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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

VOL. X.—No. 9. }

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 117.



HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

Our Out-Door Praise Meetings.



PRAISE YE THE LORD. This is an often repeated request in the ending of the Book of Psalms. We have been trying to fulfil the injunction not only in the regular Tabernacle services, but supported by our deacons and congregation, after the Sabbath evening services we have held out-door praise meetings. Evidently, Our Father in Heaven approves. Having had some experience in conducting out-door meetings in Oxford and London, England, we feel free to confess, nowhere, or at any time elsewhere, have we observed more reverential attention, and such manifest interested appreciation as in our Halifax out-door congregation. It is a remarkable congregation, a gathering of the people from various points, strollers, and others soon rally around the singers and join in the Songs of Zion, until the street is filled, besides the collecting of the people within the fence on the private property of a gentleman who kindly said, "come in and welcome." It is remarkable how kindly attentive the people are, scarcely a movement until the last song has died in the even-tide echo. This orderliness is all the more notable from the fact that the meeting does not close till the half-past nine gun fires and the darkness

under the tree shade, prevents seeing or being seen, save where a solitary lantern is held, to enable the leader, Mr. Covey, to catch the words. No part of the service is more impressive or inspiring than when the pastor in closing asks all to sing the doxology, every hat is raised, and the grand old hundredth swells out from the sweet unison of hundreds of cheerful singers, filling the otherwise even-tide stillness with the strain of true thanksgiving. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Who can doubt the result. Let us pray, that these gospel song services may be to the glory of God in the highest, and bring to men peace and good will.

No paper discontinued unless so requested by the subscriber, and all arrearages paid, unless satisfied it is a case for Christian charity.

Study Table and Review Notes.

We have received from E. B. Treat, 757 Broadway, N. Y., several new books. Having been away on vacation we have not had time or opportunity to do much more than break the parcel, but the title of one, "The Devil in History; or, the foot prints of Satan," was too much even for hurried curiosity, and we had to pause to examine at least the table of contents. It reveals a rich store of facts and figures, showing the serpent's trail across the page of this world's history. The blight and sorrow of the sin curse in the affairs and business of daily life. We would call our readers attention to the full page advertisement we publish in this month's BUDS AND BLOSSOMS of works issued by this enterprising house. On application, they will send a fuller catalogue.

From the office of the *Practical Christian*, Cohen & Co. Pub., London, Eng. We have received "The Peoples Hand-book of Human Nature, or Self Instructor in Phrenology." Also a book on "Noses and Sweethearts, and how to read their character." As far as time has allowed to examine we can say, they are wholesome reading, and of each vol. it may be said, "there is something in it." It takes a long time to find out one's own faults and weakness. Much time and pain can often be saved by reading the guide books written by others, and learning from their observations and experiences.

The editor of "The Missionary Review" in his magazine, writes, BUDS AND BLOSSOMS is a pure and wholesome monthly deserving the widest circulation. Friend, will you aid? If so we will send to any likely name you may send to us a specimen copy and send you copies to lend to friends if you will pass them on, and not let them stay too long in one place.

Tabernacle Flower Mission.



THE Floral Band at Wolfville have continued to send supplies of flowers. In true christian unselfishness, doubtless with some pangs of feeling, many a cherished flower is plucked and given to cheer the weariness and dreariness of some poor sufferer. The doctor met one of the floral band last week and said, "it is kind of

you to bring these weekly supplies of flowers. I know the patients appreciate them. I often notice them gazing at their flowers when they seem to notice naught else." To those in health, doubtless a flower may seem a trifle, especially when and where one can walk abroad and pluck them at will. But we know by experience their sweetness and beauty is intensified and magnified when left by loving hands in the prison chamber of affliction. Under such circumstances there are few saints or sinners who fail to value a flower. During the month we received a letter which illustrates. Mrs. L. J. Walker writes, "enclosed find \$2.00 to help you in your flower mission work; I want to send a flower to some sick one. During the illness of my dear and only daughter, now gone home, where everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers, I learned how the sick enjoy a flower, by observing how gladly and eagerly my own dear child showed her pleasure and appreciation of the flowers left for and brought to her by loving friends." We would here state we seldom go to the Hospital without noticing a change in some of the beds. Some with a cheerful face say, "I am getting better. Doctor says I can go home next week." But on many faces can be traced the lines of anxious hopeless pain. They come to die. We never enquire their religion, but make a practice by a few cheering words to preach "Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life" to all.

We appreciate the thoughtful kindness of the sister above who sent the \$2.00 for this work, we have need of means, and often sigh because we lack, especially when we visit the poor-house. In the old peoples' and invalids wards there are so many to whom we could take, had we a fuller purse, many a needed and deserved comfort. Even a few candies they receive with all the gladness of second childhood. A piece of cake hardly large enough to feed a robin will bring forth a shower of thankfulness.

Beware of the Serpent, or Temperance Notes.

We have taken these notes from a sermon by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, Eng. The extract was first copied from his own MS. for publication in an English magazine. It is part of one of his regular morning sermons, and was preached at Myrtle Street, Liverpool, 1852. We give it the above heading, and feel it is too good and pungent to be lost sight of. Speaking of the wine cup and drunkenness he said:

"Perhaps there are few sins against which a special warning could be more appropriately sounded. Unhappily it has, in innumerable instances, disgraced professors of Christianity; it is the most common

cause of the exercise of Christian discipline and exclusion from Christian communion; it has been the ruin of many a promising minister of the Gospel; and it is to be feared that, in various degrees of excess, it secretly exists in quarters where it is least expected. Of the physical wretchedness, the moral degradation, of the absolute ruin which follow in the train of intemperance, I need not speak at length. It is the nurse of indolence, the parent of crime, the henchman of death, and the purveyor for the grave. Surrounding itself with the charm of wit and the fascinations of joviality, it draws the unwary within its whirling eddy, and in comparatively few instances the victims of its dreadful power escapes the vortex of its desolating horrors. Meanwhile it debases those whom it is about to destroy. Prudence and economy, diligence and prosperity, conscientiousness and generosity wither in its sight. It poisons the cup of domestic happiness, and character, property, friends, and family are, without scruple and without remorse, sacrificed by the maddened votary at its shrine.

It is a sin which has pervaded and unhappily still pervades all ranks of society. It finds a standing alike in the crowded city and the most secluded rural hamlet; it betrays not only the most savage "boor" and the polished scholar are equally liable to its domination; it numbers its slaves not by hundreds but hundreds of thousands. Even in the limited population of the British Isles, every year it consigns myriads to a premature grave, making wives widows, and children orphans, and although this is a large assembly I do not hesitate to say that there is scarcely an adult person, indeed scarcely a child in this congregation, who, in the range of his own intimate connection of the present or the past generation has not seen, and perhaps indirectly felt, the results of this fearful and self-inflicting scourge. Of this sin, as of the great plague of Egypt, it may be said that it is so general that there is not a house where it has not left one dead. In addition to all those horrors and desolations with which this sin covers the earth, there is yet another and a darker scene which I pray God may ever be hidden from our view. How often in the last hour the victim of intemperance may, through grace, look unto Christ, and like the dying thief be pardoned and accepted we cannot tell; for him, as for others, there is mercy and plenteous redemption, but still it is written, as in characters of fire, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

Unhappily, then, the desolation and the misery which are the visible effects of this vice are but the awful types and portentous shadows of a ruin still more to be deplored, and that shattered, shrivelled, sunken frame, the ghost of what it was, that, like a haggard spectre, lurks about those haunts of pestilence and death, is but the emblem of a soul lost and destroyed!

A GOOD THOUGHT

FOR SAINT AND SINNER.

"Thou God seest me, always and everywhere."

Missionary Jottings, or Work for Jesus.

A little company of Telugus was asked how many missionaries they wanted the Christians of America to send. The answer was, "Send a thousand."

The value of kid gloves imported into New York every year is said to be ten times as much as is given by all the societies in America for Foreign Missions.

LITERARY RESULTS.—In the past 80 years missionaries have fanned and reduced to writing over 40 languages. A grander and greater work than all the literary societies and institutions of the earth ever performed.

It is the duty of every christian to tell to sinners around, what a dear Saviour he has found. Both purse and person should be fully consecrated to Christ's service. Who amongst us can say my contribution is fully equal to my ability? Do we sing, "were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small. Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all." The question practically is, are we doing our best? To withhold from God, involves fearful responsibilities. Who would be a miser? It has been said, "a small thing next to nothing is the marrow of a gnat's bone, but an infinitely smaller thing than that, is a miser's conscience." From small sculness let us pray, "good Lord deliver us, unless our religious feeling goes pocket deep, our professions of love and zeal for God are as sounding brass. Arnold Thomas puts the question thus: "Shall I come to His table and take the sacramental bread and say, 'It is His body, broken for me,' and then proceed to say, 'But as for Him, the crumbs which fall from my table—the odd shillings or sovereigns that can be spared, the things that are left after my own needs, present or future, have been met,—these, these, shall be payment for Gethsemane, and requital for the cross.'" The question is not: What will be easy? but it is: What are we bound to do, by honor, and duty, and love? The calls for men and means were never more urgent, or the possibilities for gracious and glorious results. The field is the world, go work, and surely there is scope and opportunity large enough for the most ambitious. Steam-power and the telegraph systems of the world are preparing the gospel-way, so that he who would go, can go quickly. The day of service is wonderfully lengthened thereby. Woe be unto us if we preach not the gospel. If we work not to-day in the great harvest field of life, we shall suffer loss. It is foolishness to plead, "I will to-morrow, that I will, I will be sure to do it. To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes, and still thou art to do it. And thus the day of service is deferred from one day to another, until the day of death is one and judgment is the other.

Sensible Nonsense.

A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce in both places.

Everything in life has a right and a wrong side. You may take any joy, and, by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you can find the greatest trouble, and turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once.

A luxurious church that is not ready to receive membership from any quarter of the population is a social preserve, and not a church.

If the Church will not christianize the world, and lead it to God, the world will sinnerize the Church and lead it to the devil.

A little child, becoming wearied with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn."

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you," said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to make up is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

Dr. Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gentleman that ever lectured to r schievous boys. On one occasion when he entered his lecture-room he found the class all seated with most unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischiev was the cause, and it was apparent that they were preparing for a burst of laughter as the aged doctor waddled along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old he-goat bolt upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed at their fun, for instead of getting angry, and storming at them, he mildly remarked: "Ah! young gentlemen, quite republican, I see, in your tendencies; fond of a representative government!—elevated one of your own members to the chair—ha! well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Good-bye, don't feel sheepish about it!" and away he went, without leaving a smile behind him.

N.B.—May we not ask each reader to secure one new subscriber, and send us the subscription? This would greatly widen our circle of readers, and be a most helpful service.



Now is THE TIME TO BEGIN FOR 1887.—Will our friends canvass for new subscribers? We can supply back numbers from Jan. 1886. We like to do this, as it makes subscriptions fall due at the commencement of the year, and the more the back numbers are scattered is our finance helped. We ask the prayers of all for right guidance and success in this our work for Jesus. Also that many souls may be won for Christ, by our efforts through the pulpit and press. We will sell back numbers at a special rate for free distribution.

The cut of Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal of Westminster, is intended to remind our readers that Romanism is not slumbering, and that apparent friends may prove our worst foes. Henry E. Manning was born July 15, 1808. Entered the ministry of the Church of England 1834, and with Dr. Pusey, did much to indoctrinate that church with ritualistic ideas and Romanish tendencies, and from their earnest seed sowing has grown the High Churchism of to-day. All who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, do well to beware of the smoothness and sophistry of such teachers. He joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1851.

Home Circle.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—This is joyous service, and far-reaching in its influence. The cash income up to date is below our reasonable expectation. It is a little vexatious to have no response from those who owe and could pay if they would. Sometimes we think compulsion to such would be a God-honoring process. But **BUDS AND BLOSSOMS** would soon lose their beauty in the heat of battle, and we plant and water trusting in God, sometime, it may be soon, to send a fruitful harvest. Conscious from letters and kind words received that in our magazine we are doing service for Christ, we are more than ever determined to push the circulation, and we ask the aid of our friends. We will send them copies to loan to this end, knowing if this be done and a kind word spoken, our list will grow. We aim not to be dogmatic and denominational, but first, and above all, to work and fight against sin, to write pure and elevating words and thoughts for old and young. Whilst we give **BUDS** and illustrations for childhood, it is also our endeavor to so make them **BLOSSOM** that those of riper years, and it may be of more fruitful experiences, will find something to profit withal in the careful perusal of **BUDS AND BLOSSOMS**. We solicit the prayers and co-operation of those who love Christ in this work. It will be noted we give thousands of copies away. Did not faith sustain and hope encourage us to expect help of the Lord and His people, we had not continued until to-day, and to-day should be afraid for to-morrow. But hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and although now the balances may seem to be against us, and our own means are called upon, in God we trust.

