

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.


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

Vol. VIII.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1884,

{ WHOLE No. 86.

A Caution to the Unsaved.



UNCONVERTED reader, I appeal to you. As I write, my soul is filled with trembling for those who sport upon the brink of unutterable woe. How shall you escape if you neglect your soul's salvation? If you are unsaved to-day, your neglect is either wilful or unintentional. If wilful you are verily guilty. If unintentional, you are no less guilty, for you have been warned, entreated and pleaded with, to flee from coming wrath.

Come to Jesus just now. For many are *lost* within sight of safety! *Lost*, not fearing danger: *Lost*, when all seemed secure!

How many are so lost, and lost eternally! How many who have had praying mothers and Christian friends, faithful ministers and Sunday-school teachers, have gone down to ruin! If you dare to take another step without him, live another hour unsaved, sleep another night the slave of Satan, you do so at your peril. Friend, do not hazard your eternal safety for a darling lust, a right-eye sin, a misnamed pleasure. Now is the accepted time. Now, just now.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Look, then, to Jesus Christ *now*. Trust him *to-day*. Dear readers, it will not suffice merely to know about Christ; you must trust him as your loving Saviour, if you would be saved and enter the portals of glory. His Spirit will then teach you, and his blood cleanse you "from all sin."

Oh, come to him without delay; for in him alone can you be safe. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

It is plain that if we would serve our age as true Christians, we must be converted—converted to a life of closer communion with Christ, and made to feel that whatever interrupts that communion interrupts our missionary power. Augustine once said, "O Lord, convert me, convert me, but not now!" Reverently, humbly, earnestly, we would say—Now! This we would say for ourselves, and for all the churches, and would have ever on our hearts, words once written by Ward, of Serampore—"The conversion of the church must precede the conversion of the world." There is no infallible test by which we can distinguish true conversion from the counterfeit. Yet there are six things to be found in every true convert—life, light, love, liberty, loathing of sin, and loyalty to Christ. Of these the first five might be counterfeited, but the last would manifest itself so that it could not well be imitated.

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

The history of every discovery, of every enterprise of benevolence, of every reform, is the history of toil and watching through long discouragements.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil, so the fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavour.

It is a blessed thing to have to work. Work keeps us out of foolish and hurtful desires, which destroy so many.

Every step of true progress brings new courage and skill for the warfare, a better access to God in prayer, a prompter victory over temptation, a more steady peace, and a richer joy.

God's people should always let the world see that they are peaceable people, we may justly question the religion of those who are enemies to peace.

—Why transplant a man out of the world into the church, if he carries the old soil with him and yields the same old fruit?

"It is of very little account what men think of us, but it is of great importance what God thinks of us."

When Christians get in earnest, we may be sure they can surprise and amaze the world now as well as in the days of Pentecost. They only need to work together, and they can break down any giant evil like intemperance or bribery in politics.

Our Ribbon of Blue.

Our last Ribbon of Blue Temperance meeting was a very profitable one. We saw a notice of it in the Montreal Witness, from which we borrow the following:

Is there any thorough and lasting cure for intemperance except a new heart? Is there any physician of equal skill with the Lord of Glory? What is the use of preaching temperance without Christ? Which is the strongest support to lean upon, the Reform Club, the Temperance Pledge, or the Hope set before us in the Gospel? Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Here is an invitation from Jesus which seems to have a peculiar application to the inebriate: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

An admirable card motto, to be illuminated and hung in sight of all the ten thousand licensed and unlicensed rum-sellers in the city of New York, and

the hundreds of thousands throughout the country, would be the reply of the eminent Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, the pioneer in the Temperance Reformation, made to a patient who asked if he might be allowed to take his medicine in some good old spirits. The doctor replied, "No, indeed, sir! No man shall look me in the face, on the day of judgment, and tell the Almighty that Dr. Rush made him a drunkard."

Statistics of the religions of British India, based upon the census of 1882, which reckoned the entire population at 254,899,516, make the following enumeration: Various sects and castes of Hindoos, 187,937,450; Mohammedans, 50,121,585; nature worshipers, 6,426,511; Buddhists, 3,418,884; native Christians, 1,862,634; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindooism, 1,221,896; Sikhs, who are simple theists, 853,426; miscellaneous and unspecified, 3,057,130. The native Protestant Christians number only about 500,000, but this is an increase of 86 per cent. within ten years.

Financial Statement of the Third Baptist Tabernacle, for the six months ending December 31st, 1883.

RUNNING EXPENSE FUND.

Cash in hand in this fund, July 1st, 1883 \$ 19 46
 " collected in this fund 6 months to
 December 31st, 1883..... 886 75
 Total.....\$ 906 21

Cash paid out of this fund 6 months to
 December 31st, 1883 829 08

Balance on hand in this fund.....\$ 77 13

BUILDING FUND.

Cash received in this fund from 1875 to
 July 1st, 1883.....\$6,828 92
 Cash received in this fund 6 months to Dec.
 31st 1883..... 127 13

Total.....\$6,956 05
 Cash paid out of this fund since 1875..... 6,748 75

Balance on hand in this fund.....\$ 207 30

MISSION FUND.

Cash collected in this fund 6 months to
 December 31st, 1883\$ 29 75

Cash paid out
 Balance on hand in this fund\$ 29 75

COMMUNION FUND.

Cash on hand in this fund July 1st, 1883..\$ 80 78

Cash collected in this fund 6 months to
 December 31st, 1883 22 74

Cash paid out of this fund 6 mos. Dec. 31, '83 27 74

Balance on hand in this fund.....\$ 75 78

Total cash now in hand in the various funds as follows:—

Running expense fund\$ 77 13
 Building fund 207 30
 Mission fund 29 75
 Communion fund 75 78

Total cash in hand\$ 389 96

Summary of all the cash collected in the Tabernacle during the 12 months ending December 31st, 1883:

Cash collected in running expense fund..\$1,509 17
 " " building fund 1,917 29
 " " communion fund..... 39 89
 " " mission fund 73 09

Total collections for 1883\$3,539 44
 Average Sabbath collection.....\$ 29 02

(The above average includes tea-meetings, &c.)
 The above statement has been audited by us and found correct.

(Signed) CALEB LANGILLE,
 CYRUS HUBLEY.

Respectfully submitted,
 J. E. IRISH, Treasurer.

The Auditors presented and the church adopted the following address to the treasurer, J. E. Irish.

DEAR BROTHER:

We desire to express our gratitude to you and our entire satisfaction with the clear and careful exhibit you always make of the Church's financial condition, and know from our personal examination of accounts that you must give no small amount of time and attention to this matter, or you could not submit as you do, from time to time such a lucid statement of receipts and expenditures, all of which you carefully note, even to the smallest items, as is shown by your books and semi-annual statements, as rendered to the church. When we remember this is the seventeenth report you have submitted and always been able to show by actual figures that the cause has been sustained, and expenses met without a deficit, it is our desire to record "Ebenezer," and whilst giving all the glory to God for past and present mercies, we rejoice that your life is spared to render such efficient service to the cause and church of Christ, and to see and rejoice with us in the great and special manifestations of the divine favor so abundantly granted during the year 1883, and which is so evidently continued in the commencement of 1884. May your life be long spared, and may the blessing of the Lord be your continual and everlasting reward for this and all other labour of love for Jesus' sake.

Would it not be a good thing to revive some of the old-fashioned laws that used to hedge society about? An old Baptist church in South Carolina contains the record of the exclusion a woman from the church for "doing too much talking in the neighborhood."

Special and Continued Mercies.



E would ask our readers to rejoice with us and to give thanks, for the Lord our God has of his abundant mercy very graciously poured out the blessing upon us. For a long time indications have been that our labor was not in vain in the Lord. Four were baptized in September and December. But the special manifestations of God's saving power was with the closing Sabbath service of 1883. Several then confessed Christ. In the Sunday School the spirit of the Lord is very evidently working, and several have already united with the Church, others are enquiring respecting the way of life.

One of the most marked features is the quietness of the work; it is powerful and progressive, not the spasmodic upheaval of special meetings. So far we have not held any extra services, but in our regular gatherings even the sceptical are convinced that God is working. Many who were least concerned are now among the rejoicing ones in Christ Jesus. During the past few Sundays we have seen the Tabernacle filled as never before, filled until not another could gain admittance. The first Sunday it thus happened the text was strangely in harmony; read Joel iii. 14. Not only is the main part of the building filled, but the pastor's study has had to be thrown open, and also the infant class-room to accommodate the people who eagerly crowd in on Sunday evenings. The brethren have sent in an order to the factory for 100 extra chairs. Who would like to help us pay for them by buying a chair? It now looks as if we shall soon have to appeal to our friends, for outsiders are already saying, the top of the building *must go on* to afford more ample accommodation for the congregation. If God thus wills, and continues to pour out the blessing, we shall feel ready to take the increase of labour and responsibility, knowing in some way or other, means will as heretofore be provided. Already the workers in our Sabbath-School have commenced by their *juj-breaking* to break in upon the 3000 dollar original mortgage on the lot, which we must first get rid of, and it can only be done by *faith in God and faithful labour for God*. Who would like to help? We heard a brother say last Monday, you can put me down for \$20. Another said, I will be good for \$100 for the main building.

PROFESSOR C. W. Hutson, of the University of Mississippi, declares that the girl student is in the great majority of cases, sooner and better able to acquire knowledge than the boy student; that her mind is, generally speaking, quicker, brighter, more alert than that of man at the same age—between 12 and 20. "The average girl student," he adds, "is also more ambitious, more devoted to study for study's sake, more responsive to the effort to excite her interest."

TROUBLES frequently meet us in the way of duty. They are designed to try our constancy, courage, and sincerity. Think not you are going wrong, because tried; but wait on the Lord, and he will save thee.

The Study Table, New Books and Exchanges.

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

Declamations and Dialogues for Sunday-Schools, by Prof. J. H. Gilmore, of Rochester University. Published by Henry Sumner & Co, Chicago, U. S.

What to get for the next concert is often a serious difficulty to the Sunday-School teacher. The professor has certainly done something, and done it well, by way of providing for such a perplexity, and to meet the want. We decidedly like what we have read, and commend it.

Life of Christ, by Rev. James Stalker, M. A. By the same publishers. It is in the form of a Hand-Book for Bible classes. Showing much freshness, and pithiness in the handling of an oft-used theme. By the beauty of its language, it adds new interest to the study of the God man, Christ Jesus, *the altogether lovely one*, whose goodness neither tongue or pen can ever fully set forth.

The Missionary Review, Editor Rev. R. J. Wilder, Princeton, U. S., is welcomed not only as an addition to our exchange list, but because we find it is racy, and all alive on missionary topics.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Rochester, N. Y. is a new friend sent from the great nursery and we like this number, and hope to gather some advice from such a practical florist beneficial to the growth of *Buds and Blossoms*.

Phrenological Journal. We are glad to give it a welcome to our list, and enjoyed the analysis on the Oratorical Type of Character, and expect to find much profitable reading.

We will notice other exchanges in due course.

Send books for Review to Editor's address; see page 2 of cover.

Proceeds of Jug-Breaking Concert.

