us, all is ready."

"What are you, friend?" asked the gentleman, with interest; "you have been well educated, I think."

"I am a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, sir, and except for reading and writing I never had teaching from any one else. He saved me, and taught me, and I believe there's no book like the Bible for making the right sort of scholars. Long I tried to find salvation, and groped about in darkness and ignorance. I know very well what I say about 'no road' by the way of human doings, and moral conduct, and formal observances, and fanciful mercy to our infirmities. But at last I learned God's great grand mercy in Jesus Christ, without demeaning His own holy character, and it was enough. I rest there till I rest in heaven."



"I find," said the gentleman, "that I have lost my purse down in that ditch. If your men find it, and it was not empty, oblige me by dividing its contents among you."

"My mates shall have it, sir, if you choose," said Robert, respectfully; "for myself I will venture to ask a higher mark of your favour. It is that if you have not yet found the Lord Jesus Christ your Saviour, you will regard the notice God's word writes up over every attempt to reach heaven by any other way, and seek Him the only 'way,' 'the new and living way.' 'I am the door of the sheep,' He said. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the

same is a thief and a robber,' and I venture to add, deserves the fall he'll get."

"I am not likely to forget the lesson I have received this morning, my friend, and whether or not I have found a Saviour, I heartily bid you God-speed in your mission of love in His name among your rough companions."

"Thank you kindly, sir. I am glad to say that here and there among our bands of working men there are those who love the Lord Jesus, and we talk as you've heard just now, and we know that, clumsy and awkward though we be, God's word shall never 'return unto Him void,' but 'shall accomplish that which He pleases,' and 'prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.'"



A WINTER SONG.

The bird-notes are silent,
The world is asleep,
Under snow's brooding
Her slumber is deep.
The brooklet is closing
Its clear liquid gaze,
The filmy lids thicken
Amid win'try haze.

Howl on, bitter wind-gusts,
Ye cannot affright
The heart that makes music
With love and with light—
Some flowers bloom ever,
Some songsters abide,
And the life of some pleasures
Remains at our side.

For to those who are trusting
In God and His word—
In whose life He is seen,
In whose voice He is heard—
To such e'en the Winter
Of death, cold and grim,
Comes like Summer's fair angel
To lead them to Him.

M. E. R.

THE TWO BLIND MEN OF JERICO.

READ ST. MATTHEW XX. 29-34.

JESUS was going to Jerusalem, not by the direct way through Samaria, but through the country on the other side of the river Jordan. Hence it was that He had to pass through Jericho, which lay between the Jordan and Jerusalem, eighteen or twenty miles distant from Jerusalem. It was as He was leaving Jericho, having passed through it, that this happened.

"A great multitude followed Him." Beside the disciples, numbers usually went about with Him, and now doubtless many of the people of Jericho were with Him too. It is so now also. Numbers follow Him outwardly who are not His disciples. Let us not be content to follow Him so. Let us join ourselves to Him heartily as His disciples. Let us learn of Him, believe in Him, love Him, and serve Him. Let us be His altogether.

It seems likely that the two blind men took their place by the wayside on purpose to speak to Jesus as He passed. At all events, when they heard Him come, their whole desire was to make themselves heard by Him: "Have mercy on us, O Lord, Thou Son of David." Perhaps if they had not been blind, they would never have sought Him at all. How many have been brought to Jesus by affliction! Loss of sight, ill-health, sickness and bereavement are grievous in themselves; but when they bring our hearts to God, then they are blessings. All sanctified affliction is blessing.

Jesus had compassion on the blind men. He pities the blind still, for He is not changed. He knows their case. He sees them as plainly as He saw these two. He knows all they feel, and has compassion on them in their blindness. How full of comfort is this thought! Even though the blindness may continue, yet the very thought that He knows and pities is comforting. In this case He touched their eyes, and gave them sight; but He has compassion, even when He does not see it good to do this.

It was hard to get a hearing in that crowd, and the multitude tried to stop their cries, for man is not so compassionate as Jesus is. But no crowd can really hinder prayer. Jesus heard, and stopped, and called the blind men. We may sometimes have outward difficulties about prayer. We may not be able to be alone, for instance. But this need not hinder us from praying. We can pray even in a crowd, and our Saviour will hear us. He will hear us, even though we do not speak a word. He will hear, and attend to, the cry of our hearts.

How urgent real prayer is! The more the people rebuked them, the more the blind men cried, for there was no time to lose; Jesus was passing on, and would soon be gone. Let but a man feel his need, and believe that there is mercy for him in Christ, and no discouragement will stop his praying. Our time is short too. Jesus is near now; but time is passing, and with it our opportunity for prayer. Let us cry to Him for mercy while we may; let us be urgent in prayer.

