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# BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

VOL. VIII.—No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1884.

{ WHOLE No. 31.

## Thoughts After Vacation.

**T**HE summer months are not generally the time when we can best discern spiritual progress and increase. In city life it is a time of going to and fro, and who can tell the amount of good done, if when the travelling valise is packed some good seed is placed therein to be dropped by the way. The writer believes once a Christian, *always, and everywhere a Christian*. We can bathe our weary feet in the rippling brooklet that winds its way by the old farm-house, carrying in its course some of the mountain freshness and coolness. Or if nature and circumstances favor, we can allow the cool and invigorating splash and dash of the briny ocean to play upon us, and from the brightness and freshness of the one, and the fullness and beauty of the other find inspiration for a psalm of praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord God, who is the maker and creator of all things. Vacation time to the Christian, whilst a time for unbending and relaxation should never be a time of laxness in spiritual duties. We are known by our fruits, men take knowledge of us, the thought that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, should inspire us at all times with a filial inspiration to do good unto all, and in every thing to give thanks, that others seeing our good works, may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him.

Friend what seed didst thou sow during your vacation trip? where did you go? what did you do for Jesus?

Now the past is past, and beyond recall. If we are wise let us plan to redeem the time, for the days are not less evil than the times of the past, we need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. An idle do-nothing Christian is a libel on the name of the Christ, who went about doing good. The King's business is urgent, souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. Knowledge which comes not simply from the word preached, but from religion practised and demonstrated by men and woman, who show that they care for souls, by looking unto Jesus, and crying unto others as they run the race of life and for life. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoke.. good concerning Israel." To-day, not only thinking men, but the unthinking crowd, demand some new thing in religion to feed and please the fancy. Nevertheless, the old fashion-theology well practised, saint and sinner, old and new fashioned have to confess, practically as far as it concerns holy living and active service in the cause of Christ, is a good thing, and does not appear as effete as some modern idea men proclaim, men who

find it worth their while to stay in sheep's clothing among the sheep, because the good shepherd leads even his rebellious flock in pastures green. Wrestling the scriptures is not a new trade. It started before apostolic times. Satan tried it both with and in the days of Adam the first and second. Satan by his own lying interpretation sought to use Scripture to his own end and purpose. Let us pray, "from all error and false doctrine good Lord deliver us."

Justification by faith is a truth and doctrine older than Luther. The precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, was typified long before the Lamb of God was offered on Calvary. He whose great heart swelled with forgiving love until it burst, and who in death's agonies, crushed with a burden heavier far than the cross, cried, 'Father forgive them they know not what they do.' Taught if men like the sinners at Jerusalem, despise the gathering purpose of him who would gather, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing; then the accumulating of evil within and without, shall like a flood sweep men away. Now *the door of mercy stands open*. Then the righteous, made so by the cleansing atoning blood of Jesus Christ, shall be safe and the door shall be shut. The awful hopeless condemnation of the ungodly stand out clear and distinct in the written unalterable words. "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still, Rev. 22, 11. *Poor hope of final and future salvation for sinners who reject salvation now, FOR NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.*

## Ribbon of Blue or Temperance Notes.

**A** Barrel of beer means wasted food.  
**A** Barrel of beer means wasted money.  
**A** Barrel of beer means wasted happiness.

Cannon Farrer saith, the English people spend £130,000,000 in drink and £100,000,000 indirectly as a result of drunkenness.

Our national wine bill—or, in plain language rum bill—amounts to \$800,000,000 a year. The annual amount spent in dry goods and clothing, is \$380,000,000, in schools less than \$100,000,000, in breadstuffs, 450,000,000, in publishing and printing, \$60,000,000 on lawyers and criminals \$90,000,000. On the clergy the poor clergy—the clergy who preach to both saint and to sinner—who are depended on to save our souls --on them we annually spend \$12,000,000. Clergy 12,000,000, national rum bill, 800,000,000! Just think of it!

Already more than \$5,000,000 is reported as given to foreign missions during the last year, with an expected additional \$2,900,000. Of this the Wesleyan Methodist Society raised \$750,000. The noble Bible

Society is pre-eminent in its contribution of \$1,200,000. The Tract Society follows closely with its gifts of \$1,000,000. Upward of \$7,000,000 in all have been laid upon the altar of the church. There is however, no occasion for boasting when \$600,000,000 have been placed on the altar of Bacchus as a sacrifice to strong drink.

In Portland city they have a notorious rum-hole of which they are justly proud. A city official recently took an English editor to the basement of the City Hall, in the rear of which is the orifice in the pavement into which the liquors are poured, the liquors of all sorts which are seized and condemned under our prohibitory law. 'This,' said he 'is Portland's most noted rum-hole, which probably has to do with more drink of various kinds than any other establishment in New England.' We also pointed him to the rows of barrels standing near, awaiting their turn to receive attention, and to the official posters on the boards of office, over one hundred in number stating and describing the seizures which had been made, and which were waiting judicial disposition; while the sheriff's precincts, in another part of the basement was a vast assortment of barrels, jugs, bottles, pail, tin cans, and nondescript vessels of every imaginable kind, all held in custody and soon to be sent the aforesaid all-receiving hole.

*Paul lays down a grand Temperance Principle.* "It is good neither to eat bread nor to drink wine nor anything by which thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." By personal influence, united action, and dependence upon God, the work of sobering the nation must be done—by the M. P. in Parliament, by the clergyman in his parish, by the doctor among his patients, by the working-man among his fellows, by the woman in her home, by the children gathered in Bands of Hope. Some do not believe in making a display when they do any good thing. We therefore leave a blank line for such; you can quietly in the name and fear of God, sign the pledge right here and now: I will away with and abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

SIGNED, .....

At the Congregational Club of New York Dr. Clapp said, among other evils of the present, one was the building of too costly churches. "Better build fifty churches for the poor than one \$500,000 temple. I do not believe the Lord cares whether a church costs \$10,000 or \$500,000, but I do believe he cares whether there is one church or fifty churches.

God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**—England and Wales have 593,436 teachers, and 5,200,776 scholars; Scotland, 53,113 teachers and 561,262 scholars. In all the world there are 1,883,431 Sunday School teachers and 15,775,093 scholars. To this estimate should be added the 100,000 Sunday School pupils in India.

The English Baptist Hand-book for the current year reports that while during the last ten years there has been a decrease in the number of Baptist churches in England, the number of Baptist Sunday schools has increased by about 100,000. Its total number of scholars now is 437,187 against 303,802 church members.

The Regions Beyond—Mission Tidings.

This month we have received, and it gives great pleasure to publish, a short article from our brother Craig, returned missionary. We think we can say, still there will be more to follow.

We know that the gospel of God's well beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, shall not only gird the globe, but from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth, that glorious saving name shall be known and honored. The gospel is the heritage of the world and not the monopoly of any person, people or denomination. The gospel cannot, must not be localized. Go ye unto all the world, preach the gospel unto every creature. When ye pray, say, "Our Father. Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven. Let your purpose, planning and working in life be in harmony with your praying. He that soweth sparingly shall so reap. God loveth a cheerful giver. With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again. We shall always be glad to acknowledge and appropriate as the donor may wish any monies sent for our own or other mission work. During the month Rev. Armstrong and his wife sailed from Halifax to resume their work in India. They will be stationed in Maulmain under the U. S. Board. Let us pray for them, and all who travel and work for Jesus, that they may be cheered by the Divine Presence, and kept and guided by God's own hand of love and power.

BAPTIST MISSIONS AMONG THE TELUGUS OF INDIA.

Every one who longs for the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth must be cheered by the news of His triumphs among the Telugus of India. Other societies are at work among these people, but it is my purpose at present to mention a few facts connected with the work of American and Canadian Baptists. Missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union labored years without seeing much fruit, but during the past fifteen years multitudes have believed and been baptized, and year by year thousands are being gathered in. Canadian Baptists have been in the field only ten years, during which time much pioneer work has been done by the missionaries. Stations have been opened at six important centres, and a theological school has been begun at Samulcotta. And yet God has given us some hundreds of converts, among whom are found men and women full of zeal for the salvation of their fellow-beings. On almost every field one or two devoted workers have been raised up. In some regions the gospel has been preached faithfully again and again, so that it is not unreasonable to look for the coming of hundreds.

Most of our people there have come from the lowest classes of the nation, it is true, and yet God has not failed to show his power over high-caste people also. A few Brahmins and Shudras have been baptized, and very many are studying the Bible and almost persuaded to become Christians. The obstacles in their way are very great. Open confession of their faith in Christ would mean to many men the loss of all relatives and friends, including wife and children. We should constantly remember these secret disciples at the throne of grace.

When we think of the stations already opened, and the two theological seminaries at work; the force of missionaries on the field; the number of devoted preachers and other workers whom God has raised up; and last, but not least, the 25,000 members in our Teluga churches how can we refrain from: thanking God for the past and the present and trusting Him implicitly in the future! Let us unite in beseeching Him to save the Telugu people now, that a nation may be born in a day.

JOHN CRAIG.

A letter from a missionary in India has just reached Baltimore saying that Rev. W. B. Roggs of the American Baptist mission has baptized six hundred and sixteen persons since January 1st, making 914 in eighteen months.

The "Mission Fleet" now includes the "John Williams" in the South Seas; the "Elangowan" and the "Mayri" at New Guinea; the "Good News" and the "Morning Star" of the London Society on Lake Tanganyika; the "Peace" of the Baptist Society on the Congo; the "Day Spring" of the Free Church at New Hebrides; the "Henry Wright" on the south coast of Africa; the "Illala" on Lake Nyassa; the "John Brown" of the Mendi Mission of the Moravians; the "Morning Star" of the American Board in the Pacific Seas; and the "David Williamson" at Old Calabar. This is not a complete list. There remains to be noted, for example, a little steamer provided by the late Mr. Thomas Coats, of Ferguslie, for the African Mission, founded by Alfred Saker.

M. Pointet, a French colporteur, has undertaken a bold work—to take his Bible carriage through intensely Catholic Brittany. Notwithstanding the threats of the priests and attempted boycotting of their underlings he has sold 410 New Testaments and 1,900 illustrated journals and 6,000 Gospels. Half of the New Testaments and Gospels were in Breton, the new translation of which is the work of the missionary, M. Lecoat. M. Pointet challenges the Salvation Army to undertake such work, and not go only to Protestant districts, and to those places where the pastors are more than usually active.

### Sensible Nonsense and Useful Facts.

A Glasgow minister was called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife. "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh! yes, sir; we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, sir; deed, na. We wad na risk him. Do you ken it's a dangerous case o' typhus?"

A would-be wit once said, speaking of the fair sex; "Ah! it's woman's mission to make fools of men." "And how vexed we are," said a bright-eyed feminine present, "to find that nature has so often forestalled us!"

Once seeing two women at "swords' points" and abusing each other from opposite houses, he said. "They will never agree. They are arguing from different premises."

