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# Buds and Blossoms

AND

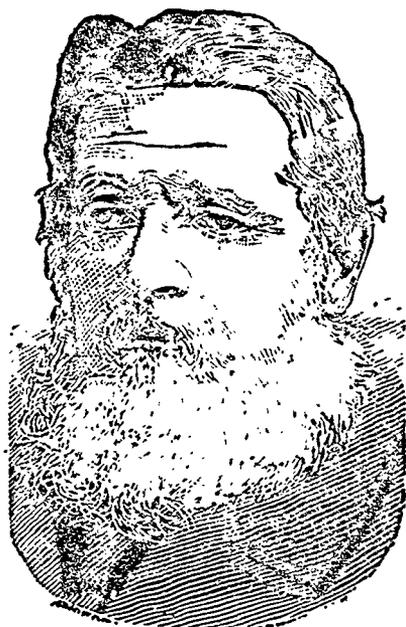
## Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. X.—No. 8.

AUGUST, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 116.



Sir Stafford Northcote.

### Hints to Do-Nothings.



STRANGE, Jesus the Master had to complain, 'the harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few.' The children of this world are wise in their generation. See how they haste and toil to gain the good things of Mammon, and willingly sacrifice to-day for to-morrow's uncertainties. In the battle for place, precedence and honor, no risk or cost is too great. Weary months of care and toil are freely given, with a readiness worthy of a better cause, to obtain the approbation, and good will of men. Shall we whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high, and who have a truer estimate of life's present worth and purpose, be laggards in the race? Can we stand idly in the world's market place, and say no man hath hired us? Has not our Redeemer the Holy-one of Israel, bought us with a priceless price, even His own precious blood? Has he not said, "Son, go work to day in my vineyard?" If needs he should we not dare to do? "Occupy till I come," hold fast against bribes and all comers. Let us David-like, when the enemy comes as a lion and bear to rob our charge, prove ourselves no hirelings, but true to our trust, worthy of the service assigned. Our Father in heaven will know those who do His will, willingly,

even though the service rendered seemed to others imperfect and small. The power of littles will never be fully realized here, but in the glad unfoldings of eternity we shall learn Jesus took knowledge of us; that no service rendered heartily as unto the Lord was in vain. First, pray the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers, and before saying amen, say, Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? Thy will, not my will be done. It was not doing some great thing which brought proud Naaman the deliverance sought. Truly we must stoop to conquer. Every true child of God does not work for salvation. Salvation is of the Lord. It is Christ's prerogative to save men from their sins. Jesus only can do helpless sinners good. Dead men cannot live, save as they live by the faith and life which come of Jesus, who purchased our pardon, and of his own love offers salvation without money and without price. Willing our stubborn wills unto willingness to will and to do according to the pleasure of Him who so loved us, let us see to it then that we as the saved of the Lord, work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Grace, saving grace, so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all. The test of love is, "If ye love Me keep my commandments." And the more we love Him, the clearer will be our view of His love to us, and of our work and duty. Hence, our Lord said: "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself unto him"

It has been said kind words cost but little. Kind words can never die. Basil, on the subject of rewards of goodness says, "A good deed is never lost, he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind as never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward." Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried, which will vibrate and respond to kind words.

A lady who understood this accidentally pushed a little street Arab off the sidewalk. She stopped and apologized, saying that she hoped she had not hurt him. He stepped back, and gave his rimless hat a jerk, "My eyes, Jim!" he exclaimed, turning to a boy who had heard the whole. "If she don't speak to me jest like I wore standin' collars! A feller could 'ford to get pushed off forty times a day to get spoke to like that." The speech of every christian should betray the spirit of Him who spake with wisdom and as never man spake, and of whom it is written, His acts and words of love proved Him verily to be the Son of God, the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. To be a do-nothing is an evidence that the truth is not in us.

Charles Dickens said that "the first external revelation of dry rot in man is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after." To-day demands the christian's best endeavours. Those who are born from above will work while it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work. The dial of man's earthly pilgrimage points ever on, and plainly cautions by the funeral knell, that time was, is, and will soon be gone forever. From the starting point of the first moment, from the dawn of our existence the shadows play. The hands of time all along the circle indicate to many unexpectedly that although time moves on, the time and place of departure is come; ready or unready they must leave the scenes of earth's activities, because the time of opportunity is past and gone forever. The sowing of the past, affects the eternal harvest of the future. In speaking of the loss of time, Jackson said, "In the dissipation of worldly treasure, the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the past; but who can say, 'I will take minutes from to-morrow to compensate for those I have lost to-day?'" The want of the sluggard is but the legitimate outcome of carelessness and waste in the seed-time of life. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. "For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi. 8.

Bishop Mant remarks, "That which is good cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all."

The winter of want is sure to follow those who do nothing. Idleness is sinful. Time is more than golden. To-day influences our future. The meaning of a wasted life in all its awfulness, will never be realized untill the doleful words of the Prophet Jeremiah ring out with an eternal echo, "The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and I am not saved." Lost! Lost!! Lost forever!!! Even men of the world caution do-nothings.

"Improve your opportunities," said Bonaparte to a school of young men; "every hour lost now, is a chance of future misfortune."

Poussin, the great painter laid it down as a rule of conduct, "that whatever was worth doing, was worth doing well;" and when asked by what means he had gained so high a reputation as a painter, he emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

"Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man for whom he had a great esteem, "before you are twenty-five years of age you must establish a character that will serve you for life."

It is a Russian writer who has said, "Habits are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot and the whole unthreads."

"We can do more good by being good than any other way," said Rowland Hill.

Sir Walter Scott wrote to his son Charles, when at school. "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labour is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life, there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread

which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man has to get rid of his *ennui*."

Emerson has placed the following on record, "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly till he knows that every day is Doomsday."

On the subject of being well employed, Sydney Smith has written, "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."

We might multiply hints and suggestions from our own and other brains, showing that do-nothings run a fearful risk of present and eternal loss.

Perhaps you say, bosh! I do not believe as you do. My persuasion is that there is no God. Well dear friend, we counsel thee not to waste time present. Remember experience is a dear school. We can only advise, it is your responsibility to act. Wilful waste makes woful want. We honestly believe the trumpet shall sound loud enough, at the end of time, to awaken even do-nothings to an awful sense of the folly of the past; when they professed to live and yet were dead. For in the Judgment we must all give an account, and eat and receive the fruit of our doings.

Now is the day of salvation, the time of opportunity.

### Temperance Notes.

London has a horror unequalled by any city of the world in the number of its drinkers, and especially its drinking women. In one of the parishes (St. Pancreas), in the two hours from ten to twelve of an evening, twelve hundred and fifty women, by count, entered twelve public-houses. Into two hundred public-houses there entered, between nine and twelve o'clock, 48,805 men, 30,784 women and 7019 children. No wonder that thinking English people are becoming alarmed. It is time they were, and that their alarm led to action.

Some say, men will drink, you cannot prohibit; if you do not license regular places men will have it. But we really think it does make a difference; curtail the drinking places and it will lessen drunkenness, prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation, and you will find that men can be, must, and will be sober.

The following is a little rich:—"Conversing recently with a commercial traveller, the talk turned upon prohibition. Mentioning the fact that the amendment had carried in Rhode Island he remarked that "prohibition is getting to be a big thing."

"I thought so," said he, "when I was in Maine and thirsty for a glass of ale."

"Did you have hard work to find some?" we inquired.

"I should say so," said he, "I had to go up stairs into a common bed room. On the stand was a large Bible open as if the room was used for a very different purpose. They took a bottle out of the commode." He proceeded to describe the scene more fully and to tell how difficult it was to find such a place.

"They poured out a glass full, about like a wine glass, and it cost me," said he, "fifteen cents!" He added. "That was when I found prohibition amounted to something."

Regions Beyond Notes.



OUR article to do-nothings is long and curtails this. But it supplies the place of our usual missionary suggestions. INDIA. We are sorry to learn that drinking and drunkenness is cruelly spreading in India. At one time it was confined to the low caste, but the English and other settlers are making it popular and common in the higher castes. The evil and misery is only too apparent. Rev. W. Powell is now on his way to Madras under the A. B. M. Board. May his life be one of long and consecrated service.

AFRICA.—Mr. M. Richards, writes from the Congo. Every branch of our work is progressing, Mr. Percy Comber is in excellent health. Our cry is, Africa for Christ. The missionary steamer, so noted and useful in this work, ran aground, and it cost much toil and anxiety to get her afloat and to repair the damage. Mr. George Grenfell whose name is already famous, tells us that the "Henry Reed," the American Missionary Steamer helped to pull his boat off. It is pleasant to note that English and American missionary steamers are befriending each other. The last mail tells of the first baptism on the Congo. The candidate had waited two years, and given evidence of the Spirit's work. The fruit is being seen. God bless the Congo and all other missions and missionaries. Christ is a King. He must reign King of kings, and of all kingdoms.

When Admiral Foote took dinner with the King of Siam, he leaned over the table to ask a blessing. The king looked at him with surprise, saying, "I thought only missionaries did that." "Sire," said the admiral, "every christian is a missionary."

The American Missionary Union has 209 missionaries labouring in Burmah, Assam, India, Siam, China, Japan, Africa, and Europe—in countries containing about three-fourths of the population of the world. In all the missions there are 1,720 native pastors and helpers, 1,160 churches, with 111,491 members; and 10,514 converts were baptised in the year 1884.

In the Province of Shantung, China, the birthplace of Confucius, there were no Christians twenty-five years ago. Now there are 5,000 adherents to the different missions, thirty ordained and thirty-three female missionaries, and 300 places of worship.

Tabernacle Flower Mission.

This branch of our service for Christ was organized in Halifax in 1881, since that time thousands of bunches of flowers and text cards have been distributed. Often the distributors regret their lack of silver and gold for service. We wish some of God's stewards would supply. A very small part of an abundance would make many glad. It is most noticeable how thankfully the smallest gifts are received. To our knowledge not a few deserving poor are there. Men and women who have been shifted from the hospital, where disease and accident had taken them, and being incurable, like other drift and wreckage they are sent to the poor-house to be broken up by time and circumstances. I would not

say a word about the persons in charge they doubtless do the best they can under the difficulties of their surroundings. But it does seem that active christi-unity should at least shed occasional rays of benevolence amongst the poor and outcast to be found in a poor-house. Doubtless most of the inmates sometime in their life's history were somebody's loved ones. Time has made a change, broken, useless, helpless, many of them have drifted to the common poor house to stay, until the daily round of dull listlessness and meagre fare wears them out, and they go the way of all flesh. They are thankful for a flower, papers of any kind, especially for a few late newspapers. But as we give them these and drop here and there a crumb of comfort otherwise, we do wish that sometimes there might be for them a break in life's dull monotony. Often we think what a place for some people to cast of their abundance. Luxuries could here be so thinly spread that many a rich dyspeptic would find their selves heartier and healthier by the change. Do bless many are the devil's poor. The sin and folly of youth is yielding harvest. But even the most blighted of poor fallen humanity calls for some pity. At the drink creators and vendor's door lies an awful responsibility. Much of the wreckage of humanity is brewed by those who are licensed to sell.

FLOWER MISSION.—The supply of flowers since last report has been up to July 21st 612 bunches, distributed in the Poor-house and the Military and City Hospitals. Still both in flowers, cards, and papers, the supply is short. We are encouraged by a large increase of helpers. The Wolfville Floral Band is one of our main stays for text cards and flowers. Their leader, Miss Barss, went with our workers personally to visit and report to the home band. We have received floral contributions from Mr. McQuin, Mrs. Mitchell, Misses Jackson, Mrs. Wm. Myers, Miss Stephens, Mrs. C. Hubley, Mrs. Hiltz, Miss Waddell, Miss Barnstead, Mrs. Nodwell, Mrs. Byers, Mrs. T. A. Covey, Mrs. Murry, T. A. Hubley, Lillie Collishaw, Mrs. Grierson, Miss Beamish, Miss Spry, Mrs. Frazer, Miss McEachern, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Naylor, Ethel Mason, Miss Strong. Text cards from Mrs. Hart, Annie Byers, Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Bennett.; packages of tracts and several Watchman, Baptist Book Room.; cake for poor house, Mrs. Burgis, Miss Spry, Misses Jackson.

Sensible Nonsense.

A writer in a Baptist contemporary says that he has known "people who could write column after column about Melchizedek's father and Cain's wife, but could not repeat the names of the twelve apostles."

Whatever else you omit, girls, do not omit to learn to prepare food properly, for

"You may live without friends, you may live without books. But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

A little boy was told at Sunday-school that when he died he would leave his body here. After he returned home he was much troubled with regard to it and questioned his parents. His mother explained by saying: "You will take all the good with you, but will leave all that is naughty here below." He thought a moment, and looking up said: "Well, I guess I'll be awfully thin when I get there."

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—L. W. McKay writes, 'Of the . any papers I take B. and B. is I think the best.' Mr. J. Harnish, 'I wish I could send you many new subscribers. If people only knew the worth of Buds they would take them, I could not do without.'