But what is the mercy that we want? Mercy of every kind, for we are sinners. We want to be looked upon with pity by our Saviour in all our need; in our sinfulness, our ignorance, our weakness; in our greater temptations, in our little daily difficulties, in the worries and vexations of common life. We want mercy to pardon us, to guide us, to strengthen us, to comfort and sanctify us by the Spirit. We may ask for mercy in this general way. We may cry to our Lord, as the blind men did, "Have mercy on us," feeling sure that He knows our necessities before we ask.

Yet He invites us also to lay our special wants before Him. Did He not know what the blind men wanted? Yet He said, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" He knew, yet He would have them tell Him. He knows what we want, all that we desire, and all that we stand in need of; yet He bids us tell Him of it in prayer. The blind may even now tell Him of that trouble, and seek His mercy; and He will give them such relief and blessing as is best. But in another way we are all blind. We want spiritual sight. We want to know more of God in Christ, to have clearer views and deeper experience. And sometimes we want guidance in a great difficulty, a light on our path when all seems dark. We may lay this want before our Lord. When we have drawn near to the throne of grace, then we may hear our Lord saying to us, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" and our answer may be, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened! Lord, that I may know Thy will, and see Thy truth, and experience Thy grace, and find a light from Thee to shine upon my path."

He who had compassion on the blind men will never turn away from such a prayer. "Their eyes received sight, and they followed Him." Mercy received binds us more closely than ever to our Lord. That true light, which is given from above, enlightens not the understanding merely, but the heart; and leads us to follow Christ.

Rev. F. Bourdillon.

THE TWO ROADS.

Two roads stretch out before us,
One "Broad," one "Narrow" way;
In one of these we're treading,
Both you and I to-day.

The "Broad" road seems the easiest,
But it will lead to hell;
The "Narrow" ends in heaven,
Where God and angels dwell.

Which is the path *you've* chosen?
A solemn question this!
Oh! may it be the "Narrow,"
That leads to heavenly bliss.

But if you cannot say, "*It is,*"
Then may these lines be blest;
Help you to seek the Saviour,
And find in Him your rest.

Oh! come with true repentance,
Forsaking all your sin,
Look forward unto Zion,
And long to enter in!

Oh! come with all your troubles,
Your poverty and sin,
Your manifold temptations,
A *new life* now begin.

Your Saviour waits to bless you,
Helpless, and poor, and weak;
Think not you are forgotten,
For you He comes to seek.

Accept Him as your Saviour,
Your Master and your Friend,
He will be ever near you
To comfort and defend.

Keep very close to Jesus,
And value much His word,
Pray that your faith be stronger,
That you may love the Lord.

Resist the first temptation
To do whate'er is wrong,
For holy thoughts and actions
A Christian true should long.

The means of grace are channels
Through which great blessings flow,
And only those who use them
Their help and comfort know.

The Sabbath day keep holy,
In God's house meet Him there,
Fresh faith and courage gaining
By praise and heartfelt prayer.

Train up your little children
In ways of truth and love,
Teach them to be like Jesus
In the bright home above!

Be temperate in your habits,
A good example set,
Your influence may be helpful
To some poor sinner yet.

So, treading in Christ's footsteps,
And praying day by day
For grace and perseverance
To tread the "Narrow" way,

Earth's trials will be lighter,
For Christ will share the load,
And through the darkest valley
He, too, will light the road.

A *peace* that passeth knowledge
Shall be your very own—
A *peace* that to the wicked
Is never, never known.

A *rest*, too, for the weary
And heavy-laden soul,
That simply trusts in Jesus
And longs to be made whole.

A *life*, too, everlasting,
Beginning here below,
Fulness of joy and pleasures
Eternity will show.

* * * * *

What is your life? A vapour,
Which passeth and is gone!
This *present* time is only
What you may call your own.

The world and all its pleasures
Will soon be swept away,
Then in the Day of Judgment—
Oh! what will be *your stay*?

Mrs. A. J. Thubb.

ONLY A SERVANT.

"IT isn't the cap I dislike; but you see it is a sort of badge, and if I am only a servant, I don't care to show it in my dress," said Lucy, the young parlourmaid, as she was trimming up a new head-dress, and trying to make it look as little servant-like as possible.

"Don't say a badge, as if it were something to be ashamed of," said the housemaid, who looked like one of the good old servants that people say are rare in these days. "If there's one thing I'm more proud of than another, it's being a servant."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Lucy, too much astonished to say more.

The housemaid, whose name was Susan, continued: "I don't mean to say that servants haven't got troubles of their own, like other people; but when they think it beneath them to be servants, all I say is, they'll soon think it beneath them to be Christians too."

Susan stopped, and Lucy said she hoped she was as good a Christian as other people; but she didn't see what that had to do with it, and she would like very much to be her own mistress.

"That's natural, I suppose," said Susan; "though, for the matter of that, I don't know any woman who is her own mistress, unless it's some lone old maid or poor widow. Most of us are 'in subjection,' as St. Peter says—wives to their husbands, children to their parents—and it seems God's will that it should be so, therefore no doubt it is best for us. But when you talk as if there were shame in being a servant, you forget that our Lord Himself came 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' that is, to serve. 'He took upon Him the form of a servant,' as St. Paul tells us; and are you ashamed of being one?"

