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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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


VOL. VIII.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1884.

{ WHOLE No. 88.

Incense From The Temple Censer.

CHRISTIANS OUT OF THE CHURCH.

 HERE are two kinds of what may be called outside Christians, i. e., disobedient Christians. The first are those who were once members of the church, but who through neglect of their duties and privileges have drifted away from it, and have become careless and indifferent, or they may have taken offence at some person in the Church, perhaps the pastor or some one of the members, and for that reason are to-day outside, and though perhaps not of the world are certainly not of the Church. The other class are those who are secretly but none the less Christians, but who have never united with the Church for some reason or other, and such people frequently have many reasons, at least they fancy they have. Have you fully considered the position you are in? Did it ever occur to you that your persistence in such a course is one of positive disobedience to the express commands of the Word of God? What meaning has this Scripture to you? "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father and the holy angels, and whosoever shall deny me before men him I will deny before my Father and the holy angels."

If you have been a member of a church formerly, but are outside now, does not your position involve a question of no less moment than your own personal honor? Are you keeping the terms of that covenant you made with God and his people years ago? Are you keeping those solemn vows now that you made then? Were they not made *for life*? My brother or sister, can you meet God with such promises unkept? If you love Christ why not show your colors? Is there no church good enough for you? You are not so conceited as that. Why not help some church to be what it ought to be? You can do this better by being an active member of it than you can by practically showing by your example as you are doing that Christians are just as well out of the Church as in it.

An eccentric man visited New York, went to church, and seated himself in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and then writing "My pew" upon the fly-leaf of a prayer-book, handed the book to the intruder. The man read the message, smiled a beautiful smile, and wrote underneath, "Nice pew. What do you pay for the seat?"

Mr. Spurgeon attains his jubilee on June 19, next and it is proposed to celebrate this event in a suitable and effective manner.

Sermons in Brief.

WITH AND WITHOUT TEXTS, FOR THE SAVED AND UNSAVED.

John iii. 8.—"The wind bloweth where it listeth," &c. The Spirit, like the wind, is (1) invisible in agency; (2) purifying in effects; (3) free where it will manifest itself; (4) variable in working; (5) Divine in regulation.

Prov. xxiv. 4.—"Pleasant riches." Riches to be pleasant must be (1) honestly acquired; (2) properly valued. (3) restrainedly used; (4) generously shared; (5) Divinely blessed.

Isaiah xli. 4.—1. Divine companionship when earthly friends fail. Even to your old age I am He. 2. Divine support when earthly strength fails. Even to hoary hairs will I carry you. Let the young learn that they may outlive their companions, but God will be ever the same; some day their vigor will fail, but the everlasting arms will support even to the end all who trust in Him. Let all learn to fix their hearts on a God whose help is best when other helps fail.

Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere."

"It is not," says Dr. Arnot, "the devil out of you, but Christ in you, that is the hope of glory."

How easy it is to propose good things, great things! How difficult it is to achieve that which is good and great! When we recognize anew our failure in the line of our noblest endeavors, or of our highest opportunities, we are prompt to feel and to say that this shall never be again. But it *is*—again, and again and yet again.

"The wave is mighty but the spray is weak!
And often thus our great and high resolves,
Grand in their forming as an ocean wave,
Break in the spray of nothing."


It is good to purpose wisely. It is better to perform faithfully.

A vague desire to be better, stronger, holier, will come to nothing. Character is built, like the wall of an edifice, by laying one stone upon another. Lay hold of some one single fault and mend it.

He can never be rich toward God who despises a pennyworth of true piety. Holiness is just the living to the Lord in the least things as well as the greatest; for graces can only be gathered one by one.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin."

Said a clergyman in his prayer on Sunday: "Oh Lord, bless the poor, and bless those who would be poor if they were honest." The congregation tittered.

 Buds and Blossoms.



LET our friends canvass actively, and send us many subscribers, new and old. The success of a magazine depends mostly on the activity of those who solicit for subscribers to increase its circulation. These are the experienced words of one who has had a longer experience. Nature teaches that BUDS AND BLOSSOMS cannot be expected to attain their fullest development unless faith is evidenced by careful planting and watering, and honestly using the God-ordained means for the obtaining the divinely given increase, without which no spiritual fruit will be found by the chief husbandman, who has promised to bless rightly directed effort. Last month outside our own intention, circumstances so transpired, that instead of publishing 40,000 pages we had to issue, or rather in faith did issue 80,000, worth at 6 cents per copy, \$120. Our Master knoweth the motive which prompted us to so freely and widely scatter BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, and thus by extra expenditure to forestall a mistake, which if allowed to go forth uncorrected might have injured our circulation, there being a repetition of numbers and plates. Evidently good came out of evil, for 1,000 extra copies were published, and we gave away at least 1,600. Our paying list although gradually growing, is far too small in proportion to our free issue and circulation. Who will join with us their prayers and efforts to increase our regular list of subscribers? With continued and proportionate grace, we feel satisfied, with a larger income more work can be overtaken with less wear and tear to body and mind. Ask that our free scattering of B. and B. may bring in many new names and the desired help. We rejoice in the good we are thus enabled to do, and are not a little cheered to find BUDS AND BLOSSOMS are being enquired for in the far prairie west. When a little tired the other day, a letter came saying, "Be encouraged dear bro. in your efforts to save the perishing. Eternity will alone reveal the full result. Enclosed please find \$5. You can use 50c. for a couple of chairs, and the balance as you deem most for the glory of God."

Signed, *Deo Non Fortuna.*

We have no idea who this person is but his strange nom de plume had even a more cheering effect than the enclosed cash. *Deo non Fortuna*, "God not Fortune," is the interpretation of the motto, and it seems to brace anew for the work of scattering B. and B. The mistake and consequent increased issue, was God, not fortune, and we can in faith wait results.

The story is told of Senator Vance of North Carolina, that soon after his second marriage he remarked to his bride. "I am a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it we'll get along well. It is this: "Make me do as I please."

All persons who receive a copy of this magazine who are not subscribers, will understand that it is an invitation to become a subscriber. If you will please read this carefully we feel assured you cannot be but pleased with it. Try it for a year; also try to induce your friends to subscribe for it.

Ribbon of Blue, Temperance Notes.

DRUNKENNESS IS A NATIONAL FOE.

It is sad to see how drinking habits gain ground in India, not only among the masses, but among the richer people of the land.

The editor of a native paper at Patna, writes that the evidence before the commission of the evils of the system are simply overwhelming, and that the drugging of the native liquor has been fully proved. The liquor is no longer spirits, but a concoction of all manner of noxious material, which is sold at the price of about one penny per quart bottle. The exceeding cheapness of the stuff, and the additional facilities to get it, has resulted in an enormous increase in drinking and drunkenness in Bengal.

Within the last few years no less than six rajahs have gone to a premature grave through intoxication, in the shape of champagne and brandy. Not long ago, as I was passing by the house of a large Zemander, while out intinerating, I heard music and dancing, and was told that the chief man of the place, who had a large estate, had a revel in his house every night, and that bad women and brandy were fast swallowing up his "broad acres," which were being taken hold of bit by bit by the money-lenders, who are fast becoming the landholders of India.

At the recent Baptist missionary conference in India it was resolved that all missionary agents and all members of the churches, should discontinue and discourage the use of all intoxicants. Only three dissentients voted against the resolution. "Ten years ago," says the *Indian Baptist*, "probably half the members would have voted against it; but the total abstinence tide is rising among Christian men in India, as it is at home."

CAN CHRISTIANS UPHOLD THE DRINK TRAFFIC AND BE BLAMELESS BEFORE GOD?

A retired naval officer says:—"What sacrifice of human life has drink caused on the ocean! How many gallant ships with their crew have foundered in the mighty deep, destroyed by fire, erroneous navigation, and other casualties, that might be attributed if all secrets were known, to drink! Few men who have passed years of their life at sea but could testify to many calamities that occurred from this monstrous evil. At the time when corporeal punishment was inflicted in the navy, nine-tenths of the offences were through drunkenness or mutinous conduct arising therefrom.

Hear the evidence of one of the present Cabinet Ministers who visited California a few years ago:—"I was astonished," said he, "to find in a population of 30,000 Chinese idolaters no drunkenness, quarrelling, or tumult, and three or four policemen found sufficient to maintain peace and order—a remarkable and striking contrast to that existing in this nominal Christian land."

In the Irish famine year nearly \$50,000,000 were consumed in liquors by a people who say they cannot pay their rents and debts.

The Medical Temperance Hospital of Great Britain where no alcohol is used as a medicine has a death-rate of only four and a half per cent, which is lower than in general hospitals in the country.

Work in the Regions Beyond,
and nearer Home.

GREAT changes are taking place in India. Only last year, a rajah borrowed some £15,000 from a rich man in Monghyr to get his daughter married. All the money is gone, and I doubt if he will ever be able to repay it, and when the high interest is allowed to go on for a few years, with the addition of compound interest, the capital is soon doubled and quadrupled; so that, in another generation, the land will have gone clean out of the hands of the old landed aristocracy. Of late years it is a well-known fact that the land in India is fast going out of the hands of the old petty rajahs and zemindars from their profuse prodigality. They borrow thousands of pounds on landed security, at the enormous interest of from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent., and what for? Simply to make a vain display at the marriage of a son or daughter, when it is the custom not only to give costly presents to Brahmins and priests, but also have a succession of immoral dramatic performances, in which dancing women of bad character take the most conspicuous part, and carry off the lion's share of the fool's money squandered so recklessly on such occasions. It is a common thing to have gangs of these "dancing dawsels," who, in turns, keep up the revelry night after night, and who, besides all their expenses, are paid at the rate of £10 each per day. It is no uncommon thing for a zemindar of some importance to squander from £10,000 to £20,000 on a single wedding, or on the occasion of the investment of the sacred thread to a son who comes of age (twelve) to be thus formally admitted into his caste.

—"If Christianity, as even a Max Muller confesses, be a missionary religion in its nature, 'Converting, advancing, aggressive, encompassing the world,' a non-missionary church shows that she has departed from the idea, and the duty of Christianity—that the hand of death is upon her."—*Dr. Christlieb.*

—The religious question in Japan now is certainly "Christ or Buddha." The Buddhist faith has been formulated so as to present an opposing front to the whole series of Christian doctrine. A training school for the indoctrination of young Japanese in Buddhism has been established. A Buddhist journal advertises Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" as an annihilating answer to Christianity. The battle is, or soon will be, set in order.

—"Believe me, *America, to-day, to save herself, must save the world.*" So said a stalwart advocate of missions before the American Board. We believe it. The New World has reached at one and the same time a point of prosperity and a position of peril. So closely is our future the future of the world, so vital our growing attachment with all lands, that we may no longer sink or swim of ourselves alone. If we fall, so goes the world. Yes, and if the world goes under morally, it will take us along.—*Standard.*

—Tokio, Japan, has its twelfth Presbyterian church. The government daily paper advertises the Bible for sale. "In ten years Tokio may be a Christian city," was the prediction of its young men at the late conference of churches in Japan. In Japan the government press has published the Gospel of Mark, and an

advertisement of the American Bible Society is inserted in the official organ. A mob in Canton, China, lately destroyed the buildings of the American Presbyterian mission at that place.

The Study Table, New Books and
Exchanges.

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

Way Marks for Wanderers, By W. Y. Fullerton, Evangelist, Pub by Passwork and Alabaster, London. It is a very attractive little book inside and out. And contains five gospel addresses, in terse and well chosen language, breathing throughout a desire to save souls, and to point the way home to wandering prodigals.

The Willow Pattern, By Rev. Hilderic Friend, Pub. by T. Woolmer, London, Eng. It is a new version by the author, who has lived in China, of a Chinese love story, and weaves in numerous illustrations of the manners and customs of the celestials. Its illustrations, both verbal and pictorial, are made exceedingly temptations, for Author, Artist, Printer, and Binder all lend some of their best talent.

The Plymouth Heresies. By J. C. L. Carson, M. D. Pub. 15th thousand, Houlston & Sons, London. Evidently there is light here for those who would know what the Plymouth brethren believe, and wherein they do manifestly err. Their own divisions prove that they are not free from sectarianism, neither are they all led by the same spirit. We love the good we know to be among them, but shun their errors.

The Postman. Is Edited by the same Author as *Way Marks for Wanderers*, and is a new and spicy exchange.

The Cottage Hearth has a warm and inviting look. It has made and is making for itself many friends. Pub. 11 Broomfield St., Boston.

A Cure For The Giggles:

In orthodox' style, we must first describe the symptoms. We can best do so in the words of Dr. Parker, for we hardly feel competent to define the disease and its causes, although like most pastors we have had some patients who have shown evidence of being troubled with the giggles. The doctor writes: Giggling in church is a constant nuisance, and I hope if this paragraph should meet the eye of any guilty parties it will do them good, that they may see how ridiculous they appear to others. While the giggler is a pest, I do not know that the whisperer is much or any better. It is astonishing how some people can chatter through an entire service. Here the learned and eloquent doctor seems overcome with the importance of his subject, and the Rev. Parker, D. D. of London has to clip the subject, and we feel justified

in clipping what he has clipped from an exchange. If you don't like the medicine, do not blame us. We did not prepare it. Nevertheless believing the following prescription is calculated to act as a preventative, we pass it on.