The London *Graphic* says: "A countryman, named William Stickers, flying to London to escape from rural justice, was appalled at reading on a wall: 'Bill Stickers Beware!' He went a little further, but reading again 'Bill Stickers will be punished with the utmost rigor of law,' gave himself up for lost, and surrendered." *Sinners Beware!*

Try to emulate that old lady who had a good word for everybody. "I believe, Grandma, you could find something to say in praise of the Devil," remarked one of her sons. "Well," responded the old lady, adjusting her spectacles, "I think Satan deserves a great deal of credit for his perseverance."

Great Britain, including England proper, Scotland and Wales, contains 56,833,330 acres, embracing, of cultivated land, 34,014,000 acres, land uncultivated and capable of cultivation, 934,000 acres, and land incapable of any cultivation, 13, 885,330 acres.

Our readers will learn with sadness that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is once more laid aside from active work. His attack is attributed by his friends to his having again been preaching away from home. He seems able to do his work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but that fully measures his strength. On this account he has declined to preach at the Autumnal Session.

### BOYS AND GIRLS XMAS GIFTS.

DO YOU WANT a good Jack Knife, Scissors, Work-box, Foot-ball, Tools, Skates, Boys' Sleds, Waggon, or Printing Press.

THEN GO TO WORK and get Subscribers for BUDS AND BLOSSOMS. We will allow you TWENTY-FIVE CENTS OUT OF EVERY DOLLAR, and if you get a LONG LIST give you A BOOK, or larger per centage besides. SEND 6 CENTS IN STAMPS for SPECIMEN AND CIRCULARS, and get a testimonial from your Minister or Teacher.

*A Palace-Prison.* Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.—This is a book of facts stranger than fiction, showing the danger of overworking mentally until nervous prostration enfeebles and unbalances the brain power. It moreover gives a peep behind the scenes of asylum life, too horrible to believe, did not newspaper and other reports from time to time awaken the suspicion that people are sometimes counted mad who, like Paul of old, are not mad, save as a righteous cause provokes.

In several of the countries of England the gentry have moved successfully against the licensing of liquor booths at horse races, and the rumsellers have retaliated by killing off all the foxes, so that the sport of hunting is spoiled.

The story is told by the Rev. Dr. Prime that in Albany, the subject of signing petitions being under remark, a man bet that he could get the signatures of ten highly respected residents to a paper asking Gov. Dix to hang one of the leading clergymen. He won without difficulty, as not one of the signers insisted on reading the document.

# Home Circle.

## The Flower Mission.



P to date, Sept. 17th, 1644 *bunches* of flowers have been circulated at the City Hospital and Poor House this season. More text cards and flowers are needed. But how short the season for active work. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. All flesh is grass. The mower Death is ceaseless in activity. The damned in hell know the worth—*too late*—of gospel privileges.

Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the WORD OF GOD. There are several avenues to the soul. Bunyan speaks of ear-gate, eye-gate, and shows how Mansoul can be reached by men and women who watch for souls as those who must give an account.

Workers who go to the poor-house find a pinch of tea, a little packet of sugar, a helpful comfort—a *pound will make several*. Even an old collar box, etc., will afford a surprising amount of sunshine and gladness; and this work might be continued when the flowers slumber. Should the maternal be sent a monthly visit could be arranged. Papers, magazines, etc., it matters not how old, are eagerly sought by those whose minds, from the very vacancy of their surroundings, are being lulled into a state of semi-idiocy by the continual round of monotony. How dull and insipid must be such a state of existence. They live—what for? to die? Poor, wrecked, shattered, and in many cases specially sinful, specimens of humanity. Verily if poverty is no disgrace it is a thing devoutly to be shunned, and, if possible by industry and forethought, avoided. Do not destroy religious newspapers, tracts, or magazines with healthful stories. Rather see that they are given to those who will read and profit by them. We shall be happy to see to their distribution if sent to us. *post or parcel paid*, to Mizpah Cottage, Kempt Road, Halifax, N. S. Don't forget there is an eye-gate and a taste-gate to the soul. We can sometimes extract a good deal of practical gospel from a dollar—even less. Last week a poor little child in the hospital, a living skeleton, too far gone to look at the offered flowers, asked for an orange with such a grieved, disappointed look that the distributor said. "I am so sorry; what shall I do; I have not got one for her to-day." The writer said, "I am sorry, and we can't get one here." The child heard, and murmured, "Yes, you can." "If I gave you ten cents could the nurse get it for you?" She nodded "yes," and we left the small piece of silver on the faded hand, too feeble to grasp it. This is no fancy picture, but from life.

Flowers have been sent for the mission by Sir W. Young, Mrs. Frazer, Miss Barss, Miss Cramp, Miss Williams, Miss Vaux, and others. Cards from Miss Smith, U. S. Cash collected Mrs. P. Myers, \$1.15; Mrs. Gilbert Peck, \$1.00.

DONATION TO THE BUILDING FUND.—Mrs. Ch. Widden, \$1.50.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—Some one has returned a copy, giving no name or post office, asking us to discontinue sending. We suppose they did so because the

bill was enclosed. We have no objection, if they will only, in returning this copy, give us the name, so that we will strike it off the book. *Notice! Pay arrears and give name in full, if you wish to discontinue.* Our growing list will compel us to be strict in this matter. We expect continued and rapid growth from the cheering words which greet us from time to time. The following from Clinch Mills, Albert Co., dated Sept. 10th, made us glad: "Buds and Blossoms came to hand all right. A perfect gem! I cannot imagine how you manage to have so much religious reading done up in so attractive a form that even the ungodly will read it and hanker for more. It must be the means of a vast amount of good. I will try and get you a few subscribers. Wish you all joy and success in your noble work. Yours, in gospel bonds, C. F. CLINCH."

The following have kindly given 25c. to the free list: Mr. Whitman, Mr. Mosher, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Z. Hubley, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Aaron Hubley and Mr. Street donated \$1.00 each. This is a very practical way of helping us to do good. It costs heavily to send out, as we do, 500 free copies—20,000 pages monthly—here and there, drawing the bow in most cases at a venture. Pray the Lord to speed the arrows. *If you can canvass for us without commission we will be glad.* ANYWAY ACTIVELY CANVASS.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC can be chronicled among our most successful, and to the many friends connected with the congregation and otherwise who patronized and helped us by their presence, we are grateful, and more especially so to our God, who has now for twelve consecutive years given us glorious weather. The safety of the little ones and the zeal of our teachers fills our heart with thankfulness. After paying out nearly ninety dollars for expenses, the school generously voted balance—forty-three dollars, fifty cents—to the Building and Repair fund.

*Your Monster Temptations.* Published by Wm. F. Bischoff, Springfield, Mass., U. S. This is a confidential talk for young men only; and we earnestly advise young men to read and ponder the advice given, and beware of secret as well as open sin, for, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Price 10 cents.

### Olive Branches.

BIRTHS.—Aug. 7th, the wife of Mr. McEwan, a son. Aug. 26th, the wife of C. Langille, of a daughter. Sept. 12th, wife of James Hushman, a daughter. Sept. 23rd, the wife of John Bugoyne, of a daughter.

### Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED.—At Halifax, N. S., Albert H. Hiltz to Jessie Caldwell, both of Halifax, N. S. Sept. 9th, Haliburton J. Ogilvie to Annie B. McCabe, both of Halifax. Sept. 16th, at Mizpah Cottage, Noah Graves to Sarah Cunningham, by J. F. Avery. Sept. 10th, at the residence of the officiating clergyman; Rev. J. G. Switzer, W. A. Chaplin, M. E., to Bessie H., seventh daughter of the late James Hubley, of Halifax, N. S.

### FADED LEAVES.

DIED, Sept. 4th.—The last mail brought us tidings of the departure of Mrs. Avery's own dear mother. Often the hope had been cherished of meeting her once more on earth. But on the 4th, in the seventy-first year of her age, Our Heavenly Father called her home, and they write us, "she sweetly and calmly passed away, content to meet in the glory land where there shall be no sea to separate." It is hastening on for twelve years since we left England, and this is the first family tie severed by death.

# BLIND DICK AND HIS TEXT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"One little girl c'ten sits alongside and listens."

"**B**EEEN blind long, friend?"  
"Nigh 'pon five-and-thirty year, sir."  
"How did it happen?"

"Well, sir, 'tis rather a longish bit of a story, but if yer don't mind settin' down alongside o' me, I don't mind tellin' yer all about it. Five-and-thirty eventful years they've bin to me, sir, in more ways than one; and it's my opinion, sir, if yer was to go and read it in a book you'd be a bit interested. I've heerd worsor stories nor mine in books, I have. It come'd all on a suddent, sir. I was a bit of a chap, 'bout

ten year old or thereabouts when it come'd. I used to work down in a mine a-pushin' the little trucks up and down the tramways, and werry hard it was; I don't forget it yet, nor never shall. Well, sir, I was a-pushin' a truck along one mornin', a-whistlin', all serene like, when bang went a charge right close to me! They was blastin', sir, and didn't give no signal. I never see'd arter that, sir. Folks was werry kind, and did what they could for me, but they couldn't give me back my sight. Two or three doctors had a look at my eyes, but they didn't do nothin'. I felt as they were shakin' their 'eds like all the while,

for I didn't have no hopes of nothin' bein' done for 'em. Then I grow'd up, sir, and had to feel about for somethin' to do; for I wasn't a chap as cared to sponge 'pon folks when I'd got my strength and my health.

"But there ain't much a blind chap can do, as I werry soon finds out. Hemployers wants chaps with eyes in their 'eds, they do. One mornin' when I was all down in the mouth, and a-wonderin' what in the world was to become o' me, the Scriptor-reader comes along, and says he, all cheery-like (for he was a werry nice sort o' a man, he was), 'Well, Dick, my boy, what are ye arter now?'

"'Mr. Wicks,' says I, 'I'm a-thinkin'.'

"'I hopes as they're werry nice and comfortable thoughts as you've got, Dick, my lad,' says he.

"'They ain't,' says I; and I ups and tells him all my troubles. Then he lays his hand 'pon my shoulder and says, all solemn like, 'We'll tell the Lord about it, Dick'; and such a prayer he offers up as I never heerd before—never; a prayer that the good Lord who opened men's eyes as was shut when He was 'pon earth would help this 'ere poor chap as had his eyes shut, and give him somethink as he could get a livin' by. Do you know, sir, I felt in my bones as some-think 'ud come o' that there prayer; and sure 'nuff it com'd.

"'Dick, my boy, I've got it,' said Mr. Wicks one evenin' when I was a-settin' in my little room (I saves a deal in candles, sir, for a blind man don't want no lights, o' course).

"'You have?' says I. 'It's come pretty quick, ain't it?'

"'Right you are,' says he. 'The Lord do send pretty quick sometimes. All depends how soon it's wanted.'