Infant Class.—Ira Hubley, Percy Davies, Wm. McNally, Edith Bartlow, Ida Longard, Mabel Dalrymple, Stanly Covey, Alice Collins, Bertie Smith, Geo. Howe, Mable Langille, Hattie Halliday, Bettie Covey—\$13.26. *C. Hubley's Class*.—C. Hubley, 59c.—*Mrs. Byers' Class*.—Terassa Langille, Bessie Barnstead—\$2.80. *C. Hartland's Class*.—Frances Hughes, Minnie Baker, Edith Sudlow, Evelin Irish—\$3.20. *Mrs. Aacry's Class*.—Miss Edwards, E. Murry, J. Murry, Miss Rozie, Bella Spry, Ella Hubley—\$7.32. *Mr. Davies' Class*.—Silas Hubley—\$1.80. *Miss Smith's Class*.—Ella Covey, Bertha Longard, Emily Smith, Mrs. Corkum, Minnie Howe, Louisa Covey, Ada Covey—\$25.76. *Mr. Langille's Class*.—Miss Canavan, No Name—\$1.54. *Mr. Street's Class*.—Ernest Avery, No Name, Willie Howe—\$1.99. *Miss McKay's Class*.—Jennie Woodaman, Edith Murry, \$4.06. *Mrs. Philips' Class*.—Mary Mason, Flora Gabriel, Josephine Street, Flora Lang—\$5.13. *Miss Collishaw Class*.—Miss Collishaw, Jessie McEwin, Sophy Dickson, Annie Byers—\$5.00. *Mrs. Rhude's Class*.—Edward Nickerson, Robert Baker, Orton Covey, Artimus Langille, Mrs. Rhude—\$4.52. *Annie Hubby's Class*.—Maggie Otner, Ella M. Hartland, Annie Hubby, Luella Dickie, Nettie Isnor, Mary Hiltz, addie Irish, Minnie McEwan—\$3.54. Broken Jugs Sold—\$3.28. Door money made a total of \$105.13. Miss McEwan, Josephine Street, \$1.25.

Tidings from the Regions Beyond.

The key-note of Christian missions was struck on the plains of Bethlehem, when Mary wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger the Saviour, the holy child Jesus. Then the angels sang, peace on earth, good will to men. Now we are to tell the gospel news of salvation, and to help on this blessed work among the heathen. It is the one great work for which God is calling his church to give and pray, and calling young men and women of His church to go and toil. It is the one object for which all who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ should think, study, plan and live. The obligation involved in the command: "Go... preach the gospel to every creature," is real and positive, but should give place to a conscious sense of joy and privilege, and the higher, diviner inspiration of love to Christ and the souls of the perishing.

The contributions of the English Baptist Missionary Society in 1883 amounted to £39,000. This year they have planned to raise £5000 extra to meet special demands in Africa.

Their Secretary writes,—*In Africa*, both on the West Coast and in connection with the Congo River, our missionary operations are of the deepest interest. *The additional six men necessary for the working of the latter mission have all been sent out. The steamer to be used on the Upper Congo has reached Stanley Pool.* Whilst the thought of this providential opening into the interior of "the Dark Continent" thrills the heart with enthusiastic hope. The responsibilities which such an enterprise incurs must inevitably be very considerable.

In India, with its 260 millions of inhabitants, some 50 missionaries and assistant missionaries are supported from our funds. Six young brethren from our Colleges were sent forth last October. *Millions of our fellow-subjects in this immense empire have not yet heard the Saviour's name.* We are told that the forces of civilization are co-operating with the preaching of the Gospel in shaking the faith of the people in Hindooism.

If Christian Parents are merely praying that the sons of others be sent, it is not strange that the great harvest is wasting because there are not laborers to gather it.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Joseph Cook, speaking of foreign missions, says that hitherto the church has been merely dawdling with them.

Home Circle.

Various Items.

The Sabbath-school is growing; it gratefully remembers and we gladly notice Mr. James McPherson's gift of Xmas Cards. They made their superintendent a presentation last concert.

We are under no small obligation to Mr. Donovan, plasterer, for laying off in blocks and beautifully coloring the interior of the Tabernacle.

We are planning another Jug breaking.

The editor personally thanks all who remember that little acts of kindness make a minister's heart light and strong for work.

Baptisms at the Tabernacle Jan. 6th 4; Jan. 13th 5; Jan. 20th 8; Jan. 27th 3; during the month 7 by letter.

Donations.—Mr. Charles Hartland 5 dollars for Building Fund; Mr. John Artz 6 dollars to be used as the pastor sees fit. Mr. Oxner, \$1.00, omitted in Mr. Street's list last month.

Deacons Elected.—The church has called and we welcome to office brethren William Davies, Simeon Whidden and Cyrus Hubley, senr.

FADED LEAVES.

WAST month one notice was crowded over and we desire now to record the death of the wife of brother Edwin Clay, Jr. Our sister Sophia A. Clay was called away from us on the 9th of last month, very unexpectedly, leaving two little children, too young to know or realize their own loss, or their mother's gain. Those left behind have the sweet and great consolation of knowing, that her life had been one of preparation, that the loveliness and gentleness of her character arose from contact and communion with Jesus. May the consolation of God be with all the bereaved ones. For we know she is

Gone to the land of life and light,
With those whom we loved—this year!
Risen to mansions fair and bright,
Dwelling in God's eternal sight,
With those whom we held dear—so dear.

Died Jan. 19th Fannie A. M., aged 2 years and 7 months, daughter of Joseph and Priscilla Manuel. The hand of death has seized within a few months from our brother and sister three little ones, and left them childless, but not hopeless, for they know whom they have believed—2 Tim. 1, 11.

Shall we demand their return again,
Dear as they were—to the strife once more?
Call them back to the grief and pain,
Back to the toil, the fret, the stain,
Back to the world from that beautiful shore?

No! With the blessed let them be,
Safe and saved in the Saviour's smile,
Bending to Him the adoring knee,
Singing to us from the crystal sea,
"Here with us in a little while."

To Teachers, and other Friends of Pure Literature.

We are sure you desire to promote the admission of sound, attractive, cheap, and religious literature to the homes of the people. Help us to supersede the trash which is poisoning the minds and perverting the hearts of our young people. Ask parents to subscribe for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. Set the children to work to obtain subscribers. We will send a supply of Canvassing Bills and Specimen Numbers for distribution, if you will kindly help to extend the circulation of this Magazine in your neighbourhood.

Pray for us and help us all you can. Our responsibilities are weighty. We issue 40,000 pages monthly and need a greatly enlarged paying subscription list to cover expenditure. The regular monthly outlay is over twenty four dollars, besides annual and other expenses. In faith we have gone forward and cannot go back. We thank tho following who in paying their subscription, sent a dollar, saying use the 25cts. to help with the free list.

Miss A Hubley, Mr. Halliday, Mrs Wood, Mr D. Smith, Mrs. R. Hart, Miss Murray, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Aaron Hubley, Capt. J. Hite and D. L. Chubbuck.

23 We shall take it as a favour if you will please bring the magazine to the notice of others. We have had very kind letters from strangers noticing the excellence of Buds and Blossoms, and are more than ever assured we are doing a good work. We hope to hear of many souls thus brought to Jesus. This has been our primary end in using the pen.

BARBARA, THE LACEMAKER, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



ONE winter evening in Saxony, in the year 1564, a young wife and mother, named Barbara Uttman, sat by the fire in her pretty little cottage awaiting her husband's return from work. It had been a happy home, bright with the sunshine of her smile, and made cheery by the loving welcome of his little ones, to which Christopher Uttman was now returning. But to-night there hung over it a heavy cloud.

Christopher was a miner, reared in the pit, and wholly unacquainted with any other kind of labour. Now, like hundreds of others in the same situation, he was to be suddenly thrown out of employment. The mines of Saxony, no longer productive, were to be closed; and where to find bread for their families those poor people knew not. It was indeed with a heavy heart that to-night he sought his home, and placing his last wages in the hands of his wife,

exclaimed, "Oh, Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and never reopened."

Barbara was a brave, true soul—his sunshine, her husband had always called her—and she had resolved in her heart that its light should not fail him now in his sorest need. So she replied cheerily, "We shall do well, by God's help, dear Christopher. He will direct. We are both young and strong, and must keep up good courage. God will open a way for us to earn bread for our little ones."

Barbara was not only brave, she was also prompt and clear-headed. She did not hide from herself all the dangers and difficulties of their situation, and she stole away to her little closet to seek that guidance of which she felt such need. Then, sitting down, she calmly pondered a scheme by which she hoped for relief. She had been in the habit of adding to their little means by the embroidery of muslin. But this was so frequent an occurrence among women of her rank that it was not very remunerative, in fact, very slightly so—a poor dependence indeed for the support of a family.

But now Barbara had in her mind an exquisite piece of work, fit for a noble lady's use. If she could accomplish this, what a future of comfort and prosperity might she not command for her dear ones! Three months passed away, and the bright face bent daily over her work cheered her husband's heart with hope, and at its close there lay before her the loveliest piece of handiwork, fully equalling her highest expectation, a filmy veil of finest muslin, richly wrought.

Folding it in a basket, with a light heart Barbara set out for a castle some leagues distant, with whose fair mistress she was a favourite. How that heart beat as she raised the cover of her basket, confidently hoping for a delighted expression of surprise from the lady, and fully realising all that her verdict meant to her and hers. Alas! alas! the lady looked upon it without any such expression, merely saying, "Yes, very beautiful, Barbara, certainly; but if your skill could only accomplish something like this I would be ready to pay you almost any price, it is so rare and lovely;" and she took from a drawer a border of rich Brussels point lace.

Struggling hard to repress her distress, Barbara took the lace into her hands. "Lovely indeed," she said. "Ah, my poor work can never compare with this." She stood looking fixedly upon it, till the lady was surprised by her long silence. Then with a low bow she gathered up her work and departed. Slowly and sorrowfully she wandered on through the quiet shady paths she had traversed so hopefully a short time ago, when suddenly an idea dawned upon her mind like the first glimmer of day, and sinking down upon her knees in a retired spot, she passed a long time in thought and prayer.

It was late in the evening ere she reached her home, and then the glow of hope in her face greatly astonished her husband, when he found the precious work still unsold. But Barbara told him to have no fear, for during her silent meditation light had come

to her which she trusted was the harbinger of many a bright day for them all. Together she and Christopher at once set to work to prepare materials for a new design. He made by her directions certain round wooden needles. She manufactured a small hard cushion. It was midnight ere their task was ended, and they lay down to rest peacefully.

For five days Barbara shut herself up alone in the inner room of her cottage, her mind struggling constantly after a dimly-revealed object, her attention closely concentrated upon it; and her husband carefully guarded her from intrusion, like a wise man as he was. On the evening of the fifth day she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, Christopher, rejoice with me. See what God has enabled me to do!" And she showed him a piece of lace which she had made upon her cushion. This she afterwards richly embroidered, and believed that she had discovered the secret of the manufacture of point lace; but in reality she had done more, she had invented a new lace of great value and beauty, now well known as cushion lace.

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants of every quarter of the globe, and in order to supply the demand she employed all the poor girls in the neighbourhood. In a very short time she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the facts that Christopher became a wholesale dealer in the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved.

As for Barbara, "her children called her blessed; her husband, also, he praised her." Beloved and respected she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

Thus the pressure of necessity, so often "the mother of invention," brought out a latent talent; without it Barbara would not have sought with such assiduity for the secret of a manufacture which she naturally would have supposed quite beyond the comprehension of an untrained worker. Her trouble most certainly proved a blessing in disguise, owing to the spirit in which she met and conquered it.

"Prayer and pains can do all things," says an old proverb—and surely they often do accomplish wonders.

K. M. Haven.

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

PRECEPT.—Quench not the Spirit. *1 Thess. v. 19.*

PROMISE.—He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you. *John xvi. 14.*

PRAYER.—Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. *Psaln ii. 11.*

CLEAN AND UNCLEAN.

THE world stands forward as Christ's open foe. It wages an incessant war against pure truth. Is it not, then, a traitor's part to hold close converse with the adverse camp? Is it not shame, and worse than shame, to take familiar counsel with a rebel host? He cannot raise the banner of the cross, or march to victory by Jesus' side, who wavers between hostile ranks. Love cries again, "Come out"—"Be separate." The true believer glories in his Lord. In every company, act, and step, he is to show the livery of his King. It is false witness to adopt the language of an alien race. It is desertion of the holy service to take the garb of a strange household. Can Moses live as an Egyptian prince? He chooses hardships that he may testify allegiance to the cause of God. "We are the salt of the earth." But mixed with filth the salt will lose its savour.