The following, in paying for B. and B., sent one dollar. We credit 25c. to our free list: Maggie F. Taylor, James Lawson, Mrs. W. Murray.

Personal Kindness.—Received from Deacon W. Davies, a box of Soap.

OUR HOME MISSION WORK.—Our sister A. M. C. has printed and distributed 3,000 leaflets. Distributed other 4,100 pages of papers, magazines, tracts, etc., in connection with the Flower Mission work and among the Cotton Factory operatives. Papers have been received from the far-off places; still our demand goes beyond the supply. At the Poor-house we can get rid of some 300 copies weekly; they care not how old, if good and interesting reading. Mr. Templeton sent from Manitoba; Miss N. Stewart, Master Mehan, Miss S. L. Knowles, and one parcel with no name, all from the United States; Cards from Floral Band, Mr. Raymond, Miss Spry, Miss Jackson, Lavinia Arnold, Florence Hubley, Mrs. Capt. Harding, N. S. Besides, there have been sent out 290 free copies of B. and B., equal to 11,600 pages. *Total pages sent out this month, 18,791.*

FLOWER MISSION.—Flowers have been received from Mrs. Tully, Misses Jackson, Miss Barnstead, Minnie Rhume, Mrs. Looner, Mrs. DeYoung, Mr. Henry Holloway, Mrs. C. Hubley, Miss Spry, Mrs. T. A. Covey, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. R. B. Fraser, Mrs. Dickey, Miss Bell, Mrs. Blakney, Miss Auld, Miss Smith, Mrs. Keddy, Mrs. Thomas Bouthier. Total bunches distributed in the Hospitals and Poor-house, 604.

How is Missionary Dolly?—To our enquiring friend we would say, if anything improving, although for quiet honest work she has proved herself almost everything desired, seeming almost to realize the dignity and importance of her mission. Evidently Dolly came to our service at an opportune time. Without her our Flower Mission work this summer could not have been accomplished. The good deacon's horse who did no small amount of work in various ways, and always stood ready to help the Floral Band, hurt her foot and had to be counted out this summer. Another team is missing because the good sister is visiting in England. So Dolly has stood in the gap. Often we wish for others to help. We can only take three, and several who would willingly go cannot, because of the distance, and the toil is longer and testing to those who go the same afternoon, first to the Military, then the City Hospital, and afterward to the Poor-house. To the query, Does it pay you to keep a pony? we would say, it depends how you reckon profit and loss. It does certainly take faith, and often our income to meet the extra expenditures privately incurred in connection with the press and other mission work. If we walked by sight, and strictly claimed what some call their own, we should call a halt. But the question has often come to us:

Men of the world, in hope of worldly gain, for worldly pleasure and self-easement, keep a horse; why cannot you trust in God and do so? It would enable you to get more physical rest and more rapidly to overtake the many demands. The conclusion of the matter was simple, when, after building the barn, the pony came and claimed a home. We feed and expect to be fed, and that in some way or other the Lord will provide—not only hay for the present, but a sleigh for the winter. We do not pretend to the mysterious; but having faith we toil, if in vain, and expect in some way or other there will be no lack. We cannot perhaps tell our friends all they would like to know about how we do it. Nevertheless, honestly we can say it is service as unto the Lord.

CLEARING LOT AND BUILDING FUND.—It is said one could with drops the ocean fill, if they only had enough; true. Sometimes when in and of ourselves as a people we make calculation as to cost, the building enterprise in addition to clearing the lot, looks a long and disquieting task. Then again faith says, keep at it; your work has a claim; God hears prayer and rewards effort. He can and will raise up some one worthy and large-hearted for the work. It was encouraging to hear one of our noble home missionaries say at Convention; it is a good work, Bro. Avery; I have a few bricks for that building. *Monies received:* Paid to Pastor—Mrs. Horton, 15c.; Miss McNeil, \$3; Mr. Benj. & E. Hubley, \$10; Mrs. Corkum, \$2; May Mason, \$1.75; Mrs. Jas. Meadows, \$1.25; John Wilks, "For the Lord," \$1. From S. School Class, Miss Campbell's, \$5 for a lot.

WEEKLY DONATIONS PER ENVELOPES.—Mrs. Avery, \$4; Chambers Blakley, \$2.50; C. S. Blakley, \$2; Benj. Byers, \$5; Mrs. E. Barnstead, \$1.25; Miss Jane Blakley, 60c.; Miss Ruth Blakley, \$1; Miss Norah Brightman, 25c.; Miss M. Campbell, 25c.; George Crockford, \$2; Miss A. Collishaw, \$1; Wm. Davies, \$10; Mrs. C. Dickey, 75c.; Wm. Francis, \$3.75; J. K. Hubley, \$2; C. Hubley, Jr., \$2; Miss A. Hubley, \$1; T. A. Hubley, \$2.50; J. M. Hopkins, \$3.80; W. J. Hubley, \$1; Miss LeBrocq, 30c.; J. Manuel, \$1; Wm. Myers, \$2.50; Mrs. McPhee, \$1.25; Miss Minnie McEachern, 50c.; James McEachern, \$1.25; John McEachern, \$2; Wm. Nodwell, \$2.50; Mrs. Otts, \$1; Wm. Peddle, \$1; T. Spry, Jr., \$1; Miss Teas, 50c.; J. R. Roome, \$1. Total, \$65.45.

P. S.—Treasurer received cash, but Secretary lost two of the slips of names and could not give the printer a correct list. If notified, will correct next issue. T. A. HUBLEY.

Omitted last month: Wm. Myers, \$2.50; Mr. Oxner, \$1. Total, \$3.50.

OUR S. School and Congregational Pic-nic was a time of tiring but hallowed enjoyment. We began and ended the day with a doxology. For after several days of storm and rain the weather cleared and we had a day perfect in every respect, so clear—and everything so bright and sweet, all nature's carpet of green had been washed, and like an emerald shone in the sunshine. All seemed to catch the spirit of gladness and good nature. The only fly in the ointment of the day's perfect pleasure was the fact that our Superintendent who for many years never missed being at the S. S. Pic-nic was detained at home through sickness. We heartily thank our many friends for kindly co-operation. Above all the goodness of God claims recognition. This was the 13th Annual Pic-nic. We have always been specially favoured with a fine day and freedom from accident.

FADED LEAVES.

A mother writes, one year ago my little Maggie, then 5 years old, got me to send for **BUDS AND BLOSSOMS**, and anxiously waited for it every month, God took her home May 25th, 1886. Still send for her brothers; they enjoy it much.

During the month two large-hearted and noble men have fallen in the foreign field; battling for the Lord, they counted not their lives dear. Many of our readers were acquainted with these brethren, Rev. Mr. Currie, and Rev. George We would say, brethren pray that their widows and little ones may receive much grace and consolation from the God and Father of all in Christ.

"There is a reaper whose name is death, and with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at breath, and the flowers that grow between."

Say, are you ready for the harvest, the accounting time of life? What will the harvest be?

HOW BOB & HIS PARTNER PULLED THROUGH,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.

Who is Bob Parkins? Ask anybody in the village of Clifstone-by-the-Sea, and you will soon get an answer. We have climbed up this narrow street running right away from the shore to the white cliffs, and have just breath enough left to call to that little girl in the big, old fashioned sun-bonnet, who has watched us all the way up.

"Do you know where Bob Parkins lives?"

general favourite, and has evidently won the hearts of the young folks. We wend our way by the path along the cliff towards the white, trim cottage where the flag is flying so gaily in the south-westerly breeze.

It is still morning, and the fishing vessels have all been beached these four hours, so that there is a chance of catching this worthy fellow at home. We



"Yes, sir; if you please it's the white house with the flag a-flying yonder."

"Do you know him?"

"Ay, sir, there isn't any one as doesn't know him in Clifstone. Sometimes he gives us children ever such a nice sail in one of his boats—he is such a good un."

The eyes of the little lass sparkle at the recollection of her last voyage, and it is quite clear that Bob is a

open the wicket gate of his trim garden, with its big hollyhocks waving about in the wind, and the bright red geraniums growing in neat green boxes on the window-ledges. A strong, manly voice hails us from the wood pile at the side of the cottage, and Bob, touching his hat respectfully, stands before us.

He is a big fellow, and not at all bad-looking; his face bronzed with many a strong wind and glittering

wave; his sleeves rolled up, showing a famous pair of muscular arms, well knit and strengthened by constant pulling at the oars.

"It's nicely in the shade here, sir, and I'm not so busy but that I might enjoy a bit of chat with you if you could sit down a minute."

"Thank you, Bob; it is very warm walking, and a rest will be grateful. But to tell the truth we should like to know what that means carved with a knife in the stone by the door: 'Praise God, we pulled through.'"

"Ay, it's a long story, and Jim ought to be here to do his bit of it, for he's as much to thank God for as I have, every whit."

"Was it a bad storm which you met at sea, and God helped you through it?"

"Well no, it warn't at sea, and neither was it a matter of wind and wave; but it took place yonder down by the beach, and was a pretty stiff storm, I can tell you."

"Indeed, the story must be worth the telling; let us hear it, Bob."

The fisherman laid down the axe with which he had been splitting some old timbers for firewood, and glancing up at the flag which floated several feet above our heads, he began:—

"That flag as you see up there didn't always fly over my house; there was a time when there warn't much to fly a flag about, indoors—that is, much happiness and comfort. It was all my fault, for my poor wife she did everything she could to keep me straight, and many a time when I've come home up that street yonder, having spent most of my money and muddled all of my wits at the 'Outward Bound,' she has met me with a kind and gentle word—no nagging or anything of that sort from her. P'raps it was quite as well, nay, it must be all right since He did it, but it pleased God to take her away from me, and I felt the blow awful, that I can assure ye.

"Just about that time when I was very down, and cared even nothing for the public-house, so low and dispirited I felt, a kind gentleman as preached at the Fishermen's Chapel found me out, and 'Stop,' he says, laying his hands on my arm; 'Bob, now's the time, lad, to give your heart to God, and begin a new life.'

"'It's very kind of you,' I said; 'but if only you knew what a lot of fellows I have to deal with, and how they would persecute me if I turned religious, you would not press me, sir.'

"'Nay Bob,' he says, 'that's just it; make a fair stand, lad, and God will give you grace to overcome.'

"Well, he read to me out of the Testament about taking up my cross and suffering for Jesus, and then leaving me a tract, he went away. I just went upstairs to the old room where my poor dear died, and going on my knees by the bed, I cried out from the very bottom of my heart, 'O Lord, if Thou hast mercy for such a wretch as me, save my soul!'

"But the blessing didn't come then, nor for some time after. Perhaps I didn't trust Jesus enough: anyhow, it was two days before the burden rolled off my heart, and I could say, 'My Jesus is my

Saviour, and I am His servant, saved by His precious blood.' Of course my mates soon found it out,—I wasn't the man to keep it from them; and Jim, that's my partner, asked me, on board one night when the fishing nets were waiting in the water, what had made the difference. I told him, and preached Christ to him there and then—a very poor sermon, I fancy, but it sent him to his old Bible, and then to his loving Lord and Saviour. And so we two had started pretty much together in the good way.

"But it wasn't all plain easy sailing for all that. There was the landlord of the 'Outward Bound' who had his say, and did his best to set all the fellows against us; and then the men who worked in one set, and were always ready to lend a hand when wanted, would have nothing to do with us. Somehow or other, too, the fish fell off, and we had some very bad catches, hardly enough to pay for the trouble and the risk we ran with our nets. And now and then things went so bad with us that it was hard work to keep the wolf from the door, and we really thought we should have to part with one of our boats.

"'I knew no good 'ud come of it, Bob; why don't you chuck it up and go with us again.'

"'Nay, Reuben, I'm on the Lord's side now, and there's no drawing back for me. It doesn't much matter, after all, for if things are dark and cloudy outside, my heart's bright enough, anyhow.'

"Well, they wouldn't let us be, and what with hard times, rough words, and cold looks, we had a struggle, Jim and me, to keep our heads above water. But the Lord helped us; and to cut a long story short, we have won the battle by His grace, and can now say that there isn't a fellow in Clifstone as wouldn't help us all he could, and we are not wanting friends."

"So we should imagine, Bob, for everybody speaks well of you in the village, and we are glad to know that you give the praise to God."

"Yes, to His name be all the glory; and whenever a stranger like yourself comes up to that gate, and sees that bit of a memorial stone as we have put up among the marigolds yonder, it pleases Jim and me to tell all about it, and urge people to try for themselves if Christianity isn't a blessed thing."

When we got up to go, and pressed Bob's hand, we looked into the face of this disciple of the Lord, who had found Christ precious to him in many difficulties, and was trying faithfully to serve Him; and seeing his faith and simplicity, we thanked God and took courage. We walked down to the shore again, and sat by an old boat, and could not help thinking, as we gazed at the waves glittering in the sunshine, and saw the men mending their nets on the shingle, of another shore eighteen hundred years ago where One stood and called His poor, hard-working friends to be His disciples.