"I forgot that," said Lucy, in a changed voice. "I quite forgot that."

"Yes," said Susan, kindly, "we do too often forget it. But I'm glad you spoke what was in your mind. It has set me thinking of a dear old mistress I once had; and on her dying bed she said to me, 'Susan, I thank God daily for having given me a good servant.' Now I hope I'm not telling you this from any wish to praise myself, but just to show you what a blessing a good servant can be. My mistress used to say there was nobody could quite supply my place to her, though



Lucy found little Tommy in a blaze.

she had as good children as ever lived. I never went a day's holiday but she said she missed me. 'You see, Susan,' she used to say, 'you're so strong and willing, and I don't mind what I ask you to do for me, it always seems a pleasure to you to do it.' And so indeed it was. It was my duty to serve her well, and love made my duty very sweet."

There was a long silence, for, as Susan stitched away at her gown (it was a real gown—no attempt at a lady's fashionable dress), her thoughts wandered back to a sick-room, and a gentle mistress with whom she had passed many years of her early life.

"Perhaps it's because I don't love, and can't pretend to love my mistress, that I find no sweetness in service," said Lucy.

"Well, there is no denying that some mistresses are more loveable than others," replied Susan; "but you know we are told to love everybody, even our enemies; so there must be a way of doing it if we could only find out how, and love is a wonderful sweetener. But there's mistress ringing for the tea to be taken away;" and as she spoke, a sharp, loud ring was heard resounding through the kitchen.

"That's missis's ring by the temper of it," said Lucy. "Master's is a different ring altogether."

While this conversation had been going on in the kitchen, Lucy's mistress, upstairs, had been talking over her plans for the morrow.

"I shall take baby and nurse to Clapham to-morrow, Tom; for I find Agnes will be there, and she wants to see baby."

"What will become of the other chicks?" asked her husband. "I'm sure that giddy under-nurse is not fit to be trusted with them."

Oh, I shall leave Lucy to walk out with them."

I thought you had promised Lucy a holiday."

"So I did; but it can't make much difference to her if she goes the next day. I'm not going to think of her convenience before my own; she's only a servant."

Lucy overheard [the last three words, "only a servant;" and though she had used them herself a few minutes before, they did not please her.

The next morning she heard that her holiday was to be put off, and the disappointment was severe, for she had hoped to meet a sister at home who could very seldom be spared from service. She was vexed at the want of consideration shown to her, and would have given notice then and there, but love for Susan made her loth to leave, and love for her mother made her try to bear the vexations of her present situation.

Truly love is a wonderful sweetener, as Susan had said. How many blessings are poured on the heads of the inconsiderate and selfish for the sake of the gentle and loving!

Her mistress went to Clapham, and had not left the house long when a scream of terror was heard from the nursery. Lucy flew upstairs, and there found poor little Tommy in a blaze. His pinafore had caught fire, and in another moment he must have been seriously burnt. Happily, however, Lucy had presence of mind. Seizing a pair of scissors, she cut off the flaming garment and threw it into the grate.

In doing this, however, her own cotton dress caught fire, but crumpling it up in her hands, she quickly extinguished it. The child was almost unhurt, being protected by his woollen suit; but the fright and the pain of a slight burn on his arm made him scream fearfully, and it was some time before he was calm enough to tell how it happened. Then it appeared that the under-nurse had left him, taking with her his younger sister. Tommy, wanting something off the mantelpiece, had climbed on a chair to get it, and in coming down his pinafore had caught fire.

Most happy was it for him that Lucy was within hearing. The gratitude of her mistress, when she came home and heard what had happened, knew no bounds, for she loved her children tenderly. Lucy, on her part, loved the child better than ever for having been the happy means of saving its life; and before long she learned to love its mother too. She took the best means of doing so, for she prayed for her daily, and tried to serve her faithfully.

Her mistress by degrees learnt the value of a good servant, and discovered that true happiness in every station is found in watching for opportunities to serve others; thus following our Master, who by His own life has consecrated service, and made it a blessed and joyful thing. Surely to be "only a servant" is a badge of honour.

J. D.

HOW ROBBIE WAS CURED,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



GET out, you ragamuffin! Can't you see as how it's washin' day, and the most ill-convenient time to have brats about? Here, take your dinner, and be off!"

And Rob Mackay's aunt put a packet into his hand, and then taking him by the band of his shirt (for jacket he had none), she assisted his departure by a vigorous sling and push that sent him through the cottage door as though he had been shot out of a catapult, and landed him on all fours on the grass-plot outside.

Rob was used to this kind of treatment, and did not even resent it. He got up, rubbed the grass

marks from his knees, lifted the parcel containing his dinner, and slowly sauntered away.