All usefulness is slain when Christ is left. It is a common sneer that saintliness is a mere pretence, and faith is but hypocrisy's disguise. Suspicion fastens on the wavering steps. The world, with all its blindness, quickly reads the language of the life. It slowly credits a consistent saint. But soon, how soon, it derides inconsistent walk! In such cases zeal is a pointless arrow and a broken bow. No argument, no eloquence, no diligence prevails. Words which seem insincere touch not the heart. No teacher really teaches with a doubtful fame. Therefore Jesus says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Believer, ponder well these obvious thoughts. Would you know peace as an unfailling stream? Would you pluck joys from ever-verdant boughs? Would you from morn till night bask in the sunshine of Christ's smile? Would you have happy consciousness that every step is an ascent towards heaven? Would you be cheered with the sweet hope that life is not a barren field or summer brook? Would you pour comfort into many hearts, and wear at last a diadem of saved souls? If such be your desires, avoid the poison of the world. If you tread down the barrier line, if you stray out beyond the fold's wide fence, you wrong your soul; you bring reproach upon the Lord; your days will be uncertain sound; your memory will be no instructive page. Cling to the confines of the cross. There is no blessedness without.

The distinction between clean and unclean meats did more than cause the Jews to dwell alone. It forced unceasing vigilance. It placed them in the tower of constant circumspection. It always whispered in their ears, Beware. Their eyes could scarcely look around without the thought of God's dividing line. Each object of their touch was "Clean or Unclean."

The lesson is most obvious. We thus are taught at every step to ask God's will; at every moment to inquire, Is this a lawful path? It is a grievous error to suppose that each minutest matter is not the seed of some results. The circumstance of every moment affects the soul, and so affects the endless state. The stamp, "Clean or Unclean," belongs to every movement of each mind, to every act throughout each

day. Reader, learn hence to cultivate a watchful course. Apply a constant test.

No ground is neutral. We always stand in the right or in the wrong path. Hence the inquiry should often sift the soul, "What doest thou here?" Is "Clean or Unclean" God's judgment of this place? This line, when drawn by Scripture rule, would sweep God's children from many a contaminating spot.

No book is so insipid as to have no character, and leave no tinge. How many trifling offsprings of the worldly pen would find an early and unknown grave if the inquiry, "Clean or Unclean" were solemnly applied. Let, then, the truth be settled in each mind, that there is no indifferency on earth. Each moment flies on high recording, "Clean or Unclean" concerning life's employ.

Reader, another thought demands reply. Your soul, your precious soul, your never-dying soul, Is it "Clean or Unclean?" By nature it is the vilest filth. All Adam's race flow forth as unclean waters from an unclean spring. But are you cleansed? Do you live washed in a Saviour's blood? Are you the temple of His purifying Spirit? Jesus can cleanse from every sin, and He alone. Cleave then to Him. The Spirit sanctifies, and He alone. Seek His indwelling. Now is the only cleansing day. The door will soon be closed. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

IT IS THE LORD!

LOVE is the best learner, and sees quickest. Love had drawn John to lean upon the bosom of Jesus, and there had gained for him that intimate acquaintance which made future recognition instinctive. As soon as the miraculous blessing appeared, his first upspringing thought was, "It is the Lord!"

So will it be with us if we love with the love of John. If we experience for ourselves or for our children some unusual bounty, increase of health, knowledge, reputation, influence or wealth—any marked success in a legitimate calling—even before we fully realise our enjoyment, the recognition, sanctifying all, will overspread the heart, "It is the Lord!"

Nor need the blessing be either sudden or of overwhelming magnitude. We are as sure that the sun is the cause of the morning dawn as of the mid-day splendour; and the father of the family is as sincere when in the morning he returns thanks for protection and refreshing slumber during the night as when with stronger emotion he calls upon the assembled household to praise God for signal deliverance from threatened calamity.

In the freshness of the early morning, the singing bird, perched on the topmost limb of the tree, turns his breast to the sun, and the music of his song gushes forth spontaneously.

The Christian sings, too, when, with his face turned to Jesus, his heart warm with the rising beams of the Sun of Righteousness, he receives a blessing and says, "It is the Lord!"



WORK FOR EVERYBODY.

THAT will be good news for some folks. When a man is willing to do his best and his utmost, when his strong arms or skilful hands are only too ready to earn a living for himself and his family, it is always glad tidings to hear of work to do. For, to do nothing, means to eat nothing with some people, and there is nothing harder than to see an empty cupboard, and hear the little ones ask for food.

Honest Tom, who lives at the cottage yonder, is a fellow of that sort, and no man can better reap a field or pitch the clover than he. But the farmers about here have had some new machines, and wanted fewer men, so Tom has been looking at his sickle hanging up there on the wall with rather a long face. There is one thing, however, in Tom's favour, not only is he willing to work, but he goes down on his knees in that little bedchamber of his, and asks God to help him.

Yes, Tom believes in praying; could, indeed, tell you scores of stories how he has been heard and helped; so sooner or later the answer will come, and the way will be opened for the servant of the Lord. For this good man a'ways felt that he had another master beside Farmer Jackson, a master who will always stand by him, and pay him wages too. And the old family Bible on the little table in the corner is the joy of his heart, for it tells all about the love and care of the One who is ever near to Tom and hears his cry.

This great Master wants many more servants, and will find any number plenty of work to do. And the best of it is that He asks not for strong men only, but weak men too, and women and little children, for He will find a place and a duty for them all. "Ah!" says somebody reading these words, "I'm no use to anybody, and I am sure God doesn't want me. I can't preach, have no voice to sing, know very few people, and what in the world can I do?"

But let me ask you first of all, my friend, do you want to do anything? That lazy boy of Widow Walkin was offered a sixpence to weed the squire's flower beds, but he took care to run off just the other way, and keep out of sight till the job was done by somebody else. Willing hearts make ready hands,

and people who want to be useful can generally find a way.

Let us see, my friend, what you can do for Jesus, you, who cannot preach, sing, and have such a few friends. Have you made the Lord your Friend? Do you feel that He has done so much for you that you must do something for Him? If so, make a beginning at once. Now, as to those few folks you do know, are they converted? Well, they go to church and chapel, and are very nice sort of people. Yes, but do they love the Lord? Make up your mind, however much other persons, who can preach or sing can do, you will, for your part, try to bring all you know to Jesus.

"But how can I?" did you say. First pray for them; try to pray with them; and if you think it will help you, read this to them, and tell them that you want to serve the Lord by bringing them to Him. Find out the dear sick people, who have to spend such a deal of time alone, and tell them of One who will heal the hurt of sin, and will comfort and love them in their weakness and pain. Get your own heart so warm with the love of God that you must let the next-door neighbours know about it, and above all ask Him whose servant you are, for grace and wisdom to work well, work patiently, work humbly, work lovingly, and work at once for His dear sake.

Jesse Page.

A BEAUTIFUL TESTIMONY.

THE character of which Christ was the perfect model is in itself so attractive, so altogether lovely that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. Take away the blessings of the advent of His life, and the blessings purchased by His death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost, and darkness.

In my view of the life, the teachings, the labours, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of scepticism were to gather strength and prevail, and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are to come.

William Cullen Bryant.

AN ESCAPE FROM MASSACRE.

THE memorable morning of August 24, 1572, had dawned upon Paris, when a maidservant who had just returned from the city, rushed into the bedroom of her mistress—the youthful widow of a brave soldier—and in accents of terror made known to her that a general massacre of the Huguenots had commenced.

The lady hastily arose, exclaiming, "The will of God be done; let us look to Him for protection;" and having partially dressed, she stepped hurriedly to the window.

The street was a troubled scene, for the whole population was in commotion; and many companies

of a relative, and shortly afterwards she proceeded there herself.

"Where is the cursed Huguenot?" shouted the foremost of a band of the servants of the Duke of Guise to the landlord of the lodgings which she had just quitted.

"Yes," yelled another, "to-day we are weeding out the heretics; so be quick, for we have much to do!"

After a fruitless search, they sent to the house of the lady's mother, offering to preserve both the life and property of her daughter for a hundred crowns—an offer which was, however, declined. The lodgings were pillaged.

In her place of concealment this heroic woman remained till Tuesday, with more than forty others



A Huguenot Family alarmed by a Soldier on St. Bartholomew's Day.

of soldiers were there, and all had white crosses in their hats.

"I will send to my mother to learn what is going forward," said she; and accordingly a messenger was despatched for this purpose. The Bishop of Senlis, who was the lady's uncle, directed her to remove her valuables, and promised to send some one to protect her but in the meanwhile he was informed that his brother, M. Charles Chevalier, Lord of Eprunes, had fallen a victim, and he forgot his niece. Indeed, he was arrested himself; but on making the sign of the cross he escaped.

After waiting for about half an hour, and seeing that the tumult was increasing, our heroine sent her daughter in the arms of a female servant to the house

their protector sending for provisions to another part of the town, and her husband remaining at the door of the house to say a parting word to the chief actors in the massacre who passed that way.

"A glorious festival this, M. de Pereure," said a lord of the court, as he went by with a band of infuriated followers; "how is it that you are not helping to celebrate it?"

"Such zealous Catholics as yourself, my lord, render my feeble service unnecessary."

But M. de Pereure was suspected, and his house was ordered to be searched. This order dispersed the concealed Huguenots; our heroine was then placed in an empty loft with a female attendant.

It soon became necessary to seek another asylum,

and the lady went to the house of a blacksmith who had married a maidservant of her mother's, in the hope that if the wife pitied, the husband would not molest her. Here she spent a night.

"Come, madame, give up your cursed notions, and go to mass without any more ado," said the blacksmith.

"But I cannot—I dare not."

"Oh, but a walk in the streets will convert you, madame, in quick time."

"No; I have seen some of the dreadful sights, and I am unaltered; I must either escape or die, for I cannot recant."

"What a stupid, pig-headed set of curs these Huguenots are!" observed the man to his wife, as he turned over several articles from a pile of booty plundered from the houses of the sufferers, which was lying on the floor.

On the following day she was conducted to the house of M. Tambonneau, and concealed in his study.

"Alas! madame," said he, the day after her arrival, "a search is ordered, and you are not safe here."

Accordingly, at midnight she removed to the house of a corn merchant. Here she stayed five days. In this place of concealment a new trial befell her, a cousin being employed to prevail upon her to go to mass.

"But, Charlotte, your brothers have gone," said she; "and surely their example and your mother's advice should outweigh your own opinion."

"I know, Marie, that it is my duty to comply with my mother's wishes whenever I can; but in this case I cannot; my mind is made up, and, by the grace of God, I will never go to mass."

"But, Charlotte, consider; your child requires your care, and for its sake you might give way in this trifling matter."

"Marie, do not tear my heart by speaking about my child. It is no trifling matter; heaven and hell are not trifles; and I cannot comply."

Thus ended their conversation on this subject. In this retreat, too, she encountered a new danger; for beneath her was an apartment occupied by a Roman Catholic lady, so that she dared not to walk about for fear of being heard, nor could she light a candle. Her food was brought in small quantities concealed under an apron. Her mother sent to inform her that she should be compelled to return her daughter to her.

"Then, with her in my arms, we will perish together!" was the heroic reply.

From this place of concealment she procured a passage in a boat that was going to Sens. In it she had as fellow-passengers two monks, a priest, two merchants, and their wives.

At Tournelles their passports were demanded, and she had none. "She is a Huguenot, and must be drowned!" "Come out of the boat!" were the sounds which greeted her ears.

"Take me to the house of M. de Voysenon—he will answer for me," she replied; and accordingly two soldiers were despatched with her to the house of the person she had named. Fortunately they remained below while she went up-stairs.

"Ah, madame," exclaimed M. de Voysenon, "have you come to take refuge under my roof?"