## Home Circle.

**Buds and Blossoms, Home Mission Work and Tract Distribution.**—We have sent out free 5,600 pages of B. and B., 11,400 pages of tracts, and other papers, total 17,000 pages. Not in murmuring unbelief we would here state that our actual cash outlay to our printers so far this year is larger than our receipts from Buds and Blossoms. We would ask our friends prayerfully to consider, and send their subscription along as soon as they can spare it if they have not already done so. Every new subscriber gained is also a help in meeting expenditure. We never charge our mission work to the church treasury. But look personally and directly to God to supply us with the funds. Our expenses are heavy, but our Father is rich and knoweth what things we have need of, and can incline his children to be our helper.

**Kind Words and Acts which Cheer.**—Having the pony we concluded we could not afford to get a carriage for baby this summer. Judge our glad surprise when the next day Mrs. Crowe sent to say, not knowing our decision of denial for Christ's service and said, 'you are welcome to the use of my perambulator.' This may seem a trifle to some, but to us it is a cause of increased faith. Mrs. Burgis, \$2 80. A gentleman met me and said I am just going to England, I want to give you a dollar for the work. One of the Lord's invalids, for years a great sufferer, and whose face I have never seen, sent a dollar with a letter full of cheer. Miss Sabra L. Knowles sent \$1, "please appropriate in your mission work where most needed." It came just as we were sending Dolly to be shod. We just mention these pleasing incidents and facts to show how our fears are often rebuked, and our wants supplied. Papers from Mr. Templeton, Miss Nellie Stewart, U. S., Miss Hiltz, Miss Dodge, U. S.; eggs from Mr. Stewart.

The following we credit 25c to our free list, Mr. Muncey, Mrs. Shankell, Mrs. Ainsley, Miss Alice Weldon, Mrs. Spry, Mrs. Etter, Miss Foster, Mrs. S. Covey.

**P.S.**—The Lord does provide. Our private exchequer was being severely tried; subscriptions to Buds did not come as expected, when to our relief the Orange trees took to blossoming and the fees helped; but most strangely a large donation, \$25 was put into our hands to be used for the special work. We feel the Lord must have put it into Mrs. Bennett's heart to do this, and we record it to God's praise. What we had written previously was sent to the printers some days before; we add this P. S. at the last moment.

**OUR FINANCE.**—The Lord has been kind to us, very kind. Again our half-yearly financial statement shows that the Master has helped us to promptly meet all our church and congregational expenses by the free-will offerings of the people. During all the years past our God has always supplied our need. The task of raising the upper part of the Tabernacle building is to us a trying one, and at times almost staggers faith and patience. But then again we are comforted with the thought, the Lord God knoweth and is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think. The gracious success given to our feeble efforts in the past is no small incentive to future effort. Believing in God we mean to keep at it. We are comforted by a loving people and large congregation. It is for their sake we often feel stirred to endeavor to build the Tabernacle. Believing God has approved in the past we are hopeful and confident for the future.

**THE TABERNAACLE TREASURER'S REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS, ENDING JUNE 30, 1886.**—Running Expense Fund.—Cash on hand in this fund January 1st, 1886, \$240 65; cash received in Sabbath collections six months, ending June 30, 1886, \$584 42; proceeds Mr. Churchill's Lecture, \$10 89; proceeds tea meeting and bazaar, \$171 78. Total, \$1007 74. Total cash paid out of this fund six months ending June 30, 1886, \$731 71; balance on hand, \$276 03.—Building Fund.—Cash on hand in this fund, January 1, 1886, \$552 80; cash received six months ending June 30, 1886, \$371 16; interest on money in bank to June 30, 1886, \$34 54. Total, \$958 50; cash paid out of this fund six months ending June 30, 1886, \$50. Total cash in hand June 30, 1886, \$908 50.—Communion Fund.—Cash in hand in this fund January 1, 1886, \$100. Cash received six months ending June 30, 1886, \$28 19. Total, \$128 19; cash paid out of this fund six months ending June 30, 1886, \$10; balance on hand June 30, 1886; \$118 19.—

**Home and Foreign Mission Fund.**—Cash in this fund January 1, 1886, \$15 73; cash collected six months ending June 30, 1886, \$24 27; balance on hand June 30, 1886, \$40; Running Expense Fund, \$276 03; Building Fund, \$908 50; Communion Fund, \$118 19; Home and Foreign Mission Fund, \$40. Total cash in all of the funds June 30th, 1886, \$1,342.72.

Audited and found to be correct.

CYRUS HUBLEY, }  
J. G. GASTON, } Auditors.  
W. T. FRANCIS, }

Respectfully submitted,  
W. DAVIES, Treasurer.

**WEEKLY ENVELOPE DONATIONS FOR BUILDING FUND.**—Mrs. Avery, \$5; Chambers Blakley, \$2 50; Chas. S. Blakley, \$2 50; Benj. Byers, \$5; Mrs. E. Barnstead, \$1 25; Miss Jane Blakley 60c.; Miss Ruth Blakley, \$1; Miss Norah Brightman, 30c.; Miss Campbell, 20c.; Geo. Crockford, \$5; Miss A. Collishaw, \$1 00; Wm. Davies, \$10; Mrs. C. Dickey, \$1 75; Wm. Francis, \$3; J. K. Hubley, \$2; C. Hubley, Sr., \$5; C. Hubley, Jr., \$5; Miss A. Hubley, \$1 25; T. A. Hubley, \$2 50; John Hopkins, \$3 75; W. J. Hubley, 50c.; Miss LeBrocq, 40c.; J. D. Manuel, \$5; J. J. Mason, \$1; Mrs. Mason, \$2; Joseph Myers, 65c.; Miss E. Maud Murray, \$1; Miss Edith Murray, 60c.; Mrs. McPhee, \$1.20; Minnie McEachern, 50c.; Jas. McEachern, \$1; Jno. McEachern, \$2; Miss Mackay, 25c.; Wm. Nodwell, \$5 50; Mrs. Rhude, 50c.; Mrs. Otts, \$1 25; Miss Spry, 25c; Miss Teas, \$1 25; friend, \$1, G. E. Frye, 25c; Wm. Mitchell, \$1; Wm. Giezer, 55c.; Wm. Peddle, \$5. Total, \$1 25.

**Special Contributions to Building Fund and for Clearing the Lot.** Per J. F. A., Captain Arnold, two lots, \$10; Rev. David Freeman, \$1, with the kindly wish, "I would I could give one hundred, yea, build the house." Received an envelope from May Mason containing \$2, per Nora Brightman; Mrs. Webber, \$1; Mrs. Sterling, \$3. In response to circular enclosed last month: 13c. in stamps, Lodi. From Franklin, U. S.: Mary and Willie, \$1; Master Meekham, \$1; R. A. Stewart, \$1.

### PER A. M. COLLISHAW'S LIST :

Friend, \$1; friend, 50c.; friend, 50c.; J. J. Stewart, 50c.; W. H. Teed, 25c.; Alex. Hodson, 25c.; Geo. Ivey, 50c.; C. A. Harris, \$1; Mrs. Forsyth, \$1; Rev. Wm. Powell, \$5; Mr. Geizer, \$1 00; Mr. J. Morrisey, 50c.; J. Watson, 50c.; Mr. McDougall, 75c.; F. Hamilton, 35c.; friend, 25c.; J. E. Church, \$1 00; W. S. Fielding, M. P., \$5 00; friend, \$1; Dr. Allison, \$1; R. F. Uniacke, \$1; Jas. McKenzie, 25c.; friend, 50c. Total, \$23 55.

The Concert yielded us \$42 clear, less expenses, \$28 75.

The Strawberry Festival was a time of pleasant and social intercourse. Mr. Teas gave ten qts. ice cream; Mr. Cyrus Hubley and Mr. Peddle more than enough sugar; nothing was wasted, the result a cash return of \$56 78.

## Orange Blossoms.

Married, July 14th, at Mizpah Cottage, Halifax, Daniel Stewart, to Eliza Wilson.

July 15th, George W. Suher and Fanny E. Rafuse, both of Halifax, by pastor J. F. Avery.

July 24th, Alexander Yuill, to Elizabeth McCabe.

July 21st, Edward Hartling to Grace Muhlig.

July 27th, at the residence of the bride's father, William T. Francis to Emma E. Carr. By the pastor, J. F. Avery.

## Olive Branches.

July 6th, the wife of James H. Ogilvie, a daughter.

This is the law of benefits between men: the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.

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

I WILL KNOCK AGAIN,  
AND OTHER SKETCHES.



In vain did poor Richard trudge from one door to another.

**I**T was a bitterly cold day, with a cutting north-east wind and a sharp frost; and these were very keen on the high, bare downs, over which poor lame Richard was slowly and laboriously making his way. With a threadbare coat upon his back, and a pair of way-worn shoes on his feet, he bore up, as manfully as he might, against the breeze.

Of itinerant vendors of good things, poor Richard was one of the least obtrusive, and the most simple.

*FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 305.*

Rarely did he venture beyond the meek inquiry, "Any good oranges to-day, ma'am? Any good nuts to-day?" A single "No" generally decided the question for him at once. On this day, from various causes, there was no demand for oranges and nuts. In vain did poor Richard trudge from one door to another; in vain did he ask, in his most persuasive tone, "Any good oranges to-day? Any good nuts?"

Poor Richard! at every fresh refusal his counten-

ance fell, and his steps became more faltering, his knocks more timid. In all his weary progress he had met with but one customer, "and now there is but one more chance left for me," he thought to himself, as he drew near to the house of Mr. Graham.

Thus hoping, the poor shivering orange-seller opened the little garden-gate, walked slowly up the path, and lifted the knocker of the door. It was a feeble, hesitating sort of knock he gave, but it roused Mr. Graham. "I may as well answer it myself," thought he; "they cannot have heard that little knock in the kitchen." He forthwith proceeded to the door, and opened it.

"Any good oranges to-day, sir? Any good nuts?" said Richard, with a hopeful gleam on his simple features.

"None to-day, my good man; none to-day."

Poor lame Richard! His hopes died away as the door was thus shut on him. There was no help for it, he must travel another long mile before he could find another chance of disposing of his basket-load, and he was both tired and hungry, to say nothing of cold; or he must return homewards with only a single penny in the world, for all his capital was invested in the basket and the bag. He heaved a heartfelt sigh, and slowly, very slowly, lifted his basket upon his back; and slowly, very slowly, retraced his steps to the little garden gate.

So slow were his movements, that the curiosity of Mr. Graham was excited. "Why does not the man go?" he muttered; and from his easy chair by the fireside he looked out at the window. By this time Richard had reached the gate, and there he stopped, unconscious of being watched. There was something like a struggle in his mind; this was easy to be seen, for the watcher observed it in his face. His lips quivered; the muscles of his mouth involuntarily moved. He looked back at the door from which he had been repulsed, and a sort of desperate determination settled upon his countenance. Quitting his hold of the gate, which until now he had been swinging to and fro, and apparently spurred on by some strong impulse, he hastily stepped back to the door, and raising the knocker, brought it down with such force as almost to startle Mr. Graham.

"What's come to the man?" thought he, once more rising from his seat; "he means to take the house by storm." "I told you," he said, when he had again opened the door, "that I should not buy any to-day."

"Sir," replied poor Richard, "I hope you will forgive me. It was very bold to come back, but"—and his hands and his lips trembled with emotion—"but I can't sell my oranges, and they are very good ones, and I have come a good many miles, and I have called at every house in the place, and I have only taken a penny. If you please, sir, do, do buy a few of me, for I am hungry, and this penny," showing it, "is all I have got in the world, it is indeed. Look, sir," he continued, taking up one of his oranges, "they are very good ones, they are indeed."

And poor Richard succeeded.

And Mr. Graham learned a lesson from poor

Richard, worth far more than the money the oranges and nuts had cost. He thankfully received the teaching, and re-entered his parlour a different man.

"I will knock again, and again, and again," said he. "Faithless that I was to think myself rebuffed, and rebuked, and repulsed, and frowned upon, because my prayer has not been immediately answered. Paul besought the Lord thrice, that his thorn in the flesh might be removed; and why should I claim that mine should be removed for once asking? I have been proud, wayward, independent, and I must humble myself, retrace my steps, knock again, knock more earnestly, and plead more fervently. Lord, help me!"

And he did knock again.

Christian reader, do you ever pray and fancy that your petitions are unheeded? Then pray again.

Guilt-burdened sinner, have you ever knocked at the door of God's mercy and found no relief? Then knock again.

Let all knock at the door of mercy and of pity. Is not God more tender and loving than man? Has He not proved His kindness, not only in the multitude of His benevolent gifts to men, but above all in this: "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

## HEATHEN TERRACE.



HERE are some very funny names in the world. There are names of people and names of places which make you laugh at their very mention. Yes, but there are sad names as well as funny ones; names which are more likely to make you cry than laugh.

Now, it is about a sad name that I want to write about in this letter—one of the saddest, I think, I have ever heard. It was given me by a lady who, looking out of her window upon a terrace of houses in front, told me that the name she had given to it was *Heathen Terrace*. And it was a heathen terrace, for it was a terrace from which nobody went to church or chapel, and in which nobody seemed to care for his soul.

Now, it strikes me there are a *great many Heathen Terraces* in old England, and we should not have to look very far for them either. One need not be very long-sighted, or take very much trouble to point out Heathen Terraces. There is scarcely a parish in England where there is not one or more.