"Giggling is described in the dictionary as the act of 'laughing with short catches of breath,' as 'laughing idly, tittering, grinning.' It is silly and childish enough anywhere, but in church it is abominable, and yet there is no place where giggling is more common. It is natural in school girls, but when met in young women of nineteen or twenty it is unpardonable. It is frequently a characteristic of young men with incipient mustaches, who think they qualify themselves for manhood by affecting contempt for what their elders revere. They giggle at anything. If they catch the eye of an acquaintance they giggle; if a woman rises too soon for a hymn they giggle; if a baby cries they giggle; if the plate is handed to some one who puts nothing in it they giggle; if some one sings out or repeats the responses louder they giggle; if the choir makes a mistake they giggle. In fact, nothing is too insignificant to arrest their notice and produce a giggle."

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. The following in paying sent \$1.00. We credit to free list 25cts. Mrs. Ch. Ehler, Mrs. Stevens 50 cts; Mrs. Ch. Covey, Mr. R. P. Shaw, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. P. Murry, Mrs. Rhude, Geo. Hushman, Mr. Peddle, 60cts.; Philp Myers, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Beardsly, Mrs. Samuel McKeen. Mr. Hermes, Miss Clawson 25cts.

WE WANT YOU

to do your utmost to extend the circulation of the
BUDS & BLOSSOMS.

To encourage we offer the following terms:

One copy, one year,\$ 75
Five copies, one year 2.50
Six copies one year as a donation, 3.00

The young man who is ashamed of his mother because she doesn't "put on style," and of his father because he doesn't use elegant language, is a baby that had no business to have ever grown up. An overdose of soothing syrup would have been a blessing to him.

Home Circle.

We want 400 more names to make it pay bills &c. Quite a number have sent, for specimens, and promised to canvass. We are relying upon their help. We can make up the vol. from January. Let us have a shower of new subscribers.

THANKFULLY RECEIVED.—Mrs. Peddle \$1.00, towards mission box. Mrs. Burgis 60c.; William Blackadar \$1.00 to extra chair fund. Mrs. Squance P. O. 10s., one dollar for B. and B., balance for chairs Deo Non Fortuna \$5.00, mentioned elsewhere. We are always glad to receive donations for our special and general work. We want to enlarge the boundary line of our activities. To clear the lot and add to the Building Fund. Mrs. Chaloner, \$5.00 for chairs.

BAPTISMS AT THE TABERNACLE.—March 9th, 3, March 16th, 5, March 23rd, 3.

Olive Branches.

Feb. 13th, The wife of W Keddy of a son.

Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED.—March 19th, at Halifax, by the pastor of the Tabernacle, Stewart McKinlay, to Ada Keizer, both of Halifax, N. S. Married the 19th, Clifford C. Colburn, to Bessie A. Covey, at Mizpah Cottage, Halifax.

FADED LEAVES.

Eleanor A. Edwards died March 13th, 1884, aged 39.

We prefer to write fell asleep in Jesus, or rather left the earthly tabernacle to be forever with the Lord. For many years hers was a ministry of pain, disease crippled and distorted, her poor body. But within dwelt a spirit almost angelic, her patient suffering and cheerful submission often stirred otherwise unfeeling hearts to wonder at the grace given, and to confess there was a power and sweetness in her religion. At no small sacrifice, for years she would get to the meeting and by the sunlight of her countenance certify that the love and peace of God reigned within. It is now over eight years since the editor carried her crippled form in his arms, that with Christ she might be buried in baptism. She said, some say in my delicate health immersion will kill me, but if the church will receive me, I desire it, and fear not to keep the dear Saviour's command. Her consistent patience in long continued and ever increasing afflictions, told to the church and world even more than the public testimony she often gave, how truly her fellowship was with Jesus. We miss her, and in the Sabbath School many a tear has fallen. May the God of all grace strengthen and comfort her aged father, to whom she said a little before her departure, 'Oh so bright! so bright!—Its alright pa—Its alright pa.'

HALIFAX, MARCH, 14TH. The Lord called from us and from his family our dear brother Dr. Clay. His departure is a loud reminder of life's uncertain tenure. Verily the grave is the heritage of all. Death spares none, it has no favourites. Sometimes we think when we see the crape on the door, God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; yet we dare not ask, Why? But wait his will, relying on the word; Know out of the dark cloud of affliction, God will presently cause to shine the token of his love. Jesus saith unto the bereaved, I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me though he were dead yet, yet shall he live! Therefore in a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection and a blissful meeting in the sweet bye-and-bye, we can lay out of our sight our loved ones and say in triumph at the grave side, 'O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!' The last words our brother uttered to us were full of anxiety about his children's salvation, and expressive of the joyousness of his soul when on the previous Sunday he heard his youngest son pour out the tale of his hope and love to Jesus, just before leaving the bedside of his father to be buried with Christ in baptism. With tears in his eyes he said, God bless my boys; good-bye, if I get better it will be alright, if not its alright; take care of your self."

Words so full of hopeful Christian resignation are not easily forgotten. Much could be said of his ever active life did space allow. many a tear of sincere and hearty love has been and will be shed, by those who knew his readiness to lend a helping hand to the poor, the sick and the needy. The lectures and the preaching of the doctor will even yet continue to bring forth fruit. Doubtless he had many talents. After studying an Wolfville and New York and graduating both in medicine and theology, in 1853 he was ordained and was for some time pastor of a Baptist church in New York City, and afterwards in Carleton, N. B. Since 1872 he has been Dominion Immigrant agent in Halifax. May grace and comfort be ministered unto the bereaved, from the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE SIGNALMAN'S FLAG.

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"All right! come along!"

THE SIGNALMAN'S FLAG.

BANG went the signals. Brightly blazed the fire. Round went the flag. Puff, puff, went the engine as she came cautiously on.

It was cold work enough, and our friend, Will Single, well wrapped up though he was, and with his feet almost touching the fire, could scarcely keep himself warm. More than once he thought of his own cosy kitchen, and rosy-checked little ones, and bonny wife, and wished himself there. Who would care to be exposed to a black London fog on an open railway line?

But then the thought rushed into his mind, "But for my signals, my blazing fire, and my waving flag, there would be an accident. I am here to save lives, and who wouldn't give up home comforts to save precious lives?" And so the warmth of his heart more than made up for the dismal cold and the danger.

As the trains rushed by, shaking his very coat and beard with the wind they raised, almost an exultant feeling rose in his heart, while more than once or twice he actually found himself saying aloud, "Another train safe. Thank God."

It made no matter to him that he knew none of the passengers. If they were not his friends and relatives, they belonged to somebody, and were enshrined in somebody's heart. They were somebody's fathers and mothers; sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, husbands and wives.

By-and-by the fog cleared away, and Will Single's duty was done; so rolling up his flag, and kicking asunder the embers, he made his way homeward with a heart all the more glad and thankful that he had stuck so well to his post.

It is perhaps just as well now to explain that Will Single had more posts than one to stick to, and that he was as faithful to every other as to this. He was a tract distributor, a Sunday-school teacher, and now and again a mission-room speaker. A Christian man himself, he wanted to extend the good news of salvation to every home and heart within his reach, and he spared not himself in his efforts to do so.

Now it happened that the very next Sunday he was to speak at the mission-room, and had been for some days vainly seeking a subject for his address.

"I've got it," he exclaimed, as he was wending his way homeward after the fog. "I've got it. The very thing. I'll talk to 'em about the fog."

Sunday night came, and with it a capital audience and Will Single's address on the fog, which I will now proceed to relate.

"Friends, we've had some bad fogs here in London lately, and I thought as that I couldn't do better than say a word or two about 'em.

"Very bad things are fogs, and a lot of harm they do in one way or another. There's few things that do more harm in London than fogs. You know folks, and I know folks, as have been killed by 'em.

"But this isn't the only sort of fog there's in the world. There's a spiritual fog in the world as well. And if you ask me which I thinks to be the worse, I tell you the spiritual is lots worse.

"Did you ever think of what a thick fog there is in people's heads about the things of eternity? Why, there's hundreds and thousands around us who not only don't know nothing about God and Jesus, but they seem not to know what sin is; they call themselves good people, when they're as bad as bad can be. And when you tell 'em what sin is, they shake their heads, and say they ain't so very bad after all. Ah! the devil has created a great black fog in their brains, so that they shan't understand. He don't want 'em to understand, my friends. He knows his business would be all done for if the fog was cleared away. And so he goes and does all he can to puzzle and muddle poor sinners' understandings, and make them think they're all that's good and proper.

"And did you ever think that just as accidents take place in a fog, so they do in a spiritual fog as well? You know, my friends, there's a sort of death that coroners' juries don't sit on—the death of the soul—the worst of all deaths that man or woman can die. Why, an accident on the rail isn't nothing to it. Just think if anybody in this room were to be called away into eternity to-night! Just think of what would happen if he wasn't prepared to meet his God! Why, he'd be lost for ever, he would. He would be sent away to live with the devil and his angels. And why? Because he'd got a fog in his brains, and a fog in his heart. Why, if it hadn't been for the fog he would have seen where he was going, wouldn't he? and perhaps stopped short in time, like the fellow as found out he was driving over the precipice, and pulled up just in time to save his life. Oh, there's a deal of mischief done in a fog!

"Now, you know, my friends, I'm a chap as has to see that accidents don't happen on the railroad, and I've got to give warning, and light up, and let off fog signals, and all that. And isn't that just what I'm going to do to-night? Haven't I come here to let off signals, and wake you up from your sleep? 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' Yes, that's what I've got to say. And very glad shall I be if I can only wake a few of you up, and show you where you are, and where you are going.

"Yes, and I've come, too, to drive away the fog with the fire of God's Word. 'Is not My Word a fire? saith the Lord.' A fire's a good thing on a cold foggy night, friends, as I've found it often. But the fire of God's Word will warm up your soul, which is ever so much better. Fogs can't stand before fire, friends. Fogs can't put the fire out neither. There's nothing like a good fire on a foggy night. And this is why I've come here to light up to-night, friends.

"But this ain't all. I've got a glorious flag to wave, a blood-red flag it is, and what do you think that flag is? Why, it's the flag of salvation, to be sure. And what does that flag say? 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' That's what is written on it, friends.

"By-and-by the fog will clear off, and if we are only on the right track, we shall come to a world where there's nothing but sunshine, thank the Lord.

"Now I've done my duty. I've let off the signals, I've kept the fire alight, and I've waved the flag.

"And what are *you* going to do? That's the question as I hope you'll answer to-night.

"If fogs are bad now, they'll be worse on a death-bed. I'd like you to be all clear then. There's no fogs where the Lord Jesus Christ is."

Rev. Charles Cowles.

—♦♦♦—
THE WORD OF GOD.

SINCE the Bible is the Word of God, its authority is obligatory on every human being. If there is anywhere a holy obligation, it is here. We belong entirely, body and soul, for this life and the life to come, to Him who has created us; we are His before we are our own. Now, it is the God who has this supreme right over us, the King of kings, who speaks in the Scriptures. There He reveals to us His law; and would it not be folly to seek elsewhere the rule of our actions? The Lord commands, this is enough; none but the most unreasonable of beings could refuse to obey. "Speak, for Thy servant heareth" is the language of reason as well as of faith in the hearts of all who sincerely acknowledge the Divine inspiration of the Bible.

What a privilege it is to know this infallible authority, and what wisdom to obey it! We live in an age in which men are possessed by the spirit of insubordination. They will rely only on themselves. The authority of age, of knowledge, of human government, have been depreciated, and with what result? Man must have a master; in default of a good he takes a bad one. Independent of duty, he becomes the slave of his passions; and never was a human creature ground under a more shameful servitude than when he has pretended to be free himself from all religious and moral restraint. Happy, then, he who seeks in the Scriptures the will of God, prepared to subject to it his own. Nothing less could claim our submission; but we can desire nothing more. Necessity, truth, stability, authority, all that is most essential for our souls, is included in this short and simple definition—The Bible is the Word of God.

Thus is explained how it is that the Holy Bible has inspired Christian men with so deep an attachment; that they have prized it above all the treasures of the world. Many have sacrificed for it their fortune, their country, their domestic happiness, their life itself. They have carried it into exile, into the desert; they have clasped it in their bleeding arms on the very steps of the scaffold, blessing God who had committed to them His sacred Word, and saluting with a song of triumph this glorious standard of their faith, at the moment when it opened before them the path to heaven.

It is related in Church history that a Christian African, named Felix, having been ordered to deliver up the Scriptures belonging to his church to be burned, replied that he would rather be burned himself than commit such an act of apostasy. He was

sent to Carthage, and brought before the prefect. This magistrate, irritated at the refusal of the intrepid confessor, loaded him with chains and sent him to Italy.

During the voyage the martyr remained four days in the hold of the vessel without food or drink; but nothing could shake his resolution. Taken before new judges, he was again asked whether he had the Scriptures, and whether he would consent to give them up.