It was a holiday, the school-house was closed, and Rob had not made up his mind yet what mischief he could manage to do to-day.

Ragamuffin Rob, as he was commonly called, was a bright, clever lad, but he had been by turns ill-treated and neglected by the aunt who had brought him up, and now, whenever freed from the restraints of his miserable home, he was ready for anything that was naughty.

But, quite lately, this poor loveless little life had come under a new influence, which had made a real

impression on heart and mind. At Sunday-school a new teacher, a young lady, had taken the class for the last three months, and whereas, up to that time, he had played all sorts of pranks during the Sunday lessons, and had stirred up his companions to all sorts of naughtiness, he now found that this sort of conduct was neither so easy nor so pleasant.

Miss Mallison never scolded, never punished; she never even what Rob called *peached*, but one sad look out of her large grave eyes, one gentle shake of her head, one grieving tone of her soft voice, were more to the lad than the scoldings or the canings which he received only too often at the day-school where he attended.

And now, as he sauntered on, a bright thought struck him. Like many another boy, he had a passion for bird's-nesting, which Miss Mallison had done all in her power to check. But it now occurred to Rob's mischievous brain that if he found a nest of young birds and presented his teacher with some of them as a keepsake, she could hardly reprove him in the future for any offence of this sort.

"Then, too," he said to himself, a softened look coming into his roguish eyes, "I would like uncommon to give her somethin', for I do like her, I do!"

Presently Rob came down to the pond where he remembered to have seen a moorhen's nest which he would have taken long ago, only that he preferred young birds to eggs, and so had waited until they were nearly fledged.

He did not quite recall to memory the exact spot where the nest had been hidden, and now, unconscious that two ladies were watching him, he crept along on tip-toe nearer and nearer.

Another moment, and he would have been stooping among the long grass and rushes, when two hands were laid on his shoulders, and a sweet voice said behind him—

"Robbie, my boy, what mischief are you up to now?"

Rob looked round with a start and exclamation. "There—now you've been and spoilt it all!" cried he, and as he spoke the parent birds dashed out from under the bank, followed by four little downy things, just able to swim.

"It's too bad, teacher," he said, with a heavy sigh. "I'd fixed it in my mind to give you some of them little birds, and afore I had a chance they got away. Now I shall have to wait for the evenin' and take 'em when they're asleep."

Miss Mallison looked at him without speaking for a minute or two. Then she said with a grave mouth but smiling eyes, "Oh, I see, you thought that if I accepted your present, Rob, I should never try to stop your bird's-nesting again."

Rob hung his head—he was a little ashamed of his double motive now.

"You were mistaken, my boy," continued his teacher. "I should never have allowed you to give me those poor little birds; they would only die as soon as they were taken from their parents and then home. Now, if you love me, Robbie, you will leave that nest alone, and not rob it to-night. Will you promise me?"

But the temptation was too strong; Rob would not give the promise; and Miss Mallison, after some further fruitless talk, parted from him looking really grieved and hurt.

Evening came, and Rob stole round in the darkness to Sedge Corner, by the old log where the two ladies had been that day. No one was there now, so he crept down to the water's edge on hands and knees. To his right a thick willow bush grew, under which the nest had been made, and putting out his arm to part the branches, he felt his fingers grasped in a soft cold hand, which struck a chill of fear to his heart. Then a dark figure rose from behind the bush, and Rob shrieked aloud—"A ghost! A ghost!"

Wrenching his hand free, he was about to fly as if for dear life, when a voice said huskily—

"Robbie, the wicked flea when no man pursueth. I felt sure you would return to-night, and I was determined to prevent you from taking the nest."

"Well, 't warn't worth all that trouble," said the lad; then, as Miss Mallison coughed, and put her hand to her chest, he exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, if you been and catched cold, settin' there in that damp, I'll never forgive myself."

"I think I have a cold," she said, hoarsely, "but I don't mind if it——"

"Oh, teacher, dear teacher!" cried Robbie, overcome with remorse, "pray don't get ill, or what shall I do?"

Miss Mallison was quite ill for nearly two weeks after that little adventure, and Rob was utterly wretched until she appeared among her scholars again.

But the boy was cured of bird's-nesting, and he realised, too, how truly his teacher loved him, since she was willing to run a real risk to keep him from doing what she felt to be wrong.

"I know now that you love me, teacher," said he, the first Sunday that Miss Mallison came back to her class. The rest of the boys had gone, and he was left alone with her.

"Then think, Rob," said she, "how much more the dear Saviour must love you when He was willing to give His life to save you from sin and misery, and give you eternal life. And if you love me, dear child, how much more you should love Him who has done so much for you."



DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

My tempted brother, remember One who was in all points like you. Alone He was in His wilderness with the devil; alone upon the mountain; alone in the garden; alone on the cross. He knows what it is to have the inner life of trust in the unseen Father stormed by hosts of suspicions and misgivings; to have the steadfastness of one's obedience tested by the dread of mortal anguish and the lures of fleshly ease. Blessed be God, He was not left quite alone even in the solitude of His temptations; and the same Divine succour which He enjoyed He is able to extend to you. Who would not bear the loneliness that he might taste such fellowship? It is when no man stands by us that our Joseph discovers Himself to His brethren; and the presence of Jehovah is a secret place.

Dr. Dyles.

THE BURIED TALENT.

SOME years ago a man appeared at the counter of a bank in Connecticut, presenting one thousand dollars in bank-notes, for which he received the specie. He had received those notes more than twenty years before, and had kept them safe through all that time; but they were as useless for those twenty years as so much brown paper. If they had been deposited in a savings-bank, on interest, they would probably have amounted to more than three times as much as their owner received for them when he presented them.

We think such a man must have been very foolish. He had preserved his money, it is true, but he had lost the use of it. And this was just what the wicked and slothful servant did. Too idle to trade and do business in the absence of his master, instead of seeking out some bank where he might place it to be taken care of, that it might increase, he went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money. When the reckoning-day came, he returned undiminished the trust that was committed to him. But he was called a "wicked and slothful servant," and that which he had failed to improve was taken away from him for ever.

So it may be with many others. God gives us faculties and opportunities for improvement; but our talents are to be used and multiplied; we are to make the most of ourselves, and of our abilities and our opportunities for advancing the work of God in this world. Ere long we must give an account of our stewardship, and must meet the Judge, who will give to every man according to his works.

Where is your talent? In use? in the bank? or in the napkin? Is it growing larger, or is it lying useless? Arouse, oh slothful one! the Master comes to reckon with His servants; happy are they who then shall hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"



THE JEWS IN POLAND.

WITH the single exception of Holland there is no country in the world in which the Jews are so numerous as in Poland. The Jews of the Netherlands, however, are, as a class, altogether distinct from their brethren of Poland. In Holland they are not only tolerated, but enjoy all the civil and political rights enjoyed by the Dutch nation. The wealthy Christian population indeed are not fond of Jewish associations, and avoid carefully that mixed society into which the respectable Jews are admitted. The Jews of the Netherlands have had a hard struggle even in the tolerant country in which they now prosper; but they have risen through all their difficulties, not only to wealth, but to eminence in art, in science, in politics, and in commerce.

The Jews of Poland are, however, a race distinct—to them the letter of the law of Moses is a living letter, binding on their consciences, and regulating their doings. In other countries the Jews love to dwell where men do most resort, and seem to have little sympathy for rural life or rustic occupations. In Poland, however, they live where they can; often in the by-ways, in remote hamlets, in districts seldom visited by a stranger, in hovels built by their own hands on barren wastes, from which they strive to force nature to yield them scanty sustenance.

In the villages, in which, of course, there is no synagogue, the Jews assemble for the worship of Jehovah in a private house; but at least ten men must be present, or the ceremonies cannot take place. They select for their reader him who has the best voice; the others make the responses, and repeat the prayers offered up by the reader. In these public ceremonies of their religion women are not allowed to participate. They stand in a distant corner of the apartment to witness the ceremonies from which they are excluded.

On the Sabbath morning, while yet fasting, the Polish Jew engages in his religious duties, as prescribed by the law and by tradition. He puts on his vestment of worship, made of white woollen cloth, edged with dark blue, and, unless he is very poor, embroidered with silver. Thus clad in his holy vestments, he turns to the rising sun, and greets it with a few Hebrew words. He then commences his prescribed religious duties, reading his Hebrew prayers mechanically, as monks read their paternosters, even amid the conversation of the different members of his family. This conversation does not seem to interrupt him; he goes on and on for about half an hour, and even stops now and then to express his view of the matter which forms the subject of his family's remarks.

When the sun rises in the heavens, the travelling Jew—and in Poland all Jews travel—enters the hovel

of some brother Jew, where he is sure to be at least kindly received, with permission to remain as long as he thinks proper. The temptations to remain long, however, are not great. As the guest cannot be accommodated with a bed, he contents himself with a bundle of straw, or the softest plank on the not very cleanly floor. An old ragged, dirty cloak, apparently bequeathed by an ancestor, forms his only covering, in addition to his own clothing, though in winter what was once a fur is generally added. He creeps under the straw, in which he completely buries himself, lying in it doubled up like a pen-knife. In the morning he receives a portion of whatever refreshment the family can afford themselves, and then continues his journey in the search of a bargain, until the setting

or travelling pedlar, as in our picture. He will do anything for gain—except what the law forbids.

Formerly the Jew was excluded from the privilege—and what a privilege it is!—of entering the army, and death was his punishment if he was discovered to be an agent of the army contractor. Experience has taught the authorities wisdom, and they have discovered that the Jew makes an excellent soldier, and many a Jewish officer may now be found in the Russian forces. It is undeniable that in the Russian army the Jews are the best musicians, having, it would seem, a special excellence in martial music. Most of the prohibitions which formerly excluded them from the civil service are now repealed, and the least that can be said to their credit is that they



sun again reminds him of the necessity of seeking shelter and repose.