"Well, sir, this was what he'd got to tell me. He found it out as he lay in his bed the night afore, and couldn't sleep. 'Why shouldn't you learn to read the Bible,' says he, 'and do summat that's good as well as aim your livin'?'

"'Why shouldn't I?' says I, as pleased as may be; 'I thinks as your plan is a werry good one, Mr. Wicks.'

"So I begins to learn to read with my fingers, sir, and keeps at it hard like till I could spell out a good many Bible verses. Wasn't I proud when I managed to read wi' my fingers a verse out o' the Bible; and didn't I think o' what the verse meant; and didn't it do me good! It did that.

"Well, sir, I've seen a goodish deal o' life since then. I've knocked about pretty much wi' my wife Betsy, and I've had some ups and downs. But here I am wi' my old Bible a-readin' away as hard as ever. Some folks say as I don't do no good by this 'ere readin' o' mine. But I know better; and if they'd only stop and have a chat wi' me I could tell 'em a fact or two worth hearin', I could.

"Why, bless your heart, sir, I gets all sorts o' audiences, I do. 'Tis quite curious like to watch 'em

—for though I ain't got no eyes, I can watch 'em for all that. There's one little girl as often sits down alongside and listens. She ain't got a good mother, I fancy. 'I wants somethink about little children,' is what she's allers a-askin'. And when I reads her some texts, such as 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' she puts her little light hand on my rough coat, and says, 'Thank you, blind man, that'll do werry nice,' and goes dancing away all happy like as if I'd made her a present.

"I remember one cold day I was a-readin' about the serpent in the wilderness, and how the blessed Lord got lifted up, when I hears a sigh just alongside o' me. 'Oh!' thinks I, 'I'll read that over again. Somebody 'ud like to hear that there verse over once more, I knows.' So I read it. And would you believe, sir, no less'n four times rummin' did that there person want that werry verse!

"'I'm sorry to trouble you, blind man,' says she, 'but that's the werry worse I wants.'

"Why, sir, there's some on 'em that comes quite reg'lar like, and wants their bit o' readin' done for 'em, 'cos they can't read themselves. They give me, some on 'em a penny, some on 'em a ha'penny for readin' for 'em. Sometimes they can't afford nothin', and I reads to 'em for nothin'.

"Perhaps, sir, you never heerd tell o' that young woman who was prevented from drownin' herself by this 'ere book o' mine. She had bin badly treated by some willin', and was that miserable that she couldn't a-bear to live any longer. And so the devil said, 'Drown yerself.' So she got on this seat where you and me's settin', and was a-goin' to throw herself into the river, when somethink as I was a-readin' of struck her 'ention. I was readin' 'The wages o' sin is death' at the time. She felt she couldn't drown herself arter that—'twas too solemn. So, slippin' down to the seat, she began to cry and sob away awful, and told me all about it, and how I'd saved her from goin' down straight to hell. I often think of that, and when I feels anybody a-settin' down on this 'ere seat I reads away that werry text over and over again, 'The wages o' sin is death.'

"Some days, though, I don't get no hearers worth speakin' about. Folks is all in a hurry, and don't come to hear no Bible. And sometimes I get some remarks as ain't kind or nice.

"'Shut up, you old chap,' I've heerd more'n two or three say when I've bin readin' about sin and hell. It frightened 'em, I expect. But I keeps on, for may be it 'll do scum on 'em good to know what sort o' wages the devil gives.

"I ain't rich myself, you know, sir, but my book's good. And, please God, afore I die I hopes to do some more good yet. Old Blind Dick can't do much, but he can do somethink.

"Thankee, sir, for settin' down alongside o' the old blind man. I thought you'd be glad to hear my story (Good arternoon, sir, good arternoon, and thankee."

Rev. Charles Courtenay.

SOMETHING BETWEEN.

**I** WAS asked to call upon a woman apparently dying, and granting the request, I went to her. I found her lying, worn from the rapidly advancing disease of consumption, weak in body, but perfectly clear in mind, and yet not happy. There seemed little hopes of her recovery, and she had been brought face to face with the fact that death, which must come some day, might come very soon.

Ah, how little some people realise this! Day after day they live on, and act as if this fleeting life were to last for ever, and there were no endless eternity lying, beyond it—an eternity which all must spend somewhere; an eternity which this life is an opportunity to prepare for; an eternity that death will launch them into. And yet they dismiss the thought, and if they think of it at all, they console themselves with the idea of repenting and turning to their Saviour at the last.

But this time may never come. Death may come suddenly; and ah! what will it be if it find them unready, unprepared?

This woman of whom I write was unhappy. She was a respectable person, who, as far as I could gather, had lived an honest, seemingly life—happy in her relations with her husband, of patient disposition, and most grateful for all done for her during her illness. She knew death might come soon, and as she looked at me she said how unready she felt to meet it, “for there does seem something between me and God.”

What that something was, I tried to explain, was sin; and at first she did not seem to understand how that could be. She said she “hadn’t been reckless like some,” and altogether Satan was trying very successfully to blind her eyes to the fact that, “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” However, I tried to teach her, and by the help of the Holy Spirit, who was drawing the veil from her eyes, and gradually showing her herself, she at last saw that she had in many ways broken God’s laws. Little sins, big faults, habits of sin indulged in, all came to her mind. And not only that, but she remembered how often the Holy Spirit had striven with her, by suggesting good thoughts, by prompting her to a new life, by seeking to win her to Jesus, and she had always resisted Him, always put Him off.

But now it was different. The Holy Spirit was speaking to her, and now the language of her heart was, “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.” And the gentle voice of the Comforter led her on and on, even to the cross of her Saviour. There she brought her sins, confessing to Him that she had indeed sinned against Him, neglected His commands, been careless of His love. She told Him all about it, and from her heart rose a very real and earnest prayer for forgiveness. She knew that she could not hope for heaven with one unforgiven sin staining her soul; she knew that sin must be washed away ere she could enter

into His presence, and she had also learnt how that was done.

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee:  
O Lamb of God, I come!”

And she came to Him to find pardon and peace. His promise remains sure and true, for it is the promise of One who is Himself the truth. “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

Yes, those words are true, and they were for her. Just as Jesus Christ would have died had there been only one soul to be saved, just as His death was for her individually, so His promise was her own, a royal gift from the King who is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

He pardoned her sins, and washed them all away; and never can I forget her thankful words when she said, “Now the load is gone.”

Yes, it was gone! The load and burden of sin laid at the foot of the cross of Jesus.

Friends, have any of you felt that there is “something between” you and God?

Is it unforgiven sin? Then take it to Him who alone can forgive it, bring that sin-stained heart to the fountain filled with the precious blood of a loving Saviour, and find there, as my friend did, pardon and peace.


Will you not? Another time will not do. It must be now. For if death comes and finds you with all your sins unforgiven, then indeed there will be “something between” you and God,—a something that will remain, not for a day, or a month, or a year, but for ever.

“He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.”

Yes, and the time was allowed to slip. He was there, and you refused to let Him pardon and cleanse you. And then the gate will be shut, and from the face of God your sins will have shut you away to all eternity!

L. E. D.

ENFORCING THE TEXT.

NE of John Wesley’s associates, named Samuel Bradburn, was much esteemed as a good preacher and an excellent man. At a time when he was in straitened circumstances, Mr. Wesley sent him a five-pound note, with the following letter:—

“DEAR SAMMY,—Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.  
Yours affectionately,  
JOHN WESLEY.”

The reply was equally happy:—

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before.

“I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,  
S. BRADBURN.”



THE SURE PILOT.

**A** ROUGH sea was breaking on a rocky northern coast as a little vessel came sailing past on her way to the port, which lay behind the next headland. Dark and rugged frowned the tall cliffs of the mainland, and many a sharp, detached rock stood out in the ship's course. Daylight was fading fast, and the channel was narrow and dangerous. The thunder of the surge and the howling of the wind seemed to threaten a stormy night; but those on board felt no fear, for now they were nearing their port, and though they were skirting a perilous coast, they had confidence in their skipper, who had made the voyage many times before, and knew every head of the cliffs and every treacherous rock.

There were women and little children on board *The Seamen*; but their voices were glad, and their

occurrence. Donald McCree, smitten with sudden illness, had fallen senseless beside the wheel. The vessel, left uncontrolled, was at the mercy of the wind and waves. Had the course of the ship remained as it was for a minute longer, it must have been wrecked; but a strong young sailor, with rare presence of mind, sprang to the wheel, and, by a desperate effort, pulled the helm over and steered the vessel into deep water again.

It had been an awful crisis; but the danger was past. All shuddered at the thought of the peril they had so narrowly escaped. The women broke into hysterical sobs, and the men stood silent and awed, till some one thought of poor old Donald, and went to his assistance. They carried him to the cabin with tenderest care, and gentle hands bathed his brow and chafed his benumbed limbs. He was not to blame for the stroke which had laid him helpless at his post.

God's hand had dealt it, and it was God who delivered them from their consequent peril. Surely every heart gave reverent thanks to the Father in heaven that night!

No one needs to be told that certain destruction awaits the vessel that drifts pilotless on a stormy, rock-bound sea. And yet how many suffer themselves to drift thus helplessly across the ocean of life. The voyage on which they have embarked is no easy one. It has its storms and perils; there are sunken rocks and treacherous shoals in the course, and many a narrow and intricate strait. Yet they take no pains to secure a safe and peaceful passage. They hope to reach at last their desired haven, though they have no consciousness that a sure hand is guiding their course and steering them safely through the rough billows. Yet, could they know their actual state, they would see that, without faith in God, human life is like the course of an abandoned vessel, sweeping hopelessly onward, at the mercy of wind and waves.

But the man who knows God as his Father in Jesus Christ can say, as the child did, who at sea in a storm replied, when asked why he had no fear, "My Father is at the helm." Guided by His hand, whatever storms and buffetings we may have to encounter, our course is sure. Be our life's voyage long or short, it shall bring us at last to our Father's home.

*Edmonton Theologian.*

GOLD DUST.

- Refresh your memory with good things daily.
- Follow the Lord and the directions of His Word, wherever they may lead you.
- If you follow the Lord, and keep His company, He will bear you rexpenses: if you run before Him, or go alone, He may leave you to <sup>be</sup> your own.
- Contention is contagious; it spreads almost insensibly.



hearts free from fear, for were they not close to home? And when yonder point was rounded, were they not sure to see familiar forms on the look-out for them? What harm could the angry sea and bleak rocks do them when Donald McCree was at the helm?—Donald, the steadiest, most trustworthy pilot that ever took charge of a vessel. So the men and women laughed and joked, and sang their sea-ballads without a thought of fear.

But suddenly the vessel gave a strange lurch to the leeward. A cry of amazement and terror broke from those on board. The vessel's head was set for the rocks. Had the helmsman gone mad, that he was steering them to certain death?