And we believe that He has stood on this Clifstone beach among these fisherman, too, touching the heart of Bob, and Jim his mate, and through them not a few of the rough, brave fellows who man the ships. God bless those dear strong faithful disciples, and grant that all who read this story may be the happier and better for knowing how Bob and his partner pulled

THE BIBLE.

No fragment of an army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes and so swept by storms. And yet it stands.

It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance, and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame; and iron Rome of the Cæsars has long since ceased to boast. And yet the Book that foretells all this still survives.

While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions, have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honoured and more abused, than any other book the world ever saw.

The Bible survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet is borne along till the mystic angel shall plant His foot upon the sea and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no longer.

H. N. Lane.

YOUNG BUNYAN.

THERE has been some needless controversy regarding Bunyan's early days. Some have too readily taken for granted that he was in all respects a reprobate; and others have shown that there was little in the lad which any would censure, save the righteous overmuch. The truth is, that considering his rank of life, his conduct was not notorious; for he never was a drunkard, a libertine, or a lover of sanguinary sports; and the profanity and Sabbath-breaking and heart-atheism which afterwards preyed on his awakened conscience, are unhappily too frequent to make the perpetrator conspicuous.

The thing which gave Bunyan any notoriety in the days of his ungodliness, and which made him afterwards appear to himself such a monster of iniquity, was the energy which he put into all his doings. He had a zeal for idle play, and an enthusiasm in mischief, which were the perverse manifestations of a forceful character, and which may have well entitled him to the epithet—"a blackguard."

The reader need not go far to see young Bunyan. Perhaps there is near your dwelling an Elstow—a quiet hamlet of some fifty houses sprinkled about in the picturesque confusion, and with the easy freedom of space which gives an old English village its look of

leisure and comfort. And it is now verging to the close of the summer's day. The days are taking short excursions from the steeple, and tamer fowls have gone home from the darkening and dewy green. But old Bunyan's donkey is still browsing there, and yonder is old Bunyan's self—the brawny tramper dispreed on the settle, retailing to the more clownish residents tap-room wit and roadside news.

However, it is young Bunyan you wish to see. Yonder he is, the noisiest of the party, playing pitch-and-toss—that one with the shaggy eyebrows, whose entire soul is ascending in the twirling penny—grim enough to be the blacksmith's apprentice, but his singed garments hanging round him with a lank and idle freedom which scorns indentures; his energetic movements and loud cries at once bespeaking the ragamuffin ringleader. The penny has come down with the wrong side uppermost, and the loud execration at once betrays young Badman. You have only to remember that it is Sabbath evening, and you witness a scene often enacted on Elstow Green two hundred years ago. *Dr. James Hamilton.*

ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

ALMOST persuaded a Christian to be!
 Almost persuaded a danger to flee!
 Almost persuaded a prize to obtain!
 Almost persuaded a victory to gain.

Almost persuaded that Saviour to love
 Who left His bright home in the regions above,
 And came down to earth to bleed and to die,
 To ransom thee, bless thee, and raise thee on high!

Almost persuaded, when sunk in the wave,
 To cling unto Him who is mighty to save;
 Almost persuaded, when danger is near,
 To seek a sure refuge—to triumph o'er fear!

Almost persuaded, when sick and when faint,
 A Physician to seek who can heal thy complaint;
 Almost persuaded, when storms rage around,
 Your frail barque to anchor where safety is found!

Almost persuaded, when deeply distressed,
 To go unto One who alone can give rest;
 And when rearing a mansion for ever to stand,
 To build upon rock, and not upon sand!

Is it almost persuaded, I still hear you say?
 Oh! come altogether, and do not delay;
 The voice of our Saviour is calling to thee,
 "Come, heavily laden one, come unto Me."

'Tis Jesus alone who can give thee true rest—
 Oh! come at His call, and thou shalt be blest;
 He'll gently conduct thee with care and with love,
 Through storm and through sunshine, to mansions above.



Bless
the Lord, O
O my soul, O
ard my God, Thou
art very great; Thou
art clothed with honour
and majest. Who coverest
thyself with light as with a gar-
ment: who stretchest out the heavens
like a curtain. . . He wateheth the hills from
His chambers the earth is satisfied
with the fruit of Thy works He
causeth the grass to grow for
the cattle, and herb for the
service of man: that
He may bring forth
food out of the
earth.
Psa. cxv
1, 2, 3,
11

From the painting by Yeat Cot. R. 4.

Summer Rain.

WIDOW FAITHFUL.

WIDOW FAITHFUL was not her name, but one which she had won for herself by her simple faith and hope amidst her own trials, and her usual way of giving comfort to others. In humble circumstances, with very little more education than that which she had derived from the Bible, and quite contented with her "crust and Christ," as she used to say, she was a light shining in a dark place, and exercised an influence which those far higher in the social scale failed to exert.

When I first saw her she was more than three score years and ten, and had been a widow more than twenty years. She entered our church one morning, and took her place in one of the free seats. She was simply, I might almost say scantily, dressed, but there was that in her face and bearing which told of brighter days, and gave to her decent poverty a richness which, in my eyes at least, threw into the shade the silks and satins of some other worshippers. With eyes occasionally lifted towards heaven, with hands clasped in silent supplication, with knees, though so feeble, bent in prayer, and with a face so serene, patient, and hopeful, she was not soon to be forgotten.

My first interview with her was under very solemn circumstances. The cholera was raging amongst us, and mowing down young and old like grass. One of our most active helpers in the church went one morning to his office in blooming health; at noon he was brought home to the dear young wife, to whom he had only been married a few months, apparently stricken for death. Hurrying to his house, I heard cries of mourning which seemed to tell that all was over, and that bereaved ones were weeping their passionate but fruitless tears.

On entering the parlour a strange sight presented itself. Widow Faithful, with her venerable grey hair breaking loose from her widow's cap, with tears flowing down the furrows of her aged cheeks—flowing so plentifully that they seemed to have an exhaustless spring of pity behind them—was rocking the young wife on her bosom as if she had been an infant, and her soothing song continually was this, "Wait, wait,

my dear; have patience. The Lord knows best, and so you must hope the best. You do not know what He will do yet; but He understands all about it; and the doctor, you know, may for once be mistaken. Pray, pray a little, there's a dear, and leave all to Him who loves you far better than even you do your husband—leave all to Him."

The young wife found in her motherly sympathy, and in the faith which her visit tended to strengthen, a source of comfort inexpressibly powerful, while her husband lay between life and death. He was mercifully spared, and to the day of her death there was no one whose presence was more welcome in his house than that of Widow Faithful.

For twenty years of her married life she had never known an anxious care. Her husband was doing well, and her three children were well put out in life. In one year, however, never to be forgotten, a cloud of trouble fell upon her and all belonging to her. Her husband's business affairs became involved; a smaller house had to be taken, and almost a new life to be begun.

This was nothing, comparatively speaking when set by the side of other troubles, which all thickened and lowered at the same time. Her eldest daughter, who had married well, and who was the very delight of her eyes, sickened and died after a few days' illness. Her second child, a son, went out to India, and fell into dissolute ways; then he, too, died, leaving his wife and two children utterly unprovided for. His death added the last drop to the father's cup of sorrow, which



"Wait, my dear; have patience."

was already overflowing; and in sheer weariness of life he took to his bed and died.

With quiet fortitude the widow nerved herself to discharge the duties now devolving upon her. She sold everything she had, to clear her husband's good name; and having so done, found herself with an annual income almost too small to be mentioned. To her grandchildren she became a second mother, and helped them into positions in which they could earn their own living, though her means were so scanty. Her third and only remaining child was a physician in good practice, and, much against her will, he insisted upon her receiving an annuity which would place her not only above want, but in a position of

comfort. The simplest and most unlettered woman in the world, so far as book learning is concerned, had one of the cleverest, but, alas! the most reckless of sons. In his profession there was scarcely his equal; but he went wrong, lost his character, lost his practice, lost his money, lost his position in society, and sank into an early grave.

I saw her on the day of his death—for it was my painful task to break the news to her. When she heard it, she bowed her head in silence, clasped her hands in prayer, and not until she said, in a smothered whisper, "Where is the poor boy now?" did her tears begin to fall. She was thankful for all sympathy extended towards her; but it was easy to see that she had a higher source of comfort than any human heart could open up.

It was after she had experienced these troubles that Widow Faithful found a retreat in our neighbourhood. It was dear to her as having been the place of her youth, and she came back to end her days in it. Her wants were very simple, and out of her slender means she was enabled now and then to bestow a trifle on those poorer than herself. At last her own little income failed her, through the dishonesty of the solicitor who had the management of her affairs. I saw her on the morning when the fact was made known to her, and she reminded me of her first appearance at church. She uttered no word of complaint; she did not view the future with the slightest anxiety. She was quiet, trustful, hopeful. When she did speak, it was to say, in subdued tones, "He knows all about it; I cannot understand it, but my heavenly Father does, and what I know not now I shall know hereafter, if it will make heaven the brighter and happier; may He give me grace to hold out to the end!"

I took measures at once to secure her declining days from want. There were many who loved and esteemed her; and within a week or two a few generous souls, who believed her to be more valuable to the neighbourhood than scores who were more actively engaged, subscribed enough to give her a larger income than she had enjoyed for years. She received the gift gratefully, yet not as from the hand of man, but from that of her heavenly Father. She did not live long after this; but to the last she was a "living epistle," the comforter of those in distress, the strengthener of those whose faith was weak. From the deep well of a long experience of God's goodness she taught, day by day, lessons which, perhaps, the most gifted would have failed in imparting.

When she died, in sure and certain hope of the world beyond this, it is simply the truth to say that the church with which she was connected, and many in the neighbourhood, felt that they had lost a friend. Rich and poor stood around the grave, sorrowing most of all that they should see her quiet face no more. The great lesson of her life was felt to be this: Have faith in God; not only when things are all going smoothly, but in the darkest days and stormiest weather. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.



A Saxon nobleman in his last illness sent for a clergyman and addressed him thus: "I feel very ill, my good sir, and fear I must make up my mind to die, and so I wish very much that you would

discourse with me on religious topics; but to prevent you having unnecessary trouble, I may as well forewarn you that I will not listen to anything about Jesus Christ, for I do not believe in Him."

"I regret it," replied the clergyman; "but it is well that you have set out with that declaration, as otherwise He would have assuredly been the subject of my conversation; however, there are various other edifying topics on which I can enlarge, and to begin, I beg to know if you permit me to speak to you concerning God?"

"Oh, assuredly," replied the sick man; "I shall listen with great readiness to all you say regarding God, for I have ever looked up to the Supreme Being with the highest veneration."

"So far we are at one," said the preacher, who forthwith descanted on the love of God to man, in terms so agreeable to the patient that he begged at the close of the visit for an early repetition of it.

On the next occasion the clergyman was eagerly welcomed by the sick man, who inquired with much interest what new theme was to be brought forward for his mental enjoyment, adding, "I assure you, reverend sir, I have longed for your return."

The clergyman met his wish by an animated discourse on the wisdom, omnipotence, and omniscience of God; and these perfections, though calculated to suggest feelings of awe, still did not produce any painful impression on the blunted conscience of his hearer.

On his third visit, the preacher enlarged on the spotless holiness of God, and, as its sequence, that so pure and holy a nature must necessarily debar all other than pure and holy beings from its presence; while on the fourth occasion he treated of God's inflexible justice.

Under these the sick man began to wince, and at length, unable longer to refrain, called out, "Hold, reverend sir; this is more than I can bear. If the Almighty be really so holy and just as you depict Him, I am lost."

The preacher made no reply but by a grave bow of assent, and immediately took his leave.

Another and another day came and went, but no clergyman appeared at the sick man's bedside; but on the third an eager summons brought the preacher thither, who was immediately accosted with the anxious exclamation: "Oh, what has detained you so long from me? My mind is in a chaos of doubt and terror; it is as if I were already in hell, or hell in me. For God's sake, say something to relieve me if you can, and to restore the quietude of mind of which your discourses have robbed me. Surely you can mitigate some of the harsh assertions you have made, or suggest some topic of consolation?"

"Verily," replied the clergyman, "I dare not unsay one word that I have advanced, but must continue solemnly to maintain that the Lord God with whom we have to do, is, although a gracious and merciful, likewise a wise, holy, and just Being, who must of necessity both condemn and punish the wicked. And although I assuredly could also tell you several glorious and consoling truths, yet as you are resolved not to hear them, I have no choice but to leave you to linger on in this most unhappy state of mind, until death shall introduce you to your fate on the other side of time. So, though my heart bleeds for you, I can do nothing for you, since you have yourself forbidden my offering consolation."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed the dying man, in an agony; "tell me whatever you think can possibly help me. Tell me at least if you know of any way of escape which yet remains open to me."

"Most assuredly I do," replied the clergyman; "but then you must suffer me to speak of Jesus Christ."

"Well then, speak what you will, and of whom you will," cried the dying man, with a short outburst of his naturally impetuous temper; "but show me a door of escape from this begun damnation."

