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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. X.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

Whole No. 110.



Gen. William Booth.

Ribbon of Blue Gospel Temperance Notes.

The other day visiting a sick man, he said: "Don't be discouraged, keep at it, only think if one is saved. I thank God for your first ribbon of blue meeting, it did me more good than anything else in my life. I pinned on the blue, thank God, it and the Gospel of His grace saved me." Keep at it, don't be discouraged. Yes, that is the secret of success in every good cause. A great deal has been done during the last few years in temperance work, but a great deal yet remains to be done. We believe in the principle involved in the saying of Sydney Smith, when he remarked that the man who first gave a truth to the world was not so much a discoverer as he who repeated it until he obliged a people to hear it. So with the workers in the temperance cause. Sir Wilfrid Lawson recently said the motto of the day should be:

"Early to bed and early to rise;
Wear the Blue Ribbon and advertise."

Yes let us advise and advertise. Let us continually set forth the evils of intemperance, and the blessings lost thereby in national and home-life.

A great deal is heard at present about the "Irish Question," but when it was borne in mind that the drink bill of Ireland amounts annually to two and a half millions more than the whole of the rentals of

Ireland, it is plainly evident where the shoe really pinched. Sweep away the liquor traffic from the Emerald Isle there would at once be peace and prosperity.

Mr Thompson writes in an exchange: The federal statistics show that there are in the United States "600,000 persons daily incapacitated for labor by reason of liquor." This number includes the drunkards, the insane, the criminals and paupers dragged down to these classes by the direct and recognized influence of using intoxicating drinks. At \$1 a day in a year of 300 days these 600,000 persons, placed hors du travail by the drinking habit, could have earned \$180,000,000, which, added to the other totals of money cost, and the loss of the service of army of makers and sellers, estimating these services on the wage basis only, amount to the aggregate of \$1,171,291,518 per annum.

"This vast sum, is \$23 per capita for every man, woman and child in the country. It is nearly equal to our gold, silver and paper circulation combined. It would build and equip 30,000 miles of railroad; pay the cost of the public schools for fifteen years; erect and maintain 12,000 colleges; send out and support 1,200,000 missionaries; pay the entire national debt of the country, national, state and municipal, in less than four years; construct 600 first-class ocean steamers; erect and maintain 3,750 hospitals, libraries or homes for the aged; provide one-third of the people in the United States with homesteads of 160 acres each; run the post office department for thirty-four years; support the navy for seventy-five years; pay our foreign consular service for 1,625 years; purchase, at \$7 a barrel 167,327,359 barrels of flour, and pay the salary of the President of the United States for 23,125 years."

We would call our readers attention to the thrilling words of the N. Y. Tribune: "No government can set aside this subject of drinking. Despotism, Russia and Republican America must both face it. For the evil is too enormous and atrocious to be hid; too destructive and cyclonic to be regulated; too insolent to be endured; too cruel not to excite indignation. It is true that the capital and influence invested in its defence are enormous and potent, but humanity and God are against it. Childhood and womanhood out of the depths lift up holy hands against it, and the "irrepressible conflict" must go on until our statesmen shall dare to assail in our halls at Washington any evil or monstrous wrong that is destructive to national welfare."

Why not sign the Pledge for Your Own Sake.—Have others no claim upon you. If on the side of God and temperance, let us resolve we will not be discouraged, but will wear our blue, and keep at it.

The Regions Beyond.



HE surrender of Burmah to the British has opened wide the door for which Christians generally, and the American Baptists in particular, have been praying ever since Judson went to Ava. God has now answered these prayers and thrown open a country of a hundred and ninety thousand square miles, and between four and five millions of people for immediate possession, what an opportunity for the work of evangelization and civilization of this vast host and country for God. The whitened harvest field calls for an enthusiastic response of workers and means. It will pay to go up and possess this goodly land. Then the Irrawaddy River shall be a grand gospel highway.

From a report of the Church of England Missionary Meeting held recently in Oxford, England, we clip and cull some of the very interesting and instructive thoughts and descriptions thrown out by various speakers respecting England's responsibilities to India, and its loud claim and demand as a field for missionary operations.

Miss Hewlett, who was about to return to India, addressing the meeting, said.

"India had a claim upon them as subjects of Queen Victoria, because the young men of India were rising in these days to a point of education and civilization and intercourse with other nations which was quite remarkable, which was going on as rapidly as possible for any series of changes to go on, and those young men were going to be the statesmen of India some day, those young men were going to be the judges of India some day, and not only the judges of India, but judges of British subjects in India. Everything pointed in that direction. India had a claim upon them as a country, and, with its 125 millions of female subjects, it has a claim upon them as women, and why? Because these millions of females, who would take somewhere about 230 to 250 years to pass before their eyes minute by minute, if they were to walk through that room—a long dark string—were in ignorance, in sorrow, destitute of comfort, and without any hope for the future. Therefore India had a claim upon every Christian woman who was able to stand up to do anything to help the liberty of the Gospel, which had made England and England's women what they were. India had a strong claim upon all Christians, upon every one who named the name of Christ. India had a strong claim, for India, with all its enlightenment and all its riches, and with all of which they as a country might justly be so proud—for India was not a country of savages or of people who knew nothing—with all its grandeur and riches, was in heathen and Mohammedan darkness; they knew not that Christ Jesus was waiting to save them and bless them. They knew it, and therefore India had a claim upon them as Christians. Unholy home, unhappy women these were the results of Mohammedanism. Of course it was no news to them that Mohammedan women, from the highest rank, except princesses, down to the lowest, except those who were obliged to go out to earn their living, were kept shut up in their own apartments. This very fact was so great that no one ought to fail to grasp it or try to understand what it was for millions of

women to be shut up without any possibility of seeing the outside world. Mohammedanism had brought these things into India, the natives had learned the fashion of keeping their ladies, who professed to be ladies at all, with the exception of princesses, strictly secluded. The ladies who were kept secluded were absolutely prohibited from having any doctor, unless their doctor be also a lady.

The only thing that women in India could do in a sick room was to make a great noise, and all these things were intensified in the upper classes. The poorer women were able to go to hospitals, if they could get over their distaste of seeing a gentleman, but the upper classes were left to themselves in sickness, with no good cook, nurse or doctor at all. So they had a pretty good idea, if 12 millions of women and girls were left in this hopeless state, that it was evident that they needed some doctors and nurses, and that it was a call upon every Christian woman to send or provide what was needed. There they saw one of the deadly influences of the Mohammedan religion, and there were thousands and thousands of lives lost through it. There was another yet of which she must speak. She daresay they had heard that in India it was the custom to marry the children; it was the custom to make a contract of marriage between babies, and she daresay that would make them smile, but it was one of the curses of the country, and let them thank God that the Hindoos themselves were now waking up to see that this kind of thing would not do in India. Gentlemen had themselves written to the English papers to ask that something might be done if possible to alter this terrible state of things. Of course it was only one here and one there who had come to such a good state of mind, for the majority of the people thought themselves utterly disgraced if they had a girl over ten who was not married. England ought to do something in this matter. Suppose there was a contract of marriage between a little Hindu boy and a little Hindu girl, suppose the boy got the measles and died, the girl was a widow—the little girl of a year old, six months old, ten years old, or what not, was a widow, and then perhaps some of them would say "Oh, they don't understand, poor little things; they have none of the sorrows of widowhood, they don't know what it is," and that their sorrows compared with people in this country were just nothing. But first of all the child widow, or woman widow, in India was allowed only one course meal a day, and that must generally be somebody else's leavings; she was only allowed one course garment, and was treated as the slave and outcast of the family, she was allowed no jewellery, which was a great deal to Indian women, no feasting, no pleasure, nothing in life but a dreary prospect of going on day after day the slave and drudge of the family, and she used that word slave in its fullest sense. She did not mean merely to do hard work, but a slave, body, soul and spirit, and besides that these children were compelled to fast twice in every month for 24 hours. She had been an eye witness of a child widow of five years old crying to her mother for bread or water on a hot day, and the mother had beaten the child and said, 'Don't you know you are a widow, and fasting.' Think of the wickedness of calling a child a widow, and by the law of the country those widows might

never be re-married; she left that picture for men to follow up, and she asked whether they did not think that the women of India, when they were widows, had sorrow enough? The number of widows in Bengal only—she could not give them ages, but she had the numbers of little widows under ten years of age in Bengal alone. Let them try to think of India geographically, and leave out the Punjab, Bombay, South India, the North-West Provinces, and first of all Bengal alone, and let them try and remember this stupendous fact, that in Bengal alone to-day upwards of 48,000 children under ten years of age are called widows. A few years ago all these children would have been burnt on the funeral piles of their husbands, but our Government, thank God, was able to bring about a state of things that it was now murder to burn a widow on the funeral pile of her husband. People who did it could be tried for murder, as in England; but while they thanked God for that; the widow frequently said 'Burn me, burn me, death is better than that,' and they were known to poison themselves."

Dear reader, we have made rather lengthy extracts, but the speech seemed so informing we thought well to pass some of it on to our readers. India is one of the oldest, and at the same time one of the most important of all our modern mission fields. It certainly is a great help in praying to have a definite and well informed idea of the work being done and the work to be done in the world for Christ, and for which we ought to pray.

Facts and figures may well excite both our wonder and our faith.

It said that in India there are worshiped 33,000,000 gods, and that the story and history thereof is too vile for ears polite.

China's 250,000,000 millions cry, COME, GIVE.

Africa stands with open door, and every true Christian instead of being satisfied with singing for the stirring of their own feelings, "Tell me the Old, Old Story, should sing, We'll tell the Old, Old Story of Jesus and his Love, until earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's love.

Our Study Table Review Notes.

We have received from W. T. Fullerton, and J. Manton Smith, through their publishers, Passmore & Alabaster, London, England, two daintily gotten up volumes, pleasingly ornamented outside, but better inside; they are full of soul stirring incidents. "Froded Palms," by W. T. Fullerton, is enriched with many pen and picture illustrations of homely and practical scripture truths.

Stray Leaves, from My Life Story.—By J. M. Smith. Is a short sketch of the writer's spiritual experience, told to show forth the Love wherewith Christ loved him. Its aim is to lead others to love a Saviour so great and gracious. It may awaken a deeper interest to know that these brethren are going to and fro preaching and singing the gospel; they are known as Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists, God has very graciously used their services in England.

Between Two Opinions.—Pub. National Christian Association, Chicago, U. S. This is a new book

founded on fact, to show the evils of intemperance and that the larger truer brotherhood of man exists, should and must exist outside of secret organizations banded for the good of the few at the sacrifice, if needs be, of the many. The band of truest union is avoidance of all appearance of evil, faith in God and doing as one would be done unto by others. In fact in trusting God and doing right, come what may.

Vick's Floral Guide.—Pub. Rochester, N. Y. Is fairly a temptation to read. Its artistic arrangement makes the catalogue interesting and creates a desire to have and to grow plants and seeds so graphically described,

The Christian at Work.—Pub. New York, is working as hard as ever to maintain its superiority. It keeps and claims a front place in the list of weekly family papers. It offers both in quantity and quality as much as can be got anywhere for \$3.00 a year.

The Cottage Hearth.—Pub. 11 Bloomfield Street, Boston. Price \$1.50, is a strong claimant for family and popular favour.

The Christian Nation.—Pub. Tribune Buildings, N. Y. Is as fresh and full of pure wholesome reading matter as at any time its history. The editor is surely making a place for himself in the hearts and homes of the people.

The Christian Cynosure.—Pub. Chicago, U. S., has a work which requires much grace and fidelity. The battle against evil in any shape or form is Christ-like. When on earth Jesus never said, "wrap it up, rather, let there be light."

21 Raglan Road,

Bushopton, Bristol, England, Jan. 1st, 1886.

Dear Honored Brother in Christ:

It was a very agreeable surprise to me to receive last year's *Buds and Blossoms*; kindly send me this year's as well, for which and last year's I send 6s. 5d. in stamps. I did not know your christian name or should have sent an order, but I dare say you will be able to exchange for cash. I am very pleased with your very instructive, encouraging and attractive monthly. Everyone I have shown it to also have the same opinion. I trust the Dear Master will enlarge your coast by giving you subscribers abundantly, for surely it would encourage you and yours, and be for His glory. I am but a feeble one in a very small corner and cannot do in a pecuniary way what is in my heart to do. I will shew *B. and B.* to the brethren and sisters I am acquainted with as well as to the clerks in the Telegraph office where I am engaged, and I trust many will be induced to take it in. I beg, however, to offer you my services in the way of writing. If I could be of any use to you. I can write rapidly (also shorthand) I would do gratuitously anything for the Lord—the Lord's work—with pleasure. I am in fellowship with Mr. Fuller (the orphanage) doubtless you have heard of who is now on a preaching tour in Canada. It is so encouraging to see the Lord's children making known the same blessed simple Gospel truths which have "made us free," in a distant part of the world, and fighting the same dreadful foe. "In due time we shall reap, if we faint not." I take in "The Christian," a weekly. Perhaps it may be of service to you if I send it occasionally, after read by my friends. I believe in the circulation of Gospel tracts. I commenced some 3 years ago to send little packets containing about 5 assorted tracts 2 leaflets and a booklet through the post, and have heard of blessing. Although no one, but 1 or 2 friends, knows who sent by. I send 2 dozen weekly and the total number has now reached over 2,000. I have not missed this little much, and if it is instrumental in the Lord's hands of saving but one soul I shall have something to be thankful for throughout eternity. I doubt not *B. and B.* have thus been used and will yet be used more. Your "Flower Mission" is so nice too. I do hope the Lord will bless you and make you a still greater blessing. I will endeavor to remember you before the throne of grace and my dear wife also will.

With kind regards, wishing you a very happy and prosperous New Year.

I remain

Yours in the living One,

E. HAWKINS.

Home Circle.