"Yes, I have them," replied Felix, "but I will never part from them." On this reply he was condemned to be beheaded. "I thank Thee, O Lord," exclaimed the faithful martyr, "that Thou hast permitted me to live fifty-six years to keep and to preach Thy Word. I give my life willingly in sacrifice to Thee, O Lord Jesus, God of heaven and earth, who livest through all eternity."

—♦♦♦—
CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man who unobserved
 Can pass through life,
 In some obscure retreat preserved
 From worldly strife,
 Contented with a lowly state,
 Nor envious of the rich and great.

The glittering paths that tempt the crowd
 To weary toil,
 Lead but to realms of storm, and cloud,
 And barren soil:
 The proudest heights to which men rise
 Still leave them far beneath the skies.

While others strive for fame, or power,
 Or sordid gain,
 Or catch the pleasures of an hour,
 Fleeting and vain,
 Be mine the nobler, better part,
 The care and culture of the heart.

Not that I seek to spend my days
 In passive ease,
 Intent alone to find new ways
 Myself to please:
 For the one talent, as for ten,
 A reckoning will be made with men.

Wide is the scope of charity,
 Well understood;
 And all may share the luxury
 Of doing good:
 A kindly word is often prized
 When costly gifts would be despised.

The choicest blessings earth can show,
 Health, Friendship, Love,
 And Faith, that links the part below
 To Christ above—
 These free and priceless gifts of heaven
 To poor and rich alike are given.

JOHN BOWEN'S DEDICATION.

JOHN BOWEN was born in November, 1815, at Haverfordwest, in Wales. He was one of a large family. A strong and sturdy child, he grew up into boyhood, loving work for work's sake, and playing, when he played, with all his heart.

Like most high-spirited lads, his great desire had been to go to sea; this he gave up to please his mother; but though he knew that it was her most ardent desire that he should enter the ministry, he could not believe it right to undertake the solemn duties of a pastor of the Church of Christ simply as a profession, and preferred the alternative of going out as a settler to Canada.

There he set to work, with the same ardour and strength of purpose which characterised him through life, to clear the grand old forests, and to get on as an emigrant farmer. This is uphill work, as all know who have tried it, and wearsome to a young mind with a craving after higher and better things. I cannot imagine that his soul was satisfied with this, though in his letters home he often said, "Labour is the true secret of happiness."

He had lived working on his farm about two years when the rebellion in Canada broke out, and John Bowen was amongst the first of the settlers on the shore of Lake Erie who marched as volunteers to assist the government. When the militia was disbanded, he returned home, taking his passage in a schooner bound for Milford. It was a long and perilous voyage; they were on short allowance of food for some days, and narrowly escaped being shipwrecked off the coast of Ireland.

In April, 1840, John returned to Canada, taking with him a young boy from the home parish. He again took a passage in a timber ship from Milford. It was a fine spring morning when the *Cheviot* weighed her anchor, and sailed out of the magnificent harbour; the sailors in high spirits, promising themselves a good voyage, and the loving hearts who watched her departure comforted by the bright sunshine and calm clear weather.

Like the promise of youth entering into life under fair auspices, yet closing in sadness and in ruin, such was the voyage of the *Cheviot*. As they approached the coast of Newfoundland they encountered gales and snow-storms, which drove them out of their course; and on the night of the 1st of May, they lay upon the rocks in the dark snow-storm, uncertain whether the vessel might not be beaten in pieces by the angry waves

around, or whether the ice, now breaking up in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, might not be closing in on them.

"He helped us so," said one of the sailors, years afterwards; "he was the first to think of what to do, and kept up our spirits by his ways." He gives the following account of this himself. After describing the voyage, he writes:—

"About twelve I lay down, only taking off my boots; soon after a heavy spray broke on board, rushed into the cabin, and inundated some things under my berth. I turned Tom out, put his bed-things out of the wet, and fell into a kind of doze, when I heard a crash, jumped up, and ran to the door.

"The captain was out before me. At first I thought that only the sail was gone, but was surprised that the vessel had so little motion, with such violent crashing and tumbling. Immediately there was a cry, 'We are all gone—we are on the ice—we will sink directly!' Some were looking for the axe to cut the gripes of the long boat; others, apparently

paralysed with fear, sat in the boat, crying out most piteously.

"It was very dark, the hurricane was terrific, the sea was all white around us, which we took for ice, and the spray kept washing over us. As the thick fog gradually cleared off, we observed land close to us. We were then getting up the oars, when we found that we were on the rocks. I called the mate's attention to the danger, and consulting together, we thought it best to try and get on shore."

In this they failed, but afterwards found that the tide would leave the ship dry. "We landed," he writes, "by a ladder from

the bows. The poor captain cried much at leaving the ship.

"Never shall I forget my sensations when I stood on firm ground. I hope and think that gratitude to God was the first predominant feeling. Oh, may I never forget His mercies! May my life be dedicated to His service!

"There were several rocks outside the channel; on them the sea broke awfully; and if we had struck there, not a soul, in all human probability, would have escaped to tell the tale. Within a short distance were some points more exposed, where the vessel would have gone to pieces, and most likely some have perished; whereas, not only was every life saved, but scarcely a single article belonging to any individual was lost."

This was the turning-point in John Bowen's life. He returned to Canada, but could not settle down on his farm as before. He felt that the life which God had given back to him out of the dangers of that



FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

night should no longer be spent in merely endeavouring to get on as a Canadian settler.

Mr. Gribble, a friend, narrates the following striking record of his conversion, which we will give in his own words :—

“On a Sunday in March, 1842, your brother and Louisa had walked as usual to the Lake Shore church. The prayers were read, and the sermon, previous to the communion, was preached; the subject was Abraham offering up Isaac.

left the church, others remained, and among them, for the first time since I had known him, was your brother.

“John left the church when the service was over, and went straight home without speaking to me or to anyone.

“A few days after this, we met at his house; and when we were alone he told me, with a bright cheerful smile, that he felt himself another man. He related that, during the sermon on the pre-



The Settlers in Canada.

“The surrender which the patriarch made, both of his will and affections, was presented as an example for all Christians to follow; and it was enforced that, although such a peculiar sacrifice as that of Abraham's son was exceptional, and probably so for its typical reference to the offering up of Christ, yet, that every Christian must make a surrender of his heart and will to God, and that, too, without parleying or questioning.

“The sermon being ended, some of the congregation

vious Sunday, he had encountered a fearful struggle with himself, and that he was then conscious of the crisis having come when he must decide for ever whether thenceforward his whole purpose and will should be given, without reserve, to God and His service. . . . That his resolution had been taken once and for all; and that immediately on his coming to that determination, peace filled his soul; the world seemed nothing, and therefore, as a seal to his purpose of dedication to God, he went

forward to the communion of Christ's body and blood.

"Then, but with some diffidence, as if he almost doubted the reality of what he was about to relate, or as if he thought I should question the soundness of his intellect, yet with increasing earnestness as he proceeded with his story, he told me that on the same Sunday evening, while sitting alone in his cottage, and thinking on the events of the day, an indescribable sweetness stole over his whole frame, as, with feelings of awe and delight, he seemed to feel the Saviour near him. He said that the presence, or whatever it was, remained a short time and then withdrew, leaving him deeply affected with gratitude and love to God."

His own account of this solemn experience, given in his diary, ought not to be omitted. It is significant in the extreme to mark the guarded terms in which he wrote of it, and his jealous avoidance, in the brief entry that records it, of anything like inflated or hyperbolic language:—

"I experienced such an ecstasy last evening in prayer, that I doubted if I were in my right senses. Christ was slain for me. I could give myself up to Him unreservedly. I cannot describe my sensations of joy. I could not praise God sufficiently for the great scheme of salvation. I remained a long time giving thanks, and praying that such a heavenly view might not be taken from me."

In one of his communications, written long after the event, there is the following statement, which proves how indelibly his conversion, with the features which so strongly marked it, had fixed themselves in his thoughts:—

"You ask," he says, "for the day of my birth. I was born into this world, November 21, 1815; for this I would say, 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' I believe the new birth took place in me March 6, 1842. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.'"

A VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION.

I HAVE thought that it might be interesting to read a letter lately received from a lad in the Punjab. The letter is written in English, and neither the spelling nor composition is perfect, but I wish to alter nothing except the writer's name, I give him that of Hira, which means diamond.

The youth, when in our Christian native boarding school, seemed of a quiet and gentle nature, and he bore a good character; but I never heard him talk much about religion. He has now entered the world, and is holding an appointment on a railway, which, as will be seen, exposes him to various temptations.

"I have got a leisure hour to-day now, which I am spending in writing to you this letter. I am giving you a full detail of the temptations I met with yesterday, that is, last Sunday. I got up in the morning, and after my morning prayer I went to the

railway station to receive my officer (a native), who was coming from Amritsar by the morning train. I could not find him, for he had missed his train at Amritsar, so he came by the afternoon's with a Tehsildar (a native official), especially designing to have a shooting on the river. They asked me to take up a gun and join them. But I totally refused, repeating to them the fourth commandment—'Thou shalt not work on the Sabbath.' They pressed me several times, but yet refusal answers. They said, 'There is no matter in that, we have seen many a Christian working on Sundays, in shooting or some worldly works.' 'But they sin, and are Christians for name,' I rejoined. They said, 'Be your sin on our necks, take the gun in your hand and shoot.' Again they got a refusal answer.

"In the evening the whole party sat down, lighted the lamps, and put a bottle of brandy in the midst, with glasses around it. All of them poured a glass from the bottle for himself. One of them said, 'Hira, have a little.' I said, 'It is a great sin.'

"'No,' they said, 'it does not matter, have a little, it is a time of pleasure, we two or three friends have gathered together after a long time and making ourselves merry. Do join us.'

"They pressed me, all of them. But I said, 'No, no, it can't be, it must not be.'

"Then the Tehsildar said, 'Hira, you have overcome the temptation.' Then I knew that they were examining me too; I had not a least thought of this before.

"Again, after a long pause, both the Tehsildar and my officer said, 'Hira, have a little, only one or two drops, only to please us. We don't mean that you should be intoxicated, but only that you were also enjoying with us.' But I said, 'No, no, thank you.'

"Then the Tehsildar asked me to come near him, and sit by him, as he wanted to say me something. I went and sat, and he said, 'There is no harm, my dear friend, in this, we are merry ourselves, you should also join us. Look here, here is so-and-so Christian drink, so-and-so Missionary drink, there is no harm in this. Have a drop only.' But I said, 'No, Tehsildar Sahib, it can't be.'

"Then again the Tehsildar said, 'Hira, you have overcome again. We won't press you any more. You are a true Christian. We are very glad that you did not agree to us.' They gave me oranges, and I thanked them. My officer was also pleased with me that I did not agree to him in such a matter.

"I thanked God that He gave me triumph over these temptations. I heartily pray to Him for the Holy Ghost."

This simple account of his trials, from the pen of a lad in India, may encourage some English lad when tempted to drink to say with modest firmness, "It can't be; it must not be." Hira, unconsciously, was preaching to his two native superiors, and may have done as much by his quiet consistency to win the Tehsildar to Christianity as the most eloquent missionary could do.

Our speaking for Christ is as the clock-bell which chimes the hours; our example, as the hands that are ever before our eyes to point to the truth. A. L. O. E.

THE WOMAN WITH THE CANCER.



SCRIPTURE Reader in the South of London had frequently called at a house in a particular street, which, notwithstanding, he could not succeed in entering. Each time he could get no further than the doorstep. No sooner was he recognised than he was curtly informed that "No religion was wanted in that house," was told

to go, and the door slammed in his face. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord." "He shall open, and none shall shut; and He shall shut, and none shall open."

One afternoon when the Reader was passing on the opposite side of the street he was looking up at a window of this very house, when his eye caught sight of a foot resting apparently on a couch. The thought instantly occurred to him that some one was ill. Lifting up his heart in prayer to God to open a way of access for him, he determined to call. When he did so he was met, in response to his inquiry, with the assurance that "No one was ill there, and they could do without religion if there were." And with the few closing words, "We shall not let you visit here," the door was shut upon him.

With a heavy heart he left the house, but he could not shake off the feeling of responsibility, and resolved to try again. After earnest prayers to God for strength and boldness in His cause he allowed an hour to pass away, and then went back to the house. The door was this time opened by a boy.

The Reader asked if any one was ill upstairs, when the lad's reply was, "Yes."

He thanked him, entered the house, and walked as quickly as possible along the passage and up the stairs. Half way up he met a young person coming down. He told her he was the Scripture Reader, and had come to see the sick person in the front room.

"There is no one sick there," she said; "but my mother lives in the back room, and she is dangerously ill. Come up, she will be so pleased to see you."

When he first entered the room he thought the figure before him was a corpse. Gently introducing himself, he asked what was the matter.

She replied in a feeble tone, "I am dying of cancer. I have prayed for days to God to send some one to visit me." In answer to the Reader's questions she said:—"I can't say I am saved. Sometimes I feel I am a sinner. I know I cannot put away my sins, and I am very miserable."