Gladly responsive to this call, the clergyman now proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation through the atoning sacrifice of that very Saviour whom the now trembling sinner had so long rejected and despised, but who was yet his Lord and his God, his Creator and Redeemer, to whom he might confidently turn with all his sins, and casting himself unreservedly on His covenanted mercy, receive from His free favour the pardon and peace he so greatly needed, and which none other could bestow.

"For such sinners as you," continued the faithful preacher, "Jesus forsook the seats of glory, and tabernacled among men; for such as you He shed His precious blood on the cross, and paid the penalty of a world's guilt."

Greedily did the dying man drink in these hope-fraught words; and warmly did his awakened soul welcome the blessed tidings that Christ Jesus receiveth sinners, even the chief. He sought and he found comfort in the faith of Him who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance; and joyfully recognising in Jesus "the way, the truth, and the life," he accepted Him in all His offices, and, as a sinner saved by grace, calmly yielded up his spirit in blessed hope of a joyful resurrection. Out of Jesus, a holy God can only be the sinner's terror. In Him only can God be our salvation.

THE LITTLE INVALID.

HATTIE had been sick a long time with hip-disease. She could not walk, and suffered a great deal of pain. Her mother was poor, and a very bad manager at home too, for she did not keep her room clean and Hattie's bed nice, nor did she get her the good things to eat which she might. The child's appetite was poor, and she could not eat much, but a cup of tea and a bit of toast, or an egg beaten up with a little milk and sugar, would often taste good to her. But her mother never thought of making any dainty, tempting little dishes for her poor, sick child.

Yet Hattie was always bright and happy. A lady called to see her one day, and brought a custard and some flowers.

"Does the Lord Jesus comfort you all the time, Hattie?" she asked, very tenderly.

"Yes ma'am," answered the little girl.

"Can you trust Him for all the time to come?"

"Yes, ma'am," she again answered, without hesitation.

It was the love of Jesus in this dear child's heart that made her so happy, even in her poverty and pain. And, dear children, it will make you and me just as happy.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

JOHN GREGSON used to live in the hollow of a deep valley formed by towering Welsh hills.

His house had been partly built by himself; and many pleasant little stories he used to tell of the load of stones which Squire So-and-so had allowed him to cart away from the quarry; of the fir-trees which another kind friend had given him; and of the help which his neighbours had rendered in making his humble dwelling water-tight. Attached to the house was a little patch of garden ground, and here, according to the season, the sweetest vegetables bloomed and ripened; and occasionally, though very rarely, a hen or two might be heard cackling, or a pig snoring in its sty.

What was John himself? He was the best scholar, the best reader and writer in the village; he was a good singer, too, and many a winter's evening did he spend in copying out tunes to be practised for the following Sunday.

Through the long, dreary winter months, every Wednesday evening John's summons would be heard resounding through the village. It consisted of four or five vigorous peals of the bell in the old grey tower. By the time his company had arrived, he would have the singing pew as brilliant as a few rush candles could make it, and be ready with what he considered to be the best tunes to the best hymns.

What was John Gregson's occupation? This is the hardest question of all to answer. He was a widower and childless, and his wants were very simple and very few. Milk sometimes, butter-milk more frequently, formed his drink; a few potatoes dug fresh from his garden, an onion, and a bit of



butter, with a slice from a brown loaf, one of which was baked every week, formed his food. He lived on what the good earth, at God's good bidding, supplied him, and he neither asked nor craved for more. When he was fortunate enough to get a few eggs, they speedily found their way into a poor neighbour's cottage; when he killed a pig, every one around him got a good meal; in short, when he did so, it was almost as much a village ceremony and festival as a sheep-shearing or sheep-washing day.

John appeared to have been born with that native tact which could do almost anything to which he turned his hand. He was never brought up as a shoemaker; but he could cobble a pair of child's shoes in a workmanlike way, which would make its mother smile with delight. He was never brought up a carpenter or glazier; yet if there was a chair or table or bit of floor to be mended, or a window wanting a pane of glass or piece of brown paper, he would set about the work as if it had been the one thing to which he had been quite accustomed all his days. Certainly, he never was brought up to be a surgeon; yet people used to come miles for him to use the lancet on their arms. By simply doing the best and kindest for every one within his reach, the old man had gained an influence and a loving respect which those far more learned and wealthy than himself would never have succeeded in gaining.

Once I heard him preach. On a beautiful harvest evening he stood on an old horse-block in front of a neighbour's cottage, and began to read passages from the Bible, but in a tone of belief and a depth of

pathos which awoke a tender feeling in every villager's heart.

"I will tell you why," he said, in a trembling voice, "why I read from this book rather than say any poor words of my own. I was a young man before many of you were born. We had not so many Bibles then as we have now, and in this old valley, which seems old enough to have been made by Noah's flood, I grew up without any religious instruction. When I hear the Gospel now in our old church, I think how glad I should have been to have heard it forty years ago. When I see children with picture-books in their hands, and you, dear men and women, with Bibles, I think what a village this might have been by this time if we could have seen the same pleasant sights years ago! My first bit of the Bible I got from an old pedlar, who treated with contempt the few leaves he gave me for a drink of milk. But after many days I got a whole one for myself. Here it is," he said, with a radiant smile, holding up a well-worn book; "and from that alone I learned to know my need of a Saviour, and to know also that God in His mercy had provided one equal to my need. Oh! dear friends and neighbours, you will need no human teacher, however clever, if you will make that best of books your chief and most prayerful study."

It was his conviction of the superiority of the Word of God to all human teaching that led him, whenever he had an opportunity, to read it to young and old. I have heard him reading it to little children who were waiting to have their boots mended; I have heard him read it to sick and aged men and women, finishing up a chapter or a promise with the simple words, made eloquent by his own deep faith and feeling, "Isn't that good? Isn't that grand? And mind, it's all true!"

I cannot tell you the good this simple Christian was enabled to effect in his own neighbourhood. He was a light in a shady place; day by day he was an unwritten and an unspoken sermon, and induced many to think of their eternal welfare. To the faithful minister who attended him on his death-bed, and who never could enter his chamber without tears, he often said, "There is nothing to regret save that I have been such an unfaithful servant; everything in the future is bright and hopeful, through the mercy of my precious Lord; my fond and faithful wife is waiting to receive me into everlasting habitations, and then we shall be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. What, then, is there to regret?"

"I shall miss you, old friend, as long as I live."

"You can't miss a poor old man like me, sir,"—with something like surprise in his dying eyes. "I have done nothing; Christ has done all; Christ is all, and in all. Amen!"

He was missed for many a day. There was scarcely a Sunday when, after service, some were not seen around his grave—which was always kept bright and fresh with flowers—mourning for his loss. He was a light shining in a very shady place, but its radiance could not be hid, and made many the happier for its shining.

SAVED FROM DROWNING, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



The Doctor narrowly escaped Drowning by clinging to a Bough.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

WHILE the well-known missionary Dr. Coke was journeying in America he attempted to ford a river, but his horse lost its foothold, and he was carried down the stream; the doctor narrowly escaping drowning by clinging to a bough which overhung the river-side. A lady in the vicinity gave him entertainment in his distress, sent messengers after his horse, and did him much kindness. When he left her roof he gave her a tract.

For five years the good doctor toiled on in the cause of Christ in England and in America. Whether his tract had been destroyed, or had pierced a human heart, he knew not—nay, had forgotten its gift. But one day, on his way to Conference, a young man approached him, and requested the favour of a few minutes' conversation.

"Do you remember, sir, being nearly drowned in the river some five years ago?"

"I remember it quite well," replied the doctor.

"Do you recollect the widow lady at whose house you were entertained after escaping from the river?"

"I do, and shall never forget the kindness she showed me."

"And do you also remember giving her a tract when you bade her farewell?"

"I do not; but it is very possible I did so."

"Yes, sir, you did leave a tract. That lady read it, and was converted. She lent it to her neighbours, and some of them were converted too. Several of her children were also saved. A society was formed, which flourishes to this day."

This statement moved the doctor to tears. But the young man, after a brief pause, resumed, saying, "I have not quite told you all. I am her son. That tract led me to the Saviour. And now, sir, I am on my way to Conference to be ordained to the work of the ministry."

THE USE OF TRIALS.

How much we all desire exemption from the trials of life, forgetting that without these life itself might be a failure! The rough sea makes the good sailor, and nothing but battles can produce veterans fit for the fiercest fights. An untried man is but half a man. His strength has never been tested, his powers are unrevealed. Only in the deep waters can we know the strong swimmer's skill. Only the fury of the hurricane can show the might of the eagle's wing.

And as only temptation and trial can reveal our weakness and our strength, so nothing else can disclose to us the power of Him who watches us in our trials, who helps us in all our infirmities, who stands by us amid the terrors of the darkest hour, who "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, and who has given to us this blessed and assuring word, "My grace is sufficient for you." "My strength is made perfect in weakness."



THERE'S ONLY ONE.

THERE'S only One on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only One who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only One who knows the truth
Amid this world's deceit and lies;
There's only One who views each case
With just, unselfish, candid eyes.

There's only One who marks the wish,
Nor cruelly, severely blames;
There's only One too full of love
To put aside the weakest claims.

There's only One whose pity falls
Like dew upon the wounded heart;
There's only One who never stirs,
Though enemy and friend depart.

There's Only one, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only One to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only One who's never harsh,
But tenderness itself to all;
There's only One who knows each heart,
And listens to its faintest call.

There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring,
And each perplexing inner wheel.

There's only One who can support,
And who sufficient grace can give
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

There's only One who will abide
When loved ones in the grave are cold;
There's only One who'll go with me
When this long, painful journey's told.

There's only One I'm sure will watch
O'er every dear one whom I love;
There's only One can sanctify
And bring them safe to heaven above.

Oh blessed Jesus, Friend of friends,
Come, hide us 'neath Thy sheltering arm;
Come down amid this wicked world,
And keep us from its guilt and harm

Thou art the One, the only One
For whom no love too warm can flow;
Thou art the One, the only One
In whom there's perfect rest below.

THE SAUCEPAN.

"I THINK my mistress must be losing her head," said Fanny Cartwright, when, on returning from a day's holiday, she saw several articles of drawing-room furniture put in the kitchen, and was told that it was done by her mistress's order.

Fanny felt that they looked ridiculously out of place, and would be sadly in her way. Great was her dismay, therefore, when she heard that her mistress desired they should remain there till further orders should be given.

"Mary, what does it all mean?" asked Fanny, thinking some trick was being played upon her. "It's too bad, trifling with me so."

Upstairs she went to get the plates, and, to her horror, found the kitchen cloth on the dining-room table, and in the middle of the table, as if put there for ornament, a large saucepan, fantastically adorned with ribbons and coloured paper, and filled with flowers.

Half laughing and half crying, she took the plates downstairs, and asked Mary if this also was done by her mistress's desire.

"Yes, Fanny; and it's not to be touched till she gives leave."

"But she must be taken bad in the head. If I'd been at home I'd have sent for a doctor at once. Perhaps it's a fever or something."

The bell rang, and the two girls, Fanny the cook and Mary the housemaid, went upstairs to prayers. Their mistress read and prayed as usual, and wishing them good-night, took her candle and went to bed.

Fanny had no opportunity that night of asking whether she might remove the ornaments from the kitchen, and put back the saucepan in its proper place; but she determined to do so the next day. Mrs. Williams came into the dining-room early, while Fanny was cleaning the grate.

"If you please, ma'am," said Fanny, colouring very much, for she could hardly keep from laughing, "may I take that saucepan downstairs, and take off those ribbons and bits of paper?—for I shall want it for boiling the potatoes."

"Yes, you may take it down; but mind you bring it upstairs again after dinner, and put the flowers in it as before. You will not want it again to-day when dinner is over."

"No, ma'am; but —"

"But what? Don't you think it is very pretty? It certainly deserves a better cloth than that on which it stands."

"Don't you think you'd better send for the doctor, ma'am?" said Fanny—now really distressed, for she felt certain her mistress must be out of her mind.

"No, Fanny. Why so? I am perfectly well. But tell me, don't you think the saucepan deserves a better cloth to show it off?"

"It wouldn't want a cloth at all if it were hanging up where it ought to be," said Fanny; "and to my mind it looks a deal better in the kitchen than stuck here for ornament."

"But I value that saucepan very much, Fanny."

"Yes, ma'am, so do I—in its place."

Mrs. Williams continued. "I consider it more useful, and therefore more valuable, than the shells and ornaments which I have put in your kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am; we could do better without shells than saucepans, that's certain; but, begging your pardon, I don't see any reason for putting it on the dining-room table, and decking it out like that for everybody to laugh at."

Fanny began to laugh herself; she really could not help it. But the lady remained perfectly grave.

"Why should everybody laugh at it, Fanny?"

"Well, ma'am, try as you will, you'll never make folks believe that a saucepan's a flower-vase, however it may be trimmed up and filled with flowers."