Another instant revealed the meaning of the terrible



**GOLD PILLS.**

HAVING heard of the illness of one of my old friends, I lost no time in paying him a visit. He had no medical attendant; but as I had frequently prescribed for others, I voluntarily undertook his case, and promised to do the best I could to restore him to health.

On making a most careful examination, I found no organic disease, and soon was satisfied that his illness was caused by great mental depression, which was acting most injuriously on his physical frame.

It is a maxim in philosophy, and particularly in medicine, "Remove the cause, and the effect will cease." The patient under my care had a wife and seven children, all dependent on his exertions for their support. His business had fallen away of late, and he had consequently been reduced in circumstances, and at the present crisis was in pecuniary straits.

In this case money was the best medicine which human skill and power could provide, and yet my patient was one of peculiar temperament, and the utmost delicacy was required to avoid inflicting a wound on his highly sensitive mind. I prayed with him, and I tried to direct his thoughts to the God whose grace in the gift of Christ guaranteed "that with Him He will freely give us all things."

On leaving, I promised to send him some pills. The next day I sent by a confidential servant a pill-box, containing from a charitable fund at my disposal

five sovereigns, with these directions: "Take much exercise in the atmosphere of devotion, avoid the world, keep much in the company of Christ, feed on His rich consolations, take the accompanying pills, use them discreetly, and praise and trust 'the Great Physician.'"

The "pills," by the blessing of God, were effective. The distress of the patient was relieved, the gloom of his mind from that time cleared away, the cheerfulness of his countenance returned, and his gratitude was expressed in the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—The kind and liberal donation of yesterday has imposed on me a task which I feel totally unable to perform—to express the thankfulness I feel. At the same time I think it would be the height of ingratitude to let pass by in silence an act of liberality which commends itself to my heart, whether I consider the amount of the gift, the seasonableness of it, or the manner in which it was bestowed.

"Allow me, sir, to say it has relieved my mind from much anxiety, while it has burdened it with gratitude. The prescription has been received with humility, and shall be attended to with diligence and discretion.

"That the Redeemer may bless and prosper you in your arduous but glorious work, shall be the constant prayer of your obliged and grateful friend,

"T. B."

Very often the pious and affectionate pastor is obliged to hear tales of woe from the afflicted and

industrious poor, and to feel his own heart oppressed with the sorrows which he pities but cannot relieve. His income is inadequate amply to supply his own wants, and to relieve the necessities of those who give him their confidence. Let the rich consider this. Those who personally labour and visit among the poor are brought into contact with the proper objects of Christian charity and beneficence. Pious ministers are not always very judicious almoners; but they cannot go far wrong if they dispense their charity after due inquiry, and if they render an account to the generous laymen whose bounty they dispense.

### THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

**T**HE very best sewing-machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary.

It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket-handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it would do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigour than ever.

Of course, sewing-machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is to hand—the sewing-machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing-machines in the house.

### THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.

- Conceit is the high road to shame.
- God's work must be done in a good spirit, and according to the rule of God's Word.
- Our gracious God always consults the well-being of His children in all His dealings with them.
- Those have generally most need to fear, who think they have no need to fear.
- Vain confidence is the forerunner of shame.
- The Lord may lead you round, but He will lead you right.
- Keep a good conscience, let it cost you what it may.

### A GOOD WORK.

**T**HERE was a district in Manchester known as "Little Ireland," inhabited chiefly by Irish Roman Catholics. A town missionary had long endeavoured to gain access to them for the purpose of reading the Bible and distributing tracts; but they sternly resisted all his efforts, and at length drove him from the district. Two young men, George Bellhouse and James Charlton, hearing of this, nothing daunted by his failure, determined to try that very district themselves. Nor did they try it in vain; for whether owing to their youthful appearance, or to their bland and gentle manners, certain it is that, after much prayer and repeated visits, they found the hearts of the rough Irish people surprisingly softened towards them, and that, instead of angry resistance, they were welcomed to the cottages, and allowed to leave their tracts everywhere. They had not, however, been long at their work, when a railway was pushed right through the district, its terminus covering the whole of "Little Ireland," and scattering the people in other directions.

They were not disposed, however, to abandon all attempt to do good because "Little Ireland" was broken up, so they at once set about seeking some other sphere of labour; and they soon found one of the lowest and most degraded parts of the city. Charter Street was the centre of a wretched neighbourhood, inhabited by the worst classes of society of both sexes—the very seam of the gaol deliveries; and it was among these miserable outcasts that these zealous and courageous youths resolved to seek by their unaided efforts an entrance for the Gospel.

After going among the people for a little while, they found a cellar which the poor inmates were willing, for a trifling consideration, to let them use for a Sunday evening service. Their resources did not permit of their buying hymn-books, so they wrote out hymns on slips of paper every week, and distributed them among such of the people as could read; and by the glimmering light of a candle or two, these youths carried on a religious service in this dismal cellar, which soon became crowded to overflowing by poor creatures who had probably hardly ever before spent a Sunday evening in any other way than in idleness, debauchery, and riot.

It was thought desirable to ascertain the facts, and with this view a valued friend, one dark Sunday evening, placed himself in a position close to the cellar where, without being seen by the young men, he could hear and observe all that passed within.

Deeply was he affected by witnessing the quiet order and earnest attention of the poor people, while one of the young men addressed them in the most simple and engaging manner on the things belonging to their peace. As he left his hiding-place at the close of the service, and walked down the street, he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning round, found two men following him.

They immediately said, "Don't be afraid, sir; we saw you leave the place where you had been standing, and we followed you because it is not safe for any gentleman to come along here alone; you would very likely be hustled and robbed, so we thought we would see you safe out of the place."

"I thank you very much for your kindness," he replied; "but who are you? Do you know the young men who have been holding the service?"

"Ah, that indeed we do, and never can we be thankful enough that they ever came among us. We were like the people we were speaking of; but it is different now, and so it is with many more besides. Some who have been many times in the New Bailey, and were always drunk when they were out, have left off all these things now, and are here every Sunday night, as we are, and at the Temperance Meeting in the week. Ah, it is a change with many of us!"

"But is it safe for the young men always?"

"Safe! Why, there are plenty of bad ones all about the neighbourhood still; but they all know these young men, and no one would think of doing them any harm; they wouldn't dare do it, if they wished it."

*Rec. J. Griffin.*

### YOUR BROTHER DOWN THERE.

**A** WHILE ago, some navvies were digging a deep drain in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park, in the east of London. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course there was a great deal of excitement; and standing by the brink was a man looking with great earnestness on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there!"

You should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Our brother is down there! among the poor, the degraded, and the lost.

### THE PRAISE MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.

**T**HE Flowers of many climates,  
That bloom all seasons through,  
Met in a stately garden,  
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship,  
The Lord they came to meet:—  
Her box of precious ointment  
The Rose broke at His feet.

The Passion-Flower His symbols  
Wore fondly on her breast;  
She spoke of self-denial  
As what might please Him best.

The Morning-Glories, fragile,  
Like infants soon to go,  
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,  
And praised the Master so.

"His Work is like to honey,"  
The Clover testified;  
"And all who trust Thy promise  
Shall in Thy love abide."

The Lilies said, "Oh, trust Him;  
We neither toil nor spin,  
And yet His house of beauty  
See how we enter in!"

The King-Cup and her kindred  
Said, "Let us all be glad  
For warm and genial sunshine;  
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"  
The Star of Bethlehem said;  
And all the band of Flowers  
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,  
And little Daisies bright,  
And all the cousin Asters,  
"We follow toward the light!"

"We praise Him for the mountains,"  
The Alpine Roses cried;  
"We bless Him for the valleys,"  
The Violets replied.

"We praise Him," said the Air-Plant,  
"For breath we never lack!"  
"And for the rocks we praise Him,"  
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"  
The grey Sea-Mosses sighed:  
And all His baptised Lilies  
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And for the cool, green woodlands  
We praise and thanks return,"  
Said Kalmias and Azaleas,  
And graceful feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens,  
And all the gardener thinks,"  
Said Roses and Camellias,  
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosannah in the highest,"  
The Baby-Bluets sang;  
And little trembling Harebells  
With softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter,  
But sunshine follows storm;  
Thanks for His loving-kindness,  
The earth's great heart is warm."



So said the pilgrim Mayflower,  
That cometh after snow ;  
The humblest and the sweetest  
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather,  
The sunshine and the wet,"  
Spake out the cheering Pansies  
And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,  
The heavens were all aglow ;  
The little Morning-Glories  
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day-Lilies  
Their love-watch ceased to keep ;  
"He giveth," said the Poppies,  
"To His beloved sleep."

The grey of evening deepened,  
The soft wind stirred the corn ;  
When sudden in the garden  
Another flower was born :

It was the Evening Primrose ;  
Her sisters followed fast ;  
With perfumed lips they whispered,  
"Thank God for night at last."

# I CANNOT WORK ON SUNDAY!

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**F**RANK EDWARDS, a young married man, employed as a workman in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

A good workman, he had constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in the town where they lived more pleasant than that of this young pious mechanic.

In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble. One day a good order came, and all hands were set to execute it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. On Saturday evening the overseer said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him under all circumstances to refrain from labour on the Lord's day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, but our order must be executed."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Lord's day?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? You know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration."

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough, no price high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker."

"I am not here to defend the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I cannot hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep His commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you will step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave our establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he gathered up his tools and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly, while handing him his wages:—"Mr. Edwards, had you not better reconsider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labour on Sunday."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed. I will not work on Sundays if I have to starve."

"Very well, sir," was the answer of the overseer, who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh as the thought flitted across his mind that possibly he might soon lose his home comforts. But that sigh was momentary. He remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged."

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? Oh, what will become of us! Tell me why you are discharged."

"Be calm, Mary; God will provide. I left the shop because I would not break the Lord's day. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far. But although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that

evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet; and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit than when he sank to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severe test. All his friends condemned him. "It was well," they said, "to honour the Lord's day; but a man like Frank Edwards ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the workhouse."

This was cowardly language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irresolute, sight-walking disciples. Frank met them on all sides, and felt himself without sympathy. A few noble-hearted Christians, however, encouraged him.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other companies refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face. Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture, went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one small garret held the little afflicted family and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God? No! he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness. All would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and, pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light-gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him! that sorrowful mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favouring breeze, and with a soul full of hope Frank looked toward the Western world. A short pleasant passage brought them to one of the Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found out that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival saw him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to the charming little parlour, "is it not the best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and resisteth not the proud. Surely he shall not be moved for ever."

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for labour on the Lord's day was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, Mr. Edwards, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards. You must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on Sunday. I will not do it here."

Monday came, and the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman inquired for him. "I wish you to take charge of my establishment. Will you?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will. If they do not, I have no wish to leave them."

"That is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honour you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trial, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the place he was to leave. God had kept His promise.

### GOD KNOWS.

"Thou art acquainted with all my ways." God knows all about our past ways, and He will either pardon or punish our sins, whilst He will also richly reward His loving and faithful servants. He sees what evils we are exposed to, and He can effectually interpose for our deliverance.