Taking out his Bible he read the first chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, dwelling specially on those parts which speak of us as we are in the sight of God, "people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers."

After prayer she entreated him to come again next day, which he did.

When next he entered the room she said, "I have been thinking ever since about what you read and said to me yesterday, especially about what you said about being worse than the beasts." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."

On this occasion he read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, dwelling on the sixth verse. "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Again she urged him to come again next day.

This time the Reader found her very miserable and greatly suffering both in mind and body. She was much troubled on account of her sins, so he read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, dwelling on "the Prodigal Son" going back to his father just as he was, together with his father's reception and forgiveness of him. This chapter was blessed by the Holy Spirit to her soul. She went to God with all her sins, and believing "the record that God gave of His Son," she found peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But her reception of spiritual blessing cost her much temporal trouble. "Because I allowed and wished you to visit me," she told the Reader, "the landlord has given me notice to be out of the house without delay, or he will take all the remaining furniture to pay the rent. Amidst all, I thank God for the great blessing you have been to my soul. How wonderful it seems you should have seen my foot at the window that afternoon! The lady in the front room asked me to come and sit with her, to look into the street for a little change. I was only there a very short time, and was never in her room before or since." She thanked the Reader over and over again, and begged him to visit her where she purposed going.

The landlord said, when he gave them notice, that "if ever he met with that young man that got into his house he would insult him, if ever he was insulted in his life!" But what saith God's Word? "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee"; and what say His servants? "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me."

It only remains to be added that the landlord carried out his cruel threat, and ejected this dying woman from his house. She was removed to the care of some friends residing at Clapton, where she died shortly afterwards, full of peace and joy in her Saviour.

SAVING FOR CHRIST.



A poor servant girl came to me with two six-pences, wishing to give one to the Bible Society and the other to the Church Missionary Society, and to continue that sum every month.

On my remonstrating in consideration of her slender wages, she promptly replied: "Oh, I can afford it now, for since I have seen the evil of sin, I have seen the evil of finery; I can easily save that sum now, and what I save by Christ I ought to save for Christ."

Hugh Stowell.



THE CHANGED GAMEKEEPER.

THOMAS BURCHELL, who afterwards became a useful and beloved missionary to the West Indies, soon after his conversion, when a young man, addicted himself to rising soon after daybreak; taking with him a book or two for self-improvement while enjoying the fresh breeze of the morning. Generally he bent his steps toward a wood, belonging to a nobleman who lived in the neighbourhood. Soon after commencing these rambles, he was one morning quietly advancing in a winding path, when he found himself suddenly confronted with one of the gamekeepers; who, springing from behind some trees, and supposing the wanderer to be in quest of game, presented a gun at his breast, at the same time telling him he was a dead man if he did not stand still and surrender.

He was startled a little; but, soon recovering himself, said that his only object in coming there was to enjoy privacy with his book. The keeper not being quite satisfied, first demanded his address, and then a sight of his books. He immediately took a small Bible out of his coat pocket. The keeper appeared surprised; and, after having entered into conversation

with him, told him to consider himself safe at all times on any part of the property.

He went in a different direction the next three or four mornings; but, determined afterwards to resume his favourite walk, he met the nobleman's servant at the same point, who, accosting him respectfully, begged of him, if it were not asking too much, to read a chapter out of his Bible, and explain it to him; adding, that he had waited there two hours each morning since the first meeting, greatly fearing he should never see him there again.

The request was gladly complied with. The youthful Christian, now unexpectedly led by circumstances to assume the character of an instructor, became much interested in the man, and frequently resorted to the spot, where he was sure to find him anxiously awaiting his arrival. These interviews were not in vain.

In the course of next summer, Mr. Burchell's younger sister was on a visit at Mr. Brinkworth's. One Sunday, after the services of the day were ended, she accompanied Miss Brinkworth in a walk round the sheet of water adjoining the factory. Almost before they were aware, lured on by the calm loveliness of the evening and the sylvan beauty of the scenery, they had extended their wanderings into a part of the adjoining wood; when their attention was arrested by the music of voices blending in a song of praise. Following in the direction whence the sound proceeded, they at length came to a small but neat cottage; and, on listening, recognised the words of a hymn. They retired, without interrupting the solemn exercises of family devotion; and when they mentioned the circumstance next morning to Mr. Burchell, his countenance beamed with pleasure as he rejoined, "It was the keeper's family you heard singing, and he is my first concert!"

GOLD DUST.

- Nature always leans to legality or licentiousness.
- Error is always dangerous, it cannot be harmless.
- Never attempt duty but in God's strength.
- Beware how you trifle with duty on the ground of inability: He who bids you do, promises you strength; He invites you to receive, therefore, "have grace," that you "may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."
- Always have something doing, or ready to do; for a Christian should never have any idle time.
- Never see any one entering into temptation, or indulging in sin, without praying for him.
- Learn a short passage of Scripture every morning, and often refer to it during the day.
- Prize the privilege of learning God's Word; and hear with meekness, prayer, and attention.
- You are under the influence of some spiritual malady, if you have not a keen appetite for gospel provisions.
- The sin you now tremble at, if left to yourself, you will commit; therefore be humble, prayerful, and watchful.
- The error you hate, unless God keep you, you will embrace.

COMPANY MANNERS,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.

THE other day I overheard two people talking of a girl whom both knew, one slightly, the other more intimately.

"How very charming Miss Santon is!" said the first speaker.

"Yes, so she is—in society," replied the second speaker; "but you know that is mere 'company manners.' You should just see her at home!"

winning courtesy, are kept for the edification of the outer world; while we think anything good enough for home; as if those nearest and dearest to us were not entitled to the best that we could give them.

But this again reminds me of the pleasant side of the picture, for happily everybody is not like the young lady whom the two gossips were discussing.

"What a lovely bouquet you have in your hand!"



"What a lovely bouquet!" said a pleasant-looking girl.

This set me wondering if it could really be true that some people had one set of manners—one form of behaviour for public, and another for private use. And yet we are constantly hearing of "company manners," "showing off," and "being on one's best behaviour," etc.

Alas! I fear that only too often our sweetest smiles, our greatest amiability, our gentlest words, our most

said a pleasant-looking girl, who was travelling in a railway carriage, and sitting opposite to a respectably dressed working man, who carefully carried a magnificent nosegay of fresh flowers.

With a gratified smile he held the bouquet nearer for inspection. "Only smell them, miss; ain't they sweet?" said he, with real pride and pleasure in his voice. "And do you know where I am a-takin' of

them, miss? Why, to my wife and children at home; and, bless me, if they won't make as much fuss with them things as though they was gold and diamonds. Every Saturday, miss, while flowers is to be had reasonable, I takes a posy home with me; for, says I to myself, 'flowers is always bein' given to rich folk and young folk, and they're worn in people's hair, and on ladies' dresses, and they're put about rooms for big parties, and such like; but God made them for poor folk as well as rich, and if they bring brightness and beauty into a poor home like mine, they're p'raps doin' one thing that God meant them for.'

"So," added he, "my flowers don't have no company manners, but they just settle themselves down as contented and happy as you please in our cracked blue jug as Anna Maria broke the handle off come Christmas twelvemonth, and so doin' turned it from a milk pitcher into a vase. So there on the table every Saturday stands my flowers, and don't their mother look pleased when Sally and Susy and little Josh comes round pokin' their little noses out to smell them?"

Ah, friends, old and young, rich and poor! Which of us may not brighten up our homes by the flowers of patience, and love, and forbearance, and tender unselfishness? Shall our bright looks and our pleasant speeches all be kept for making an impression upon comparative strangers? Surely while the household fire blazes upon the hearth, while fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters form the families of earth, and the eternal and ever-loving Father looks down upon all, and blesses the homes which are the type and foreshadowing of the everlasting home on high—our best gifts, our most lovable qualities, shall be willingly used for giving happiness and comfort and help in the family circle. While "company manners," "showing off," and "best behaviour" shall be expressions conveying no meaning to those whose daily prayer it is to be kept humble, steadfast, simple-hearted followers of the meek and lowly Lord Jesus.

M. E. R.

HOW JOHN NORMAN MINDED THE BABY.



"Why don't you make him mind the baby?"

"John mind the baby! I should like to see him do it." And the little woman burst into as loud a peal of laughter as a woman double her size.

I had been suggesting to her that, as she wanted to go to God's house on Sundays, but couldn't because of the baby, and as her husband John wouldn't, but preferred staying at home and looking out of the window, or gossiping at a neighbour's, it would be only fair and right that he should mind the obstructive baby and free her for church.

It was this suggestion which sent her off into such an astonishing peal of laughter.

"John mind the baby!" she said again. "Why, bless your soul, you don't know him. He wouldn't mind the baby to save his life, not he."

"Well," I said, "I don't see why he shouldn't. It's his baby as much as yours. And if he won't mind him, then I'm sorry for him, that's all I can say. Have you ever asked him?"

"No, that I haven't, and I shouldn't like to either. I know what he'd say fast enough."

"I tell you what," I said, "I'll ask him myself. He's a reasonable man enough, and, at any rate, he can but say, No."

"Very well, you may try if you like, but—" And again the lively little woman laughed incredulously, shaking her head the while.

* * * * *

"That's a fine baby of yours, John."

You should have seen the beam of delight on John's face at this simple remark of mine. And you should have heard his hearty, "You're right there, sir. He is a fine chap, and no mistake."

"And that wife of yours, John; you ought to be proud of her. 'Tisn't every man has got a wife like her, John."

John's delight was greater than ever, and his broad face lighted up in every part.

"She is a good 'un, sir, a rare 'un, a second-toner, she is. Right you are again."

"I suppose, John, you'd do her any good turn you could? You wouldn't be backward in giving her a helping hand, eh? You're not one of those fellows who make the wife bear all the burdens of the house, are you?"

With a look of scorn, mingled with disgust, John replied, with dignity, "I don't think, sir, as you knows John Norman. And, sir, there ain't no call, as I knows on, to ask me such a quite unnecessary question as that."

Now, of course, was the time to strike in, for his condition of virtuous and honest indignation was the very soil on which to sow my seed.

"Then what do you say, John, to minding the baby on a Sunday?"

John's face was now a study: Amazement, surprise, perplexity, and amusement swept in turn across it.

"Mind the baby!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was utterly indescribable.

"Yes, mind the baby for your wife, so that she may go, as she wants, to the house of God on a Sunday. You don't pretend to go yourself, you know, and it's no good for both to stay with the baby. If, as you say, you love your baby, you won't mind being shut up with him for an hour or so once a week. And if, as you say too, you love your wife, you'll be glad to give her a real pleasure, in fact, the best of all pleasures to her—attending the house of God."

"Well, gov'nor, you've got me into a corner there, and no mistake;" and John scratched his head like a man who would fain escape the trap if he only knew how.

"There's nothing unreasonable in a man's minding a baby for his wife, is there, John?"

"No."

"You won't be a worse husband for it, will you?"

"No, to be sure not."

"And you'd like to do your wife a good turn, wouldn't you, John?"

"Yes, that I would."

"Well then, if I were you I would mind the baby."

* * * * *

The very next Sunday, to the surprise of more than a few, who should be found seated in her old place but Lizzie Norman? And very happy and delighted she looked as she sung out the praises of God with her sweet, clear voice, and reverently and attentively drank in the old old story of Jesus and His love.

And, of course, as my readers will no doubt be expecting to hear, the very next Sunday Lizzie's baby was being tossed and kissed and chirruped to by John Norman, whose honest heart, being convinced of the duty, was not slow to lend the needful hand.

And just as folks were surprised to see the wife at church, so were they surprised as they passed the window to see the husband minding the baby.

And really the time wasn't so very long, for when you are finding out, as John did, new charms in your baby, time moves more quickly than you think. Besides, for some little time it slept.

Neither did he feel the worse for his kindly deed when his wife came in with her happy, radiant face, and her kiss, and her spoken, "You are a good old fellow to let me go like this. I can't tell you what good it has done me."

* * * * *

"Hullo! who is that honest-looking fellow sitting in that back pew there? It looks very much like John Norman. But it can't be he, I think."

"But it is. Haven't you heard the story? I'll tell you; it won't take long. Well, you know John was induced to mind the baby while his wife went to church, and, it seems, as he watched the baby and played with it he got a-thinking. He thought how this Sunday visit of his wife to God's house made her much happier than he ever was. He thought too of his baby, when he would begin to take notice later on—and how he would notice that, while mother went to God's house, father never did, and how bad it would look. And it seems that one night when the baby was sleeping he knelt down by the cradle and told the Lord he was going to be different from that moment. That very night it was that he made the arrangement with his wife that they should take it in turns to attend the church; and they have kept it up ever since."

* * * * *

"Well, John, you don't regret minding the baby, do you?"

"Bless his little heart, sir! if I hadn't minded him I should never have minded myself, nor the blessed Lord either. I wish more chaps 'ud mind the baby, sir, I do."

Rec. Charles Courtenay.

A LONG LIFE OR A SHORT LIFE?