"Hasten down, monsieur, I beseech you, and may God enable you to deliver me from the soldiers below, who suspect me of being a Huguenot."

M. de Voysenon descended. "I assure you," said he to the soldiers, "that I have often seen this lady at the house of Madame d'Éprunes, a good Catholic."

"That may be, monsieur, but it is the lady herself, and not Madame d'Éprunes, that we are inquiring about."

A respectable woman who was passing, learning what was going forward, inquired what they wished to do with the lady.

"By heaven!" they replied, "this is a Huguenot, and must be drowned; for we see how terrified she is."

"You know me," quickly answered the female; "I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass; but I am so frightened, that for these eight days past I have been in a fever."

"And I, yea, all of us, have been no little agitated," replied one of the soldiers, with an oath.

They took her back to the boat, observing, "Had you been a man, you would not have escaped so easily."

At the time of this arrest the lodging which she had quitted was ransacked, so that her escape was most providentially timed.

When they arrived at their place of sleeping, the monks and the merchants chuckled over the massacre of the Protestants.

"What a happy riddance!" observed one of the monks; "the heretic Huguenots have received their death-blow at last."

"Yes," replied one of the merchants; "we shall have but little trouble from them for the future, I hope."

"Hope! there can be no doubt that the cursed heresy will be exterminated," said the monk.

"By St. Denis, this lady's voice smacks like that of a Huguenot," observed another.

On quitting the river, she lodged in disguise in a country village, where she narrowly escaped the soldiers, who hunted their victims like bloodhounds. She then went to the estate of her grandmother, and from thence to the house of her eldest brother, who had consented to go to mass. His conscience, however, was ill at ease, and his sister's arrival increased his anxiety; she resolved, however, to relieve him of her presence as soon as possible.

Scantily provided with money and clothing, she proceeded to Sedan, which she reached on the first of November. Here, at last, she found numerous friends, who received her with kindness, and supplied her with every comfort.

Let us learn from the record of this lady's sufferings to be grateful that we are not under the iron grasp of papal despotism, and to detest the spirit of persecution. In our favoured land the sword and the faggot can no longer be employed, but the tongue and the pen are still often made use of to injure those who dare to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. May we never be numbered amongst those who act thus, for all such are essentially persecutors.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

JOHN NEWTON, in his old age, when his sight had become so dim as to be unable to read, hearing this Scripture repeated, "By the grace of God I am what I am," paused for some moments, and then uttered this affecting soliloquy: "I am not what I ought to be. Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be. I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to that which is good. I am not what I hope to be. Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Though I am not what I ought to be, what I wish to be, what I hope to be, yet I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

A GENTLE ENGLISH GIRL.

COURTLY manners are only learned at court," says a divine. "Be pitiful, be courteous," are rules issued by the court of heaven for the manners of heavenly citizens. Such sweet behaviour comes of daily study of those courtly rules. Outside polish will not stand the wear of life, but true heart-courtesy is equal to every occasion.

A pretty story has been told of a sweet act of courtesy performed by an English girl towards one inferior in station, and the reward which swiftly followed. One hot and sultry evening in August, in the year 1572, some school girls were taking a walk in Paris, through that part of the town where sentinels were placed. They belonged to a Huguenot school, and one of their number, an English girl, had been sent to France for education. The young ladies would probably be chatting over the exciting topics of the day. Charles IX. was king, and his mother, Catherine de Medici, was using every stratagem to entrap and destroy the Huguenots. Admiral Coligny had been persuaded to visit the court, and the fears of the Protestant party seemed for a time lulled. On Monday, August 18, the marriage of Henry of Navarre with the king's sister was celebrated with great pomp. Of course, these school-girls had been at the grand wedding, for was not the Henry of Navarre one of the chiefs of the Protestant party?

Most of the Protestant nobility and gentry, with Admiral Coligny at their head, attended on the occasion, and, as they objected to entering a church where mass was celebrated, the ceremony was performed in a temporary building near the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Splendid festivities followed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and no one dreamed of treachery. Certainly none of those merry girls as they walked in the gay city guessed that a terrible sword was hanging over each Huguenot there!

As the young ladies passed the walls, one of the soldiers besought them for a draught of water, adding that he was ill, and to leave his post would cost him

his life, "for when a soldier is on guard, he may not leave until relieved."

With true compassion and gentle courtesy, the young English girl left her companions, who were annoyed at being thus spoken to, and procuring a cup of water, brought it to the sick soldier. He begged to know her name and place of abode. She gave him the information and returned to her companions. Some of them ridiculed her conduct, others blamed, but she herself had no cause to regret her kindly deed, for when the awful tocsin sounded its dread signal of destruction on August 24, and the "Bartholomew Massacre" commenced, the grateful soldier contrived to save this young Englishwoman, while other members of that Huguenot household were massacred.

Clara Thwaites.

FAINT YET PURSUING.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

YOUNG and high-hearted, we perchance begin
The race of life;
Resolved to struggle and protest 'gainst sin
And worldly strife.

Not far we go before we feel with pain
That sin has vanquished us, and may again.

Once more we brace ourselves, to conquer now
With firm-set will,
With high resolve, and deeply earnest vow—
A failure still.

What can it be that steals our strength away,
And leaves us thus defeated day by day?

We think our will is good to walk each day
With even feet,
Never to falter or to turn away
From paths discreet;

Never to think, or do, or say one thing
To wound our conscience with a bitter sting.

Then wherefore do we lie in sad defeat
Each day and hour?

What subtle hidden web has caught our feet
And stolen our power?

Impatient and perplexed we sadly cry,
What can I do but give it up and die?

'Tis true, poor soul, the battle is too strong
For thee alone:

But wherefore cast away the proffered help
Of God's own Son?

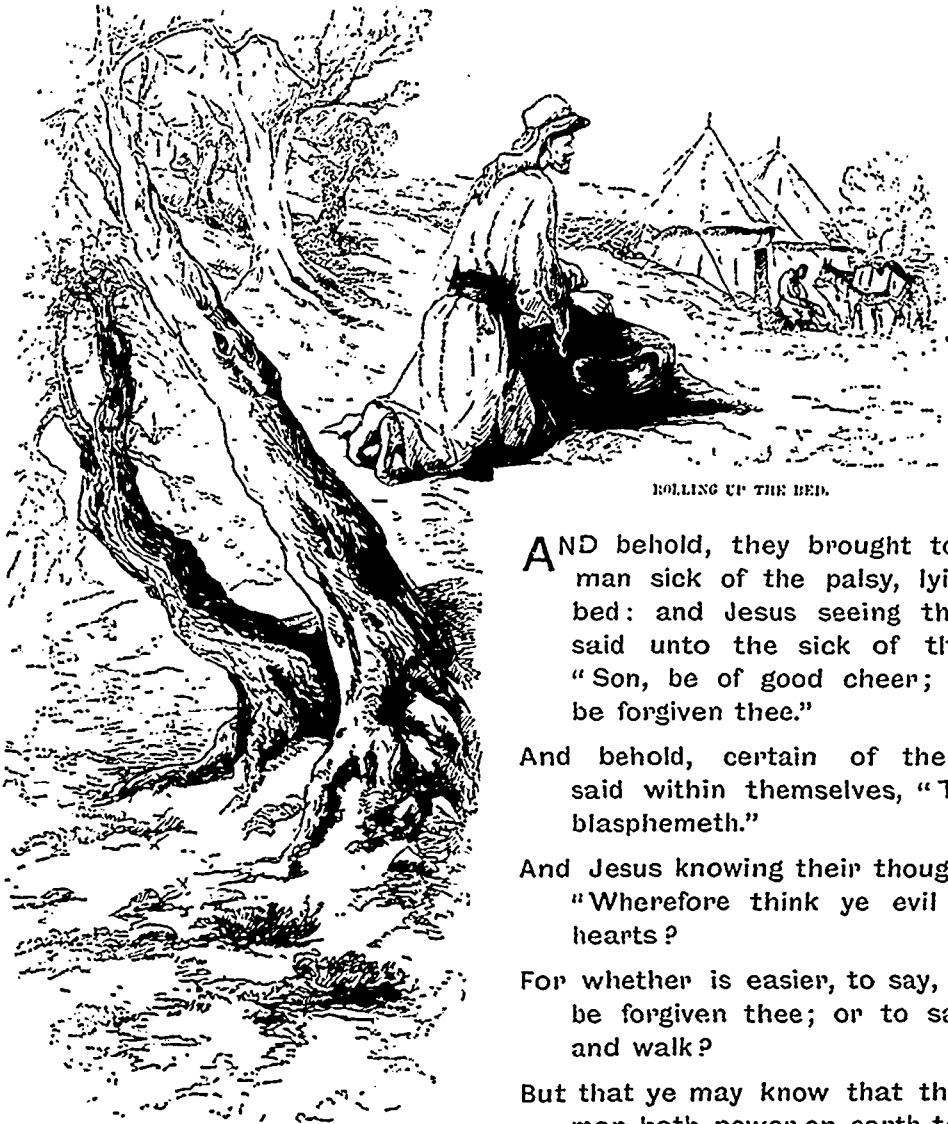
The strength He freely gives if thou wilt take,
The victory shall be thine, for His dear sake.

Hast never known as yet thy treach'rous heart,
Thy feeble will?

He had to die to rescue thee, and needs
To guard thee still.

Then cast thy weakness on His mighty strength,
And crowned "the victor" thou shalt be at length.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.



ROLLING UP THE BED.

AND behold, they brought to Him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

And behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, "This man blasphemeth."

And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?"

For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?"

But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive

sins, (then saith He to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house." And he arose, and departed to his house.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

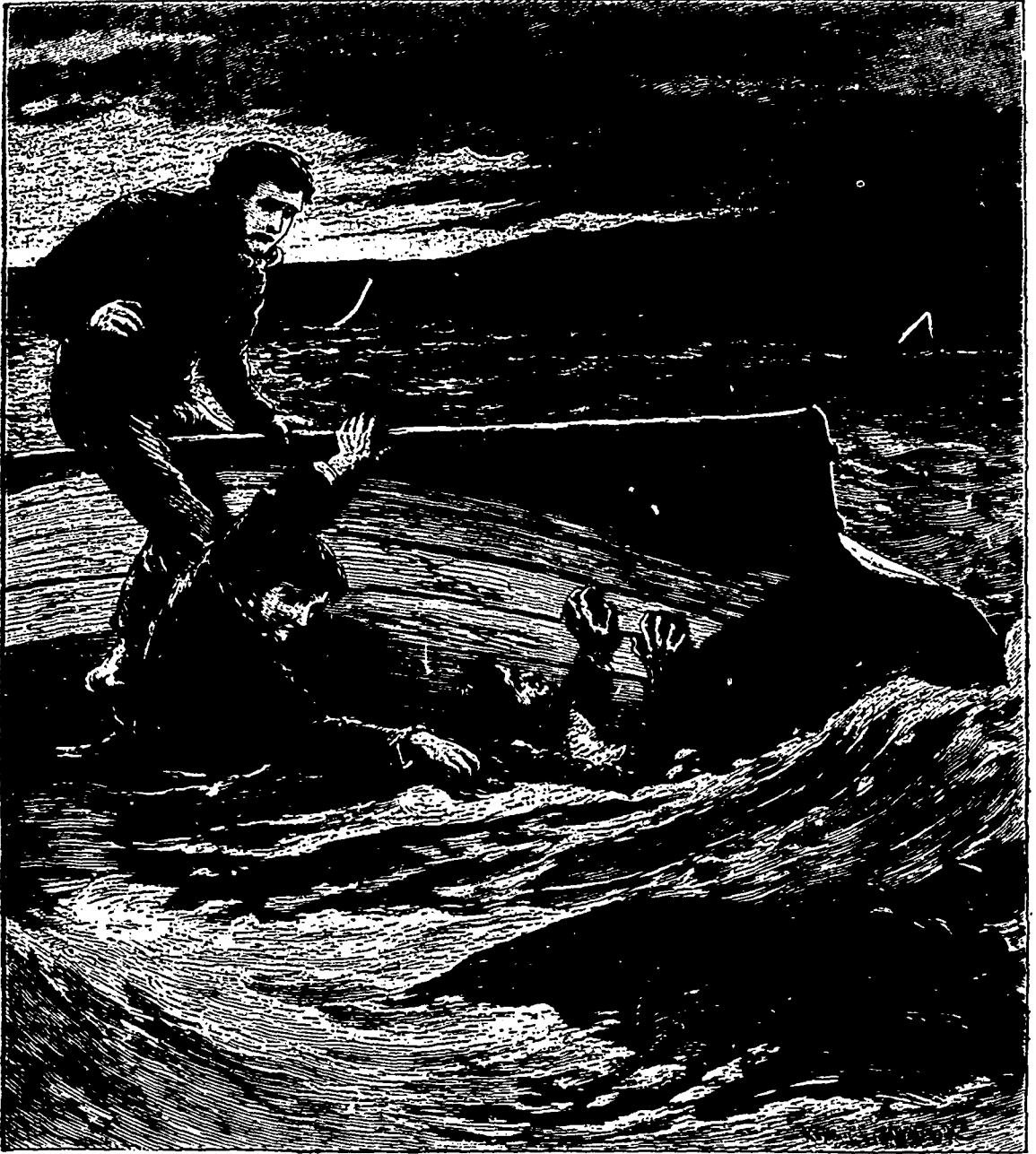
Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

DRIFTING AWAY,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



Two young men were spending a holiday on the coast of Florida. They were about to return to their homes in the North, but, before leaving they planned one more pleasure trip upon the gulf.