*But what a disgrace it is to live in Heathen Terrace!* I shouldn't like to live in it, and I don't know any-

body who has much respect for himself who would. What! live in a terrace where nobody goes to the house of God, where everybody is deaf to the call of the sweet church bells, and the sterner calls of conscience; where everybody is robbing God of His day, and shutting his eyes to eternity!

*What uncomfortable houses they are in Heathen Terrace.* Furnished with every modern improvement, no doubt; rooms high and broad, and plenty of them, but no God. I would as soon live in a house without a roof as a house without a God. If men or women were all body, and nothing but body, then Heathen Terrace might do very well, but a terrace which has as many souls as bodies in it, and where there is no God, must be indeed a wretched and uncomfortable place.

*What dangerous houses they are in Heathen Terrace.* The drains, no doubt, are all right, and the stairs are not too steep for careful people, and there are bars before the nursery windows. So far Heathen Terrace is safe enough. But when in that quiet bedroom somebody lies dying, dying in darkness and sin, impenitent, with a heathen past behind him, and a judgment seat in front of him, is not Heathen Terrace a dangerous place?

There are not many open Bibles in Heathen Terrace. There are not many bent knees in Heathen Terrace. Are there any?

*What a corrupting place is Heathen Terrace.* One Heathen Terrace makes many similar ones. A terrace over the way is as likely as not to become Heathen Terrace too. Church Terrace is a sort of rebuke and standing protest, and as likely as not Heathen Terrace will, for its own peace sake, try to pull down its name.

*Perhaps some of my readers are living in Heathen Terrace.* Then I must say I am sorry for them; and the best thing they can do is either to get out of the Terrace, or, what amounts to the same thing, change its name.

But they can't change the name unless they change themselves by coming to the house of God. Ah, what a blessed thing it would be if every dweller in Heathen Terrace would not only come to God's holy house, but would cast his poor guilty soul into the arms of the crucified Saviour! *Rev. Charles Courtenay.*

### ONLY TRUST HIM.

**M**ARY BROWN could not read, but she was by no means an ignorant woman. Whether she was listening to the preaching of the Gospel, or her husband's or boy's reading, she was thirsting after knowledge, and as she had a good memory she treasured up truths about God, and the love of God in Jesus Christ, and about many things which were matters of public and home interest.

John Brown was a hale man, very tall and very strong, sober, and a good husband; he not only loved but respected his wife. They had had many troubles and many struggles together, and the struggles were not over. Four children lay in the churchyard, but

they had still eight months to satisfy, and only the eldest boy Robert was able to earn money.

The home was scrupulously neat, and the children as clean and tidy as a mother's care and a mother's making and mending of garments on limited means could keep them.

Mrs. Brown often wondered how she would get along, and her heart would have failed her many times had she not been a woman of prayer.

She had a simple faith in God's care. Sometimes the tears fell when the way looked very dark, work was scarce, and her children hungry; but she dried them after quiet communing with her Father, and telling Him of her great needs.

When we write Mary's trust was sorely tried. The long job at which her husband had worked for so many months was done, and there came an interval of some weeks before there was the hope of more work being started. John had never been able to save, for the months to be filled had come so fast, and any spare money had gone to buy extra furniture which became so necessary. When he had constant work he did not mind, but to have no employment meant the rent being left unpaid, the baker's bill running on, and cherished household goods finding their way to the pawn shop.

John had been out of regular work four weeks, and yet something had always been provided for bare necessities, and odd jobs had come in to keep the rent paid. On the Monday when the story opens Mary had been obliged to borrow a few shillings from a neighbour to satisfy the landlord, and this week there appeared no prospect of her husband being able to earn even a few pence. Robert's three shillings were all she had to depend on, and another three shillings she expected to receive when she finished some needle-work.

As was her custom, Mrs. Brown went to the mothers' meeting that afternoon. The subject of the Gospel address was God's care for His children. Her heart was too heavy to keep back the sobs as she listened to the words of promise from His book.

When the meeting closed, a lady, who had come as a visitor that afternoon, spoke to Mary, and asked about the baby she carried in her arms, and what trade her husband followed.

Mary told her, and added many facts which touched the lady's heart. She was very rich, and not very familiar with the sorrows of the poor. She took out her purse and drew from it ten shillings. "Take this," she said. "I thank God I have more than all my wants supplied; it will make me happy to give it you."

Mrs. Brown could scarcely realise she held half a sovereign in her hand as she walked home. It was sufficient to repay her neighbour, and meet the rent on the following Monday. "Oh God, forgive my want of faith," she cried. "Never let me doubt Thee, but only let me trust Thee, and help me to remember Thou canst make a way for Thy children."

God does not leave His children. He may try their faith, but they are able to say with David, "I was not forsaken."

GOOD MOTHER GILES.

**H**ANNAH BALDWIN was born at North Shoebury, and was married to Thomas Giles, of Dover, who was at that time in the Coastguard. In the year 1844 they came to London. The death of one of her children first brought her to serious thoughts about her soul.

Having herself found Jesus, she became anxious to do something for Him who had done so much for her, and earnestly besought the Lord to teach her what He would have her to do. She was soon deeply impressed with the thought that she must go to the Tower and distribute tracts amongst the soldiers.

This seemed no easy task; but she did not shrink from taking up the cross, and on the following Sunday went with her bag well filled, and commenced her work by giving tracts to officers and men. At first they were amused at what they called the "little woman's" efforts to make them "pious"; but

her faith never failed, and she toiled on in this field of labour alone for many years.

One evening she attended a meeting at Spitalfields Chapel. A soldier gave his experience, and told what a wicked life he had lived for several years, till a tract given by "good Mother Giles" had led him to Christ. "Since then,"

he added, "my dear mother has been saved through my efforts and prayers, and four of my comrades have given their hearts to God."

Mother Giles sat unobserved by the speaker, her heart overflowing with joy. At length she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! I give all the glory to His holy name."

There lived in Limehouse a sailor, James Witchell, a professed infidel, and in other respects a very wicked man. He appeared to have only one good quality—he was passionately fond of his mother. This man was quite a stranger to Mrs. Giles, and she only heard of his name and wickedness while taking tea at a friend's house. The good woman could not restrain her feelings, but began to weep, saying, "Poor James! poor James! I must pray for him!"

The next Sabbath morning, immediately after breakfast, she left home with her bundle of tracts. She offered one to the first person she met; but the

man looked at her with contempt, saying with an oath, "Keep your tracts."

"I have plenty more," was her "soft answer." "Please take and read it; it may do your soul good."

"I have no soul," said the man. "There is no soul, no God, no hereafter. Why, my little woman, you don't know whom you are talking to; my name is Witchell, of Limehouse. Nobody that knows me would offer me a tract."

She looked him in the face, and asked, "Is your name James?"

"Yes, James Witchell is my name."

Placing her hand on his shoulder, she said solemnly, "Listen to the word of the Lord of Hosts, Whose servant I am: 'Turn ye, turn ye, . . . for why will ye die?' James, I have heard of you, and of your wicked life, and have been asking the Lord to convince and save your soul. Once more listen to me, James. He says, 'Turn ye, turn ye, . . . for why will ye die?'"

The astonished sinner turned pale, his lips quivered, and he could scarcely speak. At length he inquired what place of worship she attended.

"That's my chapel," she said, pointing to the Seamen's Chapel.

"Then I'll be there this evening," he said.

James was true to his word, and be-

came a true Christian, a zealous worker, and died a most triumphant death.

"Mother Giles" was one of the happiest and brightest Christians I ever knew: her prepossessing countenance, gentle manner, and loving words won many a heart, making her a favourite with all who met her. She would never listen to the words of slanderers or talebearers. The Scripture rule was her guide continually: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

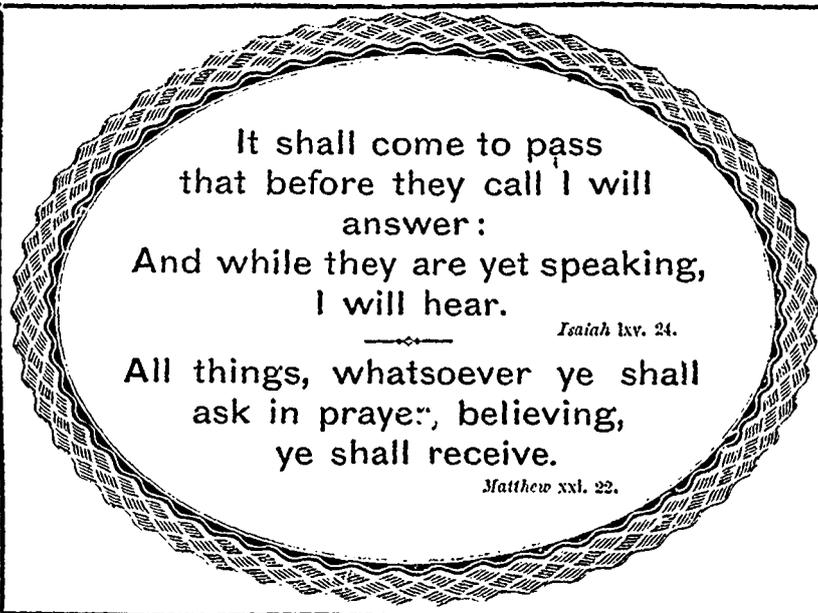
From "East End Pictures."

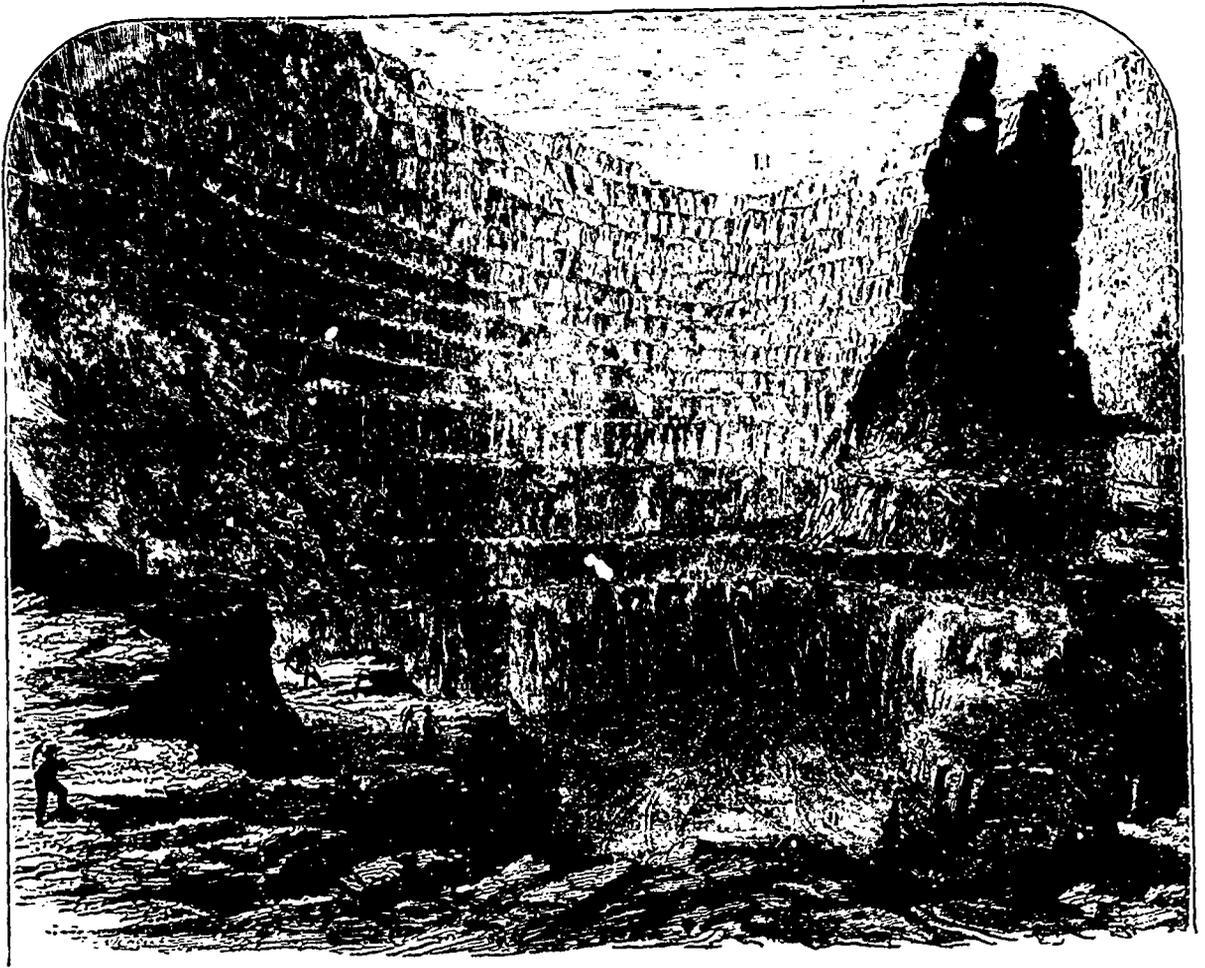
PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

**PRECEPT.**—Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.—*Jude 21.*

**PROMISE.**—He that endureth to the end shall be saved.—*Matthew x. 22.*

**PRAYER.**—The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.—*2 Thessalonians iii. 5.*





GRIFFITH DAVIES, THE QUARRY BOY.