"Perhaps if we sent for Fletcher to take off the handle," suggested the lady; but a smile would creep out at her lips and eyes as she said this.

"Sure, ma'am, you're joking all the time. What would be the use of a saucepan without a handle?"

"Not much use, certainly; but I was thinking, as I value it so much, how I may do it honour."

"Well, ma'am, if you'll allow me to speak, wouldn't the best honour be just to use it for boiling soups and potatoes, and then clean it well up, and put it in its place?"

"I quite agree with you, Fanny; but suppose the saucepan isn't contented with its place, and wants to be mistaken for a flower-vase?"

Something in her mistress's words, or the tone in which they were spoken, brought back to Fanny's recollection a thought which had been in her mind as she set off for her holiday the day before. She was dressed in a manner which she knew was unsuitable for her station; indeed, she was conscious of having wished "to pass for a lady."

Had she, then, looked as ridiculous as the trimmed-up saucepan?

Perhaps she had, for nothing looks well out of its place. No station in life is more honourable than that of a servant; but when a servant tries to pass for a lady, she loses her respectability because she loses her truth.

EVIL FOR EVIL.

"I'LL pay her out, you see if I don't! trust me, she shall suffer for it!"

Such were the words that reached my ears as I entered the gate of a cottage garden.

The speaker, when she appeared, was plainly in an angry mood, as she held in one hand a long branch of a cucumber vine that was broken off, and in the other a fine large cucumber.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Grant?" I asked. "Have you had an accident?"

"No accident, sir, I am sorry to say," was her reply. "I wish it had been an accident. Done in malice and spite, sir. But it shall be a bad piece of work for somebody."

"What! do you think that this has been broken off on purpose?" said I, pointing to the cucumber.

"I do, sir," said Mrs. Grant; "but they shan't have done it for nothing."

"'Tis a downright shame, that it is," said a neighbour, looking over the hedge; "for you were growing them for the show, weren't you, Mrs. Grant? and you were sure of the first prize too!"

"Yes, that's it," returned Mrs. Grant, holding up the cucumber, almost with tears in her eyes. "It has been done out of jealousy. Dear, dear! that people should have such a bad spirit! But wait a bit, I'll get Jim to pay them off."

"Do you think this has been done to prevent your winning the prize?" I asked.

"That's it, sir," was the answer; "but if I don't get it, they shan't either. There is a lot of potatoes kicked about, and peas and things all trampled!" and the poor woman sat down in her cottage a picture of vexation.

"Jim and I were looking at them last evening," she continued; "and he said we were sure of first prize, as they would be just fit by show day. But I know who must have done it, and I would not be them for something, for Jim will be just about wild when he comes home."

About mid-day I walked down to the mill where Jim Grant was at work, in order to have a little talk with him at his dinner-hour.

After some conversation, I said, "I know a man, Jim, who has had a petty wrong done him—to spite and harm him, it is said. Now, I am almost afraid he will be led to pay it back in the same coin."

"That won't do, sir," said Jim, who was fond of talking on serious matters, and knew as well as any one what was right.

"No," said I; "it is very wrong to take revenge. We ought to forgive and forget; but, Jim, that is not an easy thing to do, and especially when one is taken unawares."

"True, sir," he returned; "and I don't know but that I might be almost afraid of myself, if it came upon me on a sudden; but that it would be wrong, there can be no doubt at all. We have our Master's pattern set us, that we should follow His steps, 'who, when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.'"

I was both curious and anxious to know in what temper Jim would bear the unwelcome news of the destruction of his prize vegetables, and I made a point of looking in upon him the same evening.

Jim was sitting very sulkily in a corner of his

cottage; and his wife, in no better humour, was washing up her tea-things at the table.

"I somehow thought you meant it for me when you came to the mill and talked like that this morning," said Jim, at length.

"Yes," said his wife; "but I don't see why those who hurt their neighbours in wicked spite shouldn't suffer for it."

"But I am glad to hope that Jim is not going to take the matter into his own hands, and return evil for evil," I said.

"As to that," was Jim's reply, "I'm not going to be of one mind in the morning and another at night; but"—and then he stopped speaking, but stamped his foot on the floor, and plainly looked as though he would not spare somebody's vegetables if he had them under his heel.

"Ah! Jim," said I; "I see the snake is only scotched, and not killed."

Jim looked at me, and his wife turned from her

tea-things, as if neither at all understood what I meant; but before another word was spoken, a lad stood in the open doorway.

"If you please," said he, "is it your garden that our donkey broke into last night? It must have come through the hedge, or have opened the gate—for 'tis clever enough—and it gives us a deal of trouble."

"And so 'twas a donkey after all!" exclaimed Jim. "I seemed to think they were curious marks."

"Well to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant.

"Master bid me say," continued the lad, "that

he is very sorry it should have happened; and if you will step up to-morrow morning he will pay the costs of the damage."

Jim and his wife exchanged looks as the boy went away.

"And so 'tis all for the best, wife," said he, "that I didn't take your advice about giving 'tit for tat.'"

I left Mr. and Mrs. Grant at length, having endeavoured to recommend, by this opportunity, the special graces of Christian people—forbearance, forgiveness, and love.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."



THE VINE AND THE VINE-DRESSER.

It was a noble vine. Right along the high south wall, and up to its very top, its strong and healthy branches bore rich and ripe the clusters of its purple fruit. The master, as he walked thoughtfully along the broad walk, would look up at it as it spread itself from one end of the wall to the other; and as the gentle summer breeze waved aside its broad green leaves and displayed the ripening fruit, a smile would come over his face, and his heart would fill with joy as he thought how his noble vine spoke to him of the richness and beauty of the Divine goodness in all His works and ways. All seasons pleased him as he studied his vine. Its ragged-looking stem and reed-like branches, in winter all bare and barren, told him of a life within—latent, not destroyed,—able to face the bitter blast as well as to develop itself in autumn fruitfulness. In spring and early summer it pleased him well, as each delicate leaf-bud unfolded itself from its velvet bed, and each tendril wound itself round the rugged branches. And it pleased him well, as summer came on, to inhale the fragrance of its richly scented blossoms, and watch the forming of the fruit which autumn should bring to perfection.

So the vine grew, and threw out its branches here and there with wanton luxuriance of strength, fed by the rich soil and warmed by the reflected rays of the southern sun.

But there was another thing also which the master saw,—and his thoughts, as he saw it, had a touch of sadness in them.

Twice in the year the gardener came; and as he followed the course of the branches along the wall, beneath his feet lay luxuriant branch, and broad leaf, and curly tendril, and sometimes half-formed fruit.

"It must be so," said the master. He did not like to see the poor shoots, lately so rich in life and vigour, strewed on the ground; and oftentimes he would turn away sadly as the sharp knife did its work, as if the vine could feel some human pain at seeing its richness and luxuriance thus apparently destroyed. And sometimes, as he saw what seemed to be the work of destruction going so ruthlessly on, it would seem to him as if he heard and interpreted the complaint of his noble vine.

"Oh, why," it seemed to say, "am I to be treated thus? Deep down under ground, in the winter, I have treasured my life, that I might put it forth with vigour as the genial spring returned; and now, year after year, I see my glories destroyed, my branches laid bare, and even my fruit cut off. Why is it? Why cannot I be left to bring forth fruit as I will? How richly would I spread, not only all along this wall, but even over it; yes, and cover the ground beside. How deep would be the shade of the bowers I should build with my leaves and tendrils, and overhead should hang the rich ripe fruit. But no, I cannot do as I will." Then the summer breeze caused the leaves to tremble and sigh.

The master still listened, but whether it was to the vine, or to a voice that spoke his own thoughts, he hardly knew; but he heard this—

"But I do not think," said the vine, "that I ever thrust forth such noble shoots, such abundant leaves and blossoms, as I have done this year. Perhaps the master will tell the gardener to spare me. These tendrils cling so firmly, these branches grow so richly, and my leaves are so broad; this year surely I shall be left to bring forth fruit as I please, and the master shall rejoice yet more in his noble vine."

The master sighed, and the thought came across his mind, Need so much be cut away? Might not some of these branches be spared? Could we not find room on the wall for a few more? His thoughts found words, and the gardener heard them.

He looked at the master with a smile, and then—quick and sharp was the knife—those luxuriant shoots strewed the ground.

In the autumn the master stood by his vine again, and the gardener stood by him. He had been away for a while, and when he went the branches looked almost bare where the knife had thinned the new growths. Now it was covered with foliage and with large clusters of grapes.

"What splendid fruit!" he exclaimed. "There seems hardly room for it to hang."

The gardener smiled as he thought of how the master wished to spare the too luxuriant branches, and said, "Where would have been the ripened fruit if the pruning had not been done?" The vine, too, seemed to smile as the sun played upon its myriad leaves and abundant fruit, and to say, "I thought I



knew best; but I was mistaken. The gardener's knife was keen, but necessary. I am satisfied. Oh, master, forgive my murmuring, and rejoice in my fruitfulness."

The master walked on, and as he rejoiced in the goodly show of rich and ripening fruit, a voice which often speaks to the listening ear in the time of reflection and solitude said softly to him—

"I am the true vine, and My Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it (or pruneth it), that it may bring forth more fruit. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples."

A tender branch had been cut from him, and his heart had felt deeply the pain of the knife, and the loss which its sharp stroke had made. But he bowed his head now in peace, and said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

CHRISt executes the office of a Prophet in our calling; of a Priest in our justification; and of a King in our sanctification. Let us, then, hear Him as our Prophet, rely on Him as our Priest, and obey Him as our King. Think not the worse of Him for His manger or His cross. As He ceaseth not to be man in His highest estate, so He was God in His lowest. His words were oracles, and His works miracles. His life was a pattern; His death a sacrifice; His resurrection glorious; His ascension triumphant; His intercession prevalent; and His coming again will be magnificent. All the angels in heaven adore Him, and all the devils in hell fear Him, and all the sons and daughters of Adam must stand before Him.

Mason.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.

SORROWING mother, "It is well" with the child. The spirit has returned to God who gave it, and now communes with its Creator, of whose greatness, and wisdom, and glory it knows infinitely more than the profoundest philosopher or the holiest divine. Your boy is safer and happier with his Father in heaven than with you on earth. And who can tell from what evil he is taken, and from what bitter anguish you are preserved—anguish greater in his life than now wrings your heart in his death? He is gone where innocence has no snares, where there exist no temptations to beguile, and where no foes invade. Your child may have stolen your heart from Jesus, who did not intend that His precious gift should supplant Himself in your love.

It is well with him; and is it not well with you? The vacant place is occupied with a sympathising Saviour; the stricken heart turns to Him who smote it; and the ensnared and truant affections, severed from the idol they had worshipped, find their way back again to God.

It is well that your heavenly Father has dealt with you thus. It is well that He condescends to instruct you, though it be by suffering. Twice gracious has thy God been to thee—gracious when He lent the blessing, a little flower to gladden you with its presence, and now to cheer you with its memory; and gracious in taking it away, transplanting it to a holier soil and sunnier skies, beneath whose influence its infantile faculties and young affections have expanded and ripened into more than an angel's intellect and a seraph's love. "It is well with the child."

WAKASA, A JAPANESE NOBLEMAN.

In the year 1854, an English fleet of war came into the harbour of Nagasaki. This was before any treaty with England, and such an event created great excitement. A large force of troops was gathered to watch the vessels and prevent any trade or intercourse with the people. The commander-in-chief was named Wakasa; and he was accustomed to go out in a boat to see that all was right and no secret communication was attempted.

On one of these excursions he discovered in the water a small pocket Testament, which was quite unlike any book he had ever seen, and he was very anxious to know its contents. After considerable inquiry he learned from some Dutch interpreters that it told about God and Jesus Christ. This only increased his curiosity to understand it all, and having heard there was a translation in China, he sent to Shanghai and procured a copy.

Having returned to his home at Saga, he began the study of the Testament, and induced four others to join him. One of these was a brother named Ayabe, and another a retainer named Molino.

In the autumn of 1862, Ayabe came to Nagasaki for further instruction, and was taught by the Rev. Dr. Verbeck. During the following spring this man came to Dr. Verbeck at night and warned him of danger to himself and family if they did not leave at once. It is probable that this caution saved their lives, as they fled to China and remained there until the serious troubles which followed were ended.

When Dr. Verbeck returned he found that Ayabe had received some Government appointment, which removed him from Nagasaki, and it seemed that all his labours and prayers were to be in vain. But not long after, Wakasa sent Molino (who had learned to read English) with instructions to read over and get explanations of such portions of the Scripture as they could not understand, and he was also to procure any books that would be helpful in their efforts to know the Word of God. In this manner the Bible-class was carried on for nearly three years, the faithful messenger making the two days' journey to Nagasaki, and returning in due time with the desired knowledge.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

On the 14th of May, 1866, a messenger came to Dr. Verbeek and announced that some high officials from the province of Iizen had arrived and desired him to appoint a day and hour for an interview. To his great joy and surprise these men proved to be Wakasa with his brother and Molino.