The afternoon which they chose for their excursion was somewhat threatening, but as they were to leave

the next day they determined not to postpone their pleasure. Besides, they procured the services of an experienced boatman, and they themselves were novices. Their little boat was soon out on the gulf.

Their excursion was a very pleasant one, perhaps more so because they knew their vacation closed with it, and they would soon be home at their usual duties.

But the signs of a coming storm increased, and they resolved to return to the harbour. It was then that a sudden squall struck the boat and overturned it. The young men were not greatly alarmed, both being swimmers, and though they could not right the boat they could easily cling to it as it floated. They knew that a steamer would soon follow in their path.

After they had secured a good hold upon the boat, they began to encourage one another, and laugh at the story they should give their friends of the adventure.

But the storm rapidly increased, and no steamer appeared. The steamer had deferred its usual trip on account of the severity of the weather. They were Christian men, and as the storm subsided they sang hymns.

Morning dawned at length, and hope of relief became strong. But the morning grew to noon and noon paled into evening. They knew they were drifting toward the ocean. There was no singing now, both were weary and faint, and chilled by the long exposure without food or water.

The night that followed was not one to be described. One of them had but recently recovered from a severe sickness. He clung to the boat, and yet several times in his half unconsciousness his hold slipped. He felt he could cling but little longer.

About midnight he called to his cousin, and feebly gave a last "good-bye."

His cousin roused himself to a great effort. He reached the dying man, and he helped him to regain the boat when his hands slipped. In this way, with the assistance of the sailor, he hoped to save his life. But even as he held he felt the hand of his cousin stiffening in death.

The sailor and the young man tied the body to the boat and they drifted gloomily on and on.

Day broke again. The dreary hours passed. They were drifting towards the great ocean. They tried to change the direction in which they were drifting, but the Gulf Stream swept them on. The young man saw the sailor take a knife and begin to cut the body loose from the boat. At once he called him to stop.

The sailor directed his eye to a lighthouse built on a point of land which ran far out into the Gulf Stream, and said, "Young man, do you see yonder lighthouse? if we pass it we shall drift into the Atlantic. The body is acting like a helm out of place, it is drawing us farther away. It is life or death with us." And he bent again to his task.

The dear form sank in the waves. They did not pass the lighthouse, but they succeeded in attracting attention, and were rescued.

What an illustration this is of the danger of clinging to any dead weight of sin. The duty of the Christian is clearly pointed out in the Word of God: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." One sin unrepented of, and persevered in, will ruin a soul. Herod heard John the Baptist preach with attention, and did many things he directed; but he kept up the sinful connection with his brother's wife, and at last murdered the very man to whom he

listened with awe. Do we cling to any known sin? There is only one way to deal with it. Cast it off, pluck it out, even though it may be a right arm or a right eye. It is better to enter into life maimed, or with only one eye, than having two arms or two eyes to be lost for ever.



A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

PERIODS of persecution have singularly illustrated the providential care of God for His people. In such times His hand has been, as it were, visibly stretched out, protecting them from the fury of their enemies, and rescuing them when all hope of deliverance from man seemed to have terminated. Instead of ranging over the wide field of illustration presented by ecclesiastical history, we shall confine ourselves to some incidents connected with the long and cruel severities practised by the Roman Catholics of France upon the Protestants in that kingdom.

On one occasion the Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligny—the leaders of the Huguenot party—had been driven from their homes by their opponents, who had attempted cruelly to massacre them; they took to flight accordingly with their helpless and terrified families.

The Prince of Condé set out silently, says an eye-witness, but his situation touched all hearts with pity, when they saw the first prince of the blood setting forward in the intensest and extremest heat, with his wife on the point of giving birth to a child, and three little children borne after them, followed by the now motherless family of Coligny, of whom only one was able to walk.

The wife of D'Andelot, too, was there with her little girl only two years old, and several other ladies. The only escort for this troop of helpless women and children was one hundred and fifty soldiers, headed by the two brave and affectionate fathers.

They journeyed on as rapidly as possible, for their only hope of safety lay in crossing the Loire before they could be overtaken, and then seeking shelter in Rochelle; but the whole country was filled with hostile troops, and the bridges over the Loire were already occupied.

They therefore determined to attempt a ford not commonly known, and arrived at it when the river, usually broad and furious, was so far diminished by the long drought that they crossed without difficulty, the prince carrying his youngest infant on his arm, clasped to his bosom.

But scarcely had they reached the southern bank, when turning round they discovered the cavalry of their enemies in full pursuit, crowding rapidly up on the opposite side.

An event now happened certainly very remarkable. Without any apparent cause, a sudden swell of waters came foaming and rushing down the stream, and in an instant filling the channel, rendered the ford impassable, and the defenceless company were thus rescued from the jaws of their destroyer.

Can we wonder that men taught to rest upon Pro-

vidence, and discern the Almighty hand in the events of their agitated lives, should have regarded this as a signal interposition in their favour, and an undoubted sign that His arm was extended for their preservation?

THE DISAPPOINTED GHOST.

SOME sixty or seventy years ago there lived in a village in the North of England an old woman noted for her piety. The people of that district were ignorant and superstitious, and poor old Betty was no exception to her class. She could neither read nor write, but she possessed a better and higher knowledge than is to be derived from mere book learning, and this all her neighbours could bear witness to, for it was shown in her every-day life.

One dark winter evening a party of thoughtless lads of the village, always on the look out for mischievous amusement, agreed that it would be "a good lark" to give poor old Betty a fright by personating a ghost. Accordingly one of their number was painted white, and wrapped in a sheet, and they proceeded to the lonely old woman's cottage. They could see her through the little window sitting by her small fire, busily plying her knitting by the light of a single dip candle, thinking, perhaps, of days long gone by, or still happier days soon to come. The supposed ghost placed himself in front of the door, the others having so disposed of themselves as to see and hear without being discovered, and gave a succession of low measured raps.

When Betty became aware there was some one at her door, she took up her candle and went to open it, a little pale and nervous, perhaps, but without hesitation. Her eyes fell on a truly ghostly apparition, but instead of the scream of terror the young men expected, there came merely this quiet question, in the broad dialect of the district.

"What is tha? If tha bees aught that's good, tha'll not harm me, and if tha bees aught that's bad, I defy tha."

The young men now felt heartily ashamed of their stupid prank, and were so impressed with the reality of the good woman's faith that they walked away subdued and thoughtful, and it became the means of permanent blessing to more than one of them.

I HAVE A FRIEND.

I HAVE a Friend, a precious Friend; unchanging, wise, and true;

The chief among ten thousand friends! I wish you knew Him too!

When all the woes that compass me relax each feeble limb,

I know who hastes to welcome me. Have you a friend like Him?

He comforts me; He strengthens me; how can I then repine?

He loveth me; in life and death, this faithful Friend is mine.

I have a Father, fond and true. He cares for all my needs.

His patience bore my faithless thoughts, my mad and sinful deeds.

To me He sends sweet messages; He waiteth but to bless.

Have you a father like to mine, in such deep tenderness?

For me a kingdom He doth keep; for me a crown is won.

I was a rebel once, but now, He calls the rebel, son.

I have a wise unerring Guide, whose love I often grieve;

He brings me strength and succour, too, my weakness to relieve;

He leadeth me, and cheereth me, and doth for me provide.

For days of toil and watchful nights, have you so sure a guide?

Quench not the whispered bidding call, the heavenly Dove doth bring;

He seeks, in love, to shelter you beneath His fostering wing.

I have a Home, a city fair; its riches none can know;

Its wondrous beauties far surpass all ever seen below;

Its streets are gold, its gates are pearls: a light divinely bright

For ever shines upon that home; for there they have no night.

And there unfailing fountains flow, and pleasures without end.

Who makes that home so glorious? It is my loving Friend.

My Friend, my Father, and my Guide, and this our radiant Home,

Are offered you—turn not away—to-day, I pray you, "Come."

My Father yearns to welcome you, His heart, His house to share,

My Friend is yours, my Home is yours; my Guide will lead you there.

Behold one altogether fair—the faithful and the true!

He pleadeth with you for your love; He gave His life for you.

Oh, leave the worthless things you seek; they perish in a day;

Serve now the true and living God; from idols turn away.

Watch for the Lord, who comes to reign; enter the open door;

Give Him thy heart—thy broken heart—thou'lt ask it back no more.

Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love, and all thy troubles end;

Oh, come to Jesus, and you'll find in Him a loving Friend.



THE DYING CHILD'S DREAM.

THE cottage how was very still—
A home on the wild moor—
Flowers crept in at the window sill,
And round the cottage door.

The glorious sun's last rays were shed
Into a homely room,
And there upon a small white bed
The shades of death had come.

A little fair-haired child there slept—
A child of seven short years;
And by her side her father wept
His bitter silent tears.

"Father," she said, "I've had a dream
So wondrous, bright, and fair,
That it to me like heaven did seem,
And, father, I was there.

"The glories of that splendid place,
Oh! I could never tell—
And then, the brightness of that face
Whose look upon me fell!

"It was the face of Him who loved
The little children so—
And if I could, I would have moved,
For I longed to Him to go.

"But soon He came to me and said,
'My little one, rest here;'
And He laid his hand upon my head,
And then I knew no fear.

"He said that I must shortly go,
And live with Him up there—
And never have nor pain nor woe,
And feel no earthly care.

"'But, Sir,' I said, 'I cannot come
And live with You just yet:
My father's all alone at home,
And I'm his only pet.

"We've lived together all our life—
We've never been apart;
We've never had one word of strife—
Oh, Sir, 'twould break his heart!

"And I am sure we always love
To read and talk of You:
And we speak of our happy home above
Sometimes the whole day through.

"For surely, Sir, I must be right,
In thinking You the same,
Who long since left this world so bright,
And on the earth once came:

"And Jesus Christ is still your name,
Here in this world above,
And I am sure you're just the same,
And just as full of love!"

"Oh, father! scarcely had my voice
Uttered that glorious name,
When I heard the angels sing, 'Rejoice,
Jesus is still the same!'

"I could not bear to stand alone,
So I gently, softly crept
Closer and closer to His throne,
And at His feet I wept.

"For when I thought of what He'd done
And suffered for us all,
I felt my heart completely won,
I must obey that call.