In the days of persecution in this country, whilst a good minister was visiting from home, his wife was strangely impressed that he was in danger; so she sent him a hasty message, "If you want to see me alive, come home at once."

Thinking she must be very ill or dying, he started immediately on his return journey; but when he had got a little distance from the house he had left, on looking back, he saw it surrounded by his enemies, who had gone to take him.

Did not God, who knew the danger, influence his wife to send the message which was the means of his deliverance? And when God sees danger or evil in our way, He can and will interpose for our safety, in one way or another, if we trust in, love, and serve Him. Then God sees which is the best way of life for us to pursue, and He will guide us continually and infallibly, if in all our ways we acknowledge Him.

When a missionary told some heathen people about God's omniscience, they said, "We do not want a God so sharp-sighted." But the fact that God knows all things is an inexpressible comfort to the good.

### GOD'S WAYS NOT OUR WAYS.

COLONEL THORNTON was a venerable Indian officer. He was more than threescore and ten; he had seen much active service, and many a time had his "head been covered in the day of battle." Grey-haired, and with a slight limp in his walk, in consequence of a gun-shot wound, from which he had never thoroughly recovered, his mild gentle eye told more of nursery prattlings than of scenes of conflict.

Every one knew him, and I do not think there was one who did not like him. When he walked out at noon, the children rushing from school would make a noisy group around him, catch hold of his hands, his thick walking-stick, or his faded military cloak. A "big" boy would now and then curiously examine his stick, and try to draw a sword out of it; while a "small" boy, with a more peaceful and innocent instinct, would say, "He never killed anybody, I am sure."

It was a sight to see the old colonel amongst his tumultuous gathering of little inquisitors. He would allow them to do what they liked; he would answer all their questions; tell them a story, looking down upon them meanwhile with a loving smile, as if they revived a beautiful and long-forgotten dream.

Few knew, however, the many bitternesses through which he had passed in his journey towards threescore years and ten. More than an ordinary amount of sorrow had been his portion; but, instead of souring, it had mellowed and sanctified his spirit. His history, which came out in many Monday morning conversations, was as follows.

He never knew his mother. To the day of his death he wore a small locket, in which there was a miniature of her and a piece of her glossy black hair; and sometimes, in a meditative mood, he would take it out of his breast, and say quietly, "I shall know her hereafter, sir; I shall know her hereafter."

His father was a gentleman of great wealth, and of greater goodness, and if he had one aim dearer to him than another, it was to see his only child growing up in the fear of God. While he procured the best masters for him, he made his religious training his own special work. His son Alfred's mind, however, was insensible to the kindest parental influences; and it was with the deepest grief that his father saw that while he was distinguished at school and college by gifts of no common order, his heart showed no signs of yielding to the power of Divine truth.

The first great trial was the loss of his good father. The young officer had received his commission, and was about to join his regiment, when he was summoned to attend his father's death-bed.



The son, stricken with grief, knelt down and kissed his father's hand, as with tears the dying man commended his only boy to Him who could save him from the temptations incident to his profession, and make him truly happy and holy.

Some weeks after the funeral, Alfred Thornton, with a saddened spirit, betook himself to his military duties. His special danger resulted from a sceptical turn of mind, and the books and society in which he took the greatest delight were of an infidel character. There was a kind of club formed, in which the wildest opinions were current; and it was with grief that many pious officers saw the mischief these young men were doing in the regiment. Alfred Thornton was one of the boldest "freethinkers" among them, and by common consent he was regarded as their leader.

His regiment had been ordered abroad for three years, at the end of which time it was arranged that he should return to England for his marriage with Frances Arnold, a young lady of considerable personal attractions, but as devoid of piety as himself. During his absence—the last year of it—a great change had taken place in her. She, who had been the delight and pride of fashionable parties, under the influence of a faithful minister's sermon, who happened one Sunday to preach in the church she attended, became convinced of her need of salvation. She felt that there was something higher and better in life than the mere butterfly splendours of fashion and the world. These convictions deepened in intensity as she lay on a sick-bed, from which, alas, she was destined never to rise. She sought and obtained mercy through the merits of Christ, and while Alfred was speeding back to England to claim his affianced bride, she was calmly desiring to depart to be with Christ.

The last solemn event which the young officer had witnessed upon leaving England was the death of his father; and now the first thing that met him on his return was the fading away of one whom in a few weeks he had expected would have been his wife.

After a few days, Frances said to him quietly, "Do not be angry, Alfred, but I could not have married you, even if I had remained as blithe and

well as when we first plighted our troth to each other."

"Why not?" he asked, in the greatest surprise.

"My mind has undergone a great change—the great change, thank God!" she added emphatically.

"What do you mean, Frances?"

"I have a faith in Christ which you would think it weakness to exercise; I have a hope of a heaven in which you cannot believe. Our tastes, aims, and aspirations would be utterly different; we should never be happy; besides it would be *wrong* of me."

Alfred Thornton's astonishment at these words can be more readily imagined than described; but, out of pity to the dying girl, he kept his sceptical opinions

secret and made no reply. Not many days had he to watch the dying couch. Calmly as dies a wave upon the shore, the soul of Frances Arnold passed away. On her last day upon earth she faintly whispered, "Dear Alfred, there is very sad news in store; I have begged them to keep it secret from you till I am gone. Will you grant me a last request?"

"Yes!" Poor fellow! her request should at once be granted.

"In this book," she said, taking her own Bible from beneath her pillow, "I have found the greatest comfort. Accept it, keep it for my sake; read it for your own!" In the evening of the day on which these words were uttered, her spirit was amongst the redeemed in glory, who had washed their robes and made

them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The sad news to which the dying girl had referred proved disastrous enough, although it did not affect him so deeply as her death. Through the failure of a bank in which by far the greatest amount of his property had been invested, he was, comparatively speaking, a poor man. He had come home to enjoy a handsome fortune, hoping with it to enter upon a course of perfect happiness. Now both were lost. He got what he could out of the wreck, and then immediately took his departure for India. He read the book which had been placed in his hands under such solemn circumstances with new eyes and with a softened heart; and it proved a journey from death unto life. He joined his regiment an altered man, and boldly



contended for the faith which he at one time endeavoured to destroy.

"Ah, sir!" the venerable officer used to say, "how true is the promise, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter!' I *now* know what I did not know when I lost my father, my wife that was to be, and nearly all my property. I know that it was in righteousness, and in mercy too, that the gracious Lord afflicted me. By ways that I knew not, He brought me to the knowledge and love of Himself through the merits of His dear Son."

*I WISH IT WAS ALL OVER.*

A poor widow with whom I was conversing lately, said to me: "I know that I ought to become a Christian, and I fully intend to become one; but oh! how I wish it was all over."

I said to her, "My friend, suppose that you came into a dining room very hungry, and when invited to sit down to a loaded table would you say, 'I feel half starved, but I wish I was well over the business of eating this dinner?' The Lord Jesus has spread for you the simplest provisions of His grace, and said, 'Come, for all things are now ready.'"

Another delusion which rocks thousands into a perilous slumber is, that they will yet have abundant chances to secure heaven. "I need be in no hurry; time enough yet," they say. This is the will-o'-the-wisp which is leading multitudes on farther and deeper into the morass of impenitence.

The mighty bell which God rings over our heads sounds out only the single note "*Now*" is the day of salvation; but against God's imperative "*Now*" thousands close their ears, and allow the devil to whisper into them his delusive "*To-morrow*."

Another delusion is, "I am trying to do the best I can"; and these very words come from those who refuse to do anything for Christ, or to let Him do anything for them.

Still another pretext is, "I do not feel, and how can I be saved without feeling?" If by the word "feel" he means thinking, he is right, for thought is indispensable. But if he means acute distress, he is denying Christ point-blank, for the Saviour never said that feeling is the essential thing. To accept and obey Christ is vital; but these are acts of the conscience and the will, and not matters of emotion. *Dr. Cuyler.*

*THE BELIEVER'S SALVATION.*

READ PSALM XCI.

A GREAT man once said: "The whole of this psalm has been fulfilled in my experience, except the last clause of the last verse; and that will be fulfilled, I am fully persuaded, within an

hour." Now what is that verse? "With long life will I satisfy him, and show Him My salvation." The former part had been fulfilled, for he died at the age of ninety-five. He had lived long enough, I should suppose, to have seen all that was worth seeing, to hear all that was worth hearing, and to enjoy all that was to be enjoyed; and he must surely have known the vanity of all things here below. But what is meant by the last clause which yet remained to be accomplished?

"And show him My salvation." This is future. How can that be? The believer is saved now; that is, he is in a state of salvation, in a state of safety—

More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

But the believer's salvation will be more fully shown when Christ shall say to all His redeemed, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But only think of this good man's saying,—that he was fully persuaded that this would be accomplished within an hour! Oh, what a solemn thought! How would many of you feel if you knew that you were but one



hour out of eternity!—but one hour from a world of spirits!—that in one hour you would be in the presence of your Redeemer, beyond the reach of every care!

There is but a step between me and death! Perhaps there is but a step between you and—hell! But oh, what an overwhelming thought, if there is but a step between you and heaven! I remember good Ambrose sitting in his chair; feeling the pains of death coming over him, he raised his eyes, and exclaimed: “Come, good angels, and do your office, and gently waft me into Abraham’s bosom.” But, you will say, what has all this to do with the subject? Why, it is a part of the loaf that I wish to divide among you; and I do not think it much signifies where I begin to cut first.

Now,—“I will set him on high because he hath known My name.” The name of the Lord is often put for the Lord Himself. Many texts might be brought forward to prove this. I will mention only one, “The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.” Not into a word, but into Jehovah Himself. Now, what is it to know the Lord? People sometimes speak of head-knowledge. But it is a singular expression; as if there were such a thing as arm-knowledge or leg-knowledge. Where should knowledge be but in the head?

And yet at the same time, it is very expressive, as marking the difference between a mere speculative knowledge of the great truths of Christianity, and that knowledge and conviction of the heart which is here implied. Ah! what pleasure does it give you to say, “I know such and such a distinguished person.” What an honour would you feel it to be able to say, “I know the king, and am intimate with him.” Or, if he were living, to be able to say, “I know Milton, and am intimate with him.” But the Christian can say far more: “I know the Lord, the King of kings, and am intimate with Him. He is my Father and my Friend.”

Now, what is meant by this promise, “I will set him on high?” Is not Christ risen from the dead? Has He not ascended above the skies? And are not all His believing followers ascended with Him? Is not this to ascend on high? Cannot the believer look forward to heaven as his inheritance, his kingdom, his everlasting portion? Call you not this high? The king is the highest civil officer, the priest the highest ecclesiastical; and God will make all His people kings and priests unto Himself, and their kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom, and their priesthood one that endureth for ever.