THE way in which a good man uses his body and soul, his heart and conscience, the principles and habits favourable to character, all these have a direct bearing upon long life. He who inherits a good constitution may, barring accidents, generally live as long as he likes. All the laws of our nature, when respected and obeyed, work in favour of us; they are intended to do this, to promote growth and development, to give strength, compactness, elastic force, health, perpetuity—such perpetuity as may belong to a physical system like ours.

Life may be terminated in a moment by accident, and so on. Now, there may be no avoiding a flash of lightning, or escaping a storm at sea, or surviving a collision on the rail. Injury from external things, death from unknown causes, must be put out of the discussion. We then say, that according to all natural laws, a virtuous and temperate man will not be likely to shorten life by sowing the seeds of disease within himself. He will be better able than others to resist infection, and he will not be exposed to some accidents that are often fatal. He will sustain, too, better, and for a longer time, the wear and tear and toil of life.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave, often while quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked "liveth not half his days." The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason by describing the dissolute as "fast men;" that is, they *live* fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. "Their sun goes down while it is yet day." And they might have helped it.

Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless "wandering stars," who waste their youth in indulgence, they cannot live long. They must die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear.

Nothing can save them. Their system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would eat through the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts. But all probabilities are on the side of a different fate for the good. Peace and contentment, religious faith and religious virtue are so many guarantees for long life.

Rec. T. Binney.

O for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.



THE BLIND RECEIVING SIGHT.



most interesting account of the joy which a blind German girl experienced from the perusal of the Word of God printed in embossed type, is given by the Rev. G. P. Davies, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Germany.

Her gratitude found utterance in the composition of a poem, which, whatever be its merits from a literary point of view, evidently flows from a heart renewed by grace and sanctified by the Holy Spirit. Mr. Davies writes as follows:—

The report of Colporteur Mittmann contains a touching account of the gratitude of a poor blind girl for a copy of the Acts of the Apostles, given to her by our Society, and a poem of thanks composed by herself, as remarkable for its deep natural feeling, as it is in the original for its easy flow, almost elegant style, and correct metre. As an introduction I prefix a translation of a letter addressed to me by Mittmann, applying for the gift of the book, the receipt of which has called forth such touching gratitude:—

“In the course of my colportage I met here in Rügenwalde a blind woman with whom I have been long acquainted. She received, many years ago, through my interposition, the Gospel by Luke and the Book of Psalms in embossed characters for the blind, the latter as a free gift from our Society.

“Never in my whole experience have I seen such joy at the acquisition of a copy of the Scriptures. She was in a state of extraordinary but joyous excitement. She had been blind for sixteen years. I opened the book at the 103rd Psalm. At first her hands were too tremulous for joy to allow the fingers to run steadily over the raised letters.

“When she had become more calm, and her fingers spelled out slowly the words, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul,’ none of us could refrain from weeping aloud. She remembers still the very day and the very hour; it was the 15th of July, 1859. And now for many years she has enjoyed the blessing of drawing for herself from the sacred fountain of Holy Scripture. Her prayers have ever since ascended to the throne of grace for the Divine blessing on the Bible Society.

“Last October her father, on whom she was wholly dependent, died, and she is now supported by the parish. Utterly destitute of means, she ventures once more to appeal to the generosity of the Society.

She wishes to be in possession of the Acts of the Apostles, and I venture in her name to plead for the gift she longs for.”

Her wish was complied with, and on the occasion of one of the colporteur’s visits she handed to him the following verses, which she had herself composed as an expression of her gratitude to the Society. They have been translated into English by the Rev. Richard Wilton.

Arise, my soul, and praise the Lord,
The Fount of Mercy, for His Word;
To Thee, All-Gracious One, I lift
My heart-felt thanks for this rare gift.

Great God, I feel Thee nigh at hand;
Within Thy temple courts I stand:
Oh, may my praise accepted be,
From my heart’s depths it springs to Thee.

Though shades of endless night eclipse
My pilgrimage, from out my lips
No murmur shall escape, I know
My Father sees me here below.

Thou watchest o’er me day by day,
Thou art the light of my dark way;
Would I could tell the whole world round
How Thy sweet kindnesses abound.

But words could never tell them all:
In humble silence, Lord, I fall
Before Thy throne, and grateful lie
In presence of Thy loving eye:

That eye which saw when danger lowered,
And ceaseless blessings on me showered;
Those soul-refreshing gifts of love,
Pledges of joy reserved above.

When my glad soul, with upward flight,
Has soared to yonder realms of light,
In Thy dear presence to remain,
Then I will raise a worthier strain:

While, in those heavenly mansions blest,
Absorbed in blissful light, I rest,
And hear the angel-anthems rise
To Him who rules the earth and skies.

What here below by faith I knew,
There I shall realise as true;
Love will shine out in clearest light,
And hope become a vision bright.

Angel of Peace, O Death, all hail!
Lead me from this dark, mournful vale,
Those glorious fields of light to roam,
Which shine round my eternal home!

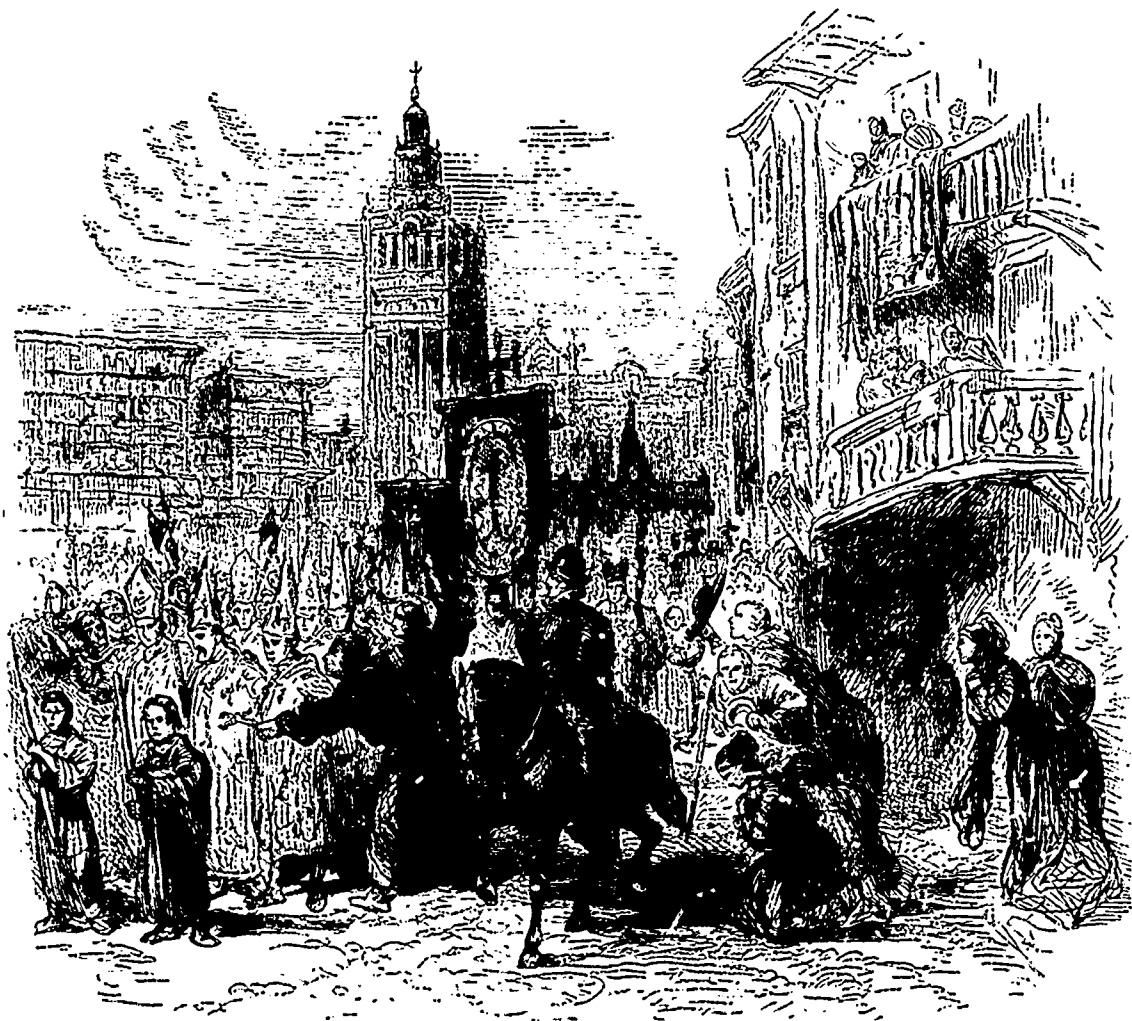
THE ALL-PREVAILING WORD.

In an eloquent address on "What is the Bible?" Dr. Perowne gave the following interesting illustrations of the power of the Word:—

Contrast the condition of one country as it was at the Reformation and as it is now, namely, that of Spain. At the time of the Reformation, colporteurs used to go over into Spain from France, with their loads of Bibles, and he supposed that there was no country where the Reformation made such way. Amongst the higher

and read it, and got his sister to read it with him, and became deeply interested in it. They learnt a good deal from it that they had not learnt from the parish priest.

After a time he took to comparing the text of the Bible with that which he heard from the priest. The result was that he became convinced that a great deal of what he heard was not in accordance with the teaching of the Bible. He could not keep it to himself, and so it came to the ears of his priest, who told him that that was a bad book, a Protestant book, and



Going to martyrdom in Spain.

class there were hundreds and thousands of converts, and yet such was the power, the tremendous force of the Inquisition, that it was able to stamp out the Reformation in Spain. It was washed out by the blood of the martyrs.

Now turn to the present time. I read only the other day what had happened in one small town. A carpenter bought at a neighbouring town a Spanish Bible, which came from the British and Foreign Bible Society. He bought it, not because he knew anything about it, but because it was so cheap. He took it home

that he had no right to have it, and he forbade him to read it.

The man replied, "I bought it with my own money, and I find in it many texts which you take in your sermons."

He went on reading the book, and gradually gathered together a little company of friends who also read this Bible. This went on until the matter came to the bishop's ears.

Two friars were sent to see whether they could not convert the "heretics." All their efforts, however,

were in vain; so at last they said, "Well, you must promise not to read the book to any one else, but keep it to yourselves."

But the young man asked himself whether he could have such a precious book in his possession, and not communicate its contents to others. So he persevered until there was a regular congregation with a place of meeting of their own.

A Protestant bishop, soon after his appointment, who visited the place where this had happened, held a service there. On that occasion there was not a congregation to meet him, but a multitude, the room in which the service was held being crowded to overflowing. Such is the interesting result from one single copy of the Word of God!

The same thing is going on in Mexico. A great work is going on there, and this work is due entirely to the Bible, and not to any propagandism from without. One of the ablest and most respected priests in Mexico became convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome simply by his study of the Bible.

A reformed Church grew up mainly through his efforts. Bishop Riley, the first bishop of that Church, had carried his life in his hand. He related that at a service he held he announced that he should be glad if any one present would take a Spanish Bible.

After service a man came up to him wrapped in a large Spanish cloak and asked for one. He said he came to the service for a very different purpose; he came to take his (Bishop Riley's) life. He then showed him a large knife with which he had intended to stab him as he came down the steps.

He went and studied the Bible, and six weeks later said to the bishop, "I hope this Bible has been blessed to the salvation of my soul. I hope God has touched my heart. I have been leading a very bad life amongst desperate companions. I must go back and tell them the truth that has been made a blessing to me—I must go and tell them of the Saviour I have found."

The bishop said, "I cannot trust you yet, you are too young a convert. Wait until you are more confirmed in the faith before you presume to become a missionary to others."

For a time the man became a pupil under Bishop Riley. At last the desire became so strong that he could not stay any longer, and so he went to talk to the wretched men who had been his companions in sin. They became, however, very bitter against him, persecuted him, and stoned him almost to death.

The Bible has not lost any of its power, as people would persuade us, but has all the power which it had in the early days of the Reformation, and God is using it as His instrument for bringing other nations out of darkness into His marvellous light.

God, in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

IT IS ON A ROCK.



A STRANGER was watching the water of a swollen torrent as it swept wildly round a mill. The flood was spreading desolation far and wide over the neighbourhood, and it seemed that the mill too must be carried away. But as he looked anxiously upon it, the owner calmly said, "There is no danger; it is on a rock."

This he had not observed, because a high railway embankment had been recently raised close to the mill, which concealed the rock on the side from which the observer viewed it. Through a culvert under this embankment there ran a little stream.

When the floods arose, the opening beneath the embankment was too small to let all the waters through, so that they accumulated on one side, until their pressure burst the dam. Down then came the great body of water, carrying mud, trees, and stones, and dashing them against the mill. Yet it fell not; for "it was founded upon a rock."

Many men's hope of salvation is built on sand. They who hear Christ's words and do them not—who have no works, but only hearing and profession—are building, as He tells us, on the sand. They whose works are outward, and not from the heart, build on the sand. They whose works are legal, done to purchase God's mercy, build on the sand; for the best-seeming human works cannot stand the test of God's holy law, or atone for sin. They who trust in God's goodness not to deal strictly with sin build on sand. They who sin because grace abounds build on sand.