"He said that I should have bright wings
And often watch o'er you—
And every little angel sings,
And He would teach me too.

"I did just try one little song,
I thought He'd like to know
The hymn that mother taught me long,
Oh, very long ago.

"'I know it, little one,' He said,
'I've heard it oft before,
You sang it sometimes on your bed,
And at the cottage door.'

"Father! His very look was love—
I cannot stay away:
I'm going to my home above,
That home of endless day."

Another voice on earth was still,
Another life was gone—
Heaven's joys another heart did fill,
Christ's love another song!

THE OLD BOOK-MARK.

WILLIAM WESTWOOD was a well-to-do farmer, somewhat past middle age. He lived in a picturesque old farm-house in a secluded valley, which, in spring, summer, and autumn, was rich and beautiful with pasture land, corn fields, nicely clipped hedges, and woodlands; for Mr. Westwood was a good farmer. Now, however, it being winter, the entire prospect from his parlour window was snow, nothing but snow—snow in his stack-yard more than a foot deep, and rapidly becoming thicker; snow on his barn and cart house and stable roofs; snow on all the fields and hedges and woods. Their owner was kept in this day, a little against his will, by the snow without, which was falling fast.

I cannot tell what impulse seized the solitary man when he suddenly halted before the old-fashioned mahogany book-case. He selected a volume, turned away, and sat down near the bright fire, with a table before him, on which he laid the book.

upon it in blue silk: "We spend our years as a tale that is told." On the other side was another card, with this inscription: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

William Westwood sank down in his chair, resting his head on one hand—the elbow on the table—while the other hand held the relic.

The old book-mark was one of the latest gifts he had received from his betrothed; though, strange to say, perhaps, placed between the leaves of the Bible, the memory of it had faded from his mind, in the shade of his deep and lasting affliction. Now, however, the whole scene and circumstances of that simple love-token rushed back upon his memory. It was in the confinement of her sick room—while the fatal termination of her illness was yet unapprehended—that his Mary had occupied a few hours in working this book-mark; and when he next visited her, she put it into his hands.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told." He thought how true these words were. The thirty years



"It was her gift," he said, sorrowfully and tenderly; "poor, darling Mary! And yet, why should I say 'poor?' Yes, it was her gift; but I have never had the courage to open it since she died. Can I now?"

His hand trembled a little; but he did open it. It was a handsome book, bound in morocco, very slightly soiled with use, but somewhat dulled with age. He turned back the lid, as he would have called it, and read on the fly-leaf the simple inscription in a feminine handwriting, the name of the giver and recipient, with the date of the gift. That was all, but it moved Westwood very much, though the ink was faded; and the date carried him back thirty years.

He soon recovered himself, however; and almost despising himself for his weakness, he was about to close the book again, and replace it on the shelf, when a silken thread from between its leaves arrested his attention. Opening the book at that place, a narrow ribbon, once white, but now yellow with age, was seen. On one side of the old book-mark (for such it was) was a perforated card, with these words worked

nearly which had passed away since his great trouble—how short they seemed on looking back! One single backward step in his memory brought before him the very scene of that New Year's Day when he was committing his dearest treasure—his lost bride—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

And what had he been doing since that time? He knew too well what he had been doing. Nothing worth the doing; much which could not be undone. He had all those years been, in heart, rebelling against the God who had snatched from him that coveted possession, when he had all but called it his own. He had been turning his back upon the Saviour. He had been hardening his heart against the gentle admonitions, and invitations, and remonstrances of the Holy Spirit. These things he had done, which he ought not to have done. The things which he ought to have done, he had left undone. Alas! there was no health in him.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." In reality, instead of taking up the cross, and following

Christ, as Christ had said, he had hated that cross, and gone away from the great Cross-bearer. Christ had said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Which of Christ's commandments had he, from love to Christ, even endeavoured to keep? Once there was a time when he had been almost persuaded to be a Christian; but now! now!

The snow without continued to fall; but William Westwood no longer heeded it. Gentle and soft as the snow, but not cold, a softening influence was descending on his heart. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," says the glorified Redeemer: "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." Who shall say that this declaration and promise were not fulfilled then? He who had waited long, was waiting still; and at last His voice had prevailed.

"I will do it; God helping me, from this day, from this hour, I will do it!" exclaimed William Westwood, roused from the reverie into which he had been beguiled by the old book-mark: "Whatsoever He saith unto me, I will do it! Lord Jesus, what wouldest Thou have me to do?"

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAY.



I DO not know what are your habits about prayer. Many persons never pray at all. Many only say a form of prayer, while their heart is thinking of something else. I hope you are not one of these. You ought to pray; and if you pray you ought to pray earnestly.

I am going to tell you some of the encouragements there are

to pray. If you never prayed before, I want to show you that you may begin at once. If you do pray, but are tempted to think it is of no use, I want to give you reasons for persevering.

There is everything on God's part to make prayer easy, if men will only attempt it. All things are ready on His side. Every objection is anticipated; every difficulty is provided for. The crooked places are made straight, and the rough places are made smooth. There is no excuse left for the prayerless man.

There is a way by which any man, however sinful and unworthy, may draw near to God the Father. Jesus Christ has opened that way by the sacrifice He made for us upon the cross. The holiness and justice of God need not frighten sinners and keep them back. Only let them cry to God in the name of Jesus; only let them plead the atoning blood of Jesus, and they shall find God upon a throne of grace, willing and ready to hear. The name of Jesus is a never-failing

passport for our prayers. In that name a man may draw near to God with boldness, and ask with confidence. God has engaged to hear him. Think of this. Is not this encouragement?

There is an Advocate and Intercessor always waiting to present the prayers of those who will employ Him. That Advocate is Jesus Christ. He mingles our prayers with the incense of His own almighty intercession. So mingled they go up as a sweet savour before the throne of God. Poor as they are in themselves, they are mighty and powerful in the hand of our High Priest and Elder Brother. The bank-note without a signature at the bottom is nothing but a worthless piece of paper. The stroke of a pen confers on it all its value. The prayer of a poor child of Adam is a feeble thing in itself, but once endorsed by the hand of the Lord Jesus it availeth much. The ear of the Lord Jesus is ever open to the cry of all who want mercy and grace. It is His office to help them. Their prayer is His delight. Think of this. Is not this encouragement?

There is the Holy Spirit ever ready to help our infirmities in prayer. It is one part of His special office to assist us in our endeavours to speak with God. We need not be cast down and distressed by the fear of not knowing what to say. The Spirit will give us words if we will only seek His aid. He will supply us with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The prayers of the Lord's people are the inspiration of the Lord's Spirit—the work of the Holy Ghost, who dwells within them as the Spirit of grace and supplication. Surely the Lord's people may well hope to be heard. Think of this. Is not this encouragement?

There are wonderful examples in Scripture of the power of prayer. Nothing seems to be too great or too difficult for prayer to do. It has obtained things that seemed impossible and out of reach. It has won victories over fire, air, earth, and water. Prayer opened the Red Sea. Prayer brought water from the rock, and bread from heaven. Prayer made the sun stand still. Prayer brought fire from the sky on Elijah's sacrifice. Prayer turned the counsel of Alithophel into foolishness. Prayer overthrew the army of Sennacherib. Prayer has healed the sick. Prayer has raised the dead. Prayer has procured the conversion of souls. "The child of so many prayers," said an old Christian to Augustine's mother, "shall never perish." Prayer, pains, and faith can do anything. Nothing seems impossible when a man has the spirit of adoption. So long as Abraham asked mercy for Sodom, the Lord went on giving. He never ceased to give till Abraham ceased to pray. Think of this. Is not this encouragement?

What more can a man want? What more could be done to make the path to the mercy-seat easy, and to remove all occasions of stumbling from the sinner's way? Surely if the devils in hell had such a door set open before them, they would leap for gladness.

What can be possibly said for the man who after all dies without prayer? Surely, reader, I may well feel anxious that you should not be that man.

Bishop Ryle.

THE BIBLE A COMFORTER.

THE Holy Spirit, who dictated the Bible, is called, by Jesus Christ, the Comforter. Hence He has shed through His book the most effectual and abundant consolation for every grief, be it suffering of body, anxiety of mind, reverse of fortune, infirmity of age, the neglect of friends, the loss of those dearest to us, or the approach of death. How many hearts would have been broken without the Bible, while through it they enjoy peace! How many unhappy ones on the brink of despair, restrained only by a last effort of conscience, have been raised up again, strengthened and made glad by the Bible!

A poor family came to seek work in a large town. The husband, already almost worn out, was attacked by a fever which soon proved fatal. Two of the children caught the infection, and died also; and the widow with her remaining children was reduced to the greatest distress.

A Christian, hearing of these circumstances, came to visit her, and found that she had nothing but a little coffee which a neighbour had given her. Perceiving an old large-printed Bible on the table, he said, "I see that you can read, and that you have here the most precious of all books."

"Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "what should I have done without it! It is not my book. Illness, sorrow, and tears have made my eyes too weak to read small print; I therefore borrowed this Bible from a neighbour, and it has served, I may say, for food for my body as well as for my soul. When I have had nothing to eat, I have read in this Book till I have forgotten my hunger."

The poor widow, exhausted by misfortune and want, did not long survive; but her last days were soothed by the consolations of the Bible. She spoke of her death with a smile, rejoicing that she was going to rejoin the friends who had gone before her.

Perhaps no affliction is more trying to us than a chronic incurable disease. A man can more easily bear a misfortune which comes upon him like a clap of thunder than the trouble which can only end with his life. But for such trials as these the Bible has still its joys and consolations.

I was called, relates a physician, to visit a poor man. I found him alone, his face was pale and emaciated, and he was tied by a cord to his chair. He had not been able to move either his arms or legs for four years, and suffered terrible pain in all his joints.

"What! do they leave you alone, my friend, in this sad state?" I said.

"No," he replied, in a tone of most gentle resignation, "I am not alone; God is with me."

When I came near, I saw the Bible open before him, and perceived the source of his patience. As I knew that he was allowed only a small weekly pittance, I asked whether he had enough to supply his need.

"It is true, sir," said he, "that I receive very little; but when that is spent I confide in the promise of the Lord, 'His bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure.'"

"But are you never tempted to murmur under so long and painful an affliction?"

"Not for the last three years, God be praised!" and the smile of faith lighted up his countenance while he spoke. "I have been taught by this book in whom to trust; and though I know my own unworthiness, I am persuaded that God will not forsake me. Often when my disease has prevented me from opening my lips to glorify God, I have praised Him in my heart."

I visited this man, continued the physician, many times for my own edification. He died with a hope full of immortality. I would willingly undergo the same indigence and disease, and suffer all that he suffered, if I might continually enjoy the presence of the Lord as he did.

ONLY.



ONLY one drop of water at a time that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dike, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop! Yet if that little child in her morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what terrible results might have followed? The dam might have been undermined, the district laid under water, and many precious lives have been lost.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But it cheered a broken heart, and kindled a ray of hope.

Only a word! But it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character. Oh, how it pierced the lonely heart!

Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave through its influence! How many homes made desolate, how many bright anticipations of a glad and happy future blasted by its influence.

Only a mound in the quiet churchyard, and yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost a light; some home circle has a vacant chair!

Only a child, perhaps; yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian; yours is a glorious work; hope on ever, for yours is a bright reward.

Only one soul snatched from the ways of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts, coupled with the grace of God, will add lustre to your crown of glory.

Only a lifetime! A short day in which to prepare for death. Let us, then, gird on the armour anew, and press forward in the hope of a brighter hereafter, using the weapons of prayer, lest we enter into temptation and lose the rich reward.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."



THE STARTLED THIEF.

“**F**EAR,” says one, “is the tax that Conscience pays to Guilt.”

“Guilt,” adds another, “is to danger what fire is to gunpowder. A man need not fear to walk among many barrels of powder if he have no fire with him.”