In their ordinary conversation the Polish Jews use a dialect which seems to be a mixture of German and Russian—a dialect which they call Hebrew-German. Socially they become all things to all men; the means they use are multifarious, but money is usually the end. Wherever a living can be extracted they are sure to appear, and hence seem to have the gift of ubiquity.

To the Polish Jew nothing comes amiss. He finds purchasers for "concerns" in the grocery, haberdashery, or academical line; he lends money, or, when he has none, finds the man who will provided a good and sure interest can be secured he farms milk-walks, and makes contracts with the Crown; he clothes and victuals the army; he is a broker, a commission agent, a tradesman, a merchant, a builder, and a land-agent—

generally give their superiors more satisfaction in that service than their Christian colleagues, who despise them.

Many of the Polish Jews have worked their way to wealth and influence, and their wives do their best to show how much they can afford to spend on finery and parade. They keep stately equipages, wear costly jewels, give extravagant dinners, and marry their daughters to the wealthy sons of Israel. But with all their love of show, they do not forget the cultivation of the intellect of their children, who are generally well educated. On the whole, the Jews of Poland may be said to be worthy of our kindest sympathies; and let us hope that they may be won over to the truth by the gentle teachings of the blessed gospel of the true Messiah, the ready Saviour both of Jews and Gentiles.



SABBATH BELLS.

Noon in the dazzling cloudland,
 A dreamy, lazy noon,
 And a breeze too faint to ruffle
 The lily cups of June.
 Ring, mellow bell, down the golden air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

"The old church on the water"
 Stands gravely by the brink,
 Peering with meaning windows,
 Like eyes that think, and think.
 Ring, holy bell, to the Sabbath air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Hist! in the lonesome woodland
 Steps are crushing the turf,
 Willows and ferns are swaying
 With sound like summer surf.
 Ring, urgent bell, to the listening air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Faces fresh and blithesome
 Glimmer among the trees;

Children laugh 'mid the brackens
 Wreathing about their knees.
 Ring, happy bell, to the summer air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Faces older and sadder
 Gleam with a calmer smile,
 Threading the greenwood gravely
 As 'twere the old church aisle.
 Ring, solemn bell, on the thoughtful air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

High in the flashing sunlight
 Glitters the dripping oar.
 The old church panes are blinking,
 The light lies hot by the door.
 Ring, clamorous bell, down the brooding air,
 "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

Bow we our heads and enter
 The portal low and wide:
 God's blessing rest upon us
 As we kneel side by side!
 Faint, weary bell, on the sultry air;
 We have gathered in to prayer.

IT IS FINISHED!



In the charming little work, "Our Coffee Room," the gifted authoress says:— I shall not easily forget a visit I paid one day by mistake!—a happy mistake it was. Intending to call at a particular house in a small street, I knocked at the wrong door, and was immediately welcomed in by a kind,

motherly-looking woman, who offered me a seat in her little parlour. So friendly an offer could not be refused, and, for the sake of conversation, I asked her why she had placed in the window some conspicuously large texts, which in passing I had often noticed.

With a very sweet smile, she replied, "Those texts have a history."

Being invited to "tell the history," she gave me the following story thus:—"Fourteen years ago," she said, "my dear husband was a drunkard; he used to drink terribly, and two or three times everything in our house was sold for drink. The first twelve years of our married life were spent in poverty and distress; but through it all I had one comfort, and that was in praying to the Lord for him. Every night, too, for all those years I put a tract on the table before he came in to tea, made the room as comfortable as I could, and had the armchair set for him before the fire. Sometimes he would take up the tract and look at it, then curse and swear; sometimes he would take no notice of it; but still I went on placing it there within his reach every night.

"One evening he came in as usual. I was just setting the kettle on the fire when he took up the tract. This time it happened to be one entitled, 'What has Jesus done by dying?'"* He held it in his hand for a moment, then went upstairs. A long time passed, and he did not come down. At last, fearing something was the matter, I went to the bedroom, knocked at the door, but got no answer. Looking in, I saw him on his knees by the bed."

"Was he praying?" I asked.

"No, miss," she said, "he was praising God! He made me kneel down beside him. When we got up from our knees, he pointed to three words in the middle of the tract in large print, 'It is finished?'"

"Oh! Mary," he said, "why did you never tell me that before? I always thought I must strive, and toil, and labour and pray, if I wanted to reform; but that it was all dreadful uphill work, and that as often as I took a step up I should slip a step down again—so that it was of no use trying; but I see now that Jesus did all the work for me, and said, 'It is finished!' too. All the work is done, and I believe in it all. I wish I had known this before. I wish I had known it."