HE was born in Wales, in the midst of the mountains, and in winter. Perhaps you have been to Wales, but it has been summer time then. You have seen the grey rocks and the clear rushing streams, and above all that glory of purple heather gleaming in the sunshine, which makes the mountains so lovely in the season.

But Wales in winter is quite a different thing. The heather is dry and faded, and the mist is on the hills; and then down comes the snow, covering up all the mountain paths, and almost covering, too, the low white cottages which perch themselves on little shelves, as it were, high up on the steep sides of the hills.

It was in a cottage like one of these that, many years ago, a little baby was born. His name was Griffith—not a very pretty name for a baby, but as this is true, we cannot help that. His father's name was Owen—that is rather better—Owen Davies, both very common names in Wales.

Owen Davies rented a small piece of land; but the soil was poor and rocky, so that his crops never were very good nor much profit. So he worked in the slate quarries, and worked hard too, that he might earn enough to keep himself, his wife, and the baby. A

poor, wee feeble child was the little Griffith, and often father and mother feared he would follow a little brother whom they had laid to rest in the churchyard the year before, while his infant spirit had gone to be with Jesus.

But the baby struggled on, and at last he could run up the mountain side to meet his father, or would lie in the heather talking to himself while his mother was washing. The free, bracing air and the beauty of the outward world began to tell upon him both in body and mind. As to schooling, there seemed no chance of that. Owen could neither read nor write, so he could not teach him, and there was no school within many miles. But ah! he had a mother, and a good one too, so there was hope for little Griffith that he would not grow up a dunce.

No; his mother meant better for him than that. Anything she could teach him he should know, and she would trust God for the rest.

She could read Welsh, and the little boy learnt to do that too; so there was the beginning, and more soon followed. A poor Christian man in the quarries, who wanted to do something for his Master, thought he would try and start a Sunday-school.

A school on Sunday! That had never been heard of. That would never be likely to succeed, the neighbours said. But what neighbours say is not always right, is it? The children came, and the school flourished nicely. Griffith was delighted to go, and here he learnt to read the Bible; and as he was still only seven years old, he was not so very far behind you after all.

But it was the Welsh Bible, not the English one; and as long as he could not read English he could not make very much progress. He wanted to get on greatly, and, you know, "Where there's a will there's a way." If we desire to gain knowledge the "way" will generally open, especially if we "ask," as God has told us to do, and as I expect Griffith did. For his parents were God-fearing, as well as hard-working, and I have no doubt he had been taught the text, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"

And only think, about this time there was a day-school opened in the next parish! What a boon for little Griffith who wanted to learn! True, it was two miles away over the mountains, but that did not matter; and off he would go, up and down the rugged stone paths, jumping across streams and wading through bogs with a light heart day after day, because he wanted to learn. Rain or snow, storm or sunshine were all the same to him, though he was still delicate, and his mother was often anxious about him.

The master took kindly to the promising pupil, and he taught him all that he knew himself.

I do not suppose that was a great deal, for certainly Griffith learnt nothing about figures, and arithmetic was just what he was hungering after. They had not got the three R's in those days; there was reading, there was writing, but there was no arithmetic.

But, poor boy, at nine years old he had to leave off learning and go to work. His father was in such poverty he could not do without his help any longer, and so he had to say good-bye to his school and his run across the mountains, and dig and plant, and go errands in the little farm as he was wanted. He did not like it half so well, but he was a good boy and did it cheerfully.

Still his heart was on books, and especially on sums. Oh! he wished there was somebody to teach him how to add up and take away, and do all that strange, mysterious writing which he had once or twice seen some of the better workmen at the quarries doing. But there seemed no chance of such a thing, so he plodded on in his field work and waited till better times should come.

Next a farmer hired him, and he was able to earn something to help his parents, and meantime he was growing into a big lad. He was fourteen, and yet knew no more about sums than a baby. The very thing which gives you more trouble than all the rest of the lessons put together was the one desire of Griffith's heart. But now came another move, he shifted from the farm work to the quarry, bound himself apprentice,

and it seemed likely that where Owen Davies had spent his life, there his son Griffith would spend his.

So others might have thought; so did not he. He began to save a little money; it was only a small sum this year, but the next it grew into a little more. Again the sums loomed before his eyes. Could he not earn enough to put himself to school, or, at any rate, get himself a teacher? Perhaps he might by-and-by, and so with this hope in his mind the boy plied his daily task, and with pick-axe and hammer thundered all the harder at those wondrous piles and blocks and sheets of slate which find their way afterwards all over England, to roof our houses and write our figures upon—those very figures which Griffith dreamed about. Well, at seventeen he began for the first time to learn the multiplication table. Only think of that! and you have known it from your babyhood. He will soon catch you up, however, see if he does not.

I do not know how he managed to get away from his work, but it was at this time he placed himself for three months at an English day-school at Carnarvon.

The spring was touched now, the right impulse given; he returned to his slate-quarry another man. Knowledge he must have, and knowledge of arithmetic most of all. The slates were scored all over with his sums and his calculations; every spare minute was given to this all-absorbing study.

The slate-quarry could not hold him long. It was not likely, was it? He must get to London somehow, but how, was not so easy.

Now you need only come down the mountain side and get into a railway carriage at Llanberis or Carnarvon, and in the course of a few hours you will be in London. But in Griffith's time the world was different. You might walk, or you might go by sea, and he chose the latter. It took him nine days to get there. Yes, London and Wales were indeed then wide apart.

And what was a poor, unknown quarry-boy to do when he reached the great city? Harder than picking at slate and stone would it surely be to make a way for himself there. Happily he began well. He had a small parcel to deliver to the nephew of one of their farmers, who was at school at Hackney, and when he had found him out he found, too, that one of the masters in the school was a Welshman. That was something, and he was quite pleased to see any one who had come from his native mountains so far away.

They struck up a friendship, and he helped Griffith to a situation of the same kind as his own.

After a little while, however, as he found he was not getting on with his dear arithmetic, he left it and tried another, then another; and not succeeding in any, and on the point of starving, he applied for the situation of a common porter. Poor Griffith! But the tide was just turning; he was meant for better things than that.

That very day he had the offer from a school-master of being tutor in his school in the special department of arithmetic. This was what he wanted, and the salary of twenty pounds a year, besides board and lodging, seemed untold riches.

He never thought of being a porter after this. He made himself acquainted with English grammar; he began to learn mathematics, which you know is a higher branch of arithmetic; he began to write books.

So he went on till Griffith Davies, the quarry-boy, became known as one of the first men of his age. Men listened to him at public lectures; the great and the noble sought him; and wherever he went his talents made way for him. Medals were given him, honours showered down on him, and he was at last made a Fellow of the Royal Society, which is the greatest reward of merit which science can bestow.

And how did the once humble Griffith behave? Was he set up by his good fortune? Did he forget the little white cottage on the Welsh hillside?

Oh no; he was the same man in the halls of science as he had been a boy in the slate quarry—simple in his tastes, quiet in his manner, and best of all a Christian as well as a mathematician. At his mother's knee he had learnt to love his Bible and trust his Saviour, and he never wandered from the faith of his childhood. His intense love to his arithmetic never took the place of his love to Him. All other claims gave way before His. Amid the many interests of time he never forgot eternity.

His father and his mother were made comfortable in their old age, and his father lived to the age of ninety-three.

Well, I am afraid you have been thinking all this last part rather dry, and so, having carried our quarry-boy high up in the world, we had better say good-bye to him.

But we will first take away a lesson from his life as a boy as well as a man. He was a boy of one thing. He had one aim before him which he was always working up to. He knew quite well what he wanted to do in life, and whether he was trudging to school over the mountains or teaching others in after years, he did it.

That is the way to get on. If you want to be wise and learned you must give your mind to it, and you will win the prize. Half-heartedness never does much. You must be, as one great and good has said, "a whole man (or boy) to one thing at a time," and you will surely succeed.

Especially is this the case with heavenly wisdom. Would you wish to be a soldier of Christ and fight under His banner? Would you wish, like St. Paul, to win the crown and run the race and gain a place in that better than earthly kingdom? You must be in earnest; you must give your whole heart to Jesus and not half of it; you must say, "This one thing I do." See what the Bible says about this single-heartedness: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," says David. "One thing I know," says the blind man restored, "that whereas I was blind now I see." "One thing thou lackest, and one thing is needful," says the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. "This one thing I do," says St. Paul; "I press towards the mark." That was what Griffith Davies did, he pressed towards an earthly mark. May God's grace enable you and me to press towards the heavenly one, for His dear Son's sake.

Y. K. M.

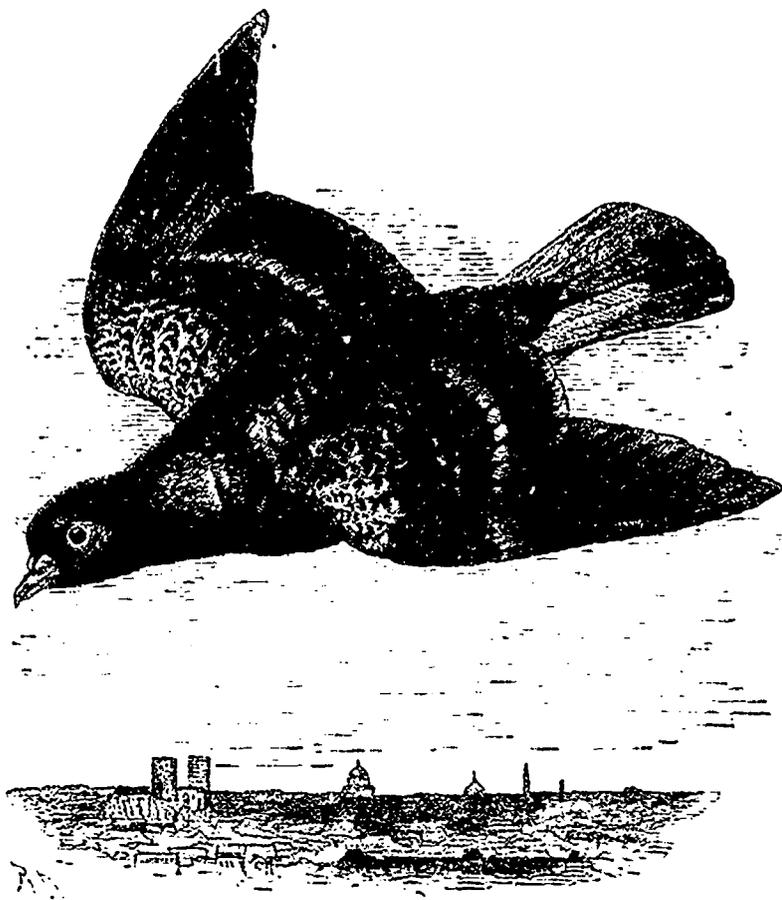
## IS THERE A MESSAGE FOR ME?

THE city of Paris was closed in by a besieging army. For four long months it had withstood the enemy, refusing to yield either to assaults from without, or to the more terrible power of famine and disease within. Many of the defenders saw their wives and children pine and die around them, while those were also sorely tried who had sent their loved ones from the scene of danger before the siege began, and could obtain no tidings of them.

But to some of these last there came relief. A very ingenious plan was devised, by which their exiled relatives could communicate with the besieged. Their messages were printed on the advertisement page of a public journal; this page was then photographed in miniature, the size being reduced to that of a half-crown piece; and the photograph was tied to the tail feathers of a carrier-pigeon, which, in almost every case, passed unharmed across the lines of the besieging host. When secured, the precious missive was taken to an office, where, by means of a powerful magic lantern, the photographic impression was cast in an enlarged size on a white sheet, while several clerks wrote down the messages on separate slips of paper. These messages were then carried to those whose names and addresses they bore, unless at once claimed by one and another of the eager crowd, which, as soon as the report arose that a carrier-pigeon had arrived, collected at the door of the message-office.

People of all ranks were there: ladies dressed in velvets and furs, seated in carriages drawn by half-starved horses; respectable citizens and artisans, all more or less in military attire. But whoever they were, one question was on the lips of all, "Is there a message for me?" And as the office-doors were closed, in token that the last message had been issued, and the crowd dispersed, those whose longings were gratified departed with a look of relief, in some cases with a look of joy, on their faces; while the disappointed turned away sorrowful and anxious. Some of these, indeed, could hardly be persuaded that there was no word for them, and lingered in hope that some mistake had been made.

Reading of this touching scene in the besieged city, I thought to myself, Surely it is just in this spirit, with the eager inquiry, "Is there a message for me?" that we should draw near to receive the Word of our God, the message of His redeeming love; which, if only we are willing to hear it, not all the enemies of our salvation, not all the hosts of the Prince of Darkness can hinder from reaching us. Here, as in the case of those besieged men and women, the only sign of real interest in the tidings from the better country, namely, the heavenly, is a personal interest. As concerned the affairs of their imperilled town, there was a community of feeling, a strong bond of sympathy among those who had undergone long months of common hopes and fears, suffering and want; but as regarded their absent loved ones, whose welfare was dearer to them than life, no one could intermeddle with another's grief



clear that the gospel message is for you. Is it some special favourite of the flock for whose sake the shepherd leaves the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness, for whom he seeks so patiently, over whose recovery he so rejoices? No; but simply "that which is lost." The piece of silver for which the woman makes diligent search till she finds it is not of value above the rest; she only calls it "the piece which I had lost."