In that day when the storm of God's wrath against sin shall come to try the world, alas for the man whose hope has been built on the sand!

For a sinner already condemned and inwardly corrupt there is no foundation but Christ. His work fully satisfied the law in our stead, and is the one foundation. He who truly receives Christ offered in the Gospel is built on that foundation. He is building right for eternity, who, being on the rock Christ, is by His Spirit bringing forth good works day by day to the glory of God.

GOLD DUST.

—Satan is always studying how he may injure you; none ever found the devil asleep: "Watch, and be sober."

—God is always inviting you to His throne; He says, "Let Me hear thy voice; come near unto Me, that I may bless thee."

—Grace thrives by frequent meditation on portions of God's Word: "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly."

—Meditation feeds devotion; it endears Christ: "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

—A memory well stored with Scripture, and sanctified by grace, is the best library.

—Trials and crosses are part of your daily portion; but God promises you strength according to your day, therefore expect strength in every trying season.

NOBILITY OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

HOWEVER humble the Christian's walk, or mean his occupation, it matters not. He who lives for the glory of God has an end in view which lends dignity to the man and his life. A man of piety may be lodged in the rudest cottage, and his occupation may be only to sweep a street, yet let him so sweep a street that, through the honest and diligent doing of his duty, God is glorified, and men are led to speak and think better of religion, and he forms a link between earth and heaven. He associates himself with holy angels; and, though at a humble distance, treads in the footsteps of that blessed Saviour who, uniting divinity to humanity, as our Maker made all things for Himself, and as our brother man, whether He ate or drank, or whatsoever He did, did all to the glory of God; and doing so, left us an example that we should follow His steps.

Go and do likewise. Glorify God, and you shall enjoy Him. Labour on earth, and you shall rest in heaven. Christ judges them to be the men of worth who are the men of work. Be thy life then devoted to His service. Now for the work, hereafter for the wages; earth for the cross, heaven for the crown.

Go thy way assured that there is not a prayer you offer, nor a word you speak, nor a foot you walk, nor a tear you shed, nor a hand you hold out to the perishing, nor a warning you give to the careless, nor a wretched child you pluck from the streets, nor a visit paid to the widow or fatherless, nor a loaf of bread you lay on a poor man's table, that there is nothing you do for the love of God and man, but is faithfully registered in the chronicles of the kingdom, and shall be publicly read that day when Jesus, calling you up perhaps from a post as mean as Mordecai's, shall crown your brows before an assembled world, saying, "Thus it shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour."

Dr. Guthrie.

NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT.

NEVER cross a bridge until you come to it!" was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in the Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business? at the uncertainties hanging over your life? at the dubious prospects in reserve for your children? at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches, and invests with a sort of life-like reality? at the obstructions wicked men present to the progress of the Redeemer's cause?

Do not cross that bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it, and if you do, you may find that a timid imagination has overrated greatly the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can lighten the Christian's every labour.

In approaching the Notch of the White Mountains

from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of these barriers. He begins to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless inclosure among impassable barriers; but let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him into other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing.

Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is required neither to turn back nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing a bridge before he comes to it.

Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by careful attention to the above admonition! "Never cross a bridge until you come to it!" Or, to express the same counsel in the words of Scripture: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep (garrison) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

JONAH IN NINEVEH.

AND Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." How was this to happen? By an earthquake, or by fire from heaven, or by a war? We do not know: God's means are never-failing; and even though He postponed the destruction of Nineveh at this time, yet He accomplished it some years later. He showed mercy to the guilty city in Jonah's days, but He inflicted punishment for its wickedness long persisted in two hundred years afterwards.

"Yet forty days!" This time was very long and very short; but it allowed the Ninevites to hope that if they repented they might obtain mercy from the Lord; and probably Jonah made use of the delay by pointing out in his sermons the magnitude of their sins.

No doubt, God had prepared the hearts of the Ninevites, for it does not appear that Jonah was insulted; and doubtless, too, He had endued His servant with peculiar powers of persuasion and argument to stir up the whole city in an unparalleled manner. It seems likely that the Lord had bestowed great natural gifts on the prophet, judging by the influence he evidently had over the Tarshish sailors even before his punishment.

Now suppose for a minute that an angel of God were to come to you and say, "In forty days, that is to say, in six weeks, you will be in your grave, and

your friends will be in mourning for you;" or suppose that a doctor were to say to you, "I know your state of health, and I am obliged to tell you that you cannot live six weeks longer;"—do you not think that you would pray a great deal? Would you not prepare very earnestly for death? Would you not ask your pastor to come and see you, that he might read God's Word to you, and help you to be ready to meet the Lord?

Well, this is just how we ought to be always living in this passing world, for perhaps we have not even as much as forty days before us. You remember the words which the Lord addressed to the man who had amassed great riches—"Thou fool, *this night* thy soul shall be required of thee;" and I am sure you remember also the parable of the fig-tree, and the warning which Jesus gave to the Jews when the tower of Siloam fell on eighteen persons: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" and again the solemn advice of our Lord, "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

But now notice the admirable conduct of these Chaldean heathens. A stranger, a missionary, a Jew, poor, unknown, arrived in their midst, and they listen to him. It seems, as I said before, that God must have gifted Jonah with a wonderful power of touching and awakening men's hearts, and so what was the result? Hardly had the

prophet lifted up his voice in Nineveh before all the inhabitants of this great populous city were as excited and alarmed and bewildered as if the heavens had opened over their heads, and they had seen the majesty of the Most High appear in the clouds.

"The people of Nineveh believed God." Without this faith no one can be converted. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is," as St. Paul says. What a lesson for us! And the Lord Jesus Himself applies it to us. Listen to what He says: "The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here."

What did the Ninevites do then? Having believed in God, they set to work to avert His anger. "They proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them." Why did they fast and wear sackcloth? These were signs of humiliation and mourning. Fasting cannot save us, it cannot take away our sins; but it is a token of our sorrow for having committed them; it testifies to our repentance, and is a proof of it. When a man has some sorrow—when, for instance, he has lost his wife or child—he often forgets to eat, he does not care for food, he takes pleasure in nothing; and such ought to be our state of mind when we think of our sins and of God's chastisements.



Nineveh shall be overthrown.

The Ninevites abstained from eating, as a proof of their repentance; and for the same reason they sat in ashes and covered themselves with sackcloth, which was a coarse kind of material worn as mourning by the ancients. Perhaps they hoped that God, touched by their grief, would have pity on them and spare them. How beautiful this is! What a wonderful example of the power of the Word when accompanied by the Spirit of God!

I must now call your attention to the fact that the children of Nineveh humbled themselves and repented with their parents, for God's message concerned them quite as much as the grown people. If this house were to take fire suddenly, would you not be as anxious to escape from it in time as we should be? And so you ought to be equally anxious to escape from the wrath to come. Observe, too, what is the effect of

repentance when it is produced by faith in God's words, what are the national and individual effects of it. I use the word "national" purposely, and I hope you will think about it, as it is very remarkable.

Here was a heathen nation about to be destroyed on account of its crimes, and yet from which the wrath of God was averted, because its people, its king, and its government, humbled themselves before Him. The greatest misfortune that can happen to a country is for God's anger to fall upon it; but we see by the case of the Ninevites, that if its inhabitants humble themselves and receive the Lord's warning meekly and penitently, this anger may be turned away.

THE NORMAN TOWN CRIER,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



He beat a regular tattoo between each announcement.

RING-A-DING, ring-a ding. I was sitting at my window early in May, wondering where I should spend my fortnight's holiday, when I was roused by the bell of the town crier.

At first I was angry, for had he not broken the thread of my thoughts, and how could I be expected

to remember exactly all the places I had thought about, and the expense of going to each? But presently curiosity gained the day, and I opened the window to hear more easily what the man was saying.

"Ring-a-ding, ring-a-ding; Oh, yes! oh, yes! this is to give notice——"

I really don't know what the crier said after that, for a little urchin, who was passing, screamed out, "Oh, no! oh, no!" and set me thinking what was the origin of the crier saying, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!"

After hunting through some books, I found that the real word was "Oyez," which is old Norman-French for "Hear ye," in other words, "listen."

Now, we are told in the Bible not to despise small things, and I assure you that those two little words "Oh, yes!" were the means of altering my whole life. Perhaps the reader may think it was rather the little boy's "Oh, no!" for I might never have thought about the "Oh, yes!" if the saucy errand boy had not shouted out. So if that boy shall happen to read this, I hope he will accept my thanks for the good he did me.

I had been trying to make up my mind where to go for my holiday, and when I read about old Norman-French, I thought how very nice it would be to run over to Normandy, and see the very places where our ancestors came from.

I am of Norman origin myself, and so I determined to go and see how the Normans live in these days. There was another reason, too, for my wishing to go to a Roman Catholic country, which you shall hear presently.

Accordingly, I started for Dieppe, and reached Rouen about half-past six on a Saturday evening.

Early the next morning every one was about, and the streets were full of bustle, which seemed to me very strange after an English Sunday morning, when most people take an extra hour or two of sleep. I think I prefer the French fashion of getting up early.

But I found nearly all the shops were opened later in the day, and at the market there was as much business going on as I saw on Monday. There was a very old archway across one of the side streets, and as my guide-book told me there was a clock to be seen there which dated back to the fifteenth century, I went to inspect it.

The clock was peculiar, and grand, too, as one thought of all the changes it must have seen; but it was the inside of the arch which pleased me most.

In the centre was a life-sized figure of our Saviour with a shepherd's crook in His hand. On the right was a crowd of sheep, all turning their eyes towards Him, and all looking peaceful and happy. They had heard His voice and followed Him. On the left there were other sheep; but what a contrast! Some were amongst prickly bushes, some were half drowned, all were miserable and wandering away, away from the Good Shepherd.

It was a sermon in stone which went to my heart, for was I not wandering from the fold myself? I had lost my faith in God, and had been for weeks trying to find rest, but not in Jesus; so every day I became more restless.

But now as I stood under that archway it seemed to me that the fault must be in myself. There stood the Good Shepherd; the sheep could always find Him if they liked, but some did not like; and I turned mournfully away and felt that I was out of the fold and should perish.

I would not listen even then to the voice within me which said, "Look and be saved," but went to see the cathedral. Here is the tomb of William the Conqueror, or at least there his heart was buried at his own request.

One of the three towers of this cathedral has been named the Butter Tower. And I was told it was built entirely with the money which people paid to be allowed to eat butter during Lent.

If eating butter is a sin, what ought to be done with the money which buys the right to sin? I thought little by little God was opening my eyes, and although as yet, like the man whom Jesus healed, I could see nothing clearly, men seeming to be as trees, yet in His own good time I was led to the true light, and saw Jesus as my Saviour.

I have not space to describe all I saw in that fortnight. I went to Havre, Honfleur, and Liseaux, and here one more of the scales which had dimmed my sight fell off.

The fine old churches were gaily decorated in honour of the Virgin Mary; and happening to walk round the principal altar I was horrified to find candle ends, dirty clothes, and brushes stowed away under it.

The small Norman towns are rich in treasures of ancient times; and Thomas à Becket lived at Liseaux for a time when he was out of favour with Henry II.

The houses seem to nod to each other across the narrow streets, as if they knew that they could tell many a tale of bygone days if they liked.

At Caen I saw the workhouse where Beau Brummel, the great friend of George IV., ended his days; and I thought again how little one can trust earthly friends, and how soon earthly treasure melts away; and as I walked under the lovely trees by the side of the peaceful river my whole heart went up in prayer to God. And there, as I paced to and fro in the solemn evening hour, I saw where I had been wrong all my life. I had tied myself down by a fetter of good works, and had failed to find peace, for there was no good thing in me. Jesus only was my help, and now I saw at last that God would only look on Him if I trusted myself to Him. Sin had killed all hope in me, but sin had died in Jesus—Satan had conquered me, but Jesus had conquered Satan. Vile, weak, weary as I was, the most erring of the flock, the dear Shepherd had followed me through all my wanderings and loved me still.

I walked back to my hotel, a changed, a saved soul, and blessed the Lord for the great thing He had done for me. Passing through Bayeux, and St. Lo, and Vire, I worked my way to Avranches, and then on again to Cherbourg, and so home. At Vire I saw the town crier for the first time, and I drew him just as he stood, for I had a sort of affection for town criers now. As you see, he had a drum on which he beat a regular tattoo between each advertisement, and I think I prefer this to the clanging of the bell. But perhaps it was because I was happy that everything seemed nice.

I have travelled many a mile since that first French trip of mine, but there is no place in my mind like Normandy, for there I first found the Lord.

WHAT TO BELIEVE.



REMEMBER what our Master said in two places, "No man cometh to Me except the Father draw him," and He draws by the Holy Spirit. "Salvation is of the Lord." If we come to God it is not because we are so clever we saw the right thing

to do, or so good that we determined to do it.