But notice not only the promise, but the Agent by whom it is performed, that is, God Himself. There are many kinds of promises. There are the devil’s promises; they are false and deluding. Oh, beware of them! There are the world’s promises; they seem all bright and fair; but what are they? Only vanity; yea, lighter than vanity itself. Then there are men’s promises. Oh, trust not in them, for they are uncertain

—often deceptive. But there are God’s promises. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Lean on them, trust in them, and you shall never be disappointed.

“Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith,  
To embrace the message of His Son  
And call the joys of heaven our own.”

## THE THIRST OF THE SOUL.



EVERY one knows what it is to be thirsty. How uneasy we feel! If it be long continued, how great the distress it causes! The lips are parched, the throat is dry; we cannot work or play or do anything well while thirst is strong upon us. Yet we know little about it, as those do who live in some other lands. There the heat of the sun is great; often no water can be found; those who journey wander to and fro in search of it. If none be had the thirst grows fierce, the strength of the strongest goes, and even life itself must perish.

The Bible tells of a little boy who was once thus perishing for want of water. He had wandered with his mother far into the wilderness, their water was spent, and she had laid him down under a shrub to die. What was the boy’s name? and the mother’s? Who came to their help? How was the trouble put away?

There is another kind of thirst than this. An eager wish and longing for anything we have not got is like thirst. We all wish for something or other at times. And with some this wish is strong as a raging thirst. Often, too, it is a wish for what is not good, or the wish for what is right may become hurtful. Some are eager for pleasure, or honour, or power, or riches, or to be thought highly of. The thirst for these things is so strong in some, that they care not always how they are got, and so harm and “hurtful snares” may come to themselves and to others.

But we may thirst for what is better than any of these things—for happiness and peace, and quiet rest of heart. Where can these be got? How shall that thirst be satisfied? The verse, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink,” answers these questions. It is Jesus who says this. What does it mean? How can a soul be at peace? Will riches bring it? No: many who are rich have it not. Will health, or honour, or power, or pleasure bring it? Not always, for often there is no peace when these abound. What, then, brings peace? Only the favour and love of God. What keeps that away? It is sin. How can sin be got rid of? Jesus only can do this. Do you wish peace? Do you thirst for safety, and comfort, and happiness now and for ever? Hear the voice of Jesus still saying, “Come unto Me, and drink.”

## A STORY OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

**I**n the Scriptures the obligations resting on the followers of Christ to consecrate themselves, and whatever talents are entrusted to them, to the Master's service, are enforced by a great variety of arguments and motives. The leading ones are such as these: "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are His." "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

The following touching incident of the kindness of the poor to one another is taken from the interesting book "Memoirs of the Past," by the Rev. James Griffin.

"Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.'" When the people are habitually under the influence of such solemn and weighty Scriptural teachings, they need but little exhortation to prompt them to deeds of liberality. Their benevolence will be spontaneous and unostentatious. Many a hidden stream will be flowing forth in various directions. Many a mite will be cast into the treasury of the Lord, seen by no other eye than His. Often will "the poor and needy" be made glad by the kindly hand of secret charity, moved by "the love of God shed abroad in the heart."

A widow named Turner called on me one day, and said, "Sir, I should like to tell you of something that took place last Sunday, and to know what you think of it. I came to chapel without any breakfast, for there was nothing in the house, and——"

I immediately interrupted her, "What, Mrs. Turner? No food in the house! How could you be in that state? Why did you not let us, or some friend, know?"

She replied, "I had had no mangling in the week, and I did not like to trouble any one with my wants—so I committed my case to my Heavenly Father, and came to chapel. But let me go on, sir; you preached, you know, from those words in Isaiah xxix. 19, 'The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.' While you were preaching, I quite forgot that I had had no breakfast, my soul was so lifted up; I felt no want of food, and the kind of faintness I had when I entered the chapel had entirely passed away. The Lord indeed 'increased my joy' at that time. But that was not all. As soon as the service was over, a man who had always sat in the next pew, but whom had never spoken to me, and who I had never noticed, put his hand over, and put something

into my hand, and then got up at once and left without speaking, and I was astonished to find he had given me half-a-sovereign. I don't know who he is, or where to find him. What do you think of it, sir?"

"What do I think of it, Mrs. Turner! why, of course, I think this, 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth, for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I, the God of Jacob, will not forsake them.' Don't you remember how I was showing that the Lord is the God of providence as well as of grace to the 'meek and the poor,' and that He often makes them unexpectedly 'rejoice in Him' in both respects? So, now He was giving you a proof of it."

I need not say the poor woman was never suffered to be in want of a breakfast again. The deacons took care of that, and thus "the God of Jacob" was showing that as she had cared for His house, He was caring for her wants.

## EVEN TO HOAR HAIRS.

**R**EECE BOND, agricultural labourer, cowman, sheep-keeper, and farm-drudge in general, had very little room for the sense of wonder in his mind.

When he did wonder, it was that he had lived to be so old—on the way to fourscore years of age. He had outlived his wife, who had died at threescore years and ten. He had outlived his children, some of whom had died grey-headed, and seemed to be the brothers of their father rather than his sons. He had outlived most of the associations of his early years, when he came to the farm a sprightly young man, desirous above all things of marrying one blooming little dairy-maid, his faithful Hannah of married life for nearly fifty years afterwards.

"And pray, Reece," said Farmer Edwards, "what prospect have you of keeping a wife, even if our little Hannah will take you?"

"I think," replied Reece, slowly measuring his words, "that the Lord will take care of us, so long as we faithfully keep His commandments. Do you remember this morning's text, master?"

Mr. Edwards reflected for a moment or two, and then candidly confessed he did not.

"It may seem strange to you, sir, that a young man of my age, bent upon marrying, should think of old age; yet when the parson said, with his venerable grey hair about his shoulders, 'Even to hoar hairs will I carry you,' I thought of the banns having been asked for the third time, and then saw myself an old man, and Hannah an old woman; but both of us—both of us," he repeated emphatically, "believing in the promise, and feeling sure it would not fail."

"Well," said Farmer Edwards, "Hannah may do the work she has been used to do, and you may keep on as you are now; but I cannot hold out any hope that, if you live to be fifty years old, you will be any better off than you are now."

Reece soon lost all thought about being fifty years old, in the gladness which his master's words imparted; and two or three days afterwards, in a little clay-mill hut, with clay for the flooring of their kitchen—and they had no “best” room—with very little furniture, but with very great love for each other, and a very firm faith in God's overruling providence they commenced life together, which was one of unbroken content for upwards of fifty years.

In the course of years Reece and Hannah had six children given them. They “managed” to feed them and clothe them, as they said when they were asked how they got on; and it was really marvellous how they did get on. Hannah kept her own place in the dairy, and Reece on the farm; but though there was now and then sickness, and now and then absence from work, and once the death of a little one, they had no one to give them an extra sixpence to help them through. They lived on the simplest, the hardest fare; but their wants were few, and the joy of the Lord was their strength.

Mr. Edwards died, and the farm had to be sold. He had never been a liberal master in point of wages, but always a kind one—if the opposites can be understood—to those about him. His successor had no liberality, and he was devoid of kindness.

By some stray preacher or other passing through the village, and stopping here and there to get a draught of milk, the peasants had heard of West Indian slave-drivers. They instantly and passionately resolved to be revenged on their “slave-driver,” Farmer Bowen. Reece, as he moved about from day to day, heard ominous whispers of a “blaze!” He heard that it was intended to set fire to the ricks and to hamstring the horses, and he went home to Hannah with a drooping head and heavy heart. He told her all, speaking to her in the tones of love and earnestness which had first won her young heart.

“I have prayed them to be still, Han,” he said tremulously; “but they won't.”

“Then the master must be told,” she replied immediately; “he has not been good to us; but we ought to do our duty by him.” Reece thought for half an hour over the turf fire, and then said quietly,

“Han, I'll do it!” It was the hardest business he had ever been engaged in; but he did not shrink from it, although perhaps he might have done so, had he thought of the way in which his master would have received his warning. When Farmer Bowen could understand what threatened him, his first words were, “You are at the bottom of all this! I know you; I have watched you; and you at least shall not go free. Dick, go and get the constable.”

Reece grew pale as death, and could not speak. “I know you,” his new master went on, “and you shall be put in the stocks, at all events.”

“Master,” answered Reece, as soon as he could regain his voice, “I have worked on this farm, man and boy, many, many years. I married Hannah from here; and it was her wish, as well as mine, that you should know of what was going to be done to-night.”

“Off with him!” cried the farmer to the constable, who now entered.

“But do you know that this is Reece?” said the constable, remonstrating; “he has never been in trouble before.” Remonstrance, however, was unavailing; and good honest Reece, who had always been the kindest husband, the most sympathetic of neighbours, and the most regular in his attendance at church, was dragged away to the village watch-house.

That night the village was indeed in a “blaze,” and Farmer Bowen's precious ricks were consumed; he himself perished in his efforts to secure the ringleaders of the outrage, and to save his property. A few of the guilty parties



were taken, and were tried and executed.

No one ever believed that honest Reece had had anything to do with the crime. But upon his release he seemed to be another man—to have become old all at once. The couple left the neighbourhood, and lived on the scantiest fare; but when they were well stricken in years, a relative of their former master, Mr. Edwards, took the old farm.

They were immediately sought out, and once more, but with less nimble feet, they were doing their old work. The little hut which received Reece's bride heard her last sigh; and here it was that he used to wonder why he had lived to be so old; but never without a feeling of gratitude to Him who had been his unfailing support even to hoar hairs.

# THE SHEEP LOST AND FOUND, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**W**ANDERING, as I have often done, knapsack on back and staff in hand, over the mountains of the English Lake district, I reached my old friend's, Ritson of Wastdale, just as tidings were brought of a sheep that had wandered amongst the precipices, and was in peril. A party set off at once to rescue it. I joined them, and thus was witness of a scene which I looked at as a parable acting before my eyes, and in every particular illustrating Gospel truth.

The sheep was a long way off, and yet was noticed. It was but a tiny object, a mere speck upon the rocks, still the careful eye of

the shepherd detected it. It was but one of a large flock, yet it was valued.

Preparations were at once made to rescue it. Three men set forth with strong ropes, and a long pole with a noose at the end of it. Our way at first was up the dale. The rugged peak of Sea Fell looked down on us from the right. The grassy slopes of Great Gable and Kirk Fell were in front. The Pillar Mountain was towards the left, and an amphitheatre of precipices, where even an Alpine climber might find not inglorious toil, and the lover of the sublime in nature an abundant feast. Towards these rocks we turned. Soon we began to climb. The path became steeper and narrower, and loose stones, dislodged by our feet, rolled far away into the valley below. The sheep was seen standing on a narrow ledge of rock, which it was impossible to reach.