At the time appointed Wakasa and his train appeared. He was then one of the Ministers of State, or governors of the province. In appearance he was tall and dignified, with a most pleasing expression. He said to Dr. Verbeek, "I have long known you in my mind, and desired to converse with you, and I am very happy that in God's providence I am at last permitted this privilege." Two of his sons were also with him. These men had evidently received the Word with all readiness of mind, and now sought only for some additional light in reference to Christian character and customs.

In the course of their conversation Wakasa said, "Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen or heard or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life." He showed great familiarity with the Bible, made several pertinent quotations, and was prepared to believe all that Jesus said and to do whatever He required.

After a long conversation on the power and love of Christ, Dr. Verbeek was taken quite by surprise at the request from Wakasa that he and his brother should be baptised. It was well known that such an act would be attended with great peril, as the law of the land strictly prohibited the Christian religion. Molino also wished for baptism.

Dr. Verbeek warned them not to entertain any superstitious notions in regard to the efficacy and importance of baptism, and told them of the sacred obligations of those who received it. After explaining the form, they were asked to decide as in the presence of God. Without hesitation the request was repeated, with the simple provision that it should not be made public, as it would not only endanger their own lives, but their families' also. Further examination showed that their experience had been thorough. They felt their sins to be great, and realised the need of a Saviour. Recognising the insufficiency of all other systems, they joyfully received Christ as their hope for time and for eternity.

The following Sabbath evening was appointed for the ceremony, and at the appointed hour the three men appeared. Their retainers had been dismissed with orders to return in an hour. The shutters were closed, and after some words of exhortation they were baptised and partook of the sacrament. "Now," said Wakasa, "I have that which I have long been heartily wishing for." He then told the story of the book found twelve years before in the harbour of Nagasaki, and all that it had led to.

Wakasa returned home (like the eunuch who had

met Philip) rejoicing in the love of God and presence of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Verbeek removed to Tokio, and the account sent to America was carefully preserved and known to but few.

In April, 1880, Rev. Mr. Booth, of Nagasaki, was surprised one Sabbath morning to see in his audience two strangers, one of whom was evidently a lady of rank, and her attendant. They sat in front, and not only gave the most strict attention, but often during the service would wipe the tears from their eyes. After preaching they were introduced as the daughter of Wakasa and her former nurse, who were anxious to have an interview at once, but were requested to wait until the next day.

Early the next morning they appeared and told how faithfully they had been taught about the true God and Jesus Christ the Saviour. They had learned the Lord's Prayer and a few portions of the Scriptures, which Wakasa had written out in simple characters for their special use. Wakasa had died eight years before, with a firm hope of eternal life through the Redeemer. The daughter had married a man named Kumashiro, and was now living with her family in Nagasaki.

Since the removal of Dr. Verbeek she knew of no Christian or missionary to whom she could go for sympathy or instruction. As her husband was soon to remove to Osaka, she did not wish to leave until she had received baptism. So she sent to Saga for her old friend and nurse, and together they set out to find a missionary.

After wandering about for some days they chanced to find a store where Scriptures of the American Bible Society were kept for sale. They saw on the covers some familiar characters, and so they went in and began to examine the books. On opening the Gospel of Matthew they saw the Sermon on the Mount, and recognised it as the same they had already learned, and their joy was unbounded. They purchased a full supply of Scriptures at once, and talked with the bookseller until midnight. This was on Saturday, and it was the next day they appeared at the service, and both desired baptism at once.

Mr. Booth asked why they were so desirous of receiving this rite. They replied, "'Whosoever believeth and is baptised shall be saved.'" And when he said, "How can I know that you are a true believer?" the young woman replied, "It has been my custom for years to go into my husband's storehouse every day for the purpose of private meditation and prayer to God and the Father of Jesus Christ." To the question, "How do you know that this salvation is for you?" they replied, "It is written, 'Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely.'" With tearful eyes they begged that they might not be denied the sacred ordinance.

A time was fixed for the ceremony, and the intervening days were spent in careful Christian instruction. At the appointed time the lady was accompanied by her husband, who listened with close attention to all

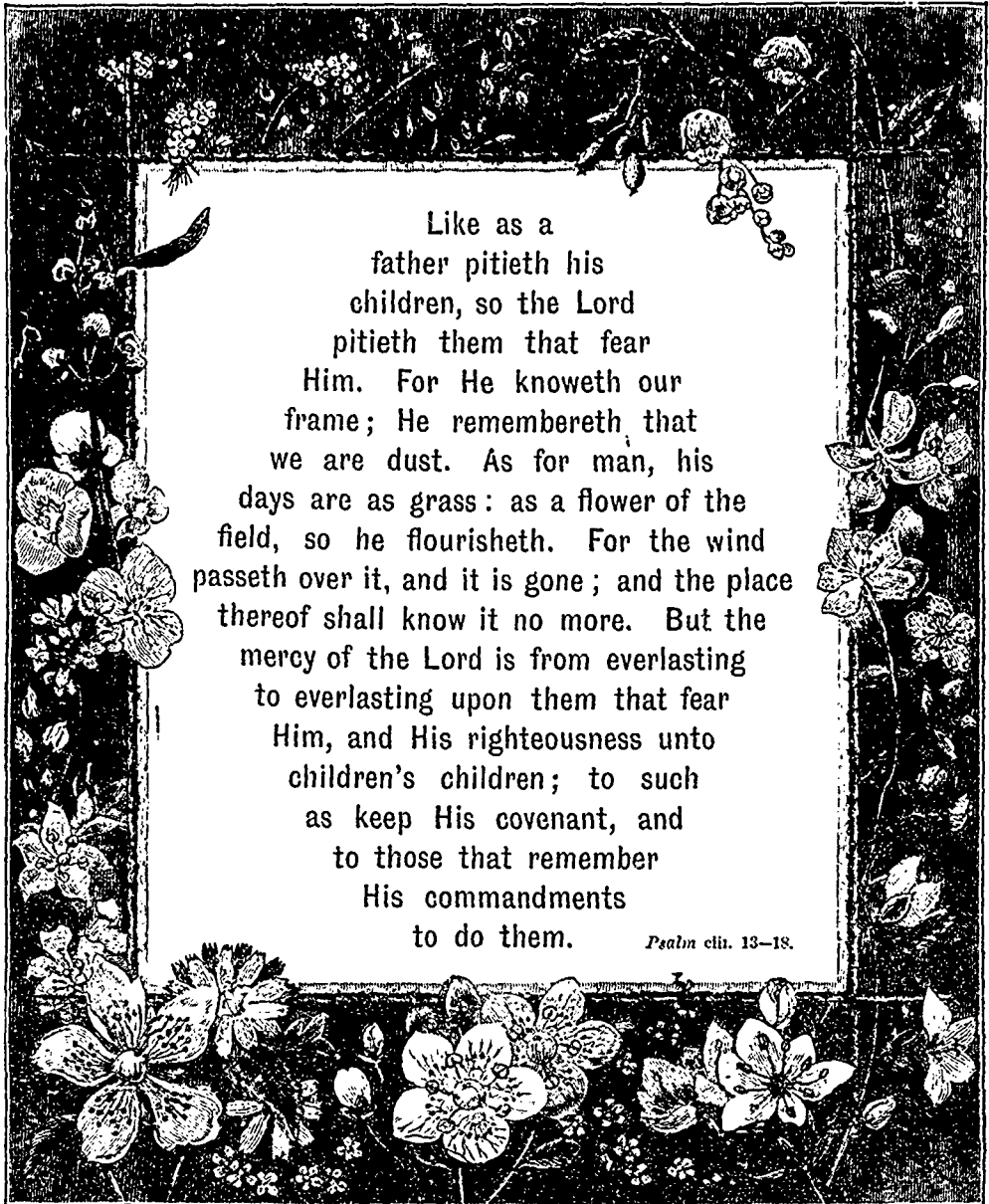
FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

the service, and at its close expressed a desire to know more of Christianity. "We can never," said Mr. Booth, "forget the expression of peaceful joy which shone on the faces of the two women as they went away. When I met them afterwards they would talk of nothing but Christianity, and seemed to be very happy to be called Christians."

The old woman returned to her home in Saga, and

work has not ceased. A request has come to Nagasaki for a regular preacher and the formation of a church; and this is to-day one of the brightest spots in Kiusiu.

The daughter of Wakasa went with her husband and family to Osaka, where she was soon one of the leaders in Christian activity and benevolence. Her distinguished rank and earnest devotion gave her great influence. When her husband returned from a



resumed her work of teaching a small school of girls. She soon organised a class of women for the study of the Bible, and after a time began a Sabbath-school with the Bible-class as teachers. There are now about twenty professing Christians in that town, and the most of them have been brought to Christ through her efforts. Among the believers is a son of Wakasa. Although she has gone to her reward in heaven, the

trip to some island, and reported that he had there found a people who were without any religion, she went to the pastor and begged that some one would go and teach them, and offered to pay one-half the salary and expenss. She has returned to Nagasaki, and is now with her family a regular attendant at church, and one of the most active and useful members. A little daughter is also a Christian.

Rev. H. Loomis.

HONOUR TO THE WIFE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



Taking care of mother.

You are a husband ; and let us hope you have got a wife whom you believe to be one of the very best in all the world. You married her because you loved her ; and you love her a great deal

more than you did then, because you have found how good and true she is. That is how it ought to be ;

and we trust that is how it will continue to be "till death do you part." May that day be far distant.

Your wife tries to do her duty to you, and you want to do your duty to her. We have a few words to say about that, then, which we hope you may find helpful. Solomon says, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord. A prudent wife is from the Lord." Duly value, then, both the Giver and the gift.

Have you ever considered those words of the Apostle Peter: "Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life?" If not, will you look at them now?

Your wife is weaker than you are; subject to far more frequent ailments and infirmities: and on that account she is to be treated with special tenderness and consideration. Is she a Christian—"an heir of the grace of life?" Then she is to be held in special honour for that.

What honour, then?

The honour of kindness. "Husbands," says the Apostle Paul, "love your wives, and be not bitter against them." Wives are not perfect any more than husbands, and things are sure to arise in married life which will cause vexation. Things will be forgotten which should have been done, or done which should not have been done, and words will be spoken which had better not have been said; and then the temptation will arise to get angry, and sometimes bitterly angry. Now, a man ought as far as he can to avoid being bitter against anybody, but last and least of all should he be bitter against his wife, whom, above everybody else, he is bound to love and cherish.

But kindness means a great deal more than just not being bitter and angry. The man who is truly kind will do whatever he can to help and please, and especially in times of weakness and sickness. The model of a husband's love to his wife is the Lord's love to His Church; and how gentle and considerate that is, who can tell?

There should be the honour of mutual counsel. Let no man think that because he is a man he has sense and judgment for two, that is, for both himself and his wife. She may have her own way of looking at things; but, for all that, she may look at very many things quite as sensibly as her husband can do. You can see with one eye, and so it may have occurred to you to ask why God has given you two eyes. No doubt He did so in order that if you lost one of them you should not be left sightless; but, besides, we see nothing quite perfectly without both eyes. Now, that is one reason why God instituted marriage. The woman was given to man that she might be her husband's help-meet, and that not in work only, but in counsel.

"Two heads in counsel; two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world;
Two in the liberal offices of life."

Of course there are many things in which a wife's counsel might be of no use to her husband—about his work, for instance, or about his worldly business; but

there are many things which concern them both, about which she can form an opinion, and about which she ought to be consulted. The man is very weak and foolish who thinks his wife an infallible oracle; but he is not less foolish who, on matters which concern their common interests or those of their children, holds with her no counsel, and takes his own headstrong way.

There should be the honour of respect. The Apostle Paul says, "Be courteous." If we were asked to put that into other and more familiar words, we do not think we could find any better than these, "Be a gentleman—be a lady." We don't mean that working people should ape the speech, or the dress, or the modes of life of the classes above them, for if they did, they would only be laughed at. Still, there is a sense in which every man should try to be a gentleman, that is to say, he should have the spirit of a gentleman. There should be a considerate regard for the feelings of others, the avoidance of everything that is rude or harsh, and the endeavour in every possible way to serve and please. Now, to nobody should a man show respect like this more largely than to his wife. It should be rendered in the presence of others, but not less should it be shown at home and in the familiar intercourse of daily life. Depend upon this, moreover, that if you do not thus respect your wife, your children are not very likely to honour their mother as she ought to be honoured.

Let us hope that your wife will do all she can to make your home bright and happy. But then, on the other hand, do you show her the respect of preferring your own fireside and hers to any other, and above all to that of the public-house. Wordsworth finds in the lark an emblem of the man who thus seeks his happiness at his own hearth—

"Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Let both husband and wife do all they can to make each other more worthy of their most loving respect, and that will best be done by trying to make one another more God-like. "Since," says an old writer, "they have received each other from God, let them therein show their thankfulness by endeavouring to bring each other nearer to God. . . The better they shall make each other, and the nearer they shall bring each other to God, the more good, through God's goodness, they shall have of each other."