Time flies, is an adage almost worn out with repetition. But it is only as we note the flight of minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years, we learn how quick its flight. The thought it is time to get another month's copy ready for the printer and reader stirred the thought another month has gone. How, to what purpose has it been spent? Friend consider, *Time was, Time is,* and quickly spends the *Time, when Time shall be no more.* Now is the accepted *Time* if we would work for Jesus.

When we pen our notes it is with a desire to praise God from whom all blessings flow, and to record as a wise recorder, the evidences of the continued goodness, grace and help of our God. It may be interesting to our many readers to know that we have tried to do our work in faith and to look specially to God for the means needed to sustain and carry on the various interests in connection with Christ's cause committed to our charge. The church work properly sustained by the weekly voluntary free-will offerings of the people, who meet and worship at the Tabernacle. These eleven years and more it has been left to the conscience of the givers, whether they would rob God, or cast into the treasury as the Lord prospered them, and in measure as his word demands.

Often with a changing congregation made up largely of passing strangers, the faithful few, not rich in this world's goods, have had their faith tried by the out-look, and have been tempted by outsiders to do as we do and keep a check for wet Sundays, etc., to keep delinquents up to the mark. But through a year, which in the beginning seemed destined to try us above that we were able, the Lord has proved the true helper, and our treasurer's financial report enables us to raise another Ebenezer, and to say all these years our God has supplied our need. Often we hear the wish expressed would God, we could arise and build the upper structure, especially now that the temporary roof begins to leak. Is it to stir our energies and faith. We are too poor, but our God is rich, we often think, he may use *Buds* as a medium of finding and communicating help unto us. At least every reader can pray for the work, and in some measure work to this end.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Tabernacle Treasurer's Report for six months ending Dec. 31, 1885.

Running Expense Fund.

Cash in hand in this fund per statement rendered June 30, 1885.....	\$317 84
Cash received Sabbath collections.....	573 20
Proceeds Strawberry festival.....	72 80
Wave offering.....	100 00
Total cash paid out of this fund six months Dec. 31, '85.	823 19
Cash balance in hand Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$240 65

Building Fund.

Cash in this fund per statement rendered June 30, 1885..	\$347 80
Cash received six months ending Dec. 30, 1885.....	205 00
Total cash in hand Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$552 80

Communion Fund.

Cash in this fund per statement rendered June 30, 1885..	\$119 40
Cash received six months to Dec. 31, 1885.....	22 10
Total cash in hand Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$141 50
Cash paid out of this fund six months Dec. 31, 1885.....	41 50
Total cash in hand Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$100 00

Home and Foreign Mission Fund.

Cash collected six months ending Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$15 73
Total cash in hand in all funds Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$240 65
Running expense fund.....	\$240 65
Building fund.....	552 80
Communion fund.....	100 00
Mission fund.....	15 73
Total cash in hand in all funds Dec. 31, 1885.....	\$909 18

The statement has been audited and found correct.

[Signed]

CYRUS HUBLEY.
JOHN GASTON.
WILLIAM T. FRANCIS.
Auditors.

Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM DAVIES,
Treasurer.

Building Fund. Cash received for lots. We still have a lot of lots for sale. It will be remembered a year ago it was

decided and determined to get rid of debt on the lot, so as to be free of ground rent. By plan the lot was divided into 600 lots to be sold at \$5.00 a lot, this would pay off the \$3000 owing. This is the meaning of our monthly acknowledgment of lots sold, will you not take a lot and set us free. We can then let a larger share of our liberality go into other channels.

Received for lots during the month per J. F. Avery from a widow, J. G., \$5.00; Aron Hubley, \$4.00 per Grace Muhlig for Infant class, \$5.00.

Mr. C. Hubley, \$5.00, per J. K. Hubley, Abbie Clawson, \$5.00 Miss Saleman, \$5.00, per W. Davis, from Chambers Blakney, for two lots, \$10.00, and also \$1.50 for foreign missions. When asked how could you afford and manage to give so much, the brother said, I have a box and drop in a little every now and then for this special object.

Encouragement.—On Jan. 10th, it was the pastor's privilege to baptize a young man whose father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother he had previously baptized. It was no small pleasure to extend the right hand of fellowship to one of the third generation.

Friendly greetings and words which cheer.—It gives us pleasure to find that our words and work are so highly valued and esteemed by others. It was specially comforting to hear that *B. and E.* had been directly instrumental in leading one to Christ, it gives new impulse for this service. The new year especially with on-larg-ed effort is a time of testing to faith, do not say, perhaps many will not renew. Then again, how do you expect to get enough new subscribers to recupe the outlay. Thank God if we do not succeed we shall feel disappointed, for we have in faith planned to expect and expand from the income of *Buds* even more than in the past. To this end we would ask your prayers and efforts. For should our way prosper we want to run the Mission press more this year. Had we sufficient means we think we see the way for enlargement of our service in Christ's Kingdom. We thank all who, by pre-payment and sending \$1.00 for *Buds* and *Blossoms* are helping us to this end. We credit them with 25c. each to our free issue and Mission press fund. Last year our income for this work was not at all equal to the outlay. Yet the Lord enabled us to meet and pay the expenses. Received since last acknowledgement, and we credit to each 25c., Mrs. D. McPherson, W. Myers, Mrs. G. Anderson, Mrs. E. Smith, Ehler, Mrs. Burgis, John Mathews, Mrs. S. Howe, Amos Robinson, H. Hubley, Dumbarton Station, S. Shaw, Mrs. Estano, Mrs. Pazyants, Miss Potter, Mr. Stolliday, C. P. Evans, Mrs. A. J. Onderdonk, J. P. Pipes, Mrs. J. Manuel. Received since Jan. 1st for 1886.—A. E. Steward, Mrs. C. Covey, Aggie Deachman, Capt. Hardy, Mr. Halliday, Mr. Gaston, Mrs. Wood, Miss Jost, Annie Hubley, Mrs. Ogiville, Mrs. E. Shaw, Miss M. Bars, Rev. P. Murray, C. A. Bowley. We shall be during the year glad to receive donations for the several objects, and work in hand as our friends may send and designate.

The Ladies Home and Church Sewing Circle are at work. God grant that they may be as successful this spring as last year. Donations will be reported next month.

Received with thanks for our own use, from a widow, a pair of gold framed spectacles; and from P. Myers \$1.00.

Text Card and Floral Mission.—In distributing cards sent by young ladies at Wolfville, we met at the door of the hospital the matron and asked her to take promiscuously any card. She drew one from the parcel and read thereon,

"For thy weariest day
May Christ be thy stay,
For the darkest night
May Christ be thy light."

Zec. 14, 6, "At Eventide it shall be light."

We draw the bow at a venture, scatter seed, but the direction and increase is of God.

Orange Blossoms.

Marrled, 12th Jan., Edward McLean, to Bessie Dimock, both of Mount Umiseke, Rev. J. F. Avery, at Mizpah Cottage Hall-fax, N. S.

Olive Branches.

BIRTH.—January 14th, the wife of George Frazer (ex-Mayor) a daughter.

IF NO REQUEST TO DISCONTINUE THE PAPER IS RECEIVED, IT WILL BE CONTINUED. THE PAPER WILL, HOWEVER, BE STOPPED AT ANY TIME IF THE SUBSCRIBER SO DESIRES, AND REMITS THE AMOUNT DUE FOR THE TIME THAT IT HAS BEEN SENT.

ALECK, THE ORKNEY PILOT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A Trip to the Orkney Isles.

In a wild October night, many years ago, Aleck Baikie, the pilot, returned to his hut on the mainland of Orkney. He had been busy all day superintending the wintering of the laird's cattle, for Aleck was "grieve" as well as pilot. Seated at his cozy fire of driftwood, with his youngest child Jeanie on his knee, he repeated to his wife the unmistakable signs which he had observed that the night would prove fearfully stormy. His cabin was on the lee side of the cliffs, which are

at least two hundred feet in height. About five in the morning he thought he heard spray dashing upon his roof. He started up and listened. Amid the howling of the wind he heard a muffled sound from the sea. It was a signal gun.

In a few minutes Aleck was on his way to Stromness to alarm the fishermen, and before day dawned many an anxious, kindly face was peering from the cliffs into the thick fog which covered the tempest-tossed ocean. Too well the hardy fishermen knew

the lowest part of their cliffs where a current would bring any ill-fated vessel; there they stood for hours, ropes in hand, but not a sound was heard.

About nine o'clock the fog parted for one moment like a torn curtain, and they saw, sheer down at their feet, a fine, large, deeply-laden American vessel, stars and stripes at the masthead. The crew were in their places; the captain at the helm. The first mate, it was supposed, stood beside him on the deck; he was a tall, powerful, handsome man; and clinging to him was a boy of four years old. But Aleck saw all this in the twinkling of an eye, for the fog closed as suddenly as it had opened. He saw the captain's shudder of horror, and the mate—could it be that he grasped his boy by the waist and raised him over his head?

What made Aleck dash down the cliffs, regardless of the rope his comrades offered? There was a crash, and all was still; no vessel could have lived in that sea. The hardy fishers tried to close their eyes and ears. The fine American ship was seized broadside by an enormous wave, and dashed against the cliff, as one might dash a glass phial against a stone wall. One blow completed the work of destruction; she went rolling in entire from keel to masthead, and returned on the recoil of the broken surge a mass of shapeless fragments, that continued to dance idly among the foam or were scattered along the beach. All on board must have perished.

Presently, amid the blinding spray, Aleck reappeared with a burden. The strong man had indeed thrown that precious boy on the rock, and Aleck had secured him ere the surf claimed him for its prey. He carried the bruised and senseless lad home, put him in Jeanie's bed, and nourished him for his own son.

Aleck acted occasionally as pilot to vessels in the Pentland Firth, and a few summers after his rescue of the American boy, he was alone in his boat, rowing home after piloting a schooner. The afternoon was calm, with ugly clouds in the distance. A large ship hove in sight; Aleck boarded her, and did his duty well. With wind and tide both in her favour, the outward-bound *Savannah* shot gaily along. But they were fifteen miles from home, and the sinking sun told Aleck's bursting heart that for him there could be no return to wife and bairns for a long while.

The captain was heartily sorry for what had happened, and assured Aleck that he should be put on board the first homeward-bound ship, for the *Savannah* was chartered for Callao. The Orcadian pilot muttered, "Oh, Jeanie!" as he turned to assist in the working of the ship; but not a sign of emotion escaped him, and in a day or two every man of the crew loved and honoured him.

They hailed no vessel on the passage, and at Callao Aleck found that every ship had gone for that season; so he had to wait till the *Savannah* went to the Galapagos Islands, and then he returned in her to Liverpool.

The evening, so lovely out at sea, was stormy in Orkney; many of the Stromness men had difficulty in preserving their lives; so all believed that Aleck was drowned, and as all chance of his return seemed over, his wife wore mourning.

One Saturday night a tall man knocked at the area door of the laird's house in York Place, Edinburgh. The cook almost fainted when she opened it. "Eh, Ellspath, here's the wraith o' our Aleck Baikie, who was drowned twa years ago, last Thursday."

Aleck had great difficulty in effecting an entrance; but once in, and his story told to the laird himself, the great point was how to convey the news to Mrs. Baikie without injuring her health, now undermined by grief and anxiety. At last the laird prevailed upon Aleck to remain in Edinburgh till Mrs. Baikie was gently prepared to lay aside her weeds, and accept the blessing in store for her. She had removed from her old cottage to a small farm on a green sloping island, half a mile from the mainland. It was shaped like a wedge; high cliffs rose to the west, and it sloped gently to the east. Here she hoped to live on the produce of her dairy, with the assistance of Jeanie and the young American, whom the fishers called Yankee Jack.

One of Aleck's first cares, on his return, was to remove his wife to their old cottage, but the "flitting" was retarded by stormy weather. One day Jack and he were on the mainland with some household goods, and were preparing to re-cross the narrow strait, when the boy saw a tremendous wave rising in the Atlantic, at the back of the island. "Oh, father, what a big wave!" But the pilot was speechless, and a cold shiver ran through him, as the crest of the wave rose higher than their island. It came over the cliffs; down the steep, grassy banks; they closed their eyes as it rushed upon their farm buildings; they were too terrified to open them. But no; the most merciful God, who ruleth the sea, had divided the wave in two just behind their house; it ran on either side, and the only dry spot on the green island was their farm buildings.

"Let us give thanks to God," said Aleck, reverently taking off his bonnet, while his gaze was rivetted on the green island, as if the eye could not be satisfied with seeing.

Years rolled on, and Yankee Jack, the foundling American, was the cleverest and handsomest lad in the mainland. He was a bold climber and expert oarsman; no sea-fowl's nest was safe from him. In winter, when the schoolmaster gathered a few pupils beside Aleck Baikie's fire, Jack soon outstripped the Orkney children. Surmises even arose that Jack must have been of gentle blood; but all the recollections of infancy seemed obliterated in that fearful shipwreck; he could never tell his name or previous history. "My first father threw me on the rock," was all he would ever say. He called Aleck his second father.

One lovely summer day Jeanie Baikie and he were rambling among the cliffs, near the "Giant's Hole," a magnificent cave, visible only at low water, and highly dangerous, for one wave of the Atlantic fills it, with a roar like thunder. Jeanie saw some beautiful shells a little way from the entrance, and she waded for them, despite Jack's remonstrance that the tide must be very near the turn. She heard a hollow, distant roar. She forgot the shells and rushed to the rocks;

but had not Jack's arm supported her, and his practised feet climbed by a path only goats could mount with difficulty, she must have perished. As it was, they were both bruised and injured.

Another day they went, with more caution, at spring-tide, to try if they could see "Johnston's Cave," and Jeanie told how the shipwrecked sailor had lain in that fearful abode from a Wednesday night till Sabbath morning; and how, when he had climbed up the precipice, he astonished the people going to church, "who could scarcely regard him as a creature of this world," and how, like Jack, he was the sole survivor of a large vessel. A few dozen red herrings, and a tin cover, in which he caught fresh water drippings from the roof of the deep cave, had served to keep him alive; and tears filled Jeanie's eyes while she described the waves rolling up to the narrow strip of shingly beach where Johnston lay.