How had the sheep got there? The history of its wandering was evident. There were similar ledges round about, tufted with the richest verdure, though that on which the sheep was standing was now brown and bare. That ledge had evidently been covered with similar herbage, and this had attracted the silly sheep. There were difficulties in the way; for the rocks were rough and steep, and it was marvellous how the sheep had clambered over them. Then, when the difficulty was mastered, there was a smooth rock, sloping at a very sharp angle. Down this rock the sheep had evidently slipped with ease. The ways of wandering, at first difficult, had become easy; and the progress of the wanderer, at first slow, had become at last rapid. Then the sheep, rejoicing in the prize it had won, began to crop the coveted pasture. Disregarding the toil, blind to the danger, reckless as to possible results, eager only for the tempting morsel, the poor sheep had won the prize, and exulted in the pleasure!

Poor, transitory pleasure! Very soon the herbage was plucked. It was bright, but there was little of it, and now only the bare rock was left. The sheep tried to escape, but could not. There was a precipice in front, and the poor sheep must be dashed to pieces if it advanced a single step beyond the narrow ledge on which it stood. It tried to return, but was unable. The rock down which it slid so quickly was too steep and too smooth for it to climb. It was so easy to descend, lured by the pretty pasture. It was so hard, so impossible to return! It tried and tried again, but always fell back, and was in danger of falling over to the bottom. And now there was nothing for it to eat, and the poor sheep must have perished had not the shepherd come to find it.

No time was to be lost. One of the shepherds fastened a strong rope round his body, and the other two men lowered him down over the top of the rock. There was some risk of limb or life, but he was willing to encounter it for the sake of the sheep. My brother and myself found a way to clamber to the bottom of the rocks, whence we watched the shepherd being lowered down till he came near to where the sheep was

standing. But as he could not reach it with his hand, he stretched out the long pole and tried to place the noose round the sheep's neck. I watched with interest the patience and perseverance of the shepherd. For two whole hours hanging over the precipice, he laboured to save the sheep.

But the sheep seemed resolved not to be saved. Just as the noose was about to fall over its head the sheep twisted suddenly round to avoid it. Then the shepherd had again to arrange and prepare his line. "Poor sheep! you do not know how good that shepherd is, and how he wants to save you! You think he has come to do you harm. You are frightened at your helper. You dislike the noose that has been prepared to rescue you. You do not see that such captivity will be freedom; that such a bondage will be safety." Thus for two hours the sheep continued to elude the shepherd's efforts. Moreover, in its fright, it was often in danger of throwing itself over the precipice. To prevent this, we shouted and threw stones. The sheep was frightened by these noises, which no doubt it regarded as coming from enemies, but which were merciful warnings and terrors kindly meant.

At length the noose was cast over the head of the sheep. The poor wanderer struggled hard; but the shepherd drew it towards him, in spite of all its resistance. The cord was tight round its neck, and no doubt gave it pain; but it was needful pain—pain only in the process of rescue—pain only till the sheep was brought quite close to the shepherd. Then he loosened the cord, as he held the sheep carefully in his arms. But there was more to be done yet. The shepherd asked us to act as helpers and under-shepherds to him. For as it would be easier and better to lower the sheep to the bottom amongst the safe pastures than to raise it to the top amongst the rocks, he tied the legs of the sheep together, and fastening the rope to them, lowered it down to us. Then we unfastened the string that bound its legs, and set it at liberty. We did not save it, but, as under-shepherds, we helped in the good work.

Oh, how glad the sheep was when it found it was safe and free! How it jumped and skipped, and frisked along the turf! Then how eagerly it began to browse the safe pasture, for it had been long without food!

And how glad was the shepherd when he saw the sheep was safe, and when he ascended again to the top of the rock and rejoined his companions! And with what delight they went back to the farm and said, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost!"

These simple facts, which are related just as they occurred, are a parable needing no interpretation.

"All we like sheep have gone astray."

"Behold, I, even I, will both search My sheep and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out My sheep."

"He drew me with the cords of a man and with bands of love."

"I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

"And when He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing."

*Rev. Newman Hall.*

### THE NEW LIFE.

**I**T is of the utmost importance that every Christian should understand the power of the Divine life.

"He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." The power which unites the branch to the Vine is a living power, and the power which unites the body to the Head is a living power. Hence the inconceivable folly of the man who tries to overcome sin in his own strength.

I remember some time ago, when taking a service in Oxford, a working man came into the congregation, and he was the first to enter the inquiry-room that night. He has told me since that he had been trying for twenty years to be a true Christian, and had failed every day. He had almost given up in despair, when he came to that meeting by accident, as it seemed, and heard this truth, and realised at once that he had been trying to be a Christian in his own strength; and he there and then came and trusted in Christ, and was united to Christ, and from that day has done what he could not do for twenty years, because now he has strength, now he has the life which he shares with Christ.

But are not some of us in danger of supposing we can make ourselves better Christians, that is, more Christ-like Christians, by our own resolutions, by our own efforts, by rules and by discipline? But what does the vine branch want in order to produce foliage and blossom and fruit? It wants life. What does the body want to discharge its functions and duties? It wants life. And what do you and I want in order to do without difficulty and delay all that God has given us to do? We do not want good resolutions—we have had enough of them. We do not want methods, and rules, and discipline. We want life; which may God in His mercy pour into us here and now.

This great improvement in our religious life will not be achieved by a variety of prayers, fastings, exercises, meditations, almsgiving, or sacraments. What we want is to receive more of this new life from Jesus Christ, through the Holy Spirit. The vine branch wants sap, and the body blood, and I want more of the life which is in Christ. Let us seek it, and may Christ our Saviour give it now!

And what is the practical condition of this? Surely it is that of submission to Christ. What is the condition necessary for more vigorous life in the vine

branch? That all the little channels of communication between the vine tree and the branch should be kept open, and should not be filled up with dust or insect life, or severed or half-severed from the main trunk. Let all these channels be kept open and clear, that the living sap may flow in, and the rest, I was going to say, will follow as a matter of course. Our supreme need, therefore, is that we should be filled with the Spirit of God here and now. And let us not imagine for a moment that our hearts are to be emptied before being filled.

If all the shutters of a building were closed at noonday, and some one proposed to let out the darkness before letting in the light, what would you think of him? There is no way of letting out the darkness except by letting in the light, and we shall never let out our sins, our unbelief, and worldliness, except by opening our hearts, that they may be filled with the Spirit of God, and then the matter is settled at once.

A few days ago I went with some friends from Newnham to Oxford by the river. Well, we reached a lock, and we found that the water on the other side of the lock-gates between us and Oxford was at a higher level than on our side. What could we do then? Could we, by making desperate efforts, lift or drag the boat up to the higher level? No; the only conceivable way was to ask the boy at the lock-gates to turn the handle and let the water flow in and fill our dock, and then we rose to the higher level and went on safely to Oxford.

Now, I think some Christians are at the low level; they have made some progress towards heaven, but before further progress can be made they must reach a higher level. How are we to attain to it? By resolutions, by efforts on our part? No; but by opening these apertures, and permitting the water to come gushing in—the water of life. Oh, that it may come in now and permit us to reach a higher level! Then the lock-gates may be thrown open, and we may go on pleasantly towards heaven.

*Rev. H. P. Hughes.*

### THE CONTRAST.

**I**T was a beautiful, beautiful sight indeed,  
That noble ship to see,  
So proudly ride o'er the river's tide,  
Away to the deep blue sea.

A miniature world she seemed to be,  
As we gazed on her crowded deck;  
But she sailed away in the light of day,  
And was soon but a tiny speck.

Grandly she breasted each rising wave,  
Swanlike she floated along,  
So calmly at home on the billowy foam,  
No sound but the ocean's song.





All on board outward bound to some distant shore,  
With prospects so fair and high,  
They thought not of fear, no danger seemed near,  
No cloud in their brilliant sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas a terrible, terrible sight indeed,  
That noble ship to see,  
'Neath a blackened sky, in a tempest high,  
Tossed about on a boiling sea.

Dark, dark is the gloom that has gathered round  
The ship in that hour of fear.  
The wild waves dash with a fearful crash,  
And no safety nor succour is near.

She reels to and fro like a drunken man,  
She staggers and sinks from sight,  
Then rises again on the billowy main,  
And is borne to a mountain height.

Again she is plunged many fathoms below,  
Huge waters break over her head,  
Her fine gallant-mast is splintering fast,  
As she heaves on her watery bed.

"We are lost! we are lost!" is the agonised cry;  
"No hope of deliverance we see;  
No daring can save from a watery grave,  
And the rage of that passionate sea!"

Some cling to each other in deathlike embrace,  
Some turn to their God in prayer;  
Some, dreading to die, despairingly cry  
For mercy to meet them there.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas a beautiful, beautiful sight indeed,  
One gentle girl to see;  
So quiet and calm, so fearless of harm,  
As she gazed on that raging sea.

She saw death approaching, but felt no alarm;  
Death's sting had been taken away;  
The Saviour had died, and on Him she relied  
For comfort and strength in that day.

With Faith's simple eye she could pierce through  
the gloom,  
And see the bright glories on high;  
Where storms rage no more on that heavenly shore,  
Where clouds never blacken the sky.

She saw some preparing the life-boat to fill,  
For now they were foundering fast;  
Then quickly she wrote a short, simple note,  
And gave it to one as she passed.

"Don't fret, dearest mother," this message she sent.  
"With Jesus I quickly shall be;  
A haven of rest I have found on His breast,  
My Saviour is waiting for me."

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas a terrible, terrible sight indeed,  
Within that ship to see  
A poor creature there in fearful despair,  
So frantic with grief was she.

The storm raged around, but alas! alas!  
It raged with more violence within;  
No calm quiet rest was found in her breast,  
No sweet sense of pardon for sin.

She, too, saw the life-boat just passing away,  
And eagerly, wildly she craved,  
"Oh! stop, stop your oars, all I have shall be yours,  
If only my life may be saved!"

But ah, no! they cannot, they dare not return—  
"Too late!" was the only reply:  
Oh, bitter the smart, as these words pierced her heart,  
Loud, loud was her pitiful cry!

The waters closed o'er her, and oh, solemn thought!  
No mercy is found in the grave.  
To-day Jesus stands, with kind, outstretched hands,  
Both able and willing to save.

Ah, slight not His mercy, despise not His grace,  
The great day of wrath draweth near,  
And then, in your woe, to whom can you go—  
To whom will you turn in your fear?

Oh! look, then, to Jesus; look, look to Him now!  
Remember He died on the tree;  
For sins not His own He came to atone,  
'Twas to purchase salvation for thee.



*HAVE YOU A HOME TO GO TO?*

**S**OME people talk of dying under the figure of "going home." It is a sweet thought. It is a pleasant way of speaking. It seems to take away from death its terrible aspect. It makes our "last enemy" almost appear a messenger of love.

Yet few can think of dying in so pleasant a way. Most people shudder at it, start back from it, look upon it with terror. Some do not feel sure that they have a good home in the future world. Some are conscious that they have not. They fear it would be a bad thing for them to exchange worlds; for that they would probably go to a worse.