It may be the thought is in your mind, "I cannot make myself believe that I have a personal interest in Christ's redeeming work, that I am among His chosen people." That is true; but it is just one of those half-truths by which the enemy of our souls deceives and discourages us. He does not tell you that if he had had his way, you would never have felt even the wish to take to yourself God's message of forgiveness; that this desire is a certain proof that God has sent forth His Holy Spirit to deal personally with you; to convince you of sin, to make you long to be reconciled to God. If, then, God has given His Son

and joy. And if we are satisfied to know that the gospel message has reached this earth, and never ask, "Is there a message for me?" our hearts can surely have no portion in the Land of Promise, but must be set on this present evil world, this city of destruction.

But it may be said by some, "I do long to have a message from God to myself, to assure me that Jesus died for me, that my sins are forgiven; but God's message is so general, and the ministers of God and Christian friends who tell me I have an interest in it, may be making a mistake." Well, how did one in that crowd of applicants at the message-office know that the paper he received was intended for him? Because those who copied it, or who handed it to him, told him so? No; but because it bore his name and contained tidings addressed to his special interests and anxieties.

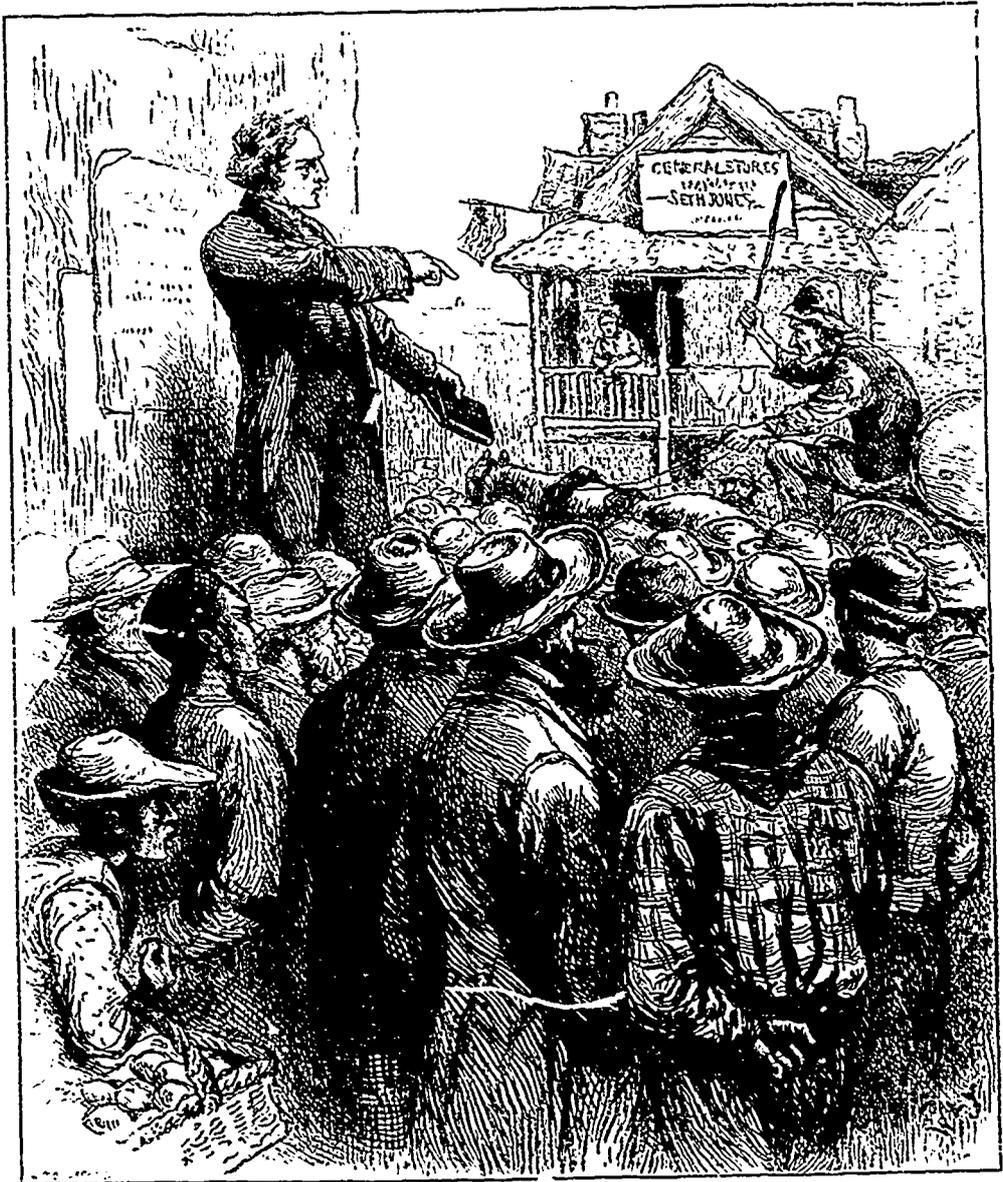
Even so with God's message, the glad tidings of remission of sins through Jesus Christ. Is your name Sinner? Are you conscious that you have "gone astray like a sheep that is lost?" Here then in the Gospel is "a message from God unto thee:" "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." If His death was not sufficient to atone for your sins, it is not true that "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." See how He has added parable to parable to make it quite

to die for sinners, and the Son has sent the Spirit of truth, in the name of the Father, to make you feel you are a sinner, there is no room for you, at least, to doubt that in the Gospel of Jesus Christ there is a message for you. Oh, then, take it to yourself. Respond to it, though as yet you can only say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief;" and the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, will most surely perform the good work He has begun in you, and enable you to say with rejoicing, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

And if, as sinners, we are thus warranted in taking to ourselves God's message of reconciliation, how certainly, being reconciled, may we expect that He will communicate with us individually in His Word; that personal guidance, consolation, encouragement, warning will be found there for each one of God's people who asks with a true heart, "What is the Word of the Lord?" But let us ever remember that, as in the receiving of the message of God's forgiving love, so in all His communications with us, "the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." We must yield ourselves day by day to the Holy Ghost, the living Teacher, the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father; and thus may we hold ever nearer communion with our absent Lord, till the blessed day when our warfare shall be accomplished; for "the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there."

# WAYSIDE HEARERS,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Look at that poor man. Working seven days in the week is rapidly bringing him to his grave!"

THE "great commission," under which every true ambassador goes forth in the "ministry of reconciliation," by direct implication, enjoins the duty of out-door preaching: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Did the apostles understand the Great Teacher to mean that they were to preach in the temple, in the synagogues, in "hired houses," and "upper rooms?" Certainly. But did they understand Him to mean nothing more than that? Certainly not.

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They well knew that the temple, and the synagogues, and all the house room they could by possibility command, were they all open for their use, would contain but a very small proportion of the creatures embraced in their commission. Every word of this great command, framed by infinite Wisdom, is simple and unequivocal. It evidently contemplates a proclamation of the Gospel as wide as "all out of doors," and so specific and personal as to embrace every single rebel of the fallen race.

Again. The Saviour, illustrating, by the parable of the "Great Supper," the bounteous provision of mercy in the Gospel, enjoins, by direct command, the duty of out-door preaching: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

The greatest sermon of our Divine Teacher on record was preached on a mountain. Many others of which we have full accounts, were preached by the seashore, on the decks of ships, and in the streets of Capernaum. He preached, to be sure, in the temple and in the synagogues, but of His sermons on those occasions there is less recorded than of His "out-door sermons." We believe that He established, by His own example, the precedents He designed to be practically operative through all time, namely, to get all we can into the synagogues and churches, and there preach to them, and then to "go out into the streets and lanes of the cities, and into the highways and hedges," and hunt up all the rest, and preach to them also. The apostles acted accordingly. The great apostle to the Gentiles was celebrated as an out-door preacher.

One Sunday morning in October, 1851, says the Rev. W. Taylor, in his "Street Preaching," I preached to a large audience on "Long Wharf," from the parable of the Sower. Illustrating how "Satan cometh immediately and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts," I said of Satan, that "Just at the moment the good seed would take effect, he excites in the heart of the hearer opposing passions, or diverts his attention by presenting to his mind some attractive scheme or train of thought while he devours the seed; or by sending a waggon-load of calves through the midst of the audience, to the great annoyance of attentive listeners"—(a load of calves for the market at that moment was passing through the crowd.)

The audience so blocked the street sometimes from side to side with a living mass of humanity that it was difficult for a man to get through. A waggon or dray would therefore be subjected to considerable delay in making a passage through, and I frequently took advantage of the opportunity, and gave them a little "grape" as they passed. Once when a lean-looking man, driving a poor horse, was trying to urge his way through the crowd, I said, "Look at that poor man! Working seven days in the week is bringing him rapidly down to his grave. A man cannot break the law of the Sabbath without violating a law of his own constitution. Look at his sunken, sallow cheeks, and his dim eyes! How the sin of Sabbath-breaking is telling on him. He'll die soon if he don't reform. Look at his poor old horse. The Lord ordained a Sabbath for that horse, but his merciless master is cheating him out of it. See there, how he beats him. After all, I had rather be the horse than the man, if he dies as he lives."

I always tried to follow such scenes by the most solemn appeal the subject in hand would allow. The sudden surprise of such appeals sometimes produces a

thrilling effect for good. An important end is accomplished when a sleepy congregation is by any legitimate means fairly waked up. First melt, and then mould the metal.

When due care is used, the preaching of the Gospel in the open air is sure to have good results. "That day" will only declare how many souls have heard the truth in the streets, and having received it into "honest and good hearts," have brought forth "in some thirty, in some sixty, in some a hundred fold." May the number of wise, faithful open-air witnesses be greatly multiplied!

### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

**A**n eminent lawyer was once led to acknowledge the Divine origin of the Scriptures by simply meditating on the Decalogue. For a long time, in spite of the exhortations of a faithful friend, he persevered obstinately in his unbelief. One day, however, when this friend came to see him, he said, with much emotion, "I am a believer."

"How is this?" asked his friend, as much surprised as rejoiced at the news.

"I will tell you. I read over the law of the ten commandments, and after examining it with all the rigour of an advocate seeking for the flaws in his adversary's case, I found it to be perfection itself. The Decalogue begins with our duty towards God. That is just and right. For if there exists a Divine Creator and Legislator, we owe to Him our highest obligations, and all others must depend upon them.

"The first commandment forbids us to have any other gods before God. That is right. A divided adoration would be a profanation, and unworthy of Jehovah.

"The second commandment forbids to make any graven image, or any likeness of God. That is right. For material images would very soon lead man to idolatry.

"The third commandment forbids us to take the name of God in vain. That is right. Respect in language is one of the firmest guarantees for the reverence of the heart.

"The fourth commandment enjoins us to consecrate one day in seven to God. That is right. The interval ordained is not too long, nor too short, and it was needful to set apart some time for religion if it was to exist in the world.

"Then come our duties towards our neighbour; and the second table is not less admirable than the first. The fifth commandment, first of all, lays the foundation of family union by insisting on filial piety. That is right. For the family is the basis of all human relations; without it society is impossible. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth commandments are intended to protect life, conjugal fidelity, the rights of property, and the reputation of our neighbour. All this, too, is right. A better order could not be conceived in the recital of our obligations, nor one more complete.

"Finally, the tenth commandment is intended to repress covetousness. This also is right and good. Evil thoughts must be attacked in the depths of the

soul in order to preserve its life. The Decalogue, therefore, is perfect. Everything is comprehended in as few words as possible. It is all of incomparable excellence. There is nothing in it unnecessary; nothing wanting. Certainly the ten commandments are not the work of man; they could only proceed from the hand of God. My friend, I no longer doubt; I believe."

The revelation of the law alone, however, could only, according to the testimony of the apostle, have been the ministry of death. We find in it the sentence of death, not the promise of deliverance; for it pronounces accursed whoever does not obey the law in all things, and this entire obedience is impossible to us. To be the book of salvation, the Bible must show us a way of pardon and reconciliation with God. It does so as it proclaims Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. The Scriptures are full of Christ, because they are full of eternal salvation.



THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

**D**URING the Franco-German war, a clergyman was travelling abroad, and with him an old German who devoted his life to going about and preaching the Gospel. One day, being near the outskirts of the German army, they met several soldiers leading a man, manacled and despairing, away to execution. They ventured to ask the escort for what crime the man was condemned. "For robbing the dead," answered the soldier briefly. "And by our laws he is punished with death."

"Is he prepared to die?" asked the good clergyman, pityingly.

"We do not know," they replied; but one of them, the leader of the party, turned to the clergyman and said, "You, sir, seem to be a minister of the gospel; you may speak to yonder poor man, if you wish, of the 'hereafter.'"

The clergyman, glad of the opportunity, went and spoke solemnly to the unhappy prisoner; but he only shook his head and said, "No, I am not ready to die; but that does not trouble me. My sorrow, and these tears, are for my wife and little children, left destitute and heart-broken; my thoughts are all of them; trouble me with nought else."