Jack interrupted her: "Jeanie, I maun gang to sea—it's no use fechtin' wi' the burning desire o' my heart. When ye're a' asleep, I ha'e creepit to the edge of this cliff, where my father flang me up, and your father keppit me; and I ha'e watched those angry billows that took him from me; and you will never try to stop me, Jeanie? you will ask your father to let me go this very night?"

It were better to draw a veil over Jeanie's grief and her mother's speechless agony, as they prepared a well-filled kit for the orphan, and let him depart in three weeks on board a fine new whaler. Aleck had tried to persuade Jack to help him as pilot; but finding it in vain, he gave him his blessing, and let him go.

Long did Jeanie remember the only time she ever saw tears in her father's eyes, when he took Jack's hand, and said, "Farewell, my son! Fear God, and keep His commandments, for that is the whole duty of man."

The whaler was never heard of more. For months and years Jeanie and her mother burned a candle in the west window of their cottage, lest perchance the sailor might return; but he probably met a fate like his father's.

Aleck felt deeply the loss of the boy who, he hoped, would be the stay of his declining years. But he had been taught in all things to submit to the will of God. He died in faith, trusting to his Saviour's righteousness.

WHAT CAME OF A TRACT.



MORE than half a century ago, on the 5th of September, 1825, the Rev. Jonas King, after a missionary sojourn of between two and three years in Palestine and Syria, was about to return to his native land. He little expected that a long and event-

ful work was in store for him in another portion of the Old World—Greece—and only knew that it

was doubtful whether he should ever again see the faces of the friends he had made in Jerusalem, Ramleh, and other places. Accordingly he conceived the happy thought of writing them a "Farewell Letter," in which he simply and clearly answered the question often put to him in the East, "Have the English any religion?" And in addition to a statement of the leading articles of his own faith, he exhibited some reasons why he could not be a Roman Catholic.

The letter was written with no ulterior object. It was composed in the Arabic language, and forty copies in manuscript were sent to the persons to whom it was addressed. But it met a want which the author little suspected, and the consequence was that it was translated into one after another of the European languages.

Years after, when Jonas King was no longer a vigorous young man, but a veteran witness for the truth in Athens, a copy of his "Farewell Letter" in the Italian language was left by some unknown person—undoubtedly a devout lover of the truth—at the door of the residence of the Rev. Dr. De Sanctis, then a distinguished preacher and priest of the Roman Catholic Church in the city of Rome. He picked up the pamphlet or tract, and read it. It awakened strange doubts and misgivings, or stimulated those which lay latent in his breast.

He resolved to examine more closely the pretensions of the church in whose ministry he found himself; and the examination, under the blessing of God, resulted in his renunciation of his priestly office, and embracing with all his heart the Gospel which reveals to man the universal priesthood of all believers, and their access to God by the one sufficient sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

He went to Turin, and there he began faithfully to preach the truth. A Spaniard of the name of Ruet heard and believed. Returning to Spain, and becoming a pastor of a small congregation of converts at Gibraltar, Ruet did not forget the claims of the rest of the Peninsula, at that time groaning under the double yoke of Isabella and the Jesuits; and soon, at Malaga, he was blessed in reaching some hearts.

Matamoros—the proto-martyr of modern Spain—was one of the earliest to profess the purer faith, and to testify to his fidelity to Christ before judges and in prison. And with him was also converted the lad, Antonio Carrasco, the silver-tongued orator of the Protestant Spanish Church, the pastor of the crowded chapel of Madrid, who, after a wonderful escape from the Inquisition and galleys, has exchanged the cross for the heavenly crown.

The wave of sanctified human influence set in motion by Jonas King's unpretending "Farewell Letter" is not arrested; it is only widening and enlarging its circle. King, De Sanctis, Carrasco, are already in glory, resting from their labours; but the new Reformation in Italy and Spain is going gloriously forward. May it not cease before both of these beautiful and important lands are brought into complete subjection to the truth as it is in Jesus!

JOHN WESLEY'S EARLY DAYS.



JOHN WESLEY was born at Epworth, the 28th of June, 1703. His father, having been chaplain on board a man-of-war, and then a curate in London, had obtained from the Crown the living of Epworth in Lincolnshire. He was a man of great literary ability, and had obtained some distinction by his writings.

The picture of the family group at the parsonage of Epworth is very touching and interesting. While the father was busy in the parish or in his study, the mother devoted her whole energies to her children. Before she came to Epworth, she had had six children, of whom three had died; in all, she had nineteen. When her husband was absent in London during the sittings of Convocation, and there was no afternoon service, Mrs. Wesley collected her children and servants, talked with them, prayed with them, and read aloud a sermon.

It was probably by an act of spite that a misfortune now happened by which the infant child, John Wesley, well-nigh perished.

It was a certain Wednesday night in wintry February. Brewing had been going on at the parsonage, but everything had been long put away. Every spark of fire was out by five o'clock that evening. The household had gone to bed, except the studious pastor, who continued in his study till half-past ten. Then he arose, and locking the doors of the rooms where his wheat and corn lay, went to bed.

About eleven o'clock he heard a cry of "Fire!" in the street. He got out of bed and looked out of window, little imagining that his own house was burning. In the street he saw the reflection of the flames. He then discovered that the house was all ablaze. He called to his wife and girls to fly. Their little store of money was in the house, and she, prudent woman, would have taken it, but there was no time for that. He then ran to the nursery door, and gave the alarm. The nurse had five little ones with her; she seized the youngest and told the rest to follow, but little Jack slept on through the uproar. They reached the bottom of the stairs, and the roof seemed on the point of falling in. Then they remembered that they had not brought the keys with them.

Mr. Wesley rushed upstairs and recovered them just before the staircase was seized by the flames. When the door was opened, a strong wind beat the flames in from the side of the house with the violence of a furnace. Mr. Wesley thought of the garden door, and ran to open it, telling the rest to follow. The poor wife found she could not follow. She then tried three times to force her way through the street door, and was three times driven back by the fury of the flames.

"In this distress," she says, "I besought our blessed Saviour to preserve me, if it were His will, from that death; and then waded through the fire,

naked as I was, which did me no further harm than a little scorching of my hands and face."

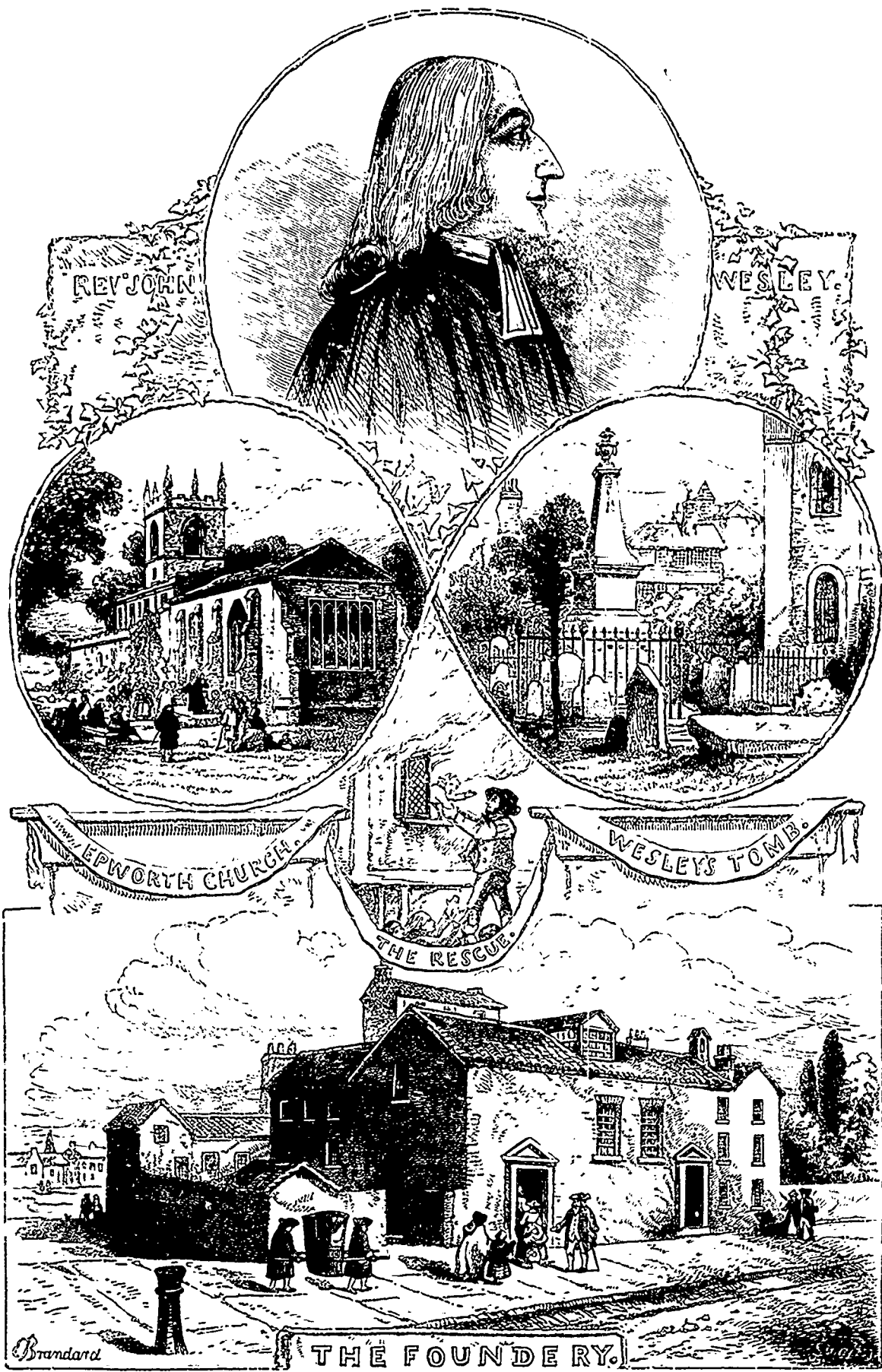
Finding his wife was not with him, the father ran back into the house to seek her, but found his elder daughter alone. He bore her away into the garden, and then assisted his children, whom he had saved, to climb its wall. While thus engaged, little John, who had been forgotten, was heard crying in the nursery, "Help me." The distressed father tried to run up the consuming staircase, but the flames beat him down. He tried a second time, wrapping up his head, but the stream of fire was too strong. In utter despair he called his children around him, and kneeling down besought God to receive the child's soul. Then he ran round and found his wife alive and just able to speak. "I fell on mother earth and blessed God."

The little child John was not, however, thus to perish. Awakened by the light, he thought that the morning was come, and called on his nurse to take him up. He saw the streaks of fire in the room, and got on the top of a chest near the window. Happily he was then seen, and the house being low, one man stood on the shoulders of another and tried to reach him. The little fellow, frightened by the sight of a strange man, ran away and tried to open the door. This he could not do, and the bed and curtains being in a blaze, he came back to the window. Then he jumped into the man's arms, and was saved. A moment later and the whole roof crashed in.

The happy father then cried, "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough."

The mother was deeply affected by this wonderful escape of her child. She pondered the thing in her heart. "I would offer Thee myself, and all that Thou hast given me; and I would resolve—oh, give me grace to do it!—that the residue of my life shall be all devoted to Thy service. And I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success!" Throughout his life John Wesley remembered this deliverance with the deepest gratitude. Beneath one of his portraits he had engraved the emblematic device of a house in flames, with these words for the motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

John Wesley was sent to school to the Charter House. It was not a pleasant life. The fagging system was carried to a tyrannical extent. The big boys even took the meat from the little boys, and for a long time Wesley lived on nothing but dry bread. He nevertheless continued in good health, which he attributed to strict obedience to an injunction of his father's to run three times round the Charter House garden every morning. He was a quiet lad and a diligent student, a deserved favourite of the head master's. From the Charter House he was elected to



REV. JOHN

WESLEY.

EPWORTH CHURCH.

WESLEY'S TOMB.

THE RESCUE.

THE FOUNDRY.

Brandard

the lordly foundation of Christ Church, Oxford. It was soon time that he should be ordained. He wrote to his father on the subject.

The heroic old man wrote back in a trembling hand. "You see," he said, "Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little way behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have, and I bless God for them." Again he said, "In the first place, if you love yourself or me, pray heartily."

John Wesley became a thorough student of divinity, and gave his whole strength to the work. He took the sacrament weekly and prayed earnestly for inward holiness. In 1725 he was ordained by the then Bishop of Oxford. Next spring he was elected Fellow of Lincoln.

His aged father was greatly elated by this. "What will be my own fate before the summer be over," he wrote, "God knows: wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

We must now for a short space turn to his brother, Charles Wesley. When he first came to Oxford, he was neither religious nor anxious to become so. "He pursued his studies diligently," says John, "and led a regular, harmless life; but if I spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, 'What! would you have me to be a saint all at once?'"

But when John had left Oxford to be his father's curate, letters reached him from Charles, breathing a very different language. "It is through your means, I firmly believe, that God will establish what He hath begun in me; and there is no one person I would so willingly have to be the instrument of good to me as you. It is owing, in great measure, to somebody's prayers (my mother's, most likely) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself how or when I awoke out of my lethargy, only that it was not long after you went away."

Becoming sincerely religious, Charles Wesley sought out for the society of friends like-minded. He and his friends were soon derisively called Methodists. When John Wesley was summoned back to Oxford by his college, he found a small knot of religious friends gathered around his brother. "They agreed to spend three or four evenings in the week together in reading the Greek Testament, with the Greek and Latin classics. On Sunday evenings they read divinity." They then proceeded to deeds of active mercy, to visit the poor in the town and the prisoners in jail.