A PRECIOUS PROMISE.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. *Isaiah xl. 29.*

When sore afflictions press me down
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid
what man can do unto me. *Psalms lvi. 11.*

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.



It was a time of difficulty. Christmas had come and gone—in spiritual things a period of gladness, but, as worldly matters stand, not quite so “merry” always as it seems. At any rate, we were in great perplexity, for with the closing year the usual bills came in, and how to meet them was the question.

We did our best, however; all except a few were settled, but these fairly overtaken our means. We turned over this plan and the other. No, they would not answer; our family was large, our income small, and where was forty pounds to come from after all resources had been drained?

How well does memory bring back those days, when, side by side with memorandum lists and schemes of parish work, upon the wall of that small upper chamber I was using as my study, reminders of another sort were full in sight; for there, too, hung those still unpaid accounts.

Let me recall an early morning hour. I stood at the dormer window, looking out on the grey dawn that brought again to view our valley with its bordering hills. There was the ruined abbey gateway, and the monastery barn that told what great abundance had been held, and possibly abused, when the monks lived here in the ages gone. The broad meadow, sloping gently to the mill, still threaded by the stream that fed the ancient fish-ponds, shaded by those towering elms, through whose bare branches the dim sea outline showed.

However, all as yet was quiet in the village; an early cart or two had rattled by, and I had heard the labourers go up the lane to get things ready for the day. My work, too, must be set in order, and the Master's blessing claimed. I knelt before the Lord; and, among other matters (as was reasonable), the necessity oppressing us was much upon my mind in prayer. Here was a want we knew not how to meet; would He be pleased to guide us, as in former days, and to afford us some new proof of His providing mercy?

Family prayers were over; we were sitting round the breakfast-table when the postman came, and out the children ran to fetch the letters. There were three or four that morning, but one of them attracted more attention than the rest. It was directed in a sort of printing hand, meant, apparently, to tell us that inquiries for the writer were eluded. Could some anonymous epistle of wrath and blame have come to us at last? The envelope was opened, and within the same feigned hand was displayed. The note lies here before me, somewhat creased and faded, but still it fills my eyes with tears, so near akin are the tokens of our grief and joy.

“DEAR SIR,—Two of your brethren and neighbours, to whom you are personally all but unknown, out of respect for you as one faithfully devoting himself to the work of the ministry, have to request your acceptance of forty pounds, as their joint contribution to your finances, in the hope that your domestic comforts will thereby be increased, and your mind be rendered more free to attend to your great Master's work without distraction.

“Your sincere, though unknown friends,
“GAIUS AND ERASTUS.”

Such was the letter. (Our secret benefactors we are not sure of to this day. But whose hand touched the springs of their benevolence? Whose providence ordered that exact amount to reach us in the very hour of need? Does not God answer prayer? Could I be surer of the fact if I had seen His hand stretched out from heaven? Might we not seem to hear Him saying, “Children, you have spoken to Me of your wants, and I send you a supply: here is the forty pounds that you require?”

Surely we gave Him our united praise; surely we felt encouraged for all time to rely upon our gracious Father in the skies, who holds the keys of all earth's treasures. And many a time since that He has made good to us His word of promise by Christ Jesus, “Ask, and ye shall receive;” and often has He shown that He has both the power and the will to “make all grace abound” to them that, in the path of duty, rest themselves upon His name.

AL-A-BAMA.

THE sun had set, and the warrior reposed, the wigwam was secured against beasts of prey, and night reigned over the pine forest of the West.

A hunter, late in his return to the village, and occupied in the disposal of the spoil, looked out from his hut before lying down to sleep. Something caught his attention; he sniffed and peered among the trees, and then climbed one in haste. One look was enough; he rapidly descended with a whoop of alarm that up-started neighbouring sleepers.

“Up, up, for your lives!” and a spear was darted at the door of a hut, caught again, and the speaker passed on, to repeat the cry wherever appeared trace of human habitation.

A sleepy squaw starts, and mutters indignant annoyance as she sinks to repose again.

“’Tis but some benighted hunter wantonly disturbing the peace,” suggests a warrior chief, turning on his mat, and resisting the desire of his sons to be up and after him.

“Is the enemy upon us?” whispers another, alert at the thought of a hostile tribe, suspected to be lurking in the forest.

Spears are clutched, quivers shouldered, bows strung instantly, and they wait and listen.

Again footsteps come, not with a stealthy tread, but quick and heedless, like the flight of the panic-stricken. Men, women, children, warrior, huntsman, mother,

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

babe, on, on, gathering in numbers as they rush along, never stopping to look back or ask questions, for the danger is too sure and visible now.

Forth from hut or wigwam, forth from bush and brake, on, on they go. Who will not believe the danger, who will not hurry from it, must be left behind to perish.

"To the river, to the river! There is no safety, no rest, until we reach the river!" shout the foremost on the way. Hope reanimates the drooping, strengthens the fainting, drives back only despair, and they gain a little on the foe pursuing them with horrible eagerness.

For behind, lighted, perhaps, by some careless hand, all unconscious of the "great matter" that "a little fire kindleth," in onewide amphitheatre of flame, wreathing columns of smoke into the dark sky, and roaring like a winter blast, comes the prairie fire, stalking in its majesty of power, and bearing down all before it in one mighty sweep of destruction!

There is but one way of escape, and but for that the burning forest must have been their funeral pile.

That way was the river, to which they were flying. Once by its banks, though belted with fuel to the water's edge, they might ford or swim, or at the worst find a watery rather than a fiery grave; while, if safely crossed, smooth banks and open lands afforded no further attraction to the flames.

At last, almost too far for even the fleet-footed redskins, the dark line of water appeared before them, lighted by the lurid glare of the blazing forest; crackling pines, roaring blasts of hot wind, sparks and lighted brands behind, the very breath of the destroyer on their heads, they halted for an instant on the bank.

Like Israel of old, with the fury of Egypt at their backs, and the barrier of water before them, they needed the word of command to march onward.

"On, on, for our lives!" shouted a leading spirit of the tribe as he plunged into the stream, lending the help of his strong arm to the weak and old. Down they went, man and boy, mother and child, lion-hearted sire and trembling maiden, and, after a struggle with rocks and currents, the whole party rose up in safety on the opposite bank. One wild cry of rapture

under the sense of deliverance, one glance back at the terrific death they had escaped, the exhausted Indians cast themselves on the greensward, and a murmur ran along the ground from lip to lip as they felt the assurance of their safety.

"Al-a-bama, Al-a-bama!" which, being interpreted, means, "Here is rest, here is rest!"

There is something more terrible than even a forest on fire. When nations or men have filled up the measure of their iniquities, and He who so long waited to be gracious at last retires disregarded, and leaves the self-destroyers to their own devices, then judgment must come. The wages of sin is death; and if, where sin abounds, grace does not much more abound, there is no escape. Justice means punish-

ment of the guilty as fully as acquittal of the innocent; and a God all mercy must cease to be respected, as a God all justice would cease to be loved.

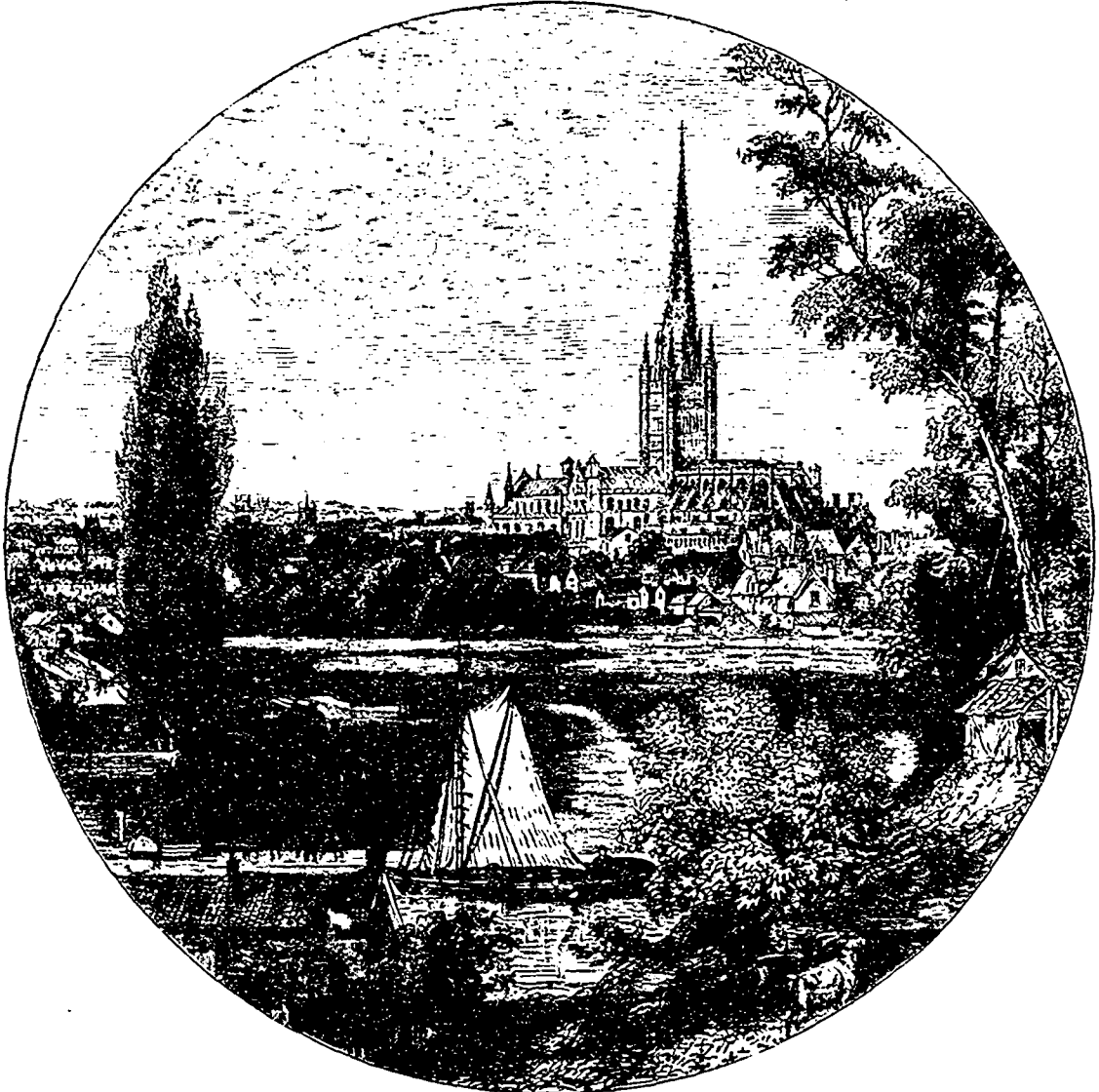
Let there be no mistake. Sinners may doze and dream into eternity, but not into heaven. God has acted, spoken by His Son, His Word, His Spirit. On His side "the way" is plain, straight, simple; and now "He waits to be gracious."

He must do as He has said. "The wages of sin is death." Man earned them, Jesus Christ has paid them. "He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "He that believeth on the Son hath life, and he that believeth not the Son of God shall not see life, but the

wrath of God abideth on him." Wrath, abiding wrath—oh, how solemn! And life, eternal life—how blessed! Come—oh, come! From death and judgment, from danger and alarm, from toil and striving, from self and sin, and all that belongs to the soul's salvation, come God's way in His own dear Son. From all that makes this present life a snare, or a burden, or a sorrow—from care and worry, poverty and want, solitude and desolation, discontent and uselessness, selfishness and strife, fly while you may to "the fountain opened," thence to the Eternal Rock; and there, unscathed by fiery judgments, welcomed to the Father's open arms in everlasting love and safety, you will know the sweetness of the cry—

"AL-A-BAMA!—HERE IS REST!"





A WIDOW'S FAITH.

IT is now many years ago, when I resided in Norwich, that I noticed, as I was passing through the market-place, an elderly, tidy-looking woman selling list shoes, boot-laces, and other articles, all, she said, of her own making. She asked me if I wanted anything, telling me that she was a widow, and that she supported herself by her little trade. I told her I would take some boot-laces. While she was picking them out for me, she said, "Well, ma'am, I was about all day yesterday, hoping to sell something, and I never took a farthing. As I was going home at night, knowing that I had nothing in my house, I looked up to the Father and said, 'Father in heaven, Thou knowest my wants and my trials, and if Thou seest fit, even this night Thou canst send me what I need.' Just as I was coming up to my house, one of my grandchildren came running out, and said, 'Granny, a person has been

here to-day to buy a pair of your list shoes.' I asked her where the customer lived, and she told me, and I went and suited him, and received eighteen-pence for them. Now, ma'am, who sent me that? It was not man," she added, gravely, "for I never look to man; I always look to the Father above, and He never fails to help me."