The following story illustrates the truth conveyed in the text, that, while “the righteous are” (or may be) “bold as a lion,” “the wicked flee when no man pursueth.”

A certain farmer, on looking round his premises one day, had reason to suspect that a quantity of hay had been stolen from one of his barns. Judging that the thief would probably repeat the robbery, he determined to watch his premises on the following night.

Towards midnight, therefore, and when all around was still, he took a dark lantern, and stationed himself in a corner of his stack-yard near the barn-door. He had not long to wait. Stealthy footsteps were heard approaching, and in another minute a man passed by his hiding-place, and, applying a key to the barn door, softly unlocked and opened it, and entered.

A few minutes later and the thief reappeared, with a great bundle of hay, which, after re-fastening the door, he was carrying away on his back. All this the farmer saw plainly enough by the faint starlight, though he himself, in his dark retreat, was unseen by the thief.

And now a singular thought entered the mind of the farmer, who was a bit of a humorist, probably, as well as a good man. Instead of arresting the thief (whom he recognised) in the act and deed he was perpetrating, he would, in another way, work upon his fears through conscious guilt. Carrying out his sudden impulse, he noiselessly stepped out of his corner, following the man and his load for a little distance, and then quickly taking out the candle from his dark lantern, he stuck it into the hay, and then as quietly retreated.

The night was still, and the candle burned steadily for a moment or two; and then the flame catching some of the loose hay, the whole was in a blaze. There wanted nothing more. Without waiting to investigate the cause of the sudden illumination cast around him by his fiery burden, but attributing it to supernatural causes, the thief dropped his plunder, and ran away with all the speed he could make—fear adding wings to his flight, and peopling the empty void behind him with imaginary pursuers.

So far satisfied with his experiment, and waiting to see if any further result would follow, the farmer (after extinguishing the hitherto harmless blaze) returned to his house, and kept the adventure secret even from his own family. A day or two later, however, he was waited on by his dishonest neighbour, who, in great distress of mind, acknowledged his crime, and besought forgiveness, saying that God’s judgment had overtaken him in the act of committing it, and that fire from heaven had kindled the hay he was carrying off on his back.

The farmer’s forgiveness was soon obtained on condition that the thief would thereafter amend his doings. Whether or not he, at that time, divulged his secret, we do not know; but the story, when it gradually became known, was told in proof of the proverb already quoted—“The wicked flee when no man pursueth.”

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

- Great talkers are generally small doers.
- He who anticipates calamities suffers them twice over.
- Death is like thunder in two particulars. We are alarmed at the sound of it; and it is formidable only from that which preceded it.
- The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with ideas of himself.
- Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice.
- We cannot expect too little from man, nor too much from God.
- God in Christ, as one of old described Him, is “a sea of sweetness without a single drop of gall.”
- God views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives.
- To find God in every thing is one important means of learning to find every thing in God.

ONE GOOD FURN DESERVES ANOTHER,
AND OTHER SKETCHES.



IT was the general opinion of the inhabitants of the little village of Wexley that, search all the world over, no such boys as theirs could be found anywhere. They were second to none.

But it was not that the boys of Wexley were remarkably good and well-behaved. That was not

the meaning of the villagers; far from it. It was in reality their *bad* behaviour which earned for them notoriety and fame.

Neither, I must confess, were they far wrong in their estimate, for more mischievous, evil-disposed, and shocking boys could hardly have existed.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

One day they might be found in Farmer Twig's orchard, stripping the trees of their fruit, their scouts being posted at every point to give the note of alarm.

Another day they were vindictively pelting the ducks as they swam peacefully about in the village pond—moving targets being more to their taste than still ones.

The twilight hour, it seems, was a favourable one for smashing windows in empty houses, for giving runaway knocks and rings, and for frightening nervous passers-by with unearthly noises.

But the worst of all their mischievous pranks was their treatment of old Harper, a well-known character of the village, who, besides having a bad temper, was eccentric to a degree.

Old Harper and the boys were at daggers drawn, and waged war upon one another with blood-thirsty energy; the boys for the fun of the thing, the old man in self-defence.

It was a cruel thing to treat a well-nigh helpless old man as they did; and of all the proofs of the badness of the Wexley boys, this was one of the strongest.

For instance, could they hide away his stick, they were delighted; for without his stick the old man was completely helpless, and could scarcely budge an inch.

They were also exceedingly skilful in making ugly faces, imitating his voice and walk, and giving his coat-tails sly pulls behind.

I question, however, whether the old man's fury did not make matters worse, and whether, if he could only have kept his temper instead of using such violent language and gestures, the boys would not have got tired of their sport.

One lad in Wexley, however, kept aloof from these cruelties, and not unfrequently spoke out his mind to the authors of them. A merry-hearted lad was Tom Welshman, as sharp and playful as any, but with a heart which would not harm a fly. But above all he was a Christian lad, who had taken to heart his mother's dying request, and had chosen her Saviour to be his Saviour too.

Tom had often thought about old Harper—his loneliness and his troubles, and, to tell the truth, had prayed about him too.

"If he only knew the Lord Jesus," he used to say to himself, "he would be able to keep his temper, and the boys wouldn't worry him so."

One Sunday afternoon, after school was over, Tom was walking in the direction of the Portman Woods, when whom should he see coming towards him but old Harper? Here was an opportunity, he saw at once, of showing the old man that all the boys of Wexley were not bad and cruel.

"How do you do, Mr. Harper?" he said, cheerily, across the stile which lay between them.

But old Harper was so suspicious that, instead of answering the lad's salutation, he raised his thick stick defiantly, and with a sharp look in his eyes, said, "Drat 'em, if there ain't another o' them boys. Get off with yer, or I'll knock yer brains out!"

"It's only me, Mr. Harper. I ain't one of the boys you take me for. I'm one that don't agree with their ways."

The lad's words and tone plainly reassured the old man, for dropping his raised stick he moved towards the stile with painful slowness, saying as he walked, "Oh, them boys, them boys! They do worrit my poor old life out."

"Let me help you over the stile, Mr. Harper, you'll find it pretty hard to manage it by yourself, I guess."

"Bless the Loy," said the astonished old man, standing stock still, and with his eyes opened as wide as they could stretch. "Bless the boy, but you ain't from these 'ere parts, are you?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Harper, I'm Tom Welshman. You know Betty Welshman that died some months ago. I'm her son, you know."

And now, with Tom's help, the old man struggled over, and was landed safely on the other side.

"You're the good son of a good mother," said the old man, putting his hand upon Tom's head. "You'll get on in the world, you will. One good turn deserves another."

And now Tom goes on his way rejoicing, feeling all the better for his kind act, and wondering how he could help the poor old man in a more substantial way still. At last he said, "I've got it. I'll go in and read to him. I know he can't read."

That very day week Tom Welshman might be seen with a Bible on his knee in old Harper's room, reading of God's love to poor sinners, and Christ's willingness to save them.

"You'll come again, won't you, lad? I'd like to hear more out o' that book, I would. It's all strange, but it's very good."

Again and again did Tom read, and with such effect that he soon induced old Harper to attend the house of God, and better still, to feel an interest in his own soul, and a strong desire to be in readiness for the world beyond the grave.

Neither was it without practical results, for the bad boys of Wexley soon found that somebody had stepped in between them and their fun, for it was but rarely now that he answered their ill-treatment with threats and passionate looks; and, of course, this enjoyment stolen from them, they soon began to give up their ill-treatment, for it wasn't worth the trouble now.

Neither was Tom's conduct without effect on the lads themselves, for more than one or two of them began to feel ashamed of their wickedness and folly, and strove to be more like Tom Welshman; which, Tom seeing, he took them in hand, and helped them not a little.

As for Tom, he was heard to say, a good many years later, when a prosperous man of business, that all through life everybody seemed to be glad to do him a good turn, and to give him a lift on the way; and he felt he could trace therein the prophecy of old Harper, which he had never forgotten, that he would "get on in the world," and that "one good turn deserves another."

Rev. Charles Courtenay.

LAW AND GRACE.



THE Law came by Moses.—Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. The Law says, This do, and thou shalt live.—Grace says, Live, and then thou shalt do. The Law says, Pay me what thou owest.—Grace says, I frankly forgive thee all. The Law says, The wages of sin is death.—Grace says, The gift of God is eternal life. The Law says, The soul that sinneth it shall die.—Grace says, Whosoever believeth in Jesus, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall never die.

The Law pronounces condemnation and death.—Grace proclaims justification and life.

The Law says, Make you a new heart and a new spirit.—Grace says, A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

The Law says, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.—Grace says, Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man to whom God will not impute sin.

The Law says, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.—Grace says, Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He first loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

The Law speaks of what man must do for God.—Grace tells of what Christ has done for man.

The Law addresses man as part of the old creation.—Grace makes a man a member of the new creation.

The Law bears on a nature prone to disobedience.—Grace creates a nature inclined to obedience.

The Law demands obedience by the terrors of the Law.—Grace beseeches men by the mercies of God.

The Law demands holiness.—Grace gives holiness.

The Law says, Condemn him.—Grace says, Embrace him.

The Law speaks of priestly sacrifices offered year by year continually, which could never make the comers thereunto perfect.—Grace says, But this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, by one offering hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

The Law declares that as many as have sinned in the Law shall be judged by the Law.—Grace brings eternal peace to the troubled soul of every child of God, and proclaims God's truth in defiance of the accusations of the wicked one. He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment (condemnation); but is passed from death unto life.

SONG OF THE SOJOURNER.



PILGRIM and a stranger,
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and opprest,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

I've met with storms and danger,
E'en from my early years,
With enemies and conflicts,
With fightings and with fears.
There's nothing here that tempts me
To wish a longer stay,
So I must hasten forward,
No halting or delay.

It is a well-worn pathway—
Many have gone before:
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore,
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith;
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

Who would share Abraham's blessing
Must Abraham's path pursue,
A stranger and a pilgrim,
Like him must journey through.
The foes must be encountered,
The dangers must be passed;
Only a faithful soldier
Receives the crown at last.

So I must hasten forwards—
Thank God the end will come;
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home.
That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be:
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee.
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging,
To the sweet home of peace!

There I shall dwell for ever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children
In everlasting rest.
The pilgrim toils forgotten,
The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before!



Blessed Storm! Precious Danger!

COMING TO HIMSELF.

JOHNS NEWTON was a sad profligate—"an African blasphemer," as he used to say referring to his profanity when a trader in slaves on the Guinea coast. If any man was mad with wickedness, it was he. His career of folly, vice, and impiety shows that he was utterly beside himself.

One night, at sea, he went to bed, and was suddenly waked up by the billows breaking on board. The waves tore away the timbers; some of the sailors set to baling out the water, while others worked at the pumps. In the midst of the terror he laughed at it, and told his companions that it would serve afterwards for a subject over a glass of wine.

"No, it is too late now," said one, with tears. The madness was at its height, just as it was about to take a turn. Newton was at the pump from three in the morning till near noon.

At last he said, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us;" and then struck with his own words, he asked himself, "What mercy can there be for me?"

After a little rest he returned to steer the ship. "I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious profession, the extraordinary turns of my life, the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with, the licentious course of my conversation, particularly my unparalleled

effrontery in making the Gospel history the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the Scripture premises, there never was or could be such a sinner as myself; and then, comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first my sins were too great to be forgiven."

He was coming to himself. Blessed storm! precious danger! to have awakened in him such serious thoughts. There arose a gleam of hope; the ship was freed from water. "I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favour, and I began to pray. I could not utter the prayer of faith. I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call Him Father. My prayer was like the raven's cry, which yet the Lord did not disdain to hear." It was the beginning of a complete change—the dawn of salvation's day upon the soul of the weather-beaten mariner. Moral sanity was returning; he was coming to his reason by degrees. The dreadful tempest, the danger, the gaping gulf, and the opening hell, had brought him to his senses.