"After this," continued the wife, "he came down

to his tea, but he took very little, and spoke scarcely a word for two or three days.

"Then came Saturday. In the evening he brought me all his money, and counted it out on the table; but as he finished reckoning it up, he said, 'Mary, I want one shilling for myself.' This might have been for the inevitable half-pint of beer or packet of tobacco, which runs away with so much of the hard-earned silver; but not so to-night."

Continuing her narrative, she said: "He went out, and was gone some little time, while I sat at home praying all the while. At last the door opened, and he came in, carrying a brown paper parcel in his hand. This he unfastened, and showed me six large print texts which he had bought. These he said he wanted to put up outside the house, for 'everybody to see;' so he got a hammer and some nails, and hammered them up outside the wall facing the street.

"However, the rain came, and battered them about, so he took them down next morning, and put them inside the window; and he has kept on putting them there ever since.

"Thank God, he was a changed man from that night. He never touched another drop of drink; but he would often say, 'Oh, Mary, I dread even the smell of it'.

"The first day he came in to dinner—after he had read that tract, and it had changed him so—he caught sight of the jug of beer on the table, for the doctor had ordered beer for me, as I was not very well. But as he saw it, he turned away; so I just said to the little girl, 'Throw away that beer, Emma; we won't have it in the house again'—and none of us have ever touched it since."

Would it not be well if, among the wives and mothers of our land, we could see practised more of this holy self-sacrificing decision, resulting as it ever must in the "hundred-fold more in this present life," as well as in a golden harvest for the ages to come? Prayer and effort thus combined must ever move the giving Hand, for to such paths of obedience as these His promises are bestowed, and on such a life His richest blessings must descend.

"What were the texts he put up that night?" I asked her, in conclusion.

"They were all very simple texts about the ways of salvation," she said, such as these:—

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

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

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

So the poor drunkard had become a "preacher of righteousness," one of the "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified," and all through the simple story of the cross—that one only effectual remedy for the sin-stricken soul; the only fountain of healing provided for those wounded by the deadly bite of the serpent.

* Published by the Religious Tract Society. First Series, No. 751.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION.



THE smoothest course does not always lead to the noblest life. It is through much tribulation that they come who are to wear the white robes. The silver is tried by heat; the stone is polished by the friction. Over the furnace where the

silver is tried, God has written His promise of truthness; over the door of the lapidary where the stone is polished, God has written His promise of beauty. Whenever you find a piece of burnished silver, you know whence its brightness came; whenever you see a brilliant gem, you know whence its beauty came. Even so, a well-balanced Christian and a gentle Christian spirit do not come from an undisturbed experience.

If we find a temper under perfect control, we do not infer that it has been unprovoked. An evenly-balanced temper does not come from an evenly-balanced life. As a rule, the temper that has been least provoked will be most easily provoked. The sailor of the steadiest nerve will be the one who has sailed the most unsteady seas. You will seldom find a character of peculiar finish but you will also find it has come up through conditions—through much tribulation. “Therefore we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed.”

J. Cortley.

STARTING FAIRLY.

JOHN WESTERBY had saved a bit of money. He had never been anything but a working man, though for the last fifteen years of his working life he had been one of the foremen at Barret and Sparks, the marine engineers at Hearfoot Quay.

When John and his intended wife, Mary Cochrane, talked together about getting married, they were both of one mind about this, that they would start fairly, and not marry in debt. They saw plainly enough, they said, that if they began in debt they might be in debt all their lives.

John had a comfortable home with his father and mother, and they had no wish whatever to get rid of him. He paid them liberally for his board and lodging, as every young man ought to do who lives at home with his parents; and, besides, he was so cheerful and kind, that it was a pleasure to have him in the house. Still his mother always said she would like to see him happily married, although in her secret heart she doubted whether he would ever find anybody good enough for him.

John Westerby spent no foolish money—nothing

on drink, or tobacco, or jewellery, or fine dress. If he had, he would not have been able, as he was, to put into the savings-bank from a quarter to a third of his wages every week. Perhaps he might not have been quite so saving if he had not become acquainted with Mary Cochrane.

Mary had a good situation as cook with one of the best families in the town; and she too was able to lay something aside with which to furnish their future home.

In due time they got married, and they began their wedded life in the fear of God. They took a week's holiday after their marriage; but the first Sunday after their return they were in their places at chapel both morning and evening, and John was at his class at the Sunday-school in the afternoon. They set up family worship too, and they never laid it aside.

They were not covetous—indeed, it would have been difficult to find two such warm-hearted, generous people anywhere,—still they were careful. Nobody who could help it, John said—and Mary fully agreed with him—should live quite up to his income. Slack times might come; and though they were both of them strong and healthy, they would be unlike most folks if they altogether escaped trouble and sickness. In either case they would be badly off if they had not something beforehand. So when they could they put a trifle aside. It was not much they could save, but they saved something.