Just think what would be the praise of a soul in heaven that had been thus saved! It would be self-praise. "I saw the right thing to do; I came to God, and made my peace with God." Made your peace with God—no, you didn't. God opened your ears, and you heard; God opened your eyes, and you saw; God took your hand, and led you to the foot of the cross, and you found your peace made there. Take care you do not leave out what must be put in. Take care you give Him the honour due unto His name. He will not give His honour to another. He has given the Holy Spirit, and He must draw us or we shall not run after Him.

I was speaking to a dying girl who had a one-sided view of the Bible. At this critical time she was asking, "How do I know He died for me? I know He died, but did He die for me?"

Did I say to her, "You must believe He died for you, or He will not save you?" Was it my duty? No, God's Word does not say so. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." But does not that mean mine? Yes, if you can take two steps at a time. We cannot say to a soul, You must take two steps at once. We have no right to insist on it. The Holy Scriptures do not require you to believe, for the forgiveness of sins, that Jesus died for you, but for mankind at large. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Believing on Him as the Son of God, as dying for our sins, and as raised by the Father for our justification, so believing we are saved.

The atonement was made sufficient for every member of the human race, but does not become efficient until believed in. It has been made once for all. It is a full, perfect, sufficient oblation, sacrifice, and satisfaction for the sin of the whole world, and it can never be repeated. But it is no manner of use to any particular soul until that soul lays hold of it, until I have put in my claim to and taken my personal share in that which God says He has given—that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have eternal life. When I have thus believed, then I am saved.

Let us not make wide what God has made narrow, or make narrow what God has made wide. Remember you cannot be too nice in using the Word of God. (I use the word in the sense a fitter would use it in finishing some work which must not only be rough planed and smooth planed, but finished with the greatest degree of nicety and exactitude.) In the application of the Word of God we must be true and exact, not blunting the keen edge where God has put an edge, nor putting an edge where God has put

none. You may think such points trifling; but everything is of importance in the Word of God.

It is very common to say, "Believe you are saved, and you are saved." That is a doctrine that has spread very much, but it is an alteration of the Gospel. God never said so, and it is nonsense, when you come to think of it. Believe I am in my own house now; that would not put me there. It must be something more than that. It would be too like a poor fellow I saw a little while ago, who said, "I have been all over the Continent lately; at least, I was in Paris the other day." He had not been out of his bedroom for months. He believed it; but that did not make it true.

You are to believe, but believe what God bids you believe. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Believe on the Son of God, who died for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Believe what God bids you believe. Don't vary it by a hair's-breadth. If you are off the line of truth, you are off the line of blessing. Remember what Jonah learned. He fled from God, but the Lord brought him back and made him understand he must obey. Take care, in handling the Word of God, that you do not handle it deceitfully.

Dr. Flavel Cook.

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SUBMISSION.

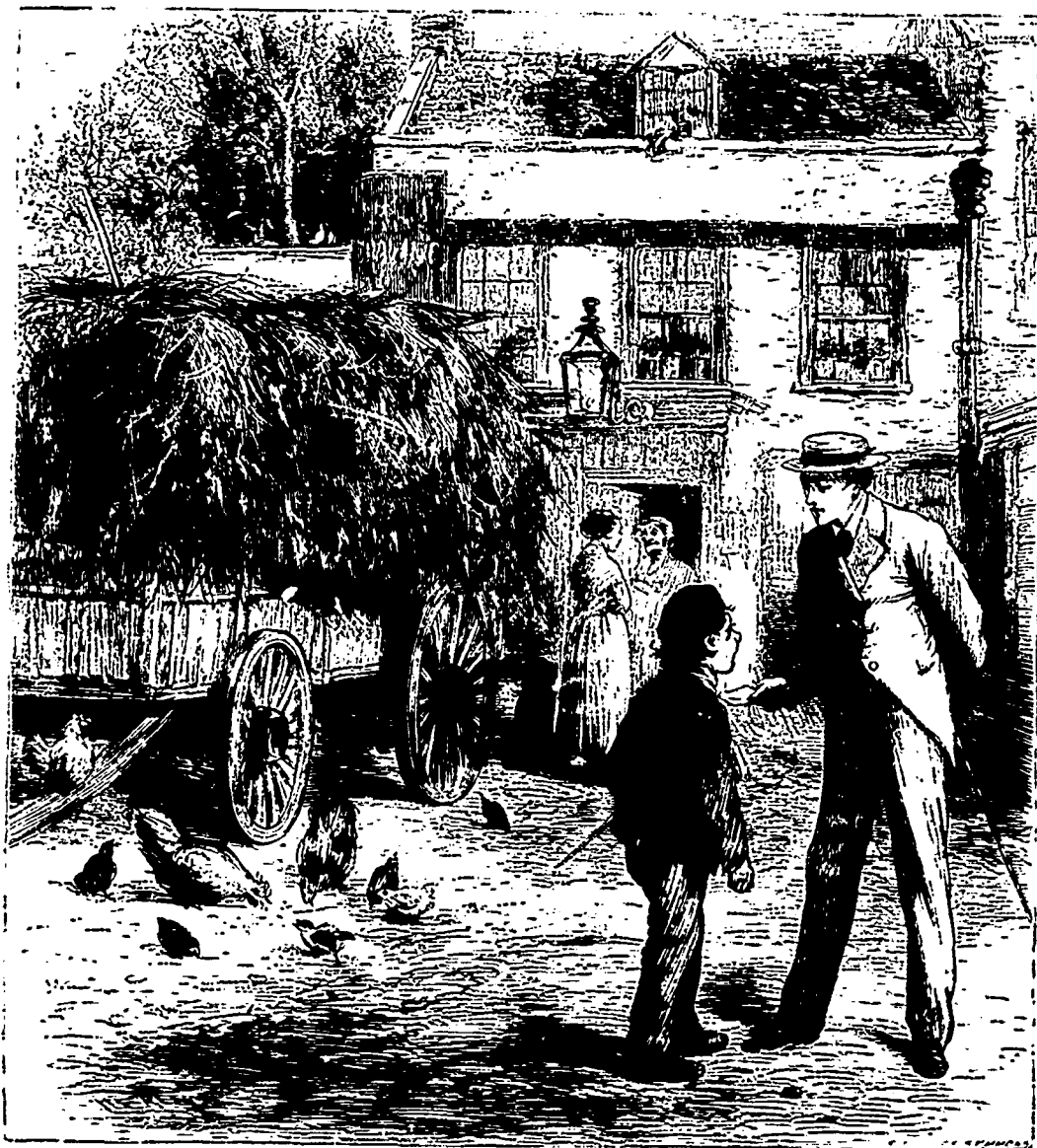
THERE are disciples who, instead of calmly committing their affairs to God's direction, seek to direct Him. Forming independent judgments of what is best for them, they ask Him to give them just those things, and no others. Such meddling prayer has its roots in a dictatorial, unsubmitive will. This disposition was well reproved by an ancient preacher in a parable of two hermits, who each planted an olive tree near his own cave. One of those trees lived; the other died. One day the owner of the dead tree, seeing the living one in front of his brother's cave, asked, "How came that goodly plant there?"

His brother replied, "I planted it, and God blessed it, and it grew."

"Ah, brother," rejoined the first hermit, "I too planted an olive, and when I thought it wanted water I asked God to give it rain, and the rain came; when I thought it needed sun, I asked, and the sun shone; and when I deemed that it needed strengthening, I prayed, and the frost came—God gave me all I demanded for my tree as I saw fit, yet it is dead."

"And I, brother," said his friend, "left my tree in God's hand, for He knew what it wanted better than I."

Let this latter hermit be teacher to him who seeks to direct instead of trusting his heavenly Father. Having done all that seems requisite on his own part, let him commit all his affairs to God's guidance, convinced that God knows all his needs, and will manage for him infinitely better than he can manage for himself. It is God's part to lead, and the disciple's to submitively follow.



HOME, SWEET HOME!

BERESHAM was as pretty an East Anglian village as could be found within a circle of several miles radius. It was situated on three sides of a spacious green, where on summer evenings the boys played leap-frog and cricket, and the girls played with soft balls stuffed with saw-dust, and sometimes at hide and seek, and at other times acted as spectators of the boys' jumping-matches.

The women stood at their doors knitting or sewing, and the little children crawled about the ground. The men, with pipes in their mouths, disussed the affairs of the village. One could not but wish that village life were always in that cheerful key. But, alas! sin has introduced grating chords everywhere, be the place a busy town or a rural retreat. Labouring men and artisans are, we trust, beginning to learn the lessons of temperance and thrift, but at the time

of which we write there was in the village poor a woeful want of these good habits. We will relate a circumstance which reclaimed two honest men from the danger of lapsing into a spendthrift, soul-blighting, life.

It was a cold evening in the season of autumn, and the Blue Boar resounded with the excited talk of half-drunken labourers. The landlord of the village inn, being engaged during the day at some distance from Beresham, left the duty of attending to the customers to his wife, an active little woman, who found ample employment, at any rate, this evening.

The winter had not begun; otherwise these poor men would not have had much money with which to be very liberal, even towards the publican. Some of these were respectable labourers, who had in the summer done good honest work in the bountiful fields of golden waving corn. If you want to see their

works, go into the fields and farm-yards and granaries; all the agricultural work that is done in the parish is done by these men and their fellows. And now before the winter has come, that portion of their harvest money which remained to them after their rent was paid, is in danger of being soon expended. Yet, when seeing them over their mugs, one would think that they never knew the pinch of want of bread.

Let us notice particularly those two men by the fire side. The one in the chimney corner on the right side is Peter Russell. He is a journeyman carpenter, a good-natured yet shrewd man, who has the habit of spending his evenings here, having been, in the first instance, induced by good fellowship to accompany his fellow-workmen, as they enter for refreshment every day on their return home from work. You can see at a glance that he is regarded by the others as their chairman. He is often made the umpire of their disputes, and often "treats" his needy companions to sundry pints of ale.

In the chimney-corner on the left is Thomas Farrar, a blacksmith, and brother-in-law to Peter Russell; a reserved man, who willingly concedes to his relative the pre-eminence, but yet is looked up to, for is he not, like Peter, a clever mechanic? and are not the rest field-labourers?

There is a discussion to-night about Joseph Arch's movement; for at the time of which we write that movement had lately begun. Some of the irate drinkers have been maintaining that the farmer, the landlord, and indeed everybody else, is living on the oppression of the labourer. Peter is now expected to give his opinion. Some of his friends having emigrated to America, he has been informed of the immense resources of that country, and has learnt that ere long the English farmer must meet a strong competition in the markets. He therefore gives it as his opinion that though the agricultural labourers have been too much kept down through their want of ability for combining and calling attention to their grievances, yet the present is not a suitable time for their "striking," for the farmer and the landlord cannot much longer have such a run of prosperity.

Just then the landlady espies two strongly-built, well-dressed young men coming towards the Blue Bear. They have that air of quiet endurance and of real steadiness and respectability which may be observed in young Scotch travelling drapers, for such they evidently are.

As they approach the door, the landlady welcomes them with great civility. Would they go into her private parlour? she asked.

"No, thank you," said they, "we would rather be in the warmth. Let us go into the common room. Will you bring each of us a cup of coffee? for we are teetotalers, and when we are rested, we will go further. It is quite an unforeseen occurrence that has brought us here, and probably this is the first and the last time that we shall visit Beresham."

The landlady went to the door of the common room and hushed the noise of disputing, saying to Peter

Russell and Thomas Farrar, "Make way, you two men; here come two gentlemen, and I want the arm-chairs for them."

Peter and Thomas rise at once, and give place to the strangers. The whole company was still, and the two young Scotchmen said scarcely a word. At last Peter and Thomas said, "Good-night" to their companions and went home.

As they were trudging along, "I say, Tom," said Peter, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. I've been a great silly these many years for not keeping to my own chimney-corner o' winter evenings, and letting my wife have my company. It must be dull for her, all alone."

"Aye, and I've been thinking, Peter, that if we followed those Scotch chaps' examples, we might perhaps be as respectable as they."

"We'll try it, Tom."

"Agreed, Peter."

They had now arrived at Peter's door.

"Good-night, Peter," said Thomas; "we'll both begin to-night."

"Yes, that we will. Good-night."

Peter entered his home, where his wife and little ones welcomed him with surprise, for he had come home unusually early. Having busied herself with great quickness and quietness about her household affairs for awhile, she said, "Well, husband, when you are rested, we'll sup. Sit in this arm-chair that I've been cushioning for you. I am so glad that you have come home earlier. Couldn't you always do so, dearest?"

"That I will, Jane, and I'll make you treasurer of my earnings, and I'll see if we can't have a better home than we have had."

Jane embraced her husband with tears of joy in her eyes, and thanked God aloud for her husband's good resolution, and prayed that he might adhere to it. In this Peter himself joined. That night they set up a family altar of daily prayer and praise, and Peter was never known to spend his evenings at the Blue Bear again.

Thomas Farrar, on entering his house, found his wife sitting pensive. She, however, started up, delighted to see her husband so much earlier than usual. The furniture was old and broken, and an air of want, though of tidiness, pervaded the house. This air of want, for which Thomas alone was responsible, made him sorry, though he said little. He, however, kept his agreement with Peter. The rickety table and chairs were soon replaced by good sound ones; their table was always better supplied than before, they had something substantial laid up against a rainy day, and, better than all, their hearts were filled with gratitude to God, for having "livered them from so great a peril."