As he continued in this strain, the old German, who had been listening attentively, stepped forward.

"My friend," he said, "I weep for you. I have no child, no wife. My heart was long ago made

one with God, and death to me has no terror; it is only a welcome guest. I will die instead of you! I have nought to lose, but oh, so much to gain! I give you my life."

All around stood amazed at this strange proposal; but as the officer in command saw that the German really was in earnest, he said, "I have no power to accept your offer; but let us return to the camp, and tell this strange circumstance to the general."

So they turned and went, the German walking beside the poor manacled prisoner, trying to comfort him, telling him of Jesus. The general, too, seemed strangely moved, and asked the German if he were really sincere in his offer.

"Certainly," answered the old man. "I tell you death is no dread to me; I am Christ's, and I shall only go to Him. I will gladly lay down my life as a ransom for this poor man's. Surely the law cannot require two to die. My life will suffice."

The general, still more astonished, referred the matter to the Crown Prince, who thought long over it. At last he said, "The law does not admit of your being accepted for him; but I can do one thing—I can pardon; and I give you this man's life instead of taking yours."

I leave you to imagine the sequel, and the prisoner's gratitude to his deliverer, while I would ask you to turn from this true story to an older one—the story of Him who meets the poor manacled sinner going forth to die, and who says in love and pity, "I will lay down My life for thee." His was not only an offer but a bitter though blessed reality.

In Leviticus i. 4, when the sinner, conscious of his having deserved death, brought a lamb's life and blood, it was accepted of God instead of his own. But Christ, the lamb of God, once and for ever took away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

Dear friends, if you believe not in Jesus you are "condemned already," and are only waiting for the execution of the sentence. Even now, on your way towards destruction, fast bound by sin, Jesus meets you and says, "I gave My life for you;" for "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

FRAN T. E. POOLE.

LILY'S FIRST PRAYER.

**ONE** winter evening Lily Hepburn ran into her mother's cosy sitting-room, saying gaily, "Mamma, I've come to say my prayers. Nurse says Rogers said you wanted me."

"Yes, dear, I did want you," replied her mother from her invalid chair, and the thin white fingers stroked the sunny face that looked into hers, as she added softly, "But I hope my little Lily will do something more than merely 'say her prayers.' Will she not try to speak to God—to ask her heavenly Father for what she needs, as earnestly as I heard her this afternoon pleading with papa for something she had coveted in the toy-shop?"

So Lily's clustering curls went down among the

folks of the soft shawl, and she began, as she usually did, to repeat some short petitions, each one freshly dictated by her mother, and coming from the depths of her mother's heart. To-night Lily caught them up very glibly, and waited rather impatiently for what was coming next; for there was Willie's voice calling now, and the fun would certainly be half over before she reached the nursery.

She had just repeated, in rather a heedless tone, "God be merciful to me a sinner," when her mother paused, and Lily looked up wonderingly to see the cause of the unusual delay. To her surprise tears were stealing down her mother's face, the thin hands were clasped together, and her lips whispered tremulously, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The mother's soul was alone with God at that moment, forgetful of her child's presence, even of her child's needs. Lily continued to gaze with a mixture of curiosity and woe. What could it mean? Was her mamma saying her prayers too, and was being a sinner real enough to make one sorry—to make one cry as she had never seen her mother do before?

Presently the feeble hand was laid gently on the little girl's raised head, and Lily went on with her prayers. But there was a knot in her throat as she repeated the words now, and an awed sense of a listening presence which she had never felt before. What could it mean?

If Willie had not burst into the room at that moment, calling, "Mamma, mayn't I say my prayers first? Nurse said I was to, and here's Tim wants to begin; is it fair, now, mamma?" Mrs. Hepburn's heart might have been gladdened by knowing that "while she was yet speaking," her prayer was being answered.

Long after the other curly heads were fast asleep, Lily sat up in her little crib and looked wakefully about. The candle had been taken away, but the embers on the nursery hearth sometimes flickered up for a moment, and the reflection of the flame kept dancing on the wall, and made the chairs and tables throw queer shadows all about. It lighted up the shelf where the nursery Bible lay, a big black book, which Lily knew well, for she used to find the letters

of the alphabet there when she was quite small; and now she sometimes amused herself by getting it down from the shelf, to puzzle her little brothers and sisters with the great black letters at the beginning of the chapters. This was all the use that Lily had as yet made of God's Word; but to-night she wanted to look into it for another purpose. Those words which her mother had earnestly spoken to God were surely to be found there. She fancied she remembered seeing them in one of the chapters, and wanted to find out very much who said them, and if the person felt as sorry for being a sinner as her mamma did, though she

was so good and gentle.

Sleep would not come to Lily; the thought of the earnest prayer she listened to that evening would keep haunting her till her lips quivered and the tears ran down her little face. Forgetting all about what nurse might think, she sat up in her crib, and, covering her face with her hands, said quite loud, "O God, help me really to pray to Thee as mamma does. Make me sorry for being a sinner, too. May I want—more than to have the doll's-house, or anything else in the world—that the Lord Jesus Christ should be my Saviour. I do want it to-night; may I not forget before to-morrow." And presently Lily was sleeping as soundly as any of her brothers and sisters.

Not long afterwards, Mrs. Hepburn left her

home to seek health in sunny southern lands, taking a sad farewell of her merry boys and girls. They never saw their mother again. Before many weeks passed, Mrs. Hepburn laid down her weak, suffering body to rest in a foreign grave, and her soul went to the home of God.

Many a year has come and gone since then, and Lily Hepburn is a middle-aged woman now. She can look back on the way the Lord has led her through these years "to humble, and to prove, and to know what was in her heart, whether she could keep His commandments or no." Many a picture from that wilderness journey can never be forgotten by her; but among them all there is none more vivid than that early scene when she knelt by her fading mother's knee—the last night she "said her prayers," the first she ever really prayed.



THE UNSEEN HAND.

ELI BEN AMRAM was one of the richest of his tribe. He had risen from humble circumstances to high honour; from poverty to great wealth. His ships floated on many seas, his merchandise was the produce of numerous lands, his fame resounded through all his nation.

When Jotham, Ben Amram's only son, had attained the age of manhood, his father gave him a purse of gold, and bade him go and make merchandise therewith. "Be diligent, my son," he said, "be prudent, and be fortunate. A man's success depends upon himself; the blessing of God follows the hand of the diligent."

While he was yet speaking with his son, a messenger arrived from a distant city—the bearer of a letter from his brother Jorah. Distress, sudden and severe, had fallen upon him; the hand of God was pressing him sore. Fire and flood had devoured his possessions. Sickness had weakened his strength by the way. He therefore entreated his brother Eli to lend him fifty pieces of silver, to preserve him and the wife and children of his bosom from utter ruin.

Eli was angry because his brother had become poor; and he said to his son Jotham, "I will send him six times as much as he asks, but, withal, I will rebuke him sharply, for he has been negligent. A wise and prudent man will guard against evil, or, foreseeing it, he will hide himself: it is the fool alone who, passing on, is punished. He will thrive well who looketh to his own affairs. Go, my son, entertain the messenger until I have written to my brother."

So Eli Ben Amram wrote a letter to his brother, full of bitter words; and putting into a bag three hundred pieces of silver, which afterwards he secured with his own signet, he sat down to await the return of the messenger.

Suddenly the spirit of slumber fell upon Ben Amram, and glimpses of the Invisible were revealed to him in visions. Before him stood a youth of noble and commanding form, clothed in flowing garb. In his hand he held a wand of ivory. A strange awe oppressed the mind of the sleeper at this vision;

nevertheless, though subdued, his spirit sunk not in utter dismay.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the stranger, "canst thou avoid the poverty into which thy brother Jorah has fallen?"

Ben Amram smiled proudly as he replied, "I have avoided it."

"Hitherto thou hast," rejoined the stranger; "or, rather, hitherto God hath prospered the work of thy hands and given thee wealth. He may also withdraw it."

"The blessing of God," answered Ben Amram, "rests on the diligent and prudent man."

"Wealth is not always a blessing," replied the

stranger, "inasmuch as mortals sometimes use it to their own hurt. Yet it is one of the good gifts of God, which He bestoweth on one and withholdeth from another. Eli Ben Amram, look on the past!"

The visitor waved his wand, and passed his hand over the eyes of the sleeper. Then did a thick mist fill the apartment, while a cold thrill agitated for a moment the whole frame of the boastful merchant. The mist divided, and Ben Amram saw, in distant perspective, the home of his childhood. Youthful forms were sporting round the well-remembered hearth. He knew them to be his brother Jorah and his sister Keturah, while with another shadowy form, he felt himself to be identified.

He saw that boy environed by perils and

temptations—heedless and unconscious of them all, and yet escaping them. Another step in that course would have brought him within the grasp of death, when suddenly it was abandoned. Another movement in this direction would have plunged him into errors as fatal to the spirit, when, without adequate apparent cause, he stopped and turned aside.

"Why doth the child avoid dangers he knoweth not of?" asked Eli Ben Amram.

"Look more closely," said the stranger. And when Ben Amram looked, he saw, hovering above and around the boy, dim and shadowy, yet becoming more distinct the longer it was gazed on, the form of a hand. It was this hand he now saw which guided and upheld, interposed when danger was near, and averted the threatened stroke.



The boy became a man; and the hand was still near him, protecting, restraining, controlling, supporting, directing. In the intricate paths of youth, in the rougher ways of manhood its powerful yet gentle influence was alike felt.

Ben Amram saw that hand pouring wealth at his feet, which he might gather at will. It prospered his traffic, and removed rivals from his path. It gave him ships, and sped them safely and prosperously over the ocean. It defended him from losses, and assisted him in his schemes. It guided him in the choice of a residence, and directed him to the partner of his life. It gave him the desire of his heart. It raised him to honour and fame.

He saw the hand beckoning as his brother's messenger drew near; and then the scene was obscured—the mist again filled the apartment.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the visitor, "thou hast seen the sign of the Invisible, upholding the hand of the diligent through the past. Look now upon the future!"

Again he waved the wand, and placed for an instant his hand upon the eyes of Ben Amram. The mist once more divided.

He saw his brother worn with poverty and wasted by sickness. He marked the anguish of his spirit as he read the reproachful letter. He saw the shadowy hand over him also; but again the scene was changed.

A ship sailed upon a distant sea. That hand raised the waves and winds to a storm, and impelled the vessel to destruction. The owner was impoverished, and he was indebted to Ben Amram for the sum of four thousand pieces of silver.

And now the shiftings of the scene increased in rapidity; yet still the hand was there. Jorah repaid the three hundred pieces of silver; while Ben Amram's eldest daughter returned, a destitute and mourning widow, to her father's house. The ship in which his son Jotham sailed was attacked, the passengers were robbed and taken captive, and an exorbitant ransom was demanded. Ben Amram paid the sum, and Jotham returned home in nakedness and want. Fire devoured the possessions of one debtor; blight and mildew destroyed those of another. Famine and pestilence wasted the land; the sources of commerce failed. Ben Amram's boasted sagacity seemed to forsake him: perplexed and bewildered he felt himself unable to stem the current of adverse circumstances.

In all these changes that hand was seen mingling, more shadowy and mysterious, yet still visible. Ben Amram saw himself, notwithstanding all his efforts, reduced to utter poverty; and then, through the mist, he perceived approaching him his brother Jorah. He shrank from him, for he feared to have his own approaches cast back into his own teeth. But presently they met.

"My brother," said Jorah, "the good hand of God has been with me, and has given me competence. Come and share it with me; I have enough for thee and for me."

Then did Eli Ben Amram exclaim, "The Lord gave

and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

At this instant the door of the apartment opened, and with his son Jotham entered the messenger of his brother. Ben Amram looked around him; the stranger was gone, and the mist had vanished. The letter he had written was before him. He consumed it in the flame of a lamp that burned before him; and in its stead he penned a kind and sympathising message to his brother.

From that hour was Eli Ben Amram never heard to vaunt himself in his wisdom or his wealth; and if one praised his skill and success ("and men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself"), he would reply, "Nay, but it was the good hand of my God upon me." And when he admonished his children to attend diligently and circumspectly to their affairs, he always added this precept: "Above all things, seek the guidance and protection of the Unseen Hand."

A LITTLE WHILE;

OR, THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

HEBREWS x. 37.

"A LITTLE while!" A little while!  
 A little while—for God to toil;  
 A little while—the foe to fight;  
 To walk by faith, and not by sight.  
 A little while—to long for day,  
 While walking on the narrow way.  
 A little while—to watch and wait  
 For Him whose coming's at the gate.  
 A little while—and He shall come  
 To take His waiting people home.  
 A little while of this dark night,  
 And heaven shall burst upon our sight.  
 A little while in death's cold river,  
 And we shall bathe in life for ever.  
 Then when we meet our Saviour's smile,  
 How short will seem this little while!  
 How little worth our joy or sorrow,  
 When we behold that glad to-morrow!  
 Now, fights without and fears within;  
 Now, watching, waiting, woe, and sin;  
 Now, tears and smiles mingling together,  
 Dark clouds, with glints of brighter weather.  
 Now, draughts of sorrow, drops of joy,  
 And nothing good without alloy;  
 Our brightest, dearest pass away,  
 While we are watching for the day,  
 But then we shall have full amends:  
 Our joys all shared with long-lost friends.  
 Then shall our mouth be filled with song.  
 Cheer up, cheer up, 'twill not be long.  
 "Behold, I come! and quickly," too;  
 This is good news for me and you.  
 Then welcome toil with cheerful smile,  
 Remembering the "little while."  
 Work on, wait on, and never fear—  
 We may not wait another year.