The Wesleys asked their father for his advice. "I have the highest reason to bless God," was the answer, "that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them."

Their numbers slowly increased. From year to year they persevered, though some of their little company fell away in the course of the social persecution to which they were exposed.

At this time his father, feeling himself stricken in years, was anxious that his son John should be his successor, and his parishioners shared the wish of their venerable rector. The request was strongly urged

upon John Wesley, but he did not see his way clear; he should be getting more good, and doing more good, so he thought, in Oxford than in the country. He made up his mind, and all knew that when this was done he was not to be moved.

The good old father died in April, 1735. His sons were with him to the last, and must have learned much from the dying saint which as yet they could only imperfectly comprehend. "The inward witness, son," said the old man eloquent, "this is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity."

"Are you in much pain?" asked John Wesley. "God doth chasten me with pain," was the reply, "yea, all my bones with strong pain; but I thank Him for all, I bless Him for all, I love Him for all." And so he fell asleep.

SNEAKING INTO HEAVEN.

THIS is a strange title; but read on, and you will understand why it was chosen.

Some years ago I was called to visit a young man who was fast sinking in consumption. He had been religiously brought up, and his conduct had been always outwardly correct; he had also regularly attended the house of God. But one thing had always been wanting. Though convinced that except he became a new creature in Christ Jesus he could not enter the kingdom of heaven, his heart was still unchanged; and his convictions again and again passed away "as the morning cloud and the early dew."

When sickness came these convictions returned with greater force, and he could no longer forget them. He felt now that he dared not let them pass away. His past life of neglect appeared in its true colours, and the near approach of death filled him with deep concern.

I found him very restless and unhappy. He knew he was a great sinner, and his repentance appeared to be sincere; he knew, too, that Christ was able and willing to save sinners; but he seemed as if he were both unable and even unwilling to accept his salvation.

I felt much for him, and tried to set before him the sufficiency of Christ's salvation, and His complete willingness to receive all who came to Him; but while he listened with apparent pleasure to what I said, his unwillingness to come to Christ still remained. It seemed sometimes as if he did not wish to hope.

After a time I found out the reason. It was this: he was filled with shame and remorse that he had so long rejected Christ in the days of his health. He felt he had been ashamed of Him and His words while he was among men, and now his pride shrank from making Him a refuge in the time of his trouble. He felt as one would feel who had treated a friend with ingratitude and unkindness in the time of prosperity, and whose pride would not allow him to seek his help in the time of need.

Talking with him one day about this, I tried to show him how willing, notwithstanding all, Christ

was to receive him; that no sense of our own unworthiness or ingratitude ought to hinder our coming to Him; and that we must humble ourselves and become as little children if we would accept His salvation. Suddenly, after a brief pause, he said in a voice which, though it was but a whisper from weakness, startled me by its strange tone: "Ah! sir, but it seems so much like sneaking into heaven."

I shall never forget that moment. The keen sense of shame, mingled with pride, which was thus expressed, could only be fully appreciated by one who saw the eager, restless look, and heard those self-condemning words. I saw what it had cost him to say them; I felt, too, that no words of mine then could meet his case; so having once more commended him in prayer to the mercy of that dear Saviour in whom alone we can be accepted and forgiven, I left him.

At my next visit, and from this time forward, our conversation became freer. He began to speak more fully about himself, and I soon had reason to believe that a happy change was taking place in his mind. He began to see that it was sinful pride that was keeping him away from Christ; that he must humble himself before His cross, and accept His salvation in his own utter unworthiness; that it is the unworthy and the helpless that Christ came to save. The Holy Spirit of God cleared away the darkness from his mind, and taught him to cry, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

When he felt that Christ had taken away his sins—that the neglect and cowardice of the past were all freely forgiven—what joy filled his heart! How complete and simple was his reliance on Him! The recollection of the past no longer distressed him, but taught him to magnify the grace and love of Christ towards him. He learned how complete a salvation it was which Christ gives. It became a favourite expression of his, which I often heard him repeat after this: "That perfect sacrifice! that perfect sacrifice!" He wanted no other help, no other hope. His great desire was to know more of Christ; his only other wish was, that if it so pleased God, he might live to show by future faithfulness how deeply he was ashamed of his past neglect.

But this was not to be. He did not live long after this happy change took place, but long enough to prove the sincerity of his hope; and his death was very peaceful, even joyful. Resting on Christ, his loving Saviour, he went through the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil.

Are there not many who are hoping to "sneak into heaven" at last, though they are now living in the neglect of personal religion? They know they ought now to yield themselves to Christ; but they hope that though they refuse to do so now, they shall be converted some day. Are any such reading these words? Let them take a friendly warning from the case of this young man. Let them avoid the distress, the shame, the remorse, which so long kept him away from Christ, and which seemed at one time as though they would prevent his coming to Him at all. Those are awful words: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, of him shall the Son of man

be ashamed." Christ has a claim upon you now, and you have no right to refuse Him. Your need as a perishing sinner is as great now as though death were close at hand. If you refuse His salvation now, you may never have the opportunity of accepting it. "Behold, now is the accepted time."

IN COMPANY WITH JESUS.

AND, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them."

We have an instance here of the attractive power of sorrow to the Lord Jesus. They walked, and talked, and were sad. And then He drew near and went with them. There were other reasons besides their grief which drew Him to them that day. But there can be no doubt that their sorrow had an influence, and that He was drawn to them more easily and more quickly in their sadness than He would have been to them in their joy.

And still He is drawn by sorrow, although He sorrows no more as once He did. No more weeping now, in the garden or at the grave. No night agonies. No bitter cries. No silent suffering. No lonely travail for Him now. He is in the painless, passionless, glorious life; and yet He seeks the society of struggling spirits; He gives His presence to sorrowing souls. Blessed be His name, He is the Man of Sorrows still, although the Lord of Glory! And when His people walk in fear, or in doubt, or in pain, or in trouble, He will shade His glory, and draw near to them as a friend, and help them with His consolations, often before they know from whom the consolation comes.

Dr. Fabrich.

TRUST CHRIST.

Trust Christ! and a great benediction of tranquil repose comes down upon thy calm mind and upon thy settled heart. Trust Christ! and so thy soul shall no longer be like "the sea that cannot rest," full of turbulent wishes, full of passionate desires that come to nothing; full of endless moanings, like the homeless ocean that is ever working and never flings up any product of its work but yeasty foam and broken weeds. But thine heart shall become translucent and still, like some land-locked lake, where no winds rave nor tempests ruffle; and on its calm surface there shall be mirrored the clear shining of the unclouded blue, and the perpetual light of the sun that never goes down.

Trust Christ! and rest is thine—rest from fear; rest from toil and trouble; rest from sorrow; rest from the tossings of thine own soul; rest from the tumults of thine own desires; rest from the stings of thine own conscience; rest from the seeking to work out a righteousness of thine own.

Alexander Macrae.

RING THE BELL.



MAN said at our Bible-class the other evening, as we were finishing up the subject of "the unsearchable riches of Christ"—

"I was watching them making bricks to-day, and they kept shoving the old out of the barrow to make room for the new, and then turning out the new to make room for more new; so,"

he said, "I want to keep shoving out the old riches of the world, and of sin, to make room for the 'unsearchable'

riches, and then giving away the new to make room for more new!"

The next morning he met a man, who is also a member of the class, going to his breakfast, and he said to him, "We left out something from the subject last night; we did not take it all." (Take it all, indeed!)

"What was that?" the other asked.

"Why! we didn't say what the Lord said, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these—the lilies of the field!"

One morning I passed this man talking to another man over a hedge. He seemed to be saying to him, "I've been ringing my bell all this morning."

Thinking that this was evidently a metaphorical expression, and intended to convey some spiritual lesson, I asked, "What are you saying about the bell?"

In a moment he had said "good-bay" to his companion, and was walking by my side.

"I was just telling him that in the mill, when more corn is wanted, the man rings a little bell, a trap-door opens over his head, and a whole lot of corn is poured in. So when my heart feels empty, and I want more supplies, I ring my little bell of prayer. I have been ringing it all the morning, and now the 'windows of heaven' are opened 'over my head, and ———"

"You are filled with all the fulness of God," I replied.

"Yes, miss," he said; "that's it!"

"And so you can ring the other bell of praise!"

"Yes," he answered, "I do, I do; with all my heart I praise Him, thank Him!"

Thus the everyday objects of life become a means, in the Almighty Hand, of most precious teaching—a pictorial alphabet, from which His little ones learn to spell out the glorious lessons of our Father's love, our Saviour's death and resurrection, and the Holy Spirit's

power to comfort, instruct, and "guide into the way of peace." Are these not lessons for eternity, as well as for time? Are they not some of the pages of the book into which the angels desire to look, but which are opened to us by Him who has passed "within the veil," a "forerunner" for the "seeking," "following" one, who, though poor on earth, may be "rich in faith," "heir" of the "kingdom prepared for him before the foundation of the world?"

Going into the chamber of one who had been passing through intense suffering for many days, and at frequent intervals during a life-time, of pain such as we who are in health can by no means realise, I offered some expression of sympathy, saying, "How dreadful it must be to endure such suffering as this!"

"Oh," said the invalid, "don't say dreadful! nothing is dreadful to me. He," looking up as she spoke, "always puts His 'left hand under my head;' but when the bad days come, He puts both hands about me; so the 'bad days' are the best days after all!"

A railway man said to me the other day, "I seem to have gone to school again. My Master is teaching me, and He will make me learn!"

Happy learners in the Divine school! Let us retain our position "at His feet," praying still more earnestly that ourselves and those around us may be kept and made "willing in the day of His power." So shall we prosper, "the beauty of the Lord our God shall be upon us," and He will establish "the work of our hands!"

From "Our Coffee Room."



CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

FOR some Sundays one year, the Rev. Thomas Robinson undertook duty for his friend Mr. Cecil. Meeting him on Monday morning, Mr. Cecil asked, "What did you preach about yesterday, brother?"

"Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

"Right, brother! Christ your subject. What do you think of preaching about next Sunday?"

"Even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference. For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

"Right again! More of Christ. Were I to preach again, I would preach nothing else."

LITTLE MAIDIE'S PRAYER, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"O Dod, send jadder to me twick!"

JOHN REED felt a sort of pitying contempt for his wife's religious belief. He loved her too dearly to ever allow her to suspect this feeling; he looked upon it as a failing belonging particularly to women, and so one to be borne with. He was honest to the last penny; he never wronged a man in thought

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 283.

or deed; he bought only what he could pay for, and to his debtors was lenient often to his own disadvantage. He thought religion too often a cloak for rascality, and prayer a sheer waste of time.

In a country of small possessions John Reed was fairly well off. His farm was small, but it was all paid for, and he was once more freed from debt. Three years before he had accumulated money enough to buy a lot adjoining his farm, when misfortune had overtaken him. His wife had brought him a little girl. She came to make his days one round of joy; but the mother, his Mary, was slow to get up. For a whole year she had lain in her bed, and doctor's bills and hired help had consumed all his ready money and run him into debt. He did not mind it, for Mary at last was as robust as ever, his debts all paid once more, and the little Mary, the darling Mai'ie, grown to be a big girl, three years old, the light and joy of the house.

John went with his wife always to church, bringing round the horse to the front door every Sunday morning without a murmur. The meeting-house was three miles away, but, rain or shine, his Mary had but to signify her wishes and he was ready. The contribution box never passed him to find his head turned away and his hand empty; and not even the wealthiest parishioner paid more for the support of the minister in proportion to his possessions than did John Reed.

Mary was proud of her husband, as, indeed, she well might be. He stood six feet in his stockings; his face was manly if not handsome, and he had the kindest eyes that ever illumined a human countenance. She gloried in his strength. He made nothing of taking her up in his arms and tossing her about like a baby. But the supreme joy of her life was to see the little Maidie mounted on his great broad shoulder, her little hands bedded in his curling black locks, and crooning away with the wildest delight. Then when night came the little maid would kneel down by the father's knee, and, because those knees were too stiff to bend, would say a prayer for both. It touched John Reed's great, kindly heart, it brought the moisture to his deep, yearning eyes, to hear the little Maidie petitioning "Dod to watch over fadder;" but it never limbered the stiff knees.

Thus time sped on, and the third summer in little Maidie's life had come. It was May once more, and perfume and bird-songs were everywhere. At noon John Reed came up from the field, where he was at work, for his dinner. It was Monday, and, mindful of the extra household work, he had requested Mary to give him a cold lunch. The table stood waiting, a great pan of milk in the centre, flanked with snow-white bread, doughnuts, and a quaking custard pie. Maidie's little high-chair was drawn up close to her father's, and her china bowl and silver spoon placed close to his plate.

John found his wife hanging out the last garment she had washed; but where was Maidie?

"I told her she might go to the brook and make mud pies. It must have been an hour since; but it is her favourite pastime of which she never tires. Will you go for her, John?" the mother said.

"I will bring her directly," he answered, as he turned towards a clump of willows which marked the course of the water.

It was a shallow stream, the water but barely ankle deep, running through clayey banks, and was Maidie's favourite playground. The parents felt no uneasiness in allowing her to play there, for no harm could come to her, and when dressed for it, the mother thought it did the child good. Beyond the stream was a meadow, and beyond that stretched a forest covering hundreds of acres. It belonged to an estate over which the heirs had for years been fighting, and, untouched by the woodman's axe, had steadily increased in value.

John Reed went down to the brook, but he did not see Maidie. He peered under the thicket of willows, thinking she might be hiding for the purpose of playing ho-peep with him, but in vain. He saw the

print of her shoes everywhere in the clay; there were mud pies and cakes drying in the sun, but no Maidie. His heart gave a great leap. He called Maidie time and again, but there came no reply.