This little story, and the earnest manner of the poor woman, interested me greatly. I inquired where she lived, and found her home was in a street to which I was then in the habit of going as a visitor to the sick. I proposed to go and read to her. She gladly accepted my offer. One morning, soon after, I sought out her small low room, and found it clean and neat, but poorly furnished. After a few minutes, I asked her what portion of Holy Scripture I should read. She answered, "Perhaps you will be kind enough to read the prophet Haggai."

This rather surprised me, as she was (to use her own words) "no scholar;" but I gladly complied

with her request. As I read, I heard her repeating the words to herself, and if I hesitated she readily but meekly gave me the word. On finishing the second chapter, she took up thoughtfully, and in a low voice, the words, "Consider your ways." "Ah!" she said, "we think too much of ourselves and earthly things, and we do not honour the Lord and seek the glory of His name."

I said, "You seem acquainted with this part of God's Holy Word." She replied, "Yes; our minister, last summer, preached a course of sermons from it in the week-day service, and I attended them."

I asked her if she had long known and valued the truth, and she told me, "Not till after my husband died. He used," she said, "to earn good wages, and we knew nothing of want then. When I had a sovereign in my pocket, I felt as though I could drive all the world before me. But the Lord brought me down; He took away my husband, and humbled me to the dust, so that now I feel like a little child, and I would have Him always do just what He sees best with me."

I said, "He taught you the need of a Saviour?"

"Oh yes!" was the reply. "The first verse of God's blessed Word that struck me was in the Gospel where the poor afflicted woman touched the hem of our Saviour's garment, and was healed; that story went to my heart, and I also sought His love and mercy to heal and save my poor sinful soul." She then further dwelt upon the wonders of redeeming love.

As winter advanced, I called again, to offer her a bushel of coals.

"Thank you, ma'am," she replied; "but I have coals enough for this week."

"Then, perhaps," I said, "another week you would like to have some?"

She answered, "Well, ma'am, if you are kind enough to wish to help me, I should be still more grateful if, instead of the coals, you would pay a trifle toward a little debt that I owe to a good woman, who always lends me a few shillings at a time to get the things for my work. I have a note in my pocket, which she wrote, to say that she had lent me money for twenty years, and that I never failed to pay her: and if it please the Lord to take me before I can pay the last debt, she is to have the articles I have by me; so I have no anxiety about it."

Having learnt where the neighbour lived, I called there on my way home. I found the poor woman's statement quite true. The debt was three shillings. I was told by this friend that the poor widow would often live on a crust till the money was paid.

I never saw the widow again, but I heard that she was soon taken to the rest which God had prepared for His believing people. I only wish I could remember more of her simple words, full as they were of love to her Saviour and a simple faith in Him.

She was indeed a bright, humble, and consistent Christian, and a striking illustration of the inspired apostle's word, when he says, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?"

SINGING.

SINGING is the music of nature. The Scriptures tell us the mountains sing (Isa. xlv. 23); the valleys sing (Ps. lxx. 13); the trees of the wood sing (1 Chron. xvi. 33); nay, the air is the birds' music-room, where they chant their musical notes.

Singing is the music of ordinances. Augustine reports of himself, that when he came to Milan, and heard the people sing, he wept for joy in the church to hear that pleasing melody. And Beza confessed that at his first entrance into the congregation, and hearing them sing (Ps. xci), he felt himself exceedingly comforted, and did retain the sound of it afterwards upon his heart. The Rabbins tell us that the Jews, after the feast of the Passover was celebrated, sang Psalm cxi. and the five following psalms; and our Saviour and His apostles "sang an hymn" immediately after the blessed supper (Matt. xxvi. 30).

Singing is the music of saints. They have performed this duty in their greatest numbers (Ps. cxlix. 1); in their greatest straits (Isa. xxvi. 19); in their greatest flight (Isa. xlii. 10, 11); in their greatest deliverances (Isa. lxx. 14); in their greatest plenties. In all these changes singing hath been their stated duty and delight. And indeed it is meet that the saints and servants of God should sing forth their joys and praises to the Lord Almighty: every attribute of Him can set both their song and their tune.

Singing is the music of angels. Job (xxxviii. 7) tells us: "The morning stars sang together." Now, these morning stars, as Pineda tells us, are the angels. When this heavenly host was sent to proclaim the birth of our dearest Jesus, they delivered their message in this raised way of duty (Luko ii. 13). They were delivering their messages in a "laudatory singing," the whole company of angels making a musical choir. Nay, in heaven there is the angels' joyous music—they there sing hallelujahs to the Most High, and to the Lamb who sits upon the throne (Rev. v. 11, 12).

Singing is the music of heaven. The glorious saints and angels accent their praises this way, and make one harmony in their state of blessedness; and this is the music of the bride-chamber (Rev. xv. 3). The saints who were tuning here their psalms, are now singing their hallelujahs in a louder strain, and articulating their joys, which here they could not express to their perfect satisfaction. Here they laboured with drowsy hearts and faltering tongues: but in glory these impediments are removed, and nothing is left to jar their joyous celebrations.

Wells.

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

PRECEPT.—Continue ye in My love. *John xv. 9.*

PROMISE.—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *Rev. ii. 10.*

PRAYER.—O my God, I trust in Thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me. *Psalms xxv. 2.*

ALWAYS THE FARTHING READY.

Poor Mrs. Lewis had been laid up for many weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis. She was a widow with three little children, whom she supported by needlework; so that when at the beginning of winter she fell ill, it was hard to say how the daily bread was to be provided. But kind friends came forward to help; ladies for whom she had worked sent her beef-tea and other necessaries; a sister living in another part of London took charge of two of the children, leaving only the eldest, a little boy of eight, who was useful in waiting on his mother, and bringing her medicine from the dispensary. At last she began slowly to mend; and one day her District visitor, calling to read to her, found that the invalid had received the doctor's leave to sit up for a few hours the following day.

"I see," Miss Annesley said, "you have had your wants supplied. What a nice warm shawl that is!" It was made of crochet-work in dark blue wool, and was large enough to wrap across the chest and tie at the back.

"Yes, miss; I told my little girl you'd be sure to notice it; it's every bit her work, and you see how it goes just where the cold might strike me. But there's more comfort in it than that: it brings home to me, like a sermon, what the Bible says about trusting in God and not worrying about to-morrow."

"May I have the comfort of the sermon too?" asked her friend.

"Well, miss, it was like this. The day the children were coming back to me, and I was feeling troubled about how we should get along, my Jenny came running in all out of breath with a great parcel, and she threw it on my lap and put her arms round my neck, and said, half laughing and half crying, 'It's for you, mother, and it's all my work;' and when I opened it there was this very shawl.

"But," I said to her, "Jenny, my child, how did you get the money for the wool?"

"I got it a farthing skein at a time, mother," she said; "and as soon as ever I'd finished one skein, there was always the farthing ready to buy another. Sometimes aunt gave me the farthing change when I went errands for her; once I picked one up in the court, and everybody said it wasn't theirs; then a lady who came to teach work at the school gave us a penny each for hemming dusters; but I only had a penny twice: it oftenest came just by farthings, and I liked it best like that."

"So I asked her why; and she said, 'It was oftener something to be glad of, mother, and then just to look out where another farthing was to come from. I think God sent them, mother,' she said. 'It's because of the farthing skeins there are so many knots, but I thought you'd be able to sew them down.'

"However, miss," added Mrs. Lewis, "I'm inclined just to leave the knots as they are, to keep me in mind how there's a fresh help ready whenever the last is used up. I'm finding it so, miss; what with

coals sent to me, and bread tickets, and work beforehand that I needn't hurry with, there's something to thank Him for every hour of the day."

"Yes," answered her visitor, "it is such a cheering thought that our daily thanks and praise are dear to our Father in heaven, so that for His own sake as well as ours He would have us live by the day. As we read in Ezra, 'That which they have need of, let it be given them day by day without fail, that they may offer sacrifices of sweet savour unto the God of heaven.' It is that we may have, like Jenny, 'something oftener to be glad of;' it is to teach us to say, 'Thy mercies are new every morning;' 'Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation,'—that our supplies are sometimes sent, like the money for Jenny's wool, 'a farthing at a time;' and most surely we shall reach our home above to tell, like Jenny, how in one way or another, for every time of need, there was 'always the farthing ready.'"

COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WERE men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance:—

1. *To believe good news well founded.* Why, then, is not the Gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world?

2. *To love what is lovely, and that most which is most lovely.* Why, then, is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing He is altogether lovely?

3. *To fear that which will hurt them.* Why, then, are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin?

4. *Not to trust a known deceiver.* Why, then, do men trust Satan, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world?—the world, and its deceitful riches?—their own hearts, which are deceitful above all things?

5. *To lay up for old age.* Why, then, do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works, against the day of death and judgment?

6. *He that will give most shall have it.* Why, then, do not men give their love and service to God? Doth not He bid most?

7. *Take warning by others' harms.* Why do not men take heed of sinning from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning?

8. *To have something to show under men's hands, because they are mortal.* Why, then, will not men have something to show under God's hand for their security to salvation, seeing, not God, but they are mortal?

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us as of His people of old: "My people do not consider."



KING DAVID'S FOOL.

On one occasion the Rev. W. Taylor, when preaching in the streets of San Francisco, took for his text the words, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He says, "Some of my remarks on that occasion ran as follows:—

"Here is a watch my father gave me when I was a boy," holding it in my hand. "He bought it from an old bachelor by the name of Walkup, who, of course, recommended it to be a first-rate watch. I am not acquainted with its early history, but if I were to tell you that this watch had no maker, that some happy chance formed the different parts of its ingenious machinery, and that another chance put them together with the very useful design of a time-piece, you would call me a fool.

"It is said that Sir Isaac Newton had a friend who professed to be an atheist. Sir Isaac, anticipating a visit from his friend, placed a beautiful new globe where he knew it would arrest the attention of his visitor. When the atheist saw it, he exclaimed with admiration, 'Sir Isaac, who made this beautiful globe?'

"'Oh, it was not made at all, sir!' answered the great philosopher, with a significant glance at the confused eye of his friend.

"The argument was unanswerable. And if we cannot believe that a mere globe of wood, with certain lines and colours and figures, representing the earth's surface, could come by chance, how can we imagine that this mighty globe itself, with its continents and seas, and various laws, to say nothing of the vast universe of suns and systems which occupy the immeasurable expanse of space, could be the result of chance?

"To adopt such a conclusion, there is surely no such fool in this intelligent audience. But remember, David's fool was not such. He probably, like some fools encountered by Jesus in the days of His incarnation, 'drew nigh to God with his lips, and honoured Him with his mouth,' but 'said in his heart, There is no God.' The Holy Spirit was looking at him, and heard his heart say it, and moved the royal Psalmist to pen it down, and so it stands recorded to-day.

"The Holy Spirit is looking at each one of you now, and listening to every pulsation of your moral heart, and were He now to reveal what has there passed this day, what shocking revelations He would make! It is not by the profession of the mouth, but by the conduct of men, that we are to learn the orthodoxy of their hearts.

"A miserable gambler said to me but a short time since, 'When I came to California I had but twenty-five cents; but I had good luck playing cards, and by-and-by set up a "monte-table," and, I thank God, I have been very successful.' He said he was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and professed to be very devout.

"A wretched rum-seller over here on Jackson-street had filched the pockets of a poor fellow, wrecked his constitution, blighted all his hopes for time and eternity, unstrung his nervous system, and driven him into delirium tremens; and when his poor victim was dying, the tender-hearted rum-seller, full of sympathy for the suffering, sent in haste for me to come and pray for the poor man.

"Why, these gamblers here, whenever they shoot a fellow, go right off for a preacher to pray over their dead. One who came for me to preach at the funeral of C. B., who had been shot the night before just there in that large saloon, said, 'We thought it would be a pity to bury the man without some religious ceremonies. It will be a comfort to his friends, too, to know that he had a decent Christian burial.'

"I have buried three such within as many months. They profess a belief in God, but their conduct gives the lie to their profession.

"What is the swearer's notion of God? Even to-day my ears have been saluted with the horrid oath. They do not believe in their hearts that there is a God, and but use His name in ironical contempt, or else they have so degraded a notion of God as to treat Him worse than they would treat a dog. They would not think of so treating a fellow-man. 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' but every pulsation of that heart gives the lie to the blasphemous assertion. This system of bones, and sinews, and muscles, and arteries, and veins, and nerves, so fearfully and wonderfully made, proclaims, 'There is a God.' And this still more mysterious soul, which occupies this highly-wrought tenement, proclaims yet more loudly, 'There is a God.'

"See Him in nature. See Him in His providential government over men. See Him as revealed in His Word. See His mercy—His justice. We belong to Him. To Him shall we answer for all the sayings of our hearts. Do you believe in Him? Do you obey Him? Do you love Him? Are you on friendly terms with Him to-day? If not, 'We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' Will you sue for pardon and reconciliation now?"