The Christian Commonwealth.



THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

THE next day after John the Baptist had given his first testimony to Christ's lamb-like and sacrificial character and office—a testimony apparently so little heeded, attended at least with no outward and visible result—John is standing with two of these disciples by his side. He will repeat to them the testimony of yesterday; they had heard it already, but he will try whether it will not have another and more powerful effect when given, not to a general audience, but to these two.

Looking upon Jesus as He walked, he directed their attention to Him, by simply saying once again, "Behold the Lamb of God!"—leaving it to their memory to supply all about Him which in the course of the two preceding days he had declared. Not now without effect. Neither of these two men may know as yet in what sense He is the Lamb of God, nor how by Him their sin is to be taken away; but both have felt their need of some one willing and able to guide their hearts to a secure haven of rest, and they hope to find in Him thus pointed out the One they need.

They follow Him. John restrains them not; it is as he would wish. Willingly, gladly, he sees them part from him to follow this new Master. He knows that they are putting themselves under a better, higher guidance than any which he can give. But who are these two men? One of them is Andrew, better known to us by his brotherhood to Simon. The other reveals himself by the very manner in which he draws the veil over his own name. He would not name himself, and by that very modesty which he displays he stands revealed. It is no other than that disciple whom Jesus loved; no other than the writer of this gospel, upon whose memory those days of his first acquaintance with Jesus had fixed themselves in the exact succession of their incidents so indelibly, that though he writes his narrative at least forty years after the death of Christ, he writes not only as an eye-witness, but as one who can tell day after day what happened, and no doubt the day was memorable to him, and the very hour of that day, on which he left the Baptist's side to join himself to Jesus.

John and Andrew follow Jesus. We wonder which of the two it was that made the first movement towards Him. Let us believe it to have been John, that we may cherish the thought that he was the first to follow as he was the last to leave. He was one at least of the first two men who became followers of the Lamb; and that because of their having heard Him described as the Lamb of God. When this first incident in his own connection with Jesus is considered, need we wonder that this epithet, "the Lamb," became so favourite a one with John; that it is in his writings, and in them alone of all the writings of the New Testament, that it is to be found.

The two disciples follow Jesus, silently, respectfully, admiringly—anxious to address Him, yet unwilling to obtrude. He relieves them from their embarrassment. The instinct of that love which is already drawing them to Him, tells Him that He is being followed for

the first time by human footsteps, answering to warm-heating, anxious human hearts. He turns and says to them, "What seek ye?"—a vague and general question, which left it open to them to give any answer that they pleased, to connect their movement with Him or not.

But their true hearts speak out. It is not any short and hurried converse by the way that will satisfy their ardent longings. They would have hours with Him, days with Him, alone in the seclusion of His home. "Rabbi"—they say to Him, the first time doubtless that Jesus was ever so addressed—"where dwellest Thou? He saith to them, Come and see; and they came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." If, in his gospel, John numbers the hours of the day according to the Roman method of computation, then it must have been early in the morning, at ten o'clock, having eight hours of that day to run, that Christ's invitation was given and accepted.

We incline to believe, however, that John follows not the Roman but the Jewish method of counting, and if so, then it was in the afternoon at four o'clock, that the two disciples accompanied our Lord. And this we are constrained to hold, even though it gives scant time for the other incident, the bringing of Simon to Jesus, to happen during the same day, which from the specific and journal-like character of this part of John's narrative, we can scarcely help conceiving that it did.

But where and whose was the abode to which Jesus conducted John and Andrew, and how were their hours employed? It could only have been some house which the hospitality of strangers had opened for a few days' residence, to one whom they knew not; and over all the intercourse that took place beneath its roof the veil is drawn.

John has not yet learned to lay his head on that Master's bosom, but already he is sitting at His feet. And there for all day long, and on into the quiet watches of the night, would he sit drinking in our Lord's first opening of His great message of mercy from the Father. Andrew has something of the restless, active spirit of his brother in him, and so no sooner has he himself attained a sure conviction that this is indeed the Christ whom he has found, than he hurries out to seek his own brother Simon, and bring him to Jesus.

We should have liked exceedingly to have been present at that interview, to have stood by as Jesus for the first time looked at Simon, and Simon for the first time fixed his eye on Jesus. The Lord looks upon Simon and sees all he is, and all that he is yet to be. His great confession, his three denials, his bitter repentance, his restoration, the great services rendered, the death like that of his Master he is to die, all are present to the thoughts of Jesus as He looks. "Thou art Simon," He says at once to him, as if He had known him from his youth—"Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone."

On an after occasion Jesus explained more fully why it was that this new name of Peter the Rock was

FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

bestowed. Here we have nothing but the simple fact before us, that it was at the first meeting of the two, and before any converse whatever took place between them, that the change of name was announced; with what effect on Peter we are left to guess,—his very silence, a silence rather strange to him, the only thing to tell us how deep was the impression made by this first interview with Christ.

Rev. Dr. Hanna.

GOOD EVIDENCE.

AN African prince, named Hainbanna, came to London, many years ago, from Sierra Leone. A great deal of pains was taken to prove to him the Divine inspiration of the Bible. When he was at length convinced he was asked what argument had produced the strongest impression on his mind. He replied, "When I saw all good men reverence the Bible, and call it the Word of God, and all wicked men despise it, I understood that it must be in reality that which it is to the good—the Word of God."

Here is another fact which occurred some years ago in one of the South Sea Islands. At one of the missionary stations some sailors heard the Gospel proclaimed by some of the natives. Upon this a discussion arose among them whether these savages did but repeat mechanically the lessons which had been taught them. To decide the question they appealed to one of the missionaries, who invited the strangers to return in the afternoon.

Twelve or fifteen natives were then assembled, and the missionary only said to them, "These gentlemen wish to ask you some questions."

The sailors then asked them, "Do you believe that the Bible is the Word of God?"

"Certainly we believe it," replied one, in the name of all.

"But why do you believe it? Can you give any good reasons for believing that the Bible is the Word of God?"

"Yes," replied the same speaker. "You see how the power of the Bible has completely overturned the customs by which we have been enslaved. Do you think that human arguments could have overthrown the idolatry which weighed us down? No, surely. The Bible which has accomplished such a work cannot be a merely human book."

"I believe the Bible is the Word of God," said another of the native converts, "because of the excellence of the religion which it teaches. We had a religion, but how miserable a thing it was compared with the salvation which is declared in the Bible! There we learn that we are sinners; that God has given His Son Jesus Christ to die in our stead, and that we are saved by this work of love. How can this scheme of grace come from any other source than the wisdom of God? And the same doctrine which saves us leads us also to a life of holiness."

"For my part," said a third, borrowing an illustration from his own simple ideas, "when I look at myself I find my body provided with admirable springs. If I wish to take hold of anything, I have

springs in my hands to execute my will; if a thought arises which I wish to express, I have springs which move my lips and tongue; if I desire to walk, I have in my feet springs which obey me. I acknowledge that it is God who has so wonderfully arranged my body. How, then, should I not acknowledge that it is He also who has made the Bible, since He has so well adapted it to the wants of my soul? Yes, the Bible is the Word of God, as my body is the work of God."

Let us thoughtfully consider the answers of these humble Christians, who did not bewilder themselves striving about words, and without entering upon barren controversies let us try to comprehend what the Book which we regard as Divinely inspired ought to be to ourselves.

THE BIBLE.

Verses and Prayer inserted in the Bibles in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

HERE is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heate of sinne:
Here is the Tree where trutheth doeth grow,
To leade our liues therein.

Here is the Iudge that stints the strife,
When men's deuises faile:
Here is the Bread that feedes the life,
That death cannot assaile.

The Tidings of Saluation deare
Come to our cares from hence:
The Fortresse of our Faith is here,
And Shield of our defence.

Then be not like the hogge that hath
A Pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure of the trough
And wallowing in the mire.

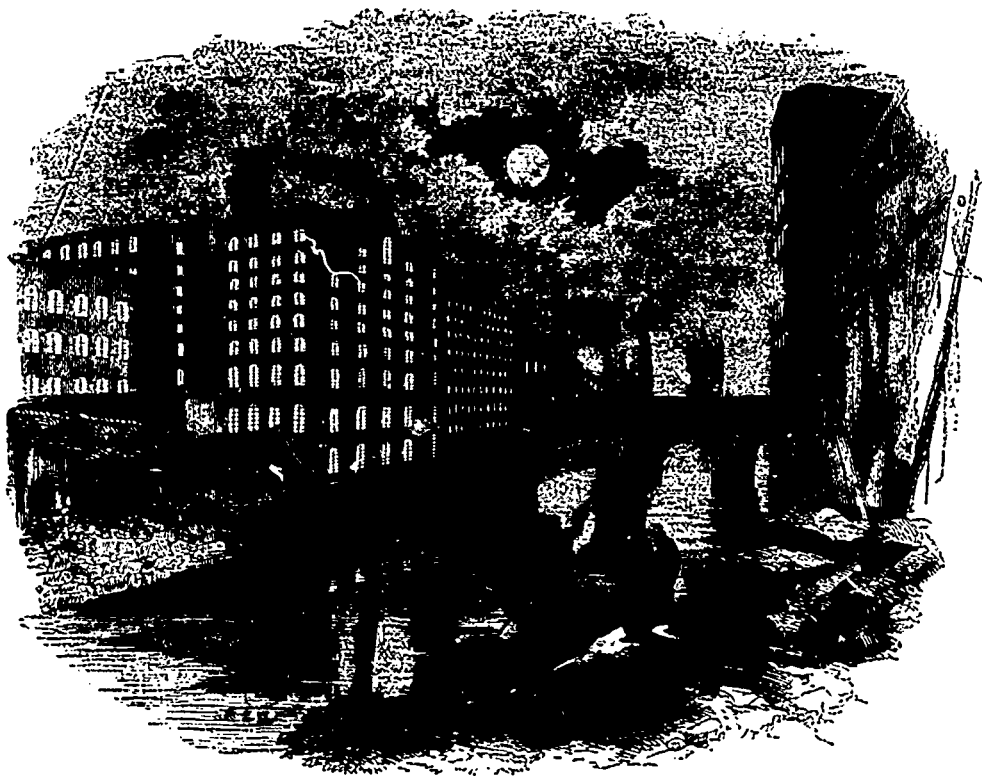
Reade not this Booke in any case,
But with a single eye:
Reade not but first desire God's grace,
To vnderstand thereby.

Pray still in faith with this respect,
To fructifie therein,
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortifie thy sinne.

Then happie thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befallles:
Yea, doubly happy shalt thou bee,
When God by death thee calles.

PRAYER.

O Gracious God and most mercifull Father, which hast vouchsafed vs the rich and precious Iewel of Thy Holy Word, assist vs with Thy Spirit, that it may be written in our hearts to our euerlasting comfort, to reforme vs, to renew vs according to Thine owne Image, to build vs vp, and edifie vs into the perfect building of Thy Christ, sanctifying and increasing in vs all heavenly vertues. Graunt this, O heauenly Father, for Iesus Christes sake. Amen.



RUSTING OUT.

A MANUFACTURER kept his mills running at a time when trade was depressed and the demand for his goods was intermitted. A neighbour, who knew this to be the fact, asked him if he was not running his mills at a daily loss. "Well, that depends on how you count the loss," replied the manufacturer. "I get less money than I pay out every day I run these mills. But after all I lose less by running at that loss than I should lose by stopping the mills, and letting the machinery rust and everything about the establishment go to waste from not being used."

That manufacturer stated a truth which is operative in every department of human action. Rust is more destructive than friction. It is very common to say: "It is better to wear out than to rust out." There is nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. There is nothing that wastes one's strength like idleness.

This truth is admirably shown in a little poem by Alice Rollins, wherein she tells of watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other foot rested patiently on the ground. When he heard the exclamation of sympathy with him in his toil, "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrected the common mistake as to the real source of weariness:

Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, no, no, it isn't the foot that *kicks*,
The one that *stands* gets tired."

That's it! If you want to save your strength, keep using it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man in the world to go to for a helping hand in any new undertaking, is one who has plenty of time on his hands. Time on one's hands is a heavy load; so heavy that one with that load can not very well use his hands for anything else. It is the man or woman who is doing most now who can easiest do one thing more.

GOLD DUST.

- Carnal comforts leave us in love with sin.
- Fellowship with God produces, strengthens, and increases hatred to sin.
- The glories of the world always lose their charm when Jesus is spiritually enjoyed.
- There is more in one of God's sentences than you have discovered yet.
- The mines of Gospel truth invite to labour; labour should be coupled with prayer; and these together will be sure to increase our spiritual possessions.
- Never expect spiritual wealth while you are indulging spiritual sloth.
- The more holy the truth, the more like its Divine Author; and the more it will be opposed by carnal minded men.
- Study to be quiet, except when duty calls upon you to speak.
- Always have a word with God before you enter into conversation with men.
- The greater your privileges, the greater your debt.