Then he went back to his wife. He tried not to frighten her; he said Maidie was in the barn. He went there; he went everywhere, but there was no Maidie. Then together they went back to the brook, and on the further bank they found the impress of her shoes, but the long grass beyond indicated no passage. If she had passed through it her light footsteps would leave no trace.

"She is in the woods somewhere; go back and rest, Mary; I will soon bring her," he said.

But Mary could not go back; her heart was full of fear; and together they went through the meadow. There was a gap in the fence where the little maid could creep through, but it told them nothing.

"Stay here, Mary, while I find her in the woods. She cannot have gone far. I will halloo the moment I find the darling;" and then he went, and left her full of agonised fears.

An hour passed, and she heard nothing. Then he came back, seeking to hide his anxiety from her.

"I have found no trace yet," he said sadly, "and I have come back to ask you to go to the deacon's for assistance. Ask him to warn the neighbours. I will be back here in an hour. If I find her they will forgive our anxiety."

The mother flew on her errand like the wind, and before the hour had expired more than twenty of the neighbours—men, women, and boys—had gathered at the spot. John Reed came back, more anxious than ever, having found no trace. He encouraged his wife all he could, leaving her in the kindly hands of the neighbouring women, and then went back to a systematic search.

The afternoon wore slowly away; the women waited, watching; but oh, the mother! She went away by herself to ask her God to send back her darling. An oriole came and sang his song and uttered his guttural call in the branches of the tree under which she knelt, and never in all her after life did she kneel to pray without thinking of that bird-song in her hour of agony.

The shadows of night slowly deepened; one by one the searchers returned; only John came not. Then almost by force they led Mary back to the house. The food on the dinner-table had remained untasted. Her companions sat down and partook of it, but she could not eat. She sat by the window in deep despair. She did not notice Deacon Trowbridge when he brought the milk from the stable, nor his wife as she strained it and put it away. She could only look out to the borders of the great woods, now steeped in the blackest shadows, watching for John and her Maidie.

And where were they? All that afternoon he had tramped unceasingly. He had peered into every leafy nook, looked behind every mossy log. He took no note of time; he was not weary; he was not hungry, though he had eaten nothing since morning. The shadows crept under the tender foliage of the fragrant

May woods, but he did not notice them; and it was only when his feet began to get tangled in the creepers or stumble over fallen logs that all at once it flashed upon him that night had come, and Maidie was not found.

Then he paused, and a great despair settled down on his heart. Oh, could he leave his darling alone in the black darkness of the wood? Then there reached his ear a little sob, and parting the leaves of a clump of dogwood he saw, oh, God be praised! there, in the gathering gloom, his darling, his little Maidie, kneeling on the soft green moss, her little hands held up, palm to palm, her tear-stained face turned to her Maker, and her soft, sweet voice in broken sobs praying—

“O Dod! send fadder to me twick!”

In a moment she was clasped tightly to his heart, the great tears rolling down the man's face upon her own. She nestled her little tired head into his broad bosom.

“I c'ied and c'ied for you, fadder, and you didn't tum,” she said, looking up with glad eyes, and trying to get closer to his heart; “and den I tout I'd ask Dod to send you twick, and den you tum.”

When John Reed emerged from the big wood, with little Maidie sleeping quietly in his sheltering arms, there came flying through the gathering dusk the figure of a woman, and, faint with joy, the little mother threw herself on to her husband's arm, her earthly treasures once more her own. And that night the stiffness went for ever from John Reed's knees, for Maidie had taught him that it was not always a sheer waste of time to pray.

OLD COMRADES.

COMFORT is always set over against tribulation, or rather it is joined to it hard and fast. Let the two go together; they are old comrades, they have been together these six thousand years. God has joined them, they are near of kin, they are lovingly agreed. But for the tribulation, the consolation could never be. Still, the question arises: How does this Divine comfort come to us? For answer we may say that the whole world is full of it. The whole economy in which we live is healing. Only come into trouble, and if you are a Christian in your trouble, in that moment you begin to come into consolation.

As God can bring trouble by a touch, so He can dispel it by a touch again. He often gives consolation by a thought,—one thought, perhaps, which changes everything. And best of all, He can draw the troubled one to Himself, and when consolation has been sought in vain at all the streams, He can give it, deep and pure and strong, from the eternal fountain in Himself. Many a time has God thus taken distressed souls into His own pavilion, and soothed and comforted, and laid them to rest on His bosom, even as a nurse cherisheth her children, or as a mother sings her sobbing child to sleep.

Alexander Raleigh.

IT SEEMS QUITE PROVIDENTIAL.



“It really seems quite providential,” said Mrs. Roberts, as she finished telling the story of her husband's accident; “it really seems quite providential, the doctor's happening to go that way; for it's an out-of-the-way place, and my husband might have lain for hours, and nobody passed by. And then, the doctor says, the limb might never have come together again properly, besides my poor man's taking his death of cold. But now, if it was to be at all, nothing could have happened better, for the doctor himself passed by in his carriage in less than a quarter of an hour, and he and his man lifted him in, and brought him home, and got him to bed, and the poor leg was set and bound up all comfortable before there was time for any harm to come. I'm sure it seems quite providential.”

Mrs. Roberts spoke as if she was surprised at anything happening providentially. She seemed to think that generally things come about by chance; but that on this occasion, strange to say, God had been pleased to work. She was not quite sure of it, even in this case, but she almost thought it must be so: “It really seems quite providential,” said she.

Many people are like her; and people who are called Christians, too, and profess to believe in God. If something happens unexpectedly which gets them out of a difficulty, or if some pressing want is relieved in a way which no one could have thought of, they say it is “quite providential.” But their very words show that they do not think most things providential, or they would not be so much surprised.

This is quite wrong. It is not one thing only now and then that happens providentially: everything happens so. For what does the word mean? It refers to the providence of God. It means that He foresees, and takes care, and provides; that all things happen according to His foreknowledge and purpose; that, though a thousand means and instruments may be used, yet He orders all, and overrules all.

Almighty God does not concern Himself about one thing, and not about another. He does not leave most things to chance, and only now and then step in “quite providential,” as Mrs. Roberts seemed to think, and as many other people seem to think. That was not the only day on which God had cared for John Roberts, and ordered things for his good. If Mrs. Roberts had been better informed, she might have said about what was happening to her and her husband every day, “It is quite providential.”

And so may we all say. A watchful eye is over us continually. A kind and gracious care is bestowed on our concerns. Every day, and every hour, Providence—that is, God—is directing our affairs.

THE BESIEGED CITY.

DURING the siege of Paris the sufferings and anxieties of the population—numbering at least two millions of people—were aggravated by a great scarcity of provisions. First one description of food failed, then another, and then another, until, at the end of two or three months, what remained had to be doled out to the poor inhabitants in such small quantities as scarcely sufficed to sustain life; those who could buy had to pay enormously high prices for the coarsest articles of food, in order to keep themselves and their families from certain starvation.

Many hundreds, and probably thousands, died in consequence of these hardships, and from the fevers and other diseases which raged during this distressing time.



At length the city was given up to the enemy, for even the soldiers who defended Paris acknowledged that further resistance was hopeless. Death by actual starvation stared them all alike in the face.

While these sad scenes were passing within the besieged city, kind, thoughtful, and busy hearts and heads and hands were planning and working for the relief of those who were thus ready to perish. It may be remembered, for instance, that large sums of money were subscribed in England, and provisions of all kinds were purchased for sending into Paris as soon as the way should be open.

The way at length was opened; and then, while the besiegers, stricken with compassion, were doing what they could to relieve the immediate sufferings caused by the cruel necessities of war, ship-loads of

food were conveyed across the Channel and taken rapidly through France by railway trains, to be poured into the desolated city, to be given away to the poor starving inhabitants.

Very touching descriptions were given by Englishmen and others of the scenes they witnessed during this benevolent distribution. One, whose letter is before us, told of a range of large warehouses, from which all kinds of food were given away, from early morning till late at night on several successive days.

Thousands of men and women, pallid-faced, hollow-eyed, and enfeebled from months of suffering, crowded round the doors. These were admitted, supplied with provisions sufficient for several days, and then dismissed. But as fast as these went, others came.

Twenty thousand rations had been given on one day, and yet the crowd was thick as ever; and when, exhausted by eighteen hours' hard work in this labour of love, the distributors were compelled to close the warehouse for the night, thousands kept their stations round the doors, patiently waiting for help and comfort with the morrow's dawn.

In the relief afforded to the poor starving Parisians, are we not reminded of the free provisions of the gospel? One of the representations given us in the Word of God, of the present misery and future prospects of men as sinners, is that their souls are perishing with hunger. It will be remembered that the Saviour used this figure in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

And, in the Old Testament, the same truth is shown forth in the beautiful and stirring invitation and exhortation of the Prophet Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live."

These are God's words to you, dear reader; His proclamation of help and deliverance from soul-starvation. Shut up in a world which has nothing to give for your spiritual sustenance, He comes to you, and offers to supply your extremest need.

And Jesus, the Divine Son of the Father, full of grace and truth, declares to a perishing world, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst. I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

"Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died."

THE WEE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

HAPPENING to be a passenger on board an emigrant ship bound to New South Wales, I became a spectator of as touching a sight as any I have witnessed in many lands. Amongst some seven hundred emigrants were many children. In one berth was a poor young woman with her one-year-old child, who, having lost her firstborn in Sydney, had gone home to Scotland that her second should be born in her "ain countrie." She was now taking the wee bairn to its new home, and its yearning, expectant father.

But the little one fell sick of some unknown trouble with its teething. The good doctor tended it with great care, but as we neared the tropics and the heat increased, the child lost strength. On the 7th of March it was so much worse that it was removed to the cheery little hospital on deck, the doctor himself carrying her tenderly in his arms, the mother and a matron going with him. All night it was watched and cared for, the doctor coming several times before retiring for the night, and leaving instructions with the matron that he should be called if the little one should grow worse. But she lay quietly dozing all night, except just at the intervals when nourishment or medicine was given. So still was she that the poor mother asked several times, "Is she awa'? Is wee Bella wa'?" Then, imploringly, "You'll no' deceive me if she is like to flit?" and the matron answered her she would not.

In the early morning, before sunrise, there was a change, and it became apparent that the wee tired birdie was longing to fly away and be at rest.

The mother, who was sleeping in a berth (where she had been made to rest), was awakened, the matron saying, "Wee Bella is going now. Jesus is coming for her. He is very, very near. Dinna greet [Don't cry]; He will take her very tenderly in His arms, and fold her in His bosom. He has said He will." The doctor did all that could be done, bringing a large and tender heart to aid his great professional skill. It was beautiful to see his face as he bent over the little one, and anon turned with tender voice and gesture to say a word of comfort to the poor mother. I have never seen in all my life any child of rich and great receive a like amount of care; but in vain the doctor tried to save, in vain the anxious watchers pleaded—

"Birdie, stay a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger;
Then shall birdie fly away."

The wee bairn lay so still that we scarcely knew if she had gone, when she suddenly turned her tiny tired head round, and opened her pretty blue eyes with one yearning, wistful look at her mother. Her little lips parted, as if to speak. Very softly and clearly she said the first syllable of "Mam-ma;" but ere the little loving lips could form the second, she was with Jesus—

"Like a birdie to its mither—
A wee birdie to its nest."

And the poor mother was left desolate, with nought but the tiny clothes her darling had worn and some little



rings of golden hair to show to the poor expectant father of the little one he will not see till he himself crosses the dark river, and his feet are set in that good land, the inhabitants whereof shall no more say, "I am sick."

Reverently the doctor uncovered his head, and never afterwards entered the hospital cabin without doing the same.

I love this solemn and beautiful custom. In the East is preserved the older form of putting off the shoes from the feet; but the spirit is one and the same in all lands—that of recognising that the place of human sorrow is "holy ground."

The bereaved mother was led away to her own cabin, while tender hands prepared the little lifeless body for its grave in the deep sea.

A tiny snow-white shroud was made, and a covering of new linen fair and white; then the mother came in to take a last look at her wee girlie; afterwards all who liked passed through the hospital cabin to see the still winsome little maiden "as in snowy grace she lay."

It was good that the little children, many of whom were looking upon death for the first time, should see it in this beautiful form, shorn of its ghastly details.

One little fellow exclaimed, "She does look pretty; but isn't she well, she looks so pale?" In the afternoon the chief officer came, and carried the little body tenderly to the quarter-deck, where the preparations for burial were completed, and the wee maiden was laid in state on a bier resting crosswise upon the deck rails and upon two crossed handspikes. The bier was covered by a large English flag, bright and new, an officer standing at the head as sentinel, and a quartermaster at either side. Presently the captain and chief officer came aft, and some two hundred of the emigrants and children, who were allowed to be present at the service.

We had just entered the tropics; the afternoon was a glorious one, and the whole scene was one of exceeding beauty and loveliness. At the captain's signal the huge engines ceased their mighty working, and a solemn silence prevailed. Then the captain began to read the beautiful service for the dead, seeming never more beautiful than when his brave and manly voice, quivering with emotion, was heard to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

As he came to the words "we commit her body to the deep," he had to pause. The quartermasters, at a signal from the chief officer, lifted gently one end of the bier, sliding it over the ship's side until it almost touched the water's brink. And so "at evening, ere the sun had set," the tiny body glided silently down into the great deep, till the sea shall give up her dead.

I thought what a beautiful type of heaven is this vast ocean, making no distinction of sect or creed, but receiving into its fathomless bosom those of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues.

It seemed meet and right, that as the little spirit had winged its flight at sunrise, the tiny body should be laid to rest at sunset.

And thus the wee emigrant was buried with all the pomp and circumstance which would have surrounded her had she been of royal lineage or descent, and with a tribute of tears from all eyes.

"But why should we thus mourn and weep?—

Our loss her greatest gain must be!

We weep, but she shall weep no more,

Her precious barque has reached the shore,

While we are left upon the sea."

"AND JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM."

M. G. B.

FIRE! FIRE!