The prodigal, in the parable told by our Lord in Luke xv., ever since he had left his father's house, had been going morally mad. As he wasted his substance in riotous living, he was mad; as he spent his money upon harlots, he was mad. When he went and hired himself to the citizen in the far country, he was mad. When he would fain have filled his belly with husks, he was mad. Sensuality is madness. Intemperance is madness. The waste of noble facul-

ties on sins and trifles is madness. Avarice, as well as wild extravagance, is madness.

As slaves of vice or of intellectual pride; as worldlings, digging in the earth for happiness; as God-forgetting ones, who dream of perfect independence, we are not in our right minds. We may be sound as to some things; but as to these other things, these greatest things, these spiritual and divine things, we are not sound.

And now mark how the wandering of the prodigal from himself began. It began with wandering from his father. The mad, degrading career of the profligate commenced by his shaking off the control of home government, seeking independence. In seeking to be a king he became a slave. When we cast off God we lose ourselves. Far from Him we are beside ourselves; for He is our light, and we are dark without Him; He is our law, and we are lawless without Him; He is our guide, and we wander without Him.

The coming to oneself in this life is very different. There is in it much of painfulness, but there is in it more of mercy. The prodigal had forsaken God, but he has not been forsaken by Him; no, not even in that far land; for all the misery which has fallen on him there was indeed an expression of God's anger against sin, but at the same time of His love to the sinner. He hedges up his way with thorns that he may not find his paths. He makes his sin bitter to him that he may forsake it. In this way God pursues His fugitives, summoning them back to Himself in that only language which now they will understand. He allows the world to make its bondage hard to them, that those whom He is about to deliver may at last cry to Him by reason of their bitter bondage.

And then comes the vow, "I will arise." Why tarry any longer in thy wretchedness and thy rags, while there is promise of a Father's mercy? Why tarry in the far country, at a distance from Him, when every moment's tarrying is a moment added to thy misery? Why tarry, since to do so adds sin to sin? It is the resolve at once of faith and hope, of duty and of wisdom, "I will arise, and go to my father."

The reception of the humbled sinner is like that of the prodigal. He is clothed in the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, made partaker of the Spirit of adoption, prepared by peace of conscience and Gospel grace to walk in the ways of holiness, and feasted with Divine consolations; while the whole family of God rejoices at his being restored as a child to his Father's house, and recovered from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. His heavenly Father puts him in full possession of all the blessings of His salvation, seals him with the Spirit of adoption, comforts him beyond his largest hopes. He is encouraged and even constrained by redeeming love to walk with pleasure in the ways of holy obedience.

"Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart:
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the failing tear;
'Tis God who says—No longer mourn;
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

A BRAVE GIRL.

"H, daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.
"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"
"Mother wants to know how long it'll be
'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the waggon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, mother?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy, I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your father is coming already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur, I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber waggon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it for awhile in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out of doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-grey of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed round the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hands the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along mile after mile until some fence or other obstacle was reached where they could pile up in great drifts and wait until a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief this bright, changing spectacle from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight towards them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water she laid a large bag in each, and then getting some matches hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realised the danger, but it was a possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried too much she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached

the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half-beautiful scene. The tongues of flame leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together. For one brief glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side meeting no obstacle swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing spell-bound after it as it darted and flashed in terrible zig-zag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by-and-by colour began to return to the white face, and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, a half-hour later, her father found her fast asleep with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl! God bless her!"

From St. Nicholas.

THE EYE OF FAITH.

THE other day I took my seat in a railway carriage by the side of an old man, who, as I presently observed, was blind. Upon his asking me some questions, I fell into conversation with him, and was saddened by the story of his life, and how he became blind. His sun went down while it was yet the hey-day of boyhood with him. In the midst of his frolics when a lad, he burst into the kitchen, overturned a vessel of boiling water, and was so badly scalded that his life was despaired of. He was restored to life, but not light.

Never since, not for these sixty years, has he looked upon the green fields, or the beautiful flowers, or the starry sky. For these sixty years "the glory of the morning and of the evening" have been hidden from him. For these years he has been groping his way over the path of human life, and the world has seemed to him as dark mountains upon which his feet have often and often stumbled.

I was deeply touched by the old man's story, as well as by his countenance, which, though sad, was not altogether without a look of cheerfulness and submission. He was, alas, poor as well as blind. He was dependent on the charity of relatives little better off than himself. He was once young and healthy and hopeful. He is now old, decrepit, and dependent, and—worse than all—blind.

Was there nothing, then, that I could do for this poor blind man? Yes, there is one consolation possible to all. The name of Jesus can give peace and joy even to the most sorrowful. His grace can bind up the broken heart; I could speak to him of the Saviour. So breaking in upon the old man's sorrowful words—"Both eyes gone, both eyes gone!" I said, "But you have one eye left."

He was silent for a moment, so was I. Then he turned half toward me with a very puzzled expression of countenance and slowly replied, "One eye left! Why, what do you mean? Surely you would not make fun of me, would you? What do you mean?"

"I mean the Eye of Faith."

The effect was instantaneous and electrical. I shall never forget it. The wrinkled face became radiant with joy, though the voice was tremulous that replied, "Yes, oh yes, I have that eye left! Without that should be blind indeed. Sometimes, when all the world is dark around me, I seem to see my Saviour so clearly that all sadness and loneliness are forgotten. I think of His words 'I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'"

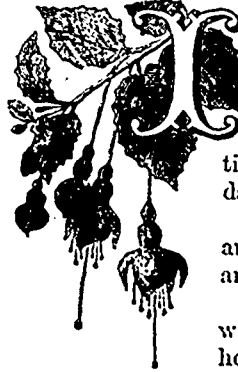
"And perhaps you can see all the better with that eye because of having no other."

"Yes, oh yes, I do believe it. Oh yes, blessed be our heavenly Father, we are not totally blind while we have that one eye left; and we can see Him all the better when we can see nothing but Him. Oh, how thankful we should be for the Eye of Faith!"

And the venerable man drew his right arm across his sightless eyes, from which the tears were flowing rapidly; but they were tears of gratitude and joy.

I heard, in his few happy words, the most conclusive of sermons on the "Evidences of Christianity." All the sneers of all the sceptics cannot have the weight of an atom with me in comparison with the old blind man's smile. All the cavils in all the writings of all the infidels do not disturb me while the trustful reverence of the old blind man's words is treasured up in my memory. Nor will I, can I, doubt our capacity to look within the veil, and to feel assured of the light and rest that remain there for the followers of our Lord, while it is given us to see with "The Eye of Faith."

GIANTS TO FIGHT.



"Wish I were a knight, and could kill some great giant," said Frank, after a long conversation with his mother on the knights of the olden time and the giant-killers of other days.

"Well, you can be, Frank, I am sure," said the lady. "There are still giants to be fought."

"Where are they, and where will I get suitable armour?" he asked.

"My son," replied his mother, "there is the giant of sloth, the giant of impatience, the giant of revenge, and many other very ugly monsters against whom you might wage unceasing warfare."

"Oh, but they are only imaginary giants, and I do not feel so anxious to engage in imaginary warfare. I want to do real fighting, mother;" and Frank gave an imaginary sword-thrust at an imaginary foe.

"Are you quite sure about the imaginary nature of your giants?" asked the mother. "It is not many days since a smaller boy than you came to his mother in anything but imaginary dread. His brother had threatened to do him grievous injury because he had meddled with some of that brother's curiosities. I thought then that Giant Revenge was anything but an imaginary being."

"I might relate an incident," continued the mother, "to prove the very serious existence of Giant Sloth, while it is only yesterday that a son of mine bid fair to be carried captive by Giant Impatience. Perhaps you happen to remember a certain boy who exclaimed quite fretfully, 'Oh, I do so hate Latin; I wish Latin had never been invented,' and the Latin grammar was shut up in a manner that added decided emphasis to the remark."

"There's another thrust at me," said Frank. "Upon my word, one would think I was the giant, mother, and that you was the giant-killer, intent upon slaying me."

"Not at all, my son; I do not wish even to wound your feelings; but you seem so desirous to become a knight and a hero, that I thought I should like to show you how easily you could enter upon a warfare in which all your bravery and martial feeling will be needed to ensure your triumph. You remember the description of the Christian's armour, 'Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.'"

"Well, I must try, mother—indeed, I must—to attack these great giants, and I remember just now the words father so often quotes: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"



NEARER.

THE lake is near—its water's sleeping
 Glassy and still and sweet;
 Or else in gentlest ripples creeping
 Upwards to lave our feet,
 Yet nearer than the blue wave's play,
 Is God's great love to us to-day.

The streams are near—as onward ever
 The torrent rushes on;
 Each moment fresh, yet staying never,
 Another, yet the same;
 But nearer still that stream Divine,
 Ready to fill your heart and mine.

The hills are near—as if they waited
 Some message to impart:
 So still and solemn, as if freighted
 With blessings to our hearts;
 Nearer, yet nearer, every hour,
 Our Saviour's presence and His power.

Wearied, then let nature teach thee,
 Thou art not left alone;
 And God's own voice through nature reach thee,
 With lessons of His own—
 Of love and tenderness and care,
 Which He hath meant it to declare.

M. F. M.

DO YOU READ THE BIBLE?

TWO Mongol Tartars came from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, that they might learn European manners. During their residence there they were asked by a German missionary to assist him in translating the New Testament into their language; and they then came every day to spend some time in his study.

When the work was finished, and the book lay on

the table, the two Tartars remained grave and silent. The pastor inquired the reason, and was rejoiced to find that they had become converts to Christianity.

"We have studied," said they, "in our own country the sacred books of the Chinese, and the more we read, the more obscure they seemed, but the more we read the Gospel, the more easy and simple we find it, till it has seemed as if Jesus Christ Himself condescended to converse with us."

How is it, then, that you who have been born and brought up in the midst of Christian civilisation find so much obscurity in the Bible? Perhaps, disdaining that which is plain, you have curiously sought out the difficult passages, and, being unable to explain them, have complained that the whole Bible is beyond your comprehension. You have thus committed a double error. First in using the Bible as if it were a book of problems intended only to flatter your vanity, and also in neglecting the more for the less important. To whom shall I compare you? You are like a man with abundance of wholesome food at hand, yet dying of hunger because he is obstinately determined to eat only extraordinary viands.

Let us remember always that the chief thing is a sincere and willing heart. Without this, that which is most clear becomes dark, and the "light of the morning," according to the expression of Job, "is turned into the shadow of death." When the heart stands in the way of the mind, covering it with a thick veil, that it may give itself up securely to its own evil passions, there is no longer anything plain in the Bible. A diseased eye closes itself to the rays of the sun, and would rather see nothing than be hurt by the light of day. Is it that the sun is darkened? No, it is the eye which is at fault. Do you desire to penetrate into the true meaning of the Bible? Ask God to make you love it, and incline your heart to obey it. Then you will understand it, and as you understand it you will love it more and more.

In reviewing your objections, not one will bear a serious examination. You would not have courage to defend them before your own conscience when it is calm and unprejudiced. You would not mention them on your dying bed, for in the face of death you would have some regard for the truth. You could not repeat them before the sovereign Judge; for God, who never lies, will not permit a lie in His presence.

Oh, my fellow-pilgrims on earth, I entreat you all, do not flatter yourselves any longer with these vain subtleties. Read the Scriptures; read them regularly, for they are they which testify of Christ. Whether you read the Bible or not, it will still be what it is, the infallible Word of God.

Whether you acquaint yourselves or not with the truths it reveals, it is this Word which will judge you at the last day. You can, if you are so determined, forget the Bible, but you cannot destroy it. You can turn a deaf ear to it when it cries, Be converted, or you will perish! but you cannot, if not converted, escape the terrible punishment which it denounces. Here blessing and cursing, life and death, are put before you; and God, in His infinite compassion, gives you time to choose.