Let nobody say this was mean or stingy. They wanted to be independent, and, happen what might, to do without asking help from anybody.

There was a time, indeed—rather a long time, perhaps ten or a dozen years—when it was almost as much as they could do to make both ends meet. Children came—there were six of them—and of course, like all other children, they wanted boots, and shoes, and clothes, and hats, and plenty to eat. Then, too, they had to be educated; and even when a working man sends his children to a board school, their education still costs money,—and there were no board schools then.

Now, as long as that time lasted, John said, very sensibly, that they might make better use of their money than by saving it; for it would be poor saving to pinch either their children's backs, or their bellies, or to put them to a cheap school where they would learn nothing, or to send them to work before they were fit for it. They must do the best they could, and trust in God.

That time passed over, as all times pass: and their children were able, first to do something for their own living, and then to support themselves entirely. Then John and his wife said they might begin to lay something by for their old age.

John was now, as we have said, a foreman, or we might, perhaps, say something better—a sort of under-manager; and of course he had higher wages than when he was only a fitter. He was able, therefore, to lay aside a good deal more than in his younger days; and when the time came that he could no longer work, he had a nice little cottage of his own, and other



savings, which brought him in about £60 or £70 a year. It was not a great deal for him and his wife to live upon; but John was very thankful, and he and his wife were very happy. They had enough for their moderate wants; and—what was a source of the greatest pleasure to them—they could afford to have their children and grandchildren frequently about them; indeed scarcely a day ever passed without the music of little voices and the patter of little feet being heard in their cottage, and they were always welcome.

“And so, I suppose,” some one perhaps says, “this continued to the end, and the good old people had a quiet eventide, made comfortable by their own self-denying thrift. And is not that your purpose in telling the story—to teach us what a capital thing it is, if we can, to put something aside for old age?”

Well, that is a wise thing to do when people can do it; but our story is not yet done, and that is not the purpose for which we tell it.

Storm and tempest sometimes break up the calm of a beautiful summer's evening; and so it sometimes happens that trouble which is wholly unexpected darkens the evening of life. This was what happened to John Westerby.

It is one thing to save money, and quite another to find investments for it which will be at once safe and profitable. There are some which promise well but turn out very disastrously. John Westerby found this out to his cost.

He had taken shares in a building society, and when the time came for which the society was formed had run out, he received £300. The question was, what to do with it?

Hearfoot Quay is a sea-port, and, of course, John heard a great deal about shipping. Just then the shipping trade was very prosperous, and John thought he could not do better than take a share in a steamship. For several years the dividends were so good that he resolved to take a share in another.

All of a sudden the shipping trade collapsed. Freight fell so low that they scarcely paid expenses,

and a great many ships were laid up in harbour, doing nothing, which of course involved cost. For two whole years John did not get a penny from either of his shares.

He had not put all his eggs into one basket, and he had still something coming in from other investments; but it was so little that he was sadly crippled. At length it came to this, that he and his wife could no longer afford to live in their own house. They were obliged to let it, and to go and live in a little four-roomed cottage, and they could scarcely have afforded that if their two sons had not kindly helped them.

Their good minister, Mr. Broughton, went to see them soon after they were settled in their cottage, and John and his wife were both glad to see him.

Things were nice and tidy, as they always were where Mary Westerby was mistress, and there was so much of the old furniture in the house as to make it look like the old home. Still, Mr. Broughton could not help feeling the difference. Not even hinting at it, however, he spoke cheerfully.

“Well, good friends,” he said, “I wish you much happiness in your new home.”

“Thank you, sir,” said John; “it is not like the old one, and I miss the view we had, and our little garden, sadly; but we may be thankful to have a place to put our heads into. But it's rather hard, after having ‘ted and saved, so as to be a burden to nobody, to have to be helped after all. It's very good of my sons; but I would rather have helped them than they should help us.’”

“Well, John,” replied Mr. Broughton, “I am sure they do it very willingly.”

“Ay, there's no doubt of that,” said John; “but with their families they have enough to do for themselves, without helping us.”

“You did your best,” said Mr. Broughton, “and none of us can do more. Of course, if you had known what was to happen, you would have invested your money differently; but then you did not know. Besides, though you have lost so much, you have not lost everything. Above all, you have your trust in God.”

“That's true, sir,” replied John; “and maybe that's the reason why this trouble has come to me. Very likely He saw that I was trusting for my old age more to my bit of money than to Him. Then, too, I think I was perhaps a good deal more anxious about it than I should have been. Well, it's all right. I'll not fear. He won't forsake us.”

John Westerby and his wife were very happy in their little cottage, and their trust in God was amply vindicated. When John's former employers heard of his straits, they gave him a small pension, and by-and-by trade improved, and though the ships never paid such dividends as they had paid before, they paid something fairly good. In one way or other things so far mended that when, at the end of three years, his tenant left the house, yielding to the earnest entreaties of his family, he went back to it, and there he lived to the end of his days.