HA! "Fire!" and the cry's repeated loud,
Through the London streets, by a London crowd.

"Fire!" and the men to their places spring,
Each cool and calm as a guarded king.
Helmets and axes are polished bright,
And the engine glitters 'neath Luna's light;
The startled crowd from the road retreat
Back to the kerb from the horses' feet.
Now through the night comes the "Hi! hi! hi!"
As they go on their errand to do or die.
From street to street as they swiftly fly,
They take as a guidance the lurid sky.
(Maybe at their goal some poor soul's there,
Looking for safety through blank despair.)
A ringing cheer as they near the spot—
The reward of applause is the brave man's lot.

An escape has arrived—see a fireman fly
To the room where a mother and children lie.
The children are saved, and the mother next,—
For "the helpless first" is a fireman's text!
By ladder and shoot he brings all down;
While cheer after cheer rings through the town.
Some shout, "In the back room an infant lies!"
A fireman goes: and a brave man dies.
"No, no, it is here—come back!" Too late!
You've raised an alarm—he has met his fate!
Mayhap his comrades will find his bones,
Blackened and charred 'mongst the bricks and stones,
And their first regret for his loss will be—
False alarms ushered him to Eternity.

A myriad sparks from the windows fly
As the roof falls in, and the flames mount high;
They curl and they dance in grim delight
Till they set the opposite house alight.
Now between two walls of a living fire
Must heroes work for their paltry fire!
Alas! 'tis so, though they murmur not—
When work is at hand care's soon forgot;
And Nature will boast of her noblest son
In him who heeds nought 'till duty's done.
To check the advance of the pitiless flame
The branches are plied with marvellous aim,
And the streams fly out with a crackling sound
From every possible vantage ground.
The quivering steamers seem to know
They are battling now with a mighty foe,
And with painful tension are struggling hard
To hurl their burthen another yard.

Some follow it up to renew the fight,
By the smoke obscured from comrades' sight:
They have entered the house, "What was that row?"
A crash and a shout, "God help them now!"
All hands on removing a shattered wall
Find two who have answered their Maker's call;
Another, they know, lies charred and dead,
Whose soul has flown to the great Godhead.

Homeward again, at a slower pace,
Go the firemen now with saddened face ;
For a messmate, comrade, young or old,
Is truly mourned by the fireman bold.

* * * * *

The funeral drum in the busy street,
The measured tramp of the firemen's feet,
The empty engines passing along,
The ever sympathising throng,
A mother, a wife, or a loving friend,
Is all bound up in the fireman's end ;
A sight that expresses one deep desire,
He has gone, never more to encounter—"Fire."

Harry Bright, M.F.D.

YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

"**M**AN is born to trouble," and each man is liable, through the inwardness and secrecy of some part of his trouble—ignorant the while of the possibly similar, or even severer, sorrow of others around him—to feel as if he were left to suffer peculiarly alone. Sadder yet, and worse, he allows himself to feel at times as if God had forgotten him. Some of the most moving and marvellous words in all the Bible are words of God, spoken in remonstrance, and as though in pain—through having been grievously wronged by such distrustful thoughts.

Thy judgment is not passed over from thy God, nor thy way hidden, nor thy trouble, nor anything that pertains to thee. "He knoweth thy walking." He troubleth Himself divinely about thy poor human sorrow. He goes with thee, step by step, still caring, still watching, never sleeping, never weary, never discouraged in His work. "He knoweth." Thank God, and take courage.

Dr. Raleigh.

BETH-EL—THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"**M**ORE than three thousand six hundred years ago, a lonely man was walking from Beersheba to Haran. He was a fugitive from the house of his father, and was flying from the wrath of his elder brother. As he wandered on, the sun set with that suddenness peculiar to the Eastern countries, and Jacob found himself alone in a strange path, surrounded by darkness. He could not return home for fear of Esau's revenge, and he could not go forward in the dark, so he contentedly made for himself a bed of the stones, and lay down to sleep. So may we often, if we will trust in God, draw good out of things which seem altogether bad ; and surely it is better to turn the hard stones into pillows than to stay awake all night abusing them for their hardness, and grumbling over our discomfort.

So Jacob slept, and then God gave him a beautiful dream, and promised him the land on which he was lying. More than this, God promised that He would be with His servant always, wherever he went. Then Jacob awoke, and exclaiming, "Surely the Lord is in

this place!" he took a stone, and setting it up for a pillar, anointed it with oil, and called the name of the place Beth-el ; that is, "the house of God" (Gen. xxviii. 10).

There are more than fifty places mentioned in the Bible whose names begin with the word Beth, and this word means, generally, a house or place. Thus, just as Beth-el is the house of God, Beth-shan is the house of quiet ; Beth-zur, the house of the rock, and so on.

Beth-el is mentioned for the first time in the twelfth chapter of Genesis, when we read of Abraham pitching his tent there ; but it was Jacob who gave the name to the little spot close to the city of Luz, where God spoke to him in a dream.

Once again does Jacob visit the place. More than thirty years have passed away, and the homeless wanderer has become a powerful chief ; better still, he has made peace with his brother. The word of the Lord comes to Jacob, and commands him to go to Beth-el and dwell there, and make an altar unto God. Then, when he obeys, God gives him a reward for his obedience in a blessing on himself and his children, changing his name from Jacob to Israel. Jacob, full of thankfulness for all God's mercies, past and future, builds another altar, and, pouring a drink-offering upon it, he once more calls the place after the name he loves, Beth-el (Gen. xxxv. 6—15).

Years and centuries passed by, and troublous times came upon Israel ; then it was that the people went up to Beth-el to ask counsel of God, for there was the ark of the covenant under the charge of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron.

The next mention of Beth-el is in the time of Samuel, when he went from year to year on circuit to Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh. Then we hear nothing more of the "house of God" till a wonderful scene takes place there in the reign of King Jeroboam.

Fearful lest his people should turn away from him to King Rehoboam, if they went up to Jerusalem to worship, Jeroboam set up two golden calves. Full well did he understand human nature when he used as his argument for this idolatry, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem." How often do we make cold or heat, wind or rain, an excuse for not going to a place of worship. It is indeed very often "too much" for us to go up to Jerusalem, and yet we are quite able to go to some place of amusement, which is perhaps quite as far. We can find strength and time for a cup of tea with our neighbour, but we can find neither for a few minutes with our God.

Bethel was conveniently situated, and its very name seemed favourable to King Jeroboam's plans, so he put one of the golden calves there, and the other at Dan. One day, as he stood by the side of the altar, a man of God came fearlessly before him, and prophesied the birth of a God-fearing king, and the destruction of the idol's altar. Then, in his anger, Jeroboam reached out his hand to seize the man who thus dared to prophesy evil things, and lo ! his hand was withered up, and he stood powerless, whilst the altar was rent,

and the ashes poured out, just as the man of God had foretold.

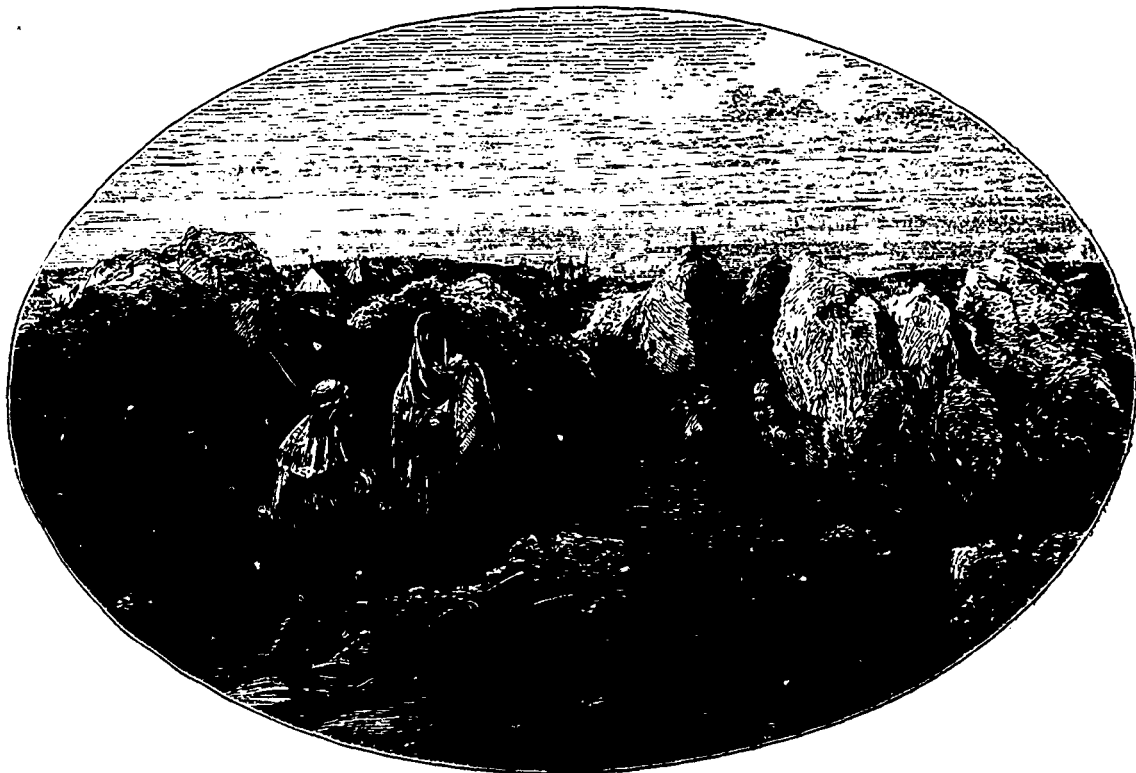
At the prayer of the king, the man of God besought the Lord, and Jeroboam's hand was restored. Then in eager gratitude he begged the stranger to go home with him to refresh himself and be rewarded. But the man of God had received orders from his heavenly King that he should neither eat bread nor drink water in that place, so he refused his earthly monarch's offer and left Bethel. Well would it have been for him if he had been equally obedient to God's command all through (1 Kings, chaps. xii. and xiii.).

Every one knows the story of the false prophet, who, living at Bethel, heard of the strange doings at the altar of the golden calf. How he went up after the man of God, and told him that he had received a message

end of Jeroboam's life, and was probably recovered by Baasha. For many years after this it remained unmentioned until we read of Elijah visiting it, in that last journey of his from Gilgal to Jordan. As the sons of the prophets came forth from Bethel to speak to Elisha, it is probable that calf-worship had been almost done away with there; and the fact that bears were found so near the town, when Elisha passed through it alone, shows that the neighbourhood must have been rather deserted.

But all this was changed when Jehu destroyed the worship of Baal, and returned to that of the golden calves of Bethel and Dan. From that time the place flourished, till the little village became a royal residence, with palaces for winter and summer.

We are not told how all this prosperity came to an



Stone Circle near Bethel.

from an angel that he was to fetch the man of God back into his house, that he might eat bread and drink water.

Quite probably the man of God was tired and hungry; at all events, he did not wait to ask God's will, though he might have known that He who changeth not would not alter His command without giving a sure sign unto His servant, and he returned with the false prophet. Then, as so often happens, the very person who had led him to sin pronounced judgment upon him, and foretold his death; and the man of God who had been so brave and faithful at first, but failed so sadly on the second trial, found a miserable end through a lion which met him in the way.

Bethel fell into the hands of Judah towards the

end, but the last glimpse we have of Bethel is in the time of Josiah, who broke down the altar, and destroyed all the buildings, in his zeal for the honour of God. Bethel, now a mass of ruins, is about twelve miles north of Jerusalem.

Do not all the events which took place at Bethel show particularly the *faithfulness* of God?

To Abraham and to Jacob came certain promises which were most faithfully kept. To Jeroboam came swift punishment for lifting up his hand against the messenger of God; and to that same messenger, when he had wandered from the right path, came a terrible and swift judgment. God is indeed faithful in all His promises, whether they be of mercy or punishment.

E. M. W.

A SCOTTISH HEROINE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



THE story of Grace Darling and the wreck of the *Forfarshire* is a familiar one. For fifty years her brave exploit has furnished a fruitful theme for pen and pencil, and the quiet Northumbrian
FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 284.

churchyard, in which she sleeps her last sleep, is the destination of many a visitor desirous to honour her memory. Instances occasionally occur which prove that her bright example has borne fruit, and that the

spirit of bravery and self-sacrifice is not dead amongst the women of our seafaring communities.

Some of our readers may perchance have visited Aberdour Bay, on the rugged and picturesque Scottish coast. It is a pleasant spot enough during fine weather. The sea then lies hushed into tranquillity; the air breathes the very spirit of repose; and one can scarcely imagine that an ocean so calm, and a shore so peaceful, can ever be disturbed by tempest or ring to the cry of the drowning mariner. But appearances here, as elsewhere, are deceitful. There is another side to the picture. Visit the same coast during the storms of winter, or in an equinoctial gale, and the magnificence and terror of the scene can scarcely be exaggerated. The long impetuous swell, as it flings itself against the rugged cliffs, and the wild roar of the billows as they dash onward and break in thunder on the cruel rocks, are full of majesty and strength.

By the side of the sea on Aberdour beach lives a certain Mrs. Whyte, the wife of a farm-servant employed in the neighbourhood. On the morning of October 28, 1884, there was a terrible gale, and Mrs. Whyte, peering from her cottage through the blinding shower of sleet and wind, saw a vessel in imminent danger of coming ashore. To strike the rocks in such a gale, and at the spot to which the vessel was approaching, was to come to sure destruction.

Rushing from her cottage, and standing alone on the rugged beach amidst the foaming billows, the brave woman signalled to the crew of the distressed vessel where was the safest place to take the ground. Providentially her meaning was understood, and soon the vessel was run ashore at a spot where the sailors had some chance for their lives. But the crew of the *William Hope* were not yet out of danger. They were, it is true, within measurable distance of the land, but unless that space of boiling surge could be bridged they must drown, and drown in sight of the shore.