R. R. T.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

 give me the dear old Bible,  
I read at my mother's knee,  
In the far-away days of childhood,  
When my heart was blithe and free.

No costly and gilded volume  
Could I ever love so well;  
Ceaseless charms have the stories golden  
Which the dim old pages tell.

That darling and precious mother  
Has passed to the Better Land,  
And oh, how I prize this treasure,  
Received from her loving hand.

If ever you would befriend me,  
In moments of mental strife,  
Read low from my mother's Bible  
Some wonderful words of life.

Let its teachings, grand and sacred,  
In my heart be hidden deep,  
That to bear them to God's afflicted  
I may run with willing feet.

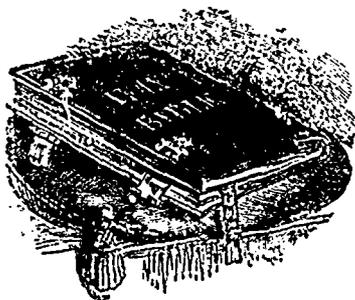
When a burden of guilt oppresses,  
And my faith and hope are dim,  
Oh, read of "the blood" that "cleanseth"  
From any and every sin.

In seasons of sadness and trial,  
If weary and faint I should be;  
Tell, then, of the strength that is treasured  
In Jesus, my Surety, for me.

Of the "Arms Everlasting" remind me,  
Outstretched to support and to stay,  
Of Jehovah, eternal, my Refuge,  
Of the strength to equal my day.

When I come to the swelling of Jordan,  
Oh, read me of Him who said,  
To His storm-tossed ones on the billows,  
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Yes, read from the dear old Bible,  
Let me hear its counsels sweet,  
'Till, in lowliest adoration,  
I bow at its Author's feet.



AFTER MANY DAYS.



AFTER many days." Yes, the word of God holds true, and we have only to wait patiently for its accomplishment. "After many days." "The husbandman hath long patience." He knows the need of it, but he also knows he shall not be utterly disappointed. Even though all the seed sown do not spring up to reward the effort, there yet will be an abundant and glorious, harvest.

We are too often like children expecting to see the flowers as soon as we have sown the seed, forgetting that we must wait God's time—wait for the "early and the latter rain," the blessed sunshine and refreshing showers. If we look around we see on every hand proofs that the work is going on, that the seed sown is bearing fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold." True, the "many days" may outrun the limit of our "life's little day," and the finding not be till time is no longer; but if we are not permitted to see it in the case of seed sown by ourselves, what joyful surprises may await us in heaven, when we find there those over whom we have mourned on earth because their hearts seemed so careless that we feared the good seed must be lost in that unpromising soil.

"After many days." One instance may encourage some fainting worker to persevere in sowing the seed, though the hand be weary, and the heart sick with disappointment at the apparent want of result.

An invalid lady was once staying in a little village very lovely in its natural beauty, but where the enemy had had plenty of opportunity of sowing tares. Though her stay was uncertain, and probably but for a few summer months, she yet determined to use the time given her, and to speak of Jesus to her poor neighbours.

They made her very welcome, as her sweet smile and gentle tones won a way to their hearts. Many a sick bed did she cheer; the weakness of her own frame drawing out her sympathy, specially in the cases of those who were suffering, and the love of God shed abroad in her heart impelling her to tell of the sympathising High Priest, the gracious Saviour, who "Himself bare our infirmities and carried our sorrows."

Not much fruit did she see, but she was content to wait upon God for a blessing; and many, we are assured, will rise up and call her blessed for the kind words of counsel and encouragement that fell from her lips; and many will have to thank her for speaking to them of their precious souls, and to thank God for using her as an instrument in His hand of winning them to Jesus.

It occurred to her that some children might be gathered into a little class for instruction in her own home, and she gave her heart prayerfully to the work. Many years afterwards, to her great joy, in quite an unexpected place and way, she found some of the



*Her sweet smile won a way to their hearts.*

seed sown in that brief sojourn in the country springing up to God's glory.

She shall tell of it in her own words. She writes : "I have been unexpectedly called to the bedside of a young mother in the last stage of consumption, who proves to be one of my scholars, in whose heart I was permitted to sow seeds, which have been for sixteen years buried and apparently lost, but now, I trust, springing up to eternal life. The poor creature seems deeply awakened. I never saw more earnest desire for salvation. The hymns and Scriptures she learnt with me are all her solace. Most penitently she bewails all her past indifference to the instruction she received, and blesses God for again being brought in contact with the friend of her youth. The Bible she bought of me, and the cottage hymn-book, full of my marks, are constantly on the bed ; and most touching it is to have conversations thus recalled which have utterly faded from my recollection, but which have been indelibly impressed on hers by that grace which determined to save. What encouragement such facts afford to continue casting our bread upon the waters !"

God says of His own word, "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." It is our part, then, never to grow despondent, and sit hopelessly down because the seed seems lost, but to plead His own promise, "Prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"Went ye not forth with prayer ?

Then ye went not forth in vain ;]  
The Sower, the Son of man, was there,  
And His was the precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,  
The first sweet signs of spring,  
The first slow drops of the quickening shower  
On the dry hard ground that ring.

But the harvest home ye'll keep,  
The summer of life ye'll share,  
When they that sow and they that reap  
Rejoice together there."

# THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



I was sitting alone in the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half-wearily setting  
In the endless need of repair.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 307

But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
The work some day to be tried,  
And that only the gold and the silver  
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And, even when trying most truly,  
The meagre success I had won—

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"  
I said; "it will all be burned—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,  
And sometimes I know I have tried;  
But I'm sure when He sees such building  
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;  
I knew 'twas the best she could do;  
But oh, what a botch she had made it—  
The grey miss-matching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half-compassionate yearning  
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
"Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,  
And my faith came back to its Refuge,  
Like the glad returning dove:

For I thought, when the Master Builder  
Comes down His temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended,  
And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building,  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right.

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say, as I said for her,  
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the true love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine,  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudits divine."

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seem to be clasping a Hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me,  
Stronger than any command.

Then I know by the thrill of sweetness  
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,  
Which would tenderly guide and hold me  
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,  
My faith no longer is dim;  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And my eyes are unto Him.

*Mrs. Herrick Johnson.*

◆◆◆  
**THE GRAVES OF THE GREEDY.**

NUMBERS xi. 34.

**S**URE is the meaning of a name which Moses gave to a place where a great multitude of the people of Israel died. They had murmured at what they thought the fewness of their mercies, and had longed for fleshly comforts God had seen fit to withhold. They cried to God for them with impatience and distrust. Then God did with them as He sometimes does with us: He punished their foolish prayer by answering it. He gave them the meat they sought, without the blessing which they despised. Accordingly, as soon as it came they ate; and multitudes only ate to die. So Moses called the place The Graves of the Greedy, for a warning to all who were left alive, and to all who have wisdom to take warning from it. Let us try and learn the lesson of this striking name, understanding by it a covetous lustful hankering after, not rich food only, but anything presented to the eye or the mind as an object to be desired.

Greed always leads to a grave. God has joined the two things together, and man cannot put them asunder. Contentment is a tree of life, bearing many kinds of blessed fruit, gladdening all who dwell beneath its shadow, but greed casts a shadow of death over all who cherish it.

"They that will be rich," says St. Paul, "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts that drown men in perdition." In fact, the life of every greedy man has graves for milestones. Every day something good about him dies and drops into a grave, till at last the great grave takes all that is left of his soul.

"Therefore, take heed and beware of covetousness." True life lies not in having goods, but in being right. Remember greed grows apace, that you can never keep it in bounds. The Saviour, knowing this, bids us deny—that is to say, dethrone—self. Remember, some who are poor are very rich, and some who are rich are very poor. Seek to have God—not gold; His grace and joy in the heart—not plenty in the barns. Watch your heart, and see it does not get so absorbed with care as to wither, and shrink, and die "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all other things will be added thereto."

## THE MASTER'S FOOTSTEP.



LL. people who call themselves Christians acknowledge that when serious illness comes, or when we grow old—in fact, when death is evidently near at hand—it becomes at last really necessary to attend to the things that belong to our salvation. Thus far, all are agreed, even the most careless amongst us.

But there is one very great mistake into which a large number of people fall. They think that when that time comes, and when all further

possibility of evading the question is taken from us, when it becomes so absolutely necessary that we should be prepared to meet our God, we can still be able to make the preparation on which eternal life or death must depend.

I entreat such people to listen to a few words from one who knows something about what it feels like when we hear our Master's step approaching, and His voice calling upon us to come and say the lesson He had given us to learn.

I have had illness myself, and I have seen others suffer, and I have seen people die, and all that I have observed proves the same thing, namely, that a severe illness is not the time for any great effort of the heart or mind; on the contrary, the more ill people are, the less they are able to think.

When those who have never really drawn near to God, through faith in Christ, are told that they are going to die, they may be frightened; but that is quite another matter. More frequently, however, they feel too weak and ill to care deeply about anything. The hour has come when they are being called upon to say their lesson; and not only the time for learning it is past, but the power of attending to it has gone too.

And though there may have been some few exceptional cases in which people have repented with true repentance, even in a last illness, most assuredly it may be said that this has never been known for certain to have been the case with any one person who had wilfully put it off till then.

As I said before, I have seen people die; and I will tell you about two cases which, I am most thankful to say, were very different from those who put off caring for their soul to a dying hour.

One of the friends to whom I allude died after a very short illness of great suffering. He never knew that he was dying, for those whose duty it would have been to tell him so never thought the illness would prove fatal. They even thought, during the last two or three days, that he was getting better; they believed this until he actually became unconscious, and in a very little while his spirit passed away.

Yet it mattered not that death had come upon him unawares, for he was one whose life had been dedicated to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. During the worst suffering of that illness, from which he had so little thought that he should never recover, he had felt that blessed Saviour nearer to him even than ever before, simply because his need of Him was so great.

The other friend of whom I would speak to you did know that she was dying; for many weeks she knew that her end was approaching, and rejoiced to know it. But many and many a time during those weeks she said that she wondered how people bore such illness when they did not already feel sure that they were forgiven and accepted for Jesus Christ's sake.

"Suppose I had to come to Him now," she would often say; "suppose that I had now to come to Him for the first time, whilst I feel so weak and can think so little. I could not do it; I am sure that I could not."

But she had the comfort of knowing that she had come to the feet of Jesus long ago. She knew that His blood had cleansed her from all sin; that He had loved her, and redeemed her unto Himself. And she knew also, as the last hour gradually drew nearer, that He who had led her all her life long, because she trusted in Him, would lead her still—would lead her through the valley of the shadow of death. When she passed through that valley she feared no evil, because He was with her; His rod and His staff comforted her. He kept her in perfect peace, her mind being stayed on Him, until she entered for ever into His visible presence, where there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

And now let me entreat each one who reads these words, if you have hitherto delayed, to delay no longer, but let me entreat you by all that is most precious, and that will continue most precious when the troubles and pleasures of this world shall have alike passed away, do not wait to give the last portion of your life to God. Our Lord Jesus Christ did not give a part of His life for us, but the whole. Let us also give the whole of ours to Him. It is not much to bring, for it does but grow worthless in our own keeping. Only give it to Him, and He will give you "manifold more." Give Him your earthly life, and He will give you—what a wonderful exchange!—life everlasting. And not only that, but even the earthly life which is dedicated to Him, He will brighten now with His own love. He will comfort you in every trouble; He will help you in every difficulty; He will lead you and teach you from day to day.

But remember that whether you will come to Him now or not, sickness and death must one day come to you. However strong or however prosperous you may now be, the time must at last come when nothing save the help of Christ can avail you. And remember also that it is those, and only those, who have already learnt to know Him as their Good Shepherd who, when they reach the valley of the shadow of death, fear no evil, because He is with them.

THE ESQUIMAUX'S VISIT TO PARIS.

SOME years ago Prince Napoleon took two young Esquimaux to Paris, and showed them all its wonders and pleasures. They lodged and fared well, and a guide was placed at their service to take them everywhere, and to show them everything. They drove through the most beautiful drives; they were shown the palaces and other great public buildings; they were taken to see the picture-galleries; they gazed their fill at the splendid shop-windows; they went to concerts, and theatres, and balls; in short, everything that was gay and delightful seemed placed at their disposal.

But very soon they became quite weary, and their listless looks made it plain that any little interest they had taken was completely gone. At last they could endure it no longer, and falling down on their knees before their patron, they begged for mercy. Would he, they entreated, take pity on them, and grant them a boon? He was most wishful to do anything he could to oblige them, and inquired what they wished. To close the shutters, they said, to pass their time in darkness, and to be supplied with food as like as possible to what both Parisians and Englishmen would deem the coarse and sickening food of their native land.

They had very likely looked forward with eager expectation to the delights of Paris; and yet, when they actually tried them, they caused nothing but weariness and disgust.