It was while the crew of the *William Hope* were struggling with the elements, and striving for very life in the grip of death, that Mrs. Whyte's prompt and energetic action brought about their rescue.

The crew of the doomed vessel had thrown a rope into the water, in the hope that by some means a communication could be effected with the shore. Exposing herself to the dangerous seas which were breaking wildly on the beach, and which seemed sufficient to bear away in their deadly clutches a far stronger thing than a frail woman, Mrs. Whyte waded into the surf and seized the rope. Passing it round her body, and planting her feet firmly on the ground, with the hungry waves washing around her, the brave woman brought the rope, inch by inch, ashore, and fastened it to a rock.

One by one the drenched sailors landed on the beach, and were in safety, and we may be quite sure were full of admiration for the heroine who had dragged them from the jaws of death and restored them to the light and joys of life. During all this time Mrs. Whyte was wholly unaided in her self-imposed task of mercy.

But the work was not yet ended. The shipwrecked crew were safely on shore, but they were cold, weary, and hungry. Mrs. Whyte's cottage stood near by, and here she led the saved men, supplying them with such refreshment and dry clothing as were at her command, and attending to their wants as best she could.

Making every allowance for her familiarity with the coast, and with the details of seafaring life, it must be admitted that this was an action worthy of the spirit of Grace Darling; and it is difficult to speak in too high terms of the cool judgment and courage displayed by this noble woman, through whom the crew of the *William Hope* were succoured.

It is pleasing to know that this great service was not allowed to go unrewarded. The owners of the *William Hope*, grateful for the timely succour extended to their servants, made her a handsome present. She received also gifts from persons in the neighbourhood who were best able to appreciate the value and extent of her action. Public societies, too, took the matter up warmly. The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, feeling that she had really performed a work for which that institution was founded, recognised the deed in a suitable manner. The most gratifying gift of all, perhaps, came from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. At a meeting of the committee of that noble society, it was resolved "That the silver medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and £10 be presented to Mrs. Whyte, in recognition of her very brave services in saving, by means of a rope thrown from a vessel, the crew of the *William Hope*, of Dundee, in Aberdour Bay, in a gale and heavy sea, on the 28th October, 1884." This resolution was endorsed on vellum.

The medal has the following designs and motto. On the obverse is a portrait of the Queen. On the reverse side, three men of a lifeboat crew rendering assistance to a shipwrecked sailor, with the touching words, "Let not the deep swallow me up."

The gifts were handed to Mrs. Whyte at a public meeting held at Fraserburgh, in the district where she was well known. The local secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution made the presentation before a crowded audience. In doing so he remarked "that the medal of the Institution was only granted for distinguished services, that the prize was national in its character, and coveted and appreciated by all ranks of society as an emblem of a truly noble act—that of saving human life." It may be added that the modest demeanour of Mrs. Whyte and her husband at this gathering confirmed the good impression made by her deed of bravery.

In this sea-girt isle of ours the warmest sympathies of all are constantly excited on behalf of those who suffer from shipwreck; but it only falls to the lot of few, especially of women, to render such important services to humanity as we have narrated. All, however, even the humblest amongst us, may do something to point poor sinners to that haven where alone rest and peace may be found in the bosom of that blessed Saviour who has promised, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." n. c.

SHAFTESBURY.

A good, great man has passed away,
 Perhaps the greatest of his day
 In thought, in word, and deed ;
 Long may his memory be prized,
 Those who his worth have recognised,
 And bright example need ;

May such be stirred to emulate,
 The ways of one of high estate,
 The champion of the poor.
 From youth to ripe old age he's striven,
 To lead the sad from earth to heaven—
 Such memory must endure.

In many a humble English home,
 The grateful thought will surely come
 Of the poor man's noble friend.
 May we, as he, the Saviour love,
 And in the realms of peace above,
 Find blessings without end.

Written in Westminster Abbey.

READY FOR THE SUMMONS.

I will be pleased to shake my clay cottage before
 Thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile
 before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned
 before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death.
 Not from sudden death in respect of itself ; for I care
 not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never
 any weary traveller complained that he came too soon
 to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in
 respect of me. Make me always ready to receive
 death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who
 keeps a constant table.

Thomas Fuller.

THE WHITE FLOSS.

WELL, Fanny dear, you have
 been away a long time. I
 hope your work was ap-
 proved," said a delicate look-
 ing woman as her daughter
 entered their humble sitting-room,
 and, with a very discontented face,
 threw on the table a large roll of
 worsted embroidery.

"No, indeed, mother, it is not
 approved," replied Fanny; "and I have
 been sent to look at a piece worked by
 a friend of Mrs. Brown, that I may
 make it the same ; that is the reason I have been so
 long away."

"Did not Mrs. Brown think yours nicely worked,
 my love ?"

"Oh yes, she found no fault with the work ; she
 even condescended to say that the colours were well
 blended, and the stitches as regular as could be."

"That is pleasant, then what is the matter with
 it ?"

"Why, the lady to whom she sent me has worked
 in throughout the wreath a little white floss silk,
 which gives it a soft bright look ; and certainly it is
 an improvement,—only why wasn't I told about it
 before ?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown had not thought about it.
 But you will not object to improve your work, dear.
 Did you bring in any of the proper silk ?"

"Mother, I had no money with me, and Mrs.
 Brown did not offer to pay me until the piece is
 finished, so—"

"Never mind, dear," interrupted the mother, with
 a little sigh ; "I dare say we can find enough to pay
 for some, and you can get it done as soon as possible,
 and then I am sure Mrs. Brown will pay you. She
 is just, and knows our troubles."

"She might have remembered them now," replied
 Fanny ; "but, mother dear, somebody else did. Look
 here !" and she held up a little packet containing many
 skeins of the finest and purest white floss silk.

"Somebody indeed, darling !" said the mother, her
 eyes filling with grateful tears, for the purchase of the
 delicate article would have taken her last shilling.

"It was that lady, Mrs. Brown's friend. She was
 so kind, mother ; she spoke so nicely, and asked about
 you, and after we had talked over the work she said
 she had some white floss left, so she gave me all this."

"Our Father guided her to this thoughtful kind-
 ness," said the widow. "He knows all, and He will
 bless her for it."

"Perhaps I have made a friend ; who knows ?"
 said Fanny, presently, with a cheerful voice. "Do
 you know, mother, I couldn't help thinking that this
 lady is something like white floss herself. Meeting
 with her has been a soft bright thing in the midst
 of—of—"

The girl hesitated ; the mother looked up and
 waited.

"Of hardness and darkness," hastily added Fanny.
 "There, mother, I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

"I'm sorry too, dear, and you must try to help it,"
 said the widow, sadly. And they both worked on in
 silence.

"Now, mother, do look at my work !" exclaimed
 Fanny, late that same afternoon, and holding her
 beautiful embroidery before her mother. "What do
 you say to it now ?"

"That it is a most lovely piece of work indeed,"
 said the widow, gazing with admiration upon it.
 "Mrs. Brown cannot but be pleased. That floss silk
 has done wonders, Fanny. How it has softened and
 yet brightened the whole pattern, and brought out the
 beauty of those colours !"

Fanny was greatly pleased with the effect, and
 could scarcely be prevailed on to lay her work aside
 for needful rest.

"Come here, Fanny ; you have done enough for the
 present ; and I want to show you the beautiful white

floss that is woven into the plan of our life." And the mother made a place by the little fireside, where many a time, when weary and disheartened, the girl had sat and laid her head on her mother's lap, and learned sweet lessons of patience and peace.

"Tell me, dear child," said the widow, tenderly,—as she thus appropriated the few minutes of twilight, ere they must prepare their candle and to work again, "tell me what you think about God."

"About God! dear mother?"

"Yes; you spoke bitterly awhile ago of the darkness and hardness of your lot in life, and said you couldn't help it. We must try to help it; we have no right to let an enemy misrepresent our best Friend."

"Well, mother, it does seem hard to be poor, and to be disappointed, and for you not to have the comforts you had once, and to be obliged to work so close just for a bare living; but I didn't mean to be an enemy."

"No, dear; but unbelief within you is listening to the father of lies, and you are dishonouring your Father in heaven. Tell me, now, what you think about God, my child."

"I think He is wise, and great, and good," said Fanny, solemnly. "Oh, mother! I did not mean anything else, though I was feeling that some things seem very hard sometimes, and I can't understand why one should be happy and rich, and another—like you, mother—so good and faithful, should be poor and miserable."

"The most miserable time I ever have, Fanny, is when you murmur at the ways and dealings of our God. You would be shocked to do so in direct terms, but still you do it. Now you have only described part of Him when you say He is wise, and great, and good. Oh, Fanny! He is something else to you and me, and every one who will look at Him in the right place. Is it not written in words and deeds, that 'God is love'?"

"But, mother, one cannot always remember."

"Do you ever forget that I am your mother; my child?"

"No! oh, no! How could I? for even if you are displeased with me, you always love me, and never more, perhaps, than when you see it needful to reprove."

"And why deny to our Father in heaven that proof of filial confidence? 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' 'Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law: that Thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity.' And another reason—a blessed reason

which ought to reconcile us to anything—He chastens 'for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.' Just let this thought, like the white floss through your beautiful work, run through your view of God's character and dealings, and you will see them in their true light, neither dazzling nor confounding, but winning and subduing heart and will to Himself."

"Mother," cried Fanny, "I shall never work white floss again without a text for every stitch. I little thought what a lesson was in it when I discontentedly sat down to it this morning."

"It is a lesson that will make you happy, dearest, in the midst of trouble. Let us fear nothing; our God is love, and He will make all things work together for good to them that love Him."

Fanny carried home her work, and received due praise and payment. But the white floss had not done quite all its work yet.

A day or two afterwards the mother and daughter

were surprised by a visit from Mrs. Brown, accompanied by her gentle friend.

"I quite forgot to pay you for the floss silk, child," said the former.

"It was beyond our agreement for the work, and therefore I am in your debt. How much?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Fanny, modestly; "that lady gave it to me to work into your pattern."

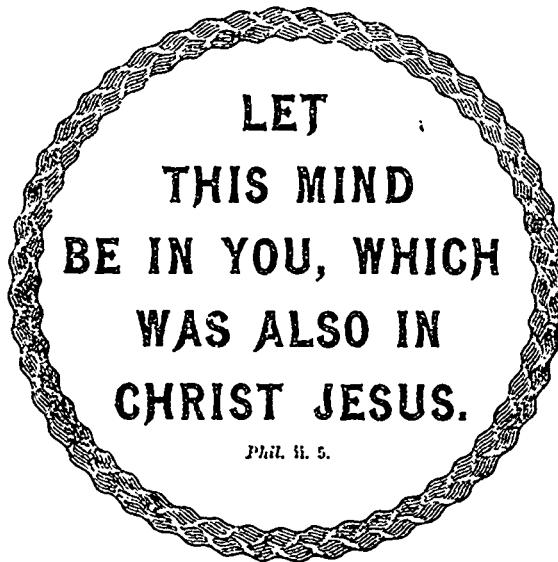
"Did you really?" said Mrs. Brown, turning to her friend: "but no, I don't think that would be fair. She gave it to you, and I am so pleased with the effect of the piece altogether that I

must pay for it properly," and she added an acceptable little present in money to the sum already paid for the work.

"Dear lady," said the widow, "I wish I could explain to you what a beautiful pleasure that white floss has been to us, and how my child's first disappointment in finding her work not satisfactory has been overruled to do us good, both spiritually and temporally."

The ladies were interested to hear its history, and the simple lesson was not lost.

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Brown, as they walked away, "I suspect that I should be the better for a little white floss. I like to do everything with a truthful, straightforward, heavenly principle; but I haven't thought enough of the mind of a loving Saviour, the tender gentle heart that should go with all we do for Him, and so, I do believe, I often do harm instead of good. 'God is love,' as well as light and truth."



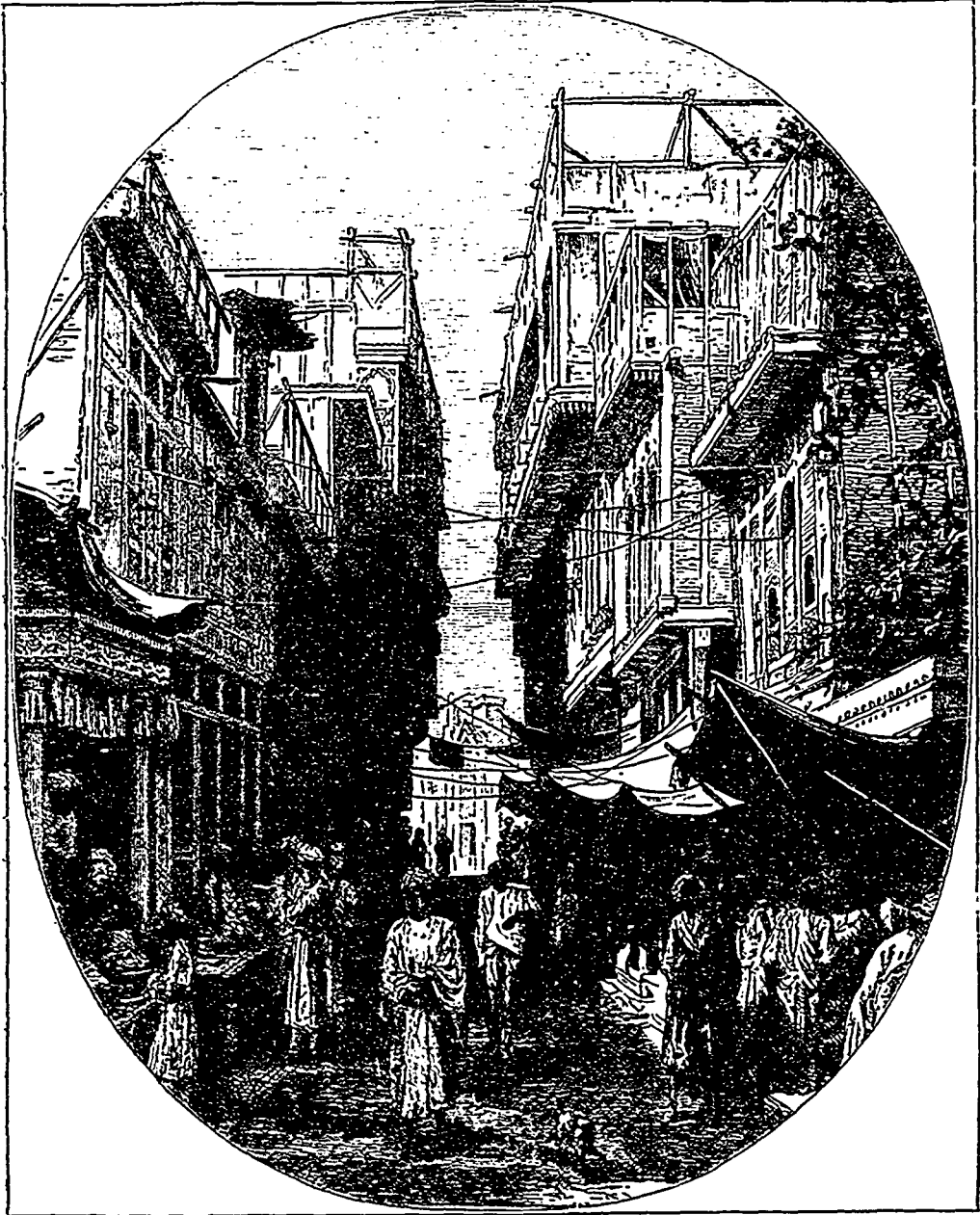
THE MISSION TO THE AFGHANS.

On the 19th of December, 1853, a missionary meeting was held at Peshawar, the frontier military post in the Punjab at the entry to the Khyber Pass, the high-road to Cabul. It is really one

fingers of both hands; like, for its audience were animated with a united enthusiasm—the enthusiasm born of a desire to see souls won to God.

How did it come about?

Only two years before, the Church Missionary Society had founded its first mission in the Punjab,



A Street Scene in Peshawar.

of the chief cities of Afghanistan, for although the Peshawar Valley forms part of British India, it is within the limits of Afghanistan. The meeting was very unlike and yet very like the many gatherings for the same object in our own day; unlike, for they who composed it could almost have been counted on the

whither its missionaries had been invited by Major Martin. Shortly after his regiment was ordered to Peshawar, then, as now, the home of the most turbulent, fanatic, and bigoted who are under English rule in India. He went reluctantly, and with many misgivings. But, with the spirit of a true soldier, he

obeyed his orders, and went. He had not been there long before he applied to the chief commissioner of the Punjab for his consent to the establishment of a mission.

The commissioner's reply was emphatic: no missionary should cross the Indus so long as he was Commissioner of Peshawar. A few short months, then a change came. The commissioner was sitting one day in the verandah of his house when an Afghan approached with a petition. He took it and began to read; the next moment he lay a corpse—the assassin's dagger had too surely done its work.

Major Herbert Edwardes was then appointed commissioner. He viewed things differently; the permission for a mission was allowed, and on December 19, 1853, the missionary gathering we have alluded to took place. It was the day of the Peshawar races. "Ought not," suggested some one a few days before it was held, "our meeting to be deferred until after the races?"

"What!" said Major Martin, fresh from his closet of prayer, "put off the work of God for a steep-chase? Never!"

The meeting was not postponed, but held. A few only were present; but God's Spirit was there, and He made His presence unmistakably felt; and men's hearts, and women's hearts, too, burned within them as they spoke one to another, and listened to the words of Edwardes, who seemed as one inspired, and this at a time when the blood of his murdered predecessor was not yet effaced from his verandah.

At the meeting 14,000 rupees, or £1,400, were subscribed towards the new mission, and in a few weeks the sum was raised to 30,000 rupees, or £3,000.

Many there were in India who viewed the undertaking with fear. One officer wrote on the subscription list, "One rupee for a revolver for the use of the first missionary." He thought the God of missions could not take care of His servants in so dangerous a place. He had said in Peshawar that the missionaries could never exist without the protection of his sepoy. But he was the first officer who was himself cut down, together with his wife, by his own sepoy at the commencement of the mutiny in Meerut.

The first missionaries to Peshawar were the Rev. R. Clark, who had been at work at Amritsar since 1851, the Rev. Dr. Pfander, who had been at Agra, and Major Martin, who had left the service of the Government to become a missionary.

Dr. Pfander began to preach. His friends said he would be killed. He went on preaching. Even by the local committee it was thought that preaching should be suspended for a time, but Dr. Pfander, in his quiet, simple way, said, "I must act as God guides me," and he went on preaching. From that time to this danger has often been near. No Afghan has ever touched a missionary to do him harm, though many officers of rank have been struck down by Afghan knives. It is true that the Rev. I. Loewenthal, a missionary of the American Presbyterian Society, was

shot in his garden one dark night in 1864, but this had no connection with missions, and the man who did the deed was a Sikh. A knife, too, was once raised against Mr. Tutting when preaching, but it was not allowed to fall.

Under the combined efforts of the three missionaries already mentioned the mission was soon in complete working order. A school was opened, a chapel erected, premises purchased, and teaching and preaching and receiving inquirers left the missionaries but little time for themselves.

Church Missionary Gleaner.

PASSING AWAY.



TRIUMPHAL entry into the city was once accorded by the senate of Rome to a successful general. Crowned with laurels, and surrounded by his children, the general stood in a chariot, accompanied by one who held over his head a crown glittering with costly jewels. Bands of musicians went before him, playing and singing joyous songs; and there were also victims adorned for sacrifice, captives taken in battle, and carriages piled up with spoil. Officers of justice, consuls, and senators took their

places in the procession; and the whole was closed in by the army that had been led on to victory after victory by their favourite general.

To numbers who witnessed the triumph, it would seem as though the man to whom it had been decreed had attained the summit of human ambition, and had nothing left him to desire. That, at any rate, was the feeling of a courtier who, along with an illustrious prince, was amongst the spectators of the scene; for, turning to the prince, he asked: "What is wanting here?"

"What is wanting?" was the reply. "This is wanting—continuance."

The prince was right. The triumph would soon come to an end; the music would be hushed, the shouts of applause would die away; and that very night the whole would be a thing of the past. Continuance was wanting to make the joy complete; and there was no continuance.

Who has not felt deeply the uncertainty and the changefulness of all earthly things? It is a thought especially sad to those who have no portion beyond.

This is true of everything earthly. Nothing lasts.

Youth does not last. The bloom fades from the cheek, the brightness passes from the eye, the step loses its elasticity, the voice its ring, the spirits their buoyancy.

Pleasure does not last. Not only the pleasures of sin, but all earthly pleasures, whether lawful or unlawful, are but for a season.

Wealth does not last. "Riches certainly make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." And the end will come, and then they must all be left.

Friends do not last. God be thanked that so many are kind and true!

And life does not last. We must all meet "the last enemy," and fall before him. "We are strangers and sojourners," and "there is none abiding."

But then, blessed be God! there are things which last—things which, though not earthly, can be very largely enjoyed on earth—and, whoever you be, they may be all yours.

Salvation lasts. It is "eternal salvation," salvation "to the uttermost," and the Gospel which announces it is "the everlasting Gospel."

The friendship of Jesus lasts. His love never grows cold; He is never separated from us by distance, for He is with His people "always, even unto the end of the world;" and, as a pledge of His everlasting love and constant presence, He procures for them the gift of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to abide with them for ever.

The joys of salvation last. The believing heart can "rejoice in the Lord always;" in youth, and in age, in sickness, and in health, in the deepest poverty, and in the most desolate loneliness; nay, even in death itself.

And heaven lasts. "The things which are not seen are eternal." The Lord Jesus Himself, too, declares that the life He gives to His people is "eternal life." Yes, unlike earth, heaven lasts for ever. Its songs will never cease; its security will never be invaded; its pleasures will be "for evermore."

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SAYING AND DOING.



WHY call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

An old Puritan writer, commenting on these words of the Lord Jesus Christ, says that there are in the world four different kinds of people—

1. There are those who neither do the things which Christ says, nor call Him, Lord, Lord.

2. There are those who call Christ, Lord, Lord, but who do not the things which He says.

3. There are those who do the things which Christ says, but who do not call Him, Lord, Lord; and

4. There are those who both call Christ, Lord, Lord, and do the things which He says.

We should like to ask you, reader, to which of these classes you belong. You must belong to one of them—which is it?

1. We should be very sorry indeed to think that you belonged to the first—that is, to those who will not call Christ, Lord, and who refuse to obey His com-

mandments. For He has the strongest possible right to your submission: first, because He made you; and still further, because He died for you on the cross, that you might have eternal life.

Does not your own conscience—if you will only listen to its voice—tell you that you ought to bow to Him as your Lord, and, at least, to endeavour—seeking the help He is always so ready to give—to do whatever He commands? You will have no true peace till you do this; and the end of your present course, if you persist in it, will be everlasting death.

Hearken to Him, for He still calls you. He offers you free forgiveness, though you have so greatly sinned. Here are His own precious words, spoken for you: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

2. But we should be still more deeply grieved to think that you belonged to those whom the good old Divine text mentions—those who call Him, Lord, Lord, but who do not the things which He says. They who openly cast off His authority, and declare that they do not believe in Him, often do great harm to others by encouraging and inciting them to sin against Him and against God.

But there can be no doubt whatever that they do far greater harm who, whilst they call Him, Lord, disobey His commands. They cause "the way of truth to be evil spoken of," and they embolden men to say that the Gospel is a delusion and a lie, and that all who profess it are hypocrites.

Then be deeply humbled, and very sorrowful, if you have done this; but do not despair. He is willing to forgive you even such great sin; and to give you, through the grace of His own Spirit, a heart which will delight, not only to speak for Him, but to do all His will.

3. Perhaps you belong to the third order; that is to say, you believe in Him as your Saviour; you have humbly confessed to Him your sins, and you have good reason to hope that they are forgiven. Repenting of everything that is evil, you try, depending on His promised help, to do all His will.

But you do this secretly. That is, you do not avow your faith and hope in Christ, and you do not say that the things you try to do which are good and right, you do because Christ commands them, and because He helps you. In your own heart and in your closet you call Him, Lord; but you do not acknowledge Him before men, and it may be that as yet nobody knows that you are a Christian.

But is this right? is it manly? is it grateful? Do you not owe it to Him who has done such great things for you, to tell others of His grace and power? Perhaps you are afraid that men will laugh at you, and mock you; but what a small thing that is to fear for Him who has shown you such exceeding love!

Or, possibly, your fear may be that if you were to avow His name you might dishonour Him; but cannot He keep you from falling and make you very strong? Confess Him. Be not ashamed in the presence and hearing of anybody to call Him, Lord.

4. With good conscience, though very humbly, you may feel yourself justified in saying that you belong to those last mentioned—those who call Him, Lord, Lord, and who do the things which He says. You cannot say that you do them perfectly; you wish you could, but you try so to do them, and you daily seek His help that you may.

If this be so, we give you joy. The Lord looks down upon you with approving love; you can scarcely fail to be a blessing to all with whom you have to do, you are on your way to the kingdom, and the Lord Himself will give you there a bright and unfading crown.

"The holy to the honest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies." *S. G.*

MAMMA'S BLESSED ONE!

A MOTHER was busy with her morning duties when her youngest child came running towards her with a toy. Tripping along, with a merry smile on his dimpled face, he was the very picture of grace and sweetness that would have won any heart. The mother's soul was transported with delight. She opened her arms, she caught the little prattler to her bosom, and lavished upon it endearing caresses.

"You little darling! Mamma's blessed one!" she exclaimed.

"Blessed—what is blessed, mamma? What do you mean?" artlessly asked the little one.

"You are mamma's dearest treasure, the delight of her eyes and her heart," replied the fond mother, as again and again she kissed the upturned face.

The happy child ran off to its play, and the mother went on with her duties. These led her to her bedroom, where she paused for a moment to take up her "Daily Food."

"I'll stop to read the verse for the day," she said to herself. "I shall have something to think about as I

clear up my room." The verse read, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." The mother's heart fairly stood still. Her own words to her child, and her child's question and her reply, flashed through her mind, and following in quick succession (brought to her remembrance, no doubt, by the Holy Spirit) came the many sweet words of Scripture, "A peculiar treasure unto me"; "The Lord delighteth in thee"; "My love, my fair one"; "My jewels."

She was well taught in the Bible, but the inner meaning of such words had never come to her before. "Am I my Father's 'blessed'?" she said; "His

'delight,' His 'treasure,' 'the apple of His eye,' just what my precious child is to me? Oh, I never have thought of it; it seems as if I could not believe it."

The broom and duster dropped from her hands, and she fell on her knees, and all she could do was to weep tears of penitence and gratitude before the Father whose words of ondearment had never come to her until that moment, but which she now ventured to accept. How could she do otherwise? It was not her own worthiness, she well knew, that made her so dear to the Father's heart, but she was "in Christ," "accepted in the Beloved." She seemed to hear her Saviour saying, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father"; "I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved Me."

From that hour there was a new meaning in

life, a new motive for work, a new power in the soul of this Christian woman. Her tender affection for her little one, the darling of her heart, had interpreted to her the love that encircled her, so pure, so true, so deep, so high. She understood now what the apostle meant when he prayed that his friends might "comprehend" the love "which passeth knowledge." Henceforward she walked in the love of God, and it was like a light all about her—above, below, around, within. She walked "in the light," and had perpetual "fellowship" with the Unseen.



The happy child ran off to its play.