A striking illustration this of the truth that neither place, nor society, nor pleasures, nor circumstances of any kind can make men happy unless they are adapted to their feelings and tastes.

Almost everybody thinks that if he were to get to heaven he would be sure to be happy. It is such a beautiful place; the music is so sweet; there is no sickness, no trouble, no death. How, then, people think, could they fail to be perfectly happy?

Perhaps, dear reader, that is what you have thought about it. Now, supposing it were all you thus fancy, we are not at all sure you would be happy if you got there. People live in beautiful houses; they can hear sweet music whenever they like; they are never sick, they never think of dying, and they never lost a friend; and yet they are anything but happy.

But there is a great deal more in heaven than all this, and unless your heart is changed by the Holy

Spirit you would have far less pleasure in its enjoyment than those poor Esquimaux found in the gaieties of the great city. There are none in heaven but the good—holy angels, holy men and women. Is that the kind of society you love best? Every one there serves God with his whole might, and does His will perfectly. Do you read your Bible attentively to know what God wishes you to do? and do you then seek His grace that you may obey all His commands?

They are all worshippers there. They are never weary of praising God, and they sing evermore, "Salvation to our God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb." Is it a pleasure to you to praise and pray? Or are Sunday and the services of God's house a great weariness? If you do not love the Lord Jesus, and serve Him now, how can you think that it will be a pleasure to serve Him in heaven?

But you cannot be admitted if you are "yet in your sin," for "nothing shall enter that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie;" only "they that are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Thank God, you can be "made meet for the inheritance," if you will only go to Jesus. Confess your sins, believing in His precious blood. He will forgive them all. Ask Him to "create in you a clean heart." He will hear you, and so make "old things to pass away, and all things to become new," that it will be a delight to you to serve Him. Thus forgiven and changed in heart, you will be prepared to enter into

those pleasures which are at His right hand for evermore.



Preparing for the fight.

PUTTING ON THE ARMOUR.

THE Christian is often ready to say with Gideon, "If God be with me, why is this befallen me?" Why do I find such strugglings of sin within me? The answer is soon given—Because you are a wrestler, not a conqueror. When one is made a Christian he is not called to triumph over his slain enemies, but carried into the field to meet and fight them. The state of grace is the commencing a war against sin, not the ending it. Your soul may take comfort in this, that you are a wrestler; thus struggling within you doth evidence two contrary natures—the one from the earth, earthy; the other from heaven, heavenly. Yea, for thy further comfort know, though thy corrupt nature be the elder, it shall serve the younger.

Gurnal.



*A GLINT OF THE LORD JESUS.*

**F**AR away in a Highland cottage home lived a poor woman who would not appear to be a subject for envy. Yet truly many might have been content to change places with her, or at least to come and be taught her secret of happiness. Hers was a poor little home. In a low-roofed hovel, dependent on a parish allowance, she lived alone, and yet she was not lonely, for she knew Who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Her husband had died long years ago, and her children were scattered so far away that she had little hope of seeing them again in this world. But though the tear might be in her eye at any bad news from them, or a sad thought about the years gone by, the smile was on her lips, and the well-spring of joy in her heart rippled out in her words.

A lady who was staying awhile in the village enjoying the beauties of the wild mountains and

glens, had often wished to find her way into some of the cots to make friends; and one day when close by this old woman's home a drenching shower compelled her to ask for shelter, which was readily granted. While watching the rain, they fell naturally into friendly talk; the converse was of Jesus, and the old woman's heart was cheered. In the midst of tribulation, as she said, there always seemed to come a warm glow in her heart when with those that loved her Lord, and her heart went forth at once to meet them, and that she "likit" her young visitor's face, "there was such a bright look upon it as the love of Jesus shone out." This indeed was true of the old woman herself.

That was the beginning of a pleasant series of little visits, when books were lent, and thoughts exchanged on the blessed Book wherein we learn of the home above, which both were longing to reach.

The old woman's words oftentimes sent the lady away deeply humbled at her own want of faith, and her little likeness to Jesus, and yet thankful that she had been permitted to minister in any way to one of

the Lord's humble followers, and that the old woman thought that she brought "a glint of the Lord Jesus" with her.

It is an honour indeed to win others to Christ by our Christ-like demeanour. It is a blessed thing when we come down from communion with Jesus with a shining face and chastened manner; when those around can take knowledge of us, as of the disciples of old, that we "have been with Jesus."

Do we strive after likeness to Jesus as we ought?

Do we exercise ourselves with the thought, What would Jesus have said or done in these circumstances, and what shall I say or do, so as to show myself most like Him? Is it a pain and grief to us to know that, by our imperfect rendering of His mind and will, our failure to exhibit "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," we have hindered some halting soul in the desire to be Christ-like? Alas, it is a humbling thought that, truly loving Him, so as to be able to call Him our Saviour and our Friend, we yet so often do Him such dishonour by our little likeness to Him; by our faint, and flickering, and broken reflection of Him; by marring the effect of our words by the display of an unchristlike temper, that He may well say to us, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?"

If we are following Him afar off, too far off to see well the exquisite perfection set out in Him for our imitation, or if we allow anything ever so small or so insignificant to intercept the light with which He would shine upon us, we cannot wonder that the world fails to be attracted by the light which should be reflected from our faces and snow-white garments, and sees not in us the attraction of "the beauty of holiness."

Let us then strive more to keep close to Jesus, entreating to be moulded into His image and likeness. By contact with Him we shall grow like Him, and as with open face we "behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Daily we have to mourn over failure when there should be victory; over darkness when there should be light; but submitting ourselves to the guiding and teaching of the Holy Spirit, we shall ever be growing up into His likeness "which is the head, even Christ."

So shall we "recommend the gospel," and "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour," and joyfully shall we say, "Now are we the sons of God; and we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." "Every one that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure." Are we then purifying ourselves? and can we say, "I shall be satisfied when I awake up with Thy likeness."

We fall far short of our aspirations; but let the old woman's words rouse us to a sense of our deficiency, and make us give more earnest heed to St. Paul's injunction, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Then if our life is hid with Christ in God, and our conversation is in heaven, we need not fear but that we shall take "a glint of the Lord Jesus" with us wherever we go.

## THINGS THAT ARE SURE.



Men love things that are sure. Uncertainty is painful, and often maketh the heart sick. We cannot live upon shadows and clouds.

It is no use building a house upon the sand. We must have solid earth, eternal rock for our foundations. Hence the man of God is the happiest of men, for he knows things that are sure.

The true worshipper is familiar with the grand words of the 18th Psalm: "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock and fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust: my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." This is protection indeed. And then listen to these golden words. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever." Yes, for ever. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." God is our strength, our shelter, our shield, our sun, and for ever. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Father's love shall be my portion, my joy, my immortal life. This is enough; I ask no more.

The Scripture never has been broken, and it is not destined to fail. Prophecy and promise will certainly come to pass. The ruins of Tyre, Babylon, and Nineveh attest that there was in ancient years a sure word of prophecy, and as time passes on, the Word of the Lord continueth to be its own witness. It needs no defence. The Bible, in the march of daily events, is fulfilled to the letter.

Long, long ago it was said that Egypt should become the basest of kingdoms. It is so now. Sooner shall the Nile cease to flow, to rise and fall, than the word of prophecy fail. So with the promises of the Bible. They are renewed every morning. "The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations."

Does this book promise you anything? If you comply with the conditions of the promise it will be fulfilled, for "God is not a man that He should lie, nor [the son of man that He should repent." Wait on the Lord, then, every day; love Him, do His will, pray in the Spirit for His benediction, and God, even your God, will bless you, as He said. Yes, as He said. Not as you may wish, nor as you would ordain matters, but as He said: "For the Word of the Lord is right; and all His works are done in truth." Therefore, wait His time; His promises are sure to be verified in your salvation.

There need be no famine in the world. There is land enough to grow corn for millions more than now want their daily bread. Famine and hunger need not afflict a single family in the world. Let wastes and wildernesses and virgin soil be brought under the spade and the plough, let unwise laws be repealed: let drunkenness and evil be abolished; and let men be sober, thrifty, and obedient to Divine laws, and hunger shall cease from among men. It is man's fault if famines fill countless graves. The earth is wide; the earth is fertile; the earth is a table at which all may sit, and find bread enough and to spare.

I speak the truth of science and Scripture. Science teaches you that the earth's fertility is boundless. Cultivate it wisely, and it will blossom as the rose. And what saith the Scripture of God, and the earth which He made? Listen to this. "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease." And to this: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season." And to this. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Fear not, then, to ask God for your daily bread. He hath promised it; He will give it. Will He give you also oil, wine, fine linen, purple, ivory beds, crystal cups, gold and silver, horses and chariots? I do not know. I advise you not to ask for them.

Be simple in your habits, temperate in your meals, humble in your desires. If God should give you wealth, be grateful, and "watch unto prayer," and give to the poor, lest your heart become hard and selfish, and you forget the Lord who made your cup to run over. Always have a cup ready for some one else. Keep your heart large by giving.

God is a good Paymaster. He will not be debtor to any man. He is a Master who gives good wages; a King who will scatter rubies like dust rather than suffer any of His servants to justly complain of His rewards. His reward will be sure. I open the King's book here and I read. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I open the King's book again, and I find the King's Son said: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Go, then, into the work field and continue your toil for humanity and God, and He will not forget your work of faith and labour of love. And His reward will be abundant. God does not give us an empty sack. He will not offer us a perishable crown.

Wonderful are the sayings of the King's book. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up My jewels." "I will give thee a crown of life." "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Be brave and true, then, in the service of God. Do more for God to-day, and yet more to-morrow. He loveth a cheerful giver, a willing worker, a faithful servant, and an heroic martyr. Hasten, then, to the field, and lay your hand on the plough. Hasten to the battle, and fight valiantly for the Lord. Hasten to homes where dirt pollutes and drink blights, and see what can be done to serve the perishing ones there.

Be diligent, tender, and godly, and when the King cometh He will confess and honour your name. It is even now on the great bead-roll of the saints; but His voice shall give it new fame and life—yea, angels shall hear your name from the King's lips.

Dark and heavy are the clouds which a sense of sin hangs over the horizon of the soul. Bitter is the taste of the wrath of God revealed against all disloyalty to His love. When the arrows of the

Almighty pierce the soul, who can bear it? Oh, ye unconverted ones! ye know the sadness and terror which guilt and unforgiven sins bring to your souls; but you may have at this moment the forgiveness of all your sins, and feel the healing touch of the Saviour's hand. You may be enabled by the Spirit of God to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Come, come, to the Saviour. We need no earthly priest to give us absolution. We need no sacrament to "fit" us for the cross. No; salvation is "by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." This salvation is free. You need bring no silver, gold, or precious stones. This salvation is full. It is for every soul and for every sin. This salvation is everlasting. It begins on earth, and is continued in heaven. Come, then, to the Saviour—come! He will invest you with the pure robes of salvation, and will beautify you with holiness; and He will make you know that your election is of God unto glory, and peace, and eternal life.

I love to see a simple grave. Sunlight, free winds, birds, children, flowers, and a sweet silence—these are what I like to see when the blessed ones softly sleep until the Lord shall come. He will come to kiss His precious ones into life. He will come to unwrap the white shrouds that He may give them the wedding garment. Yes, they wait, each in his earthly bed, "until the day break, and the shadows flee away." Believe in the coming of that day, and rejoice in the Lord.

Here is Christ's pledge and promise. "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise Him up at the last day." Oh, blessed hope! Oh, heavenly rest! Oh, Jerusalem the golden, we think not of graves, but of crowns of life; not of death, but of immortality; not of endless sleep, but of sublime work, being in our Father's peerless palace in the skies. It shineth in the city of God, and the city itself hath beauty and light and joy for evermore. It is of pure gold, like unto clear glass. It hath no need of the sun. The nations of them which are saved walk in it. There shall be no weeping there. And within its walls, which are great and high, there shall be no more curse, or darkness, or pain, for all the former things shall pass away.

Are we walking to heaven to-day? Begin the celestial journey. Leave the world behind you, and begin your upward flight. Fear not for the future, only trust your Saviour. Oh, if you only knew how good Jesus is, you would come to Him. He would not have to ask you three times, "Lovest thou Me?" You would not wait to be asked at all, but with tears, and smiles, and penitence, and rapture in one great turmoil of holy passion, you would cry aloud, and say—

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



MORNING EJACULATIONS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

*Psalm iii. 5.*

RESOLUTION.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

*Psalm v. 3.*

PRAYER.

God be merciful to me a sinner.

*Luke xviii. 13.*

Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in Thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.

*Psalm cxlii. 8.*

O Lord, incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken Thou me in Thy way.

*Psalm cxix. 36, 37.*

Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

*Psalm cxix. 18.*

Order my steps in Thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

*Psalm cxix. 133.*

Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

*Psalm xvii. 5.*

Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation; that I may see the good of Thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of Thy nation, that I may glory with Thine inheritance.

*Psalm cvi. 1, 5.*

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee.

*Psalm cii. 1.*

PROMISE.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

*Matthew vii. 7.*

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

*John xvi. 23, 24.*

PRAISE.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

*Psalm cxiii. 1-5.*

Compiled by the Rev. ROBERT SHAW WALSH.