Why this dread of the future? Has not Christ gone to prepare a place for His people, and promised that He will come again, and take them to live with Himself and His Father's house above? Yes; this is true; yet it gives little comfort to many in the thought of dying. Why so? Because they do not feel that they have a saving interest in Jesus Christ. If they were quite sure of going home to God, they would look with cheerful hope beyond the grave.

A wanderer can only think with pleasure of home when he knows that he has kind parents, relatives, or friends there. Then the thought of it is pleasant, and he can sing from the heart, "There is no place like home."

So, in order to regard heaven as your home, you must feel that you have a Father God there, who loves you, and will be glad to receive you, after your wanderings on earth. Do you love Him, and feel that He loves you? Do you please Him, and feel that He blesses you? Do you serve Him, and know that He makes all things work together for your good? You can only do this when you have come to God through Jesus Christ; for sin has made us all prodigals, wanderers from God and His love. So we must return to Him with heartfelt sorrow for our sins. By true repentance and a lively faith on His promised mercy through the Saviour, we shall feel that we have a share in His favour and grace.

When you are thus reconciled to God, and are conscious that you try to please Him, you will be able truly to call Him Father. Christ also will be as your Elder Brother, saints and angels your friends, and heaven your home. Then you need not shrink

from dying: for you will have a good home to go to when you leave this world of trial.

But it is an awful thing to speak of "going home to God" whilst you are unconverted and unholy. Into the New Jerusalem "there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." Have you thought of this? Heaven is a holy place. It is happy, because it is holy and full of love. You must be pardoned, washed, and sanctified before you can rightly speak about dying as "going home."

### WHAT SAYS THE SIGN-POST ?

**W**E had been trudging along for several miles without meeting with anybody on the road, and we began to be afraid that after all we were perhaps in the wrong way, and pleasant as the walk was in the fresh country air, it would be rather disappointing to have to retrace our steps. Soon, however, we saw something in the distance which gladdened our eyes—the well-known sight of a post, rather the worse for wear, and with two wooden hands outstretched to guide poor wayfarers along their journey. We quickened our pace, reached the corner where it stood at the meeting of two cross-roads, and found to our great joy that we were all right.

We are all trudging on the road of life, and it is a safe and wise thing for us to stop for a moment, and looking up at the sign-post of the Word of God, see whether we are in the right or wrong way. Walk on we must, for we are getting older every day, whether we like it or not; but it is our own fault if we are going along the wrong road. We ought to be all of us walking homewards, and sad will it be if, when we look up at the directing fingers of the post, we find that our toilsome journey has been hitherto in the wrong direction, and we are every hour only increasing the distance between ourselves and happiness and rest.

What a weary way some of us have travelled! The colour of our hair has changed to snowy whiteness; many lines of care are written upon our brows; and our step is slower and not so full of spring as it used to be. We are getting just a bit tired of the journey, and shall not be sorry to exchange the toilsome walking for the home of welcome and repose. Oh! happy are we if the way gets brighter as we go along, and if yonder, perhaps not so far away, we see the gates of that blessed city where the angels wait to welcome the children of heaven.

But let us look at the post again. Here is a finger pointing down, and underneath are the warning words, "Love not the world, neither the things of the world," but, alas! from appearances we should say that most people walk this way. The path is crowded, and the faces of the travellers are anxious and full of care. It goes down-hill too, and the bottom of the road is lost in darkness. Are we going that way?

Are we living to get money, to make friends, to please ourselves without any regard to pleasing God? Then are we in this wrong way which leadeth to destruction.

Here is another finger pointing to another broad path, which is called the way of wicked forgetfulness, and beneath we read the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

If you speak to any of the wayfarers on this road, they will tell you that they do not wish to do anything wrong, that they are very good-natured; but the fact is they do not care to think about religion. What a many people there are who carelessly forget all about God, and will not trouble themselves with any thought of eternity, and meeting Him before whom they must one day stand to give an account!

The Bible tells us "Remember now thy Creator," and we had better forget everything else—food, home, business—everything sooner than forget our God. Think how ungrateful it is not to remember One who is so generous in His gifts to us, and is constantly blessing us. An hour is coming nearer and nearer every day we live, when we shall lie upon our death-bed, and then what will it profit us if we have all sorts of knowledge stored in our memory and know nothing of God? Let us, then, confess our sins and seek His pardon who gave His only begotten Son to die for us.

Another road, however, is pointed out to us, and this is called the Way of Life, and they that walk therein are blessed, for the Lord is with them, and they never, therefore, can feel lonely or afraid. This is the King's highway of holiness and peace, where sin comes not, and wherein David walked, and saw behind him the beautiful attendants, and exclaimed, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Yes, at the end of that road is the house of the great King, who is ever receiving with glad welcome the weary travellers home.

Dear reader, are you on this road? Is the Lord your Guide and Keeper? and have you committed yourself to Him, body, soul, and spirit, so that, life's journey over, you may finish your course with joy? The voice of the Lord is heard calling to you, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Let your answer be prompt and thankful: "By Thy grace we will."

*Jose Page.*

### THE OPPORTUNE DISCOVERY.

**I**N a small island on the east coast of Jutland, there lived, in the beginning of the present century, a minister of Christ, who bore part in the extreme poverty of his parishioners with a most submissive spirit. Between the years 1816 and 1820 the distress of the islanders was so great that they found themselves disabled from contributing to their pastor's support, and he was often reduced to the greatest straits.

One day the old clergyman, stung by witnessing the sufferings of his family, yet still confiding in Him who had so often proved his help in times of need, took his staff in his hand, and set forth to make a tour of the island, in the hope of somewhere procuring even a single bushel of rye in order to supply his hungry children with bread. But in most of the houses into which he entered he found as great destitution as in his own, and the very few who still possessed a little store refused to part with it. So, with a heavy heart, the old servant of the Lord returned in the evening to his home, as empty-handed as he had set out.

But though "cast down," he felt sure he was "not forsaken," for he had experienced during his long life, and especially in these last years of famine, too many instances of Divine assistance to allow him to "cast away his confidence"; and so he entered into his closet, and in his distress called upon God, imploring Him to interpose in his extremity, and thus enable him to praise His name. And lo! He who is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer did not put the confidence of His sorely-tried servant to shame. For while the father of the family was thus on his knees before God, the mother had sent two of her sons to fetch a basket of turf from an outhouse, and in proceeding to this shed they had to pass close by a clay-pit, from which clay had recently been dug for some necessary repairs.

God's providence so ordered it that one of the boys caught sight of what seemed to be a ring, projecting from the side of the pit. He jumped down to examine it, and sure enough it was a ring, at which both boys now tugged with all their might; but it stuck too fast for them. They then fetched a spade, and digging away the clay, soon discovered that the ring was affixed to a tin box, which lay imbedded in the clay-pit. By their continued blows with the spade, the side of the box was broken in, and lo! a quantity of ancient coins tumbled out into the bottom of the pit!

The boys ran with all speed to announce what they had found to their father, whose eyes overflowed at this discovery, which he accepted as an answer to his prayer; and he felt disposed to exclaim with pious Paul Gerhardt,

"Ways hath He always ready,  
Of means He hath no lack."

The tin box was now dug out, and the coins, which were chiefly of the date of 1649 (in the reign of Frederick III. of Denmark), amounted in value to eleven hundred dollars.

The clergyman delivered over the treasure found by his sons to the nearest magistrate, by whom it was reported to the king, together with a faithful account of the extreme want in which the finders were pining. The result was, an order that the whole sum should be given back to the worthy clergyman; and thus was a servant of the Lord visibly helped out of a most pressing necessity.

## THE GOSPEL.

**S**UPPOSE the Gospel to be only a system of morality, requiring that we should "be holy and without blame before Him in love." Here is no good news for the sinner. He has no inclination or ability to be sanctified throughout, body, soul, and spirit.

Suppose the Gospel treats principally of the resurrection. Here is no good news for the sinner. He is not delighted with the idea of rising again—he would rather remain in the grave for ever.

Suppose the Gospel only brings "immortality to light." Here is no good news for the sinner. He is not pleased with the thought of eternal duration—he would rather cease his continuance.

Suppose the Gospel only a promise of pardon and life on condition of faith and repentance. Here is no good news for the sinner. It is bad news; his desire is only irritated to be disappointed—like a person engaging to give me an estate if I will fly to the moon.

Or suppose the Gospel to be a revelation of absolute mercy as ready to pardon iniquity. Even here is no good news for the sinner, unless he can see a way in which it can come to him agreeable to the character which the Scripture has led him to entertain of God.

"God is holy in all His ways, and righteous in all His works." Whatever favours He confers as a benefactor, He must preserve His claims as a legislator. Therefore, when I begin to be delighted with the glad tidings of Mercy, saying, Spare him, bless him! I am terrified again by the language of Justice, Cut him off, destroy him! It is evident the one, as well as the other, exists,—the one, as well as the other, has its claim.

In this case, Mercy shows me the tree of life; Justice stands with flaming sword to guard it from approach. If we say that, we should take the declaration of God that He will pardon iniquity without any other consideration, and be satisfied of His doing it? Shall we make the Divine perfections anything or nothing, magnifying one and depreciating another? Is the Divine law to vary in its demand and fail in its execution? Shall we weaken its authority by dispensing with its penalty?

We cannot do this; for if the penalty be founded in the fitness of things, and agreeable to the Divine perfections (and unless it were so, God would never have appointed it), it follows that not only we, but God Himself, cannot dispense with it any more than with the whole law.

I think no man can rationally hope for pardon unless he can see a way in which God can do it as God, and be "faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Such a scheme is the Gospel; it reveals a free, rich, righteous salvation through Jesus Christ, "set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in His blood." Hence it answers its name; it is good news, glad tidings.

It would be easy to illustrate this view of the

Gospel. If there was a man in debt, and I told him a surety had discharged him—if there was a man perishing for want, and I told him of provision—if there was a man destitute of clothing, and I told him of raiment—or if there was a condemned man, and I told him of liberty and life; who does not see in each case that here would be good news? Sinner, "Behold, I bring thee glad tidings of great joy." Sinner, indebted to Divine justice, having nothing to pay, behold "the Surety of a better covenant," "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Sinner, perishing with hunger, behold "the bread of life, whereof if a man eat he shall never die." Naked soul, here is "fine raiment that thou mayest be clothed; that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear."

object floating upon the surface. As we drew near, we could see two of the sailors trying to draw it towards them with a boat-hook. It proved to be the body of a man deprived of the head and one arm. With much exertion they raised half the corpse out of the sea, as high as the gunwale of the boat, when to our horror and surprise a huge shark rose rapidly to the top of the water, seized the mutilated form in its ponderous jaws, and dragged it from the grasp of the seamen. The voracious creature at once disappeared, leaving us all perfectly amazed and horrified.

I now understood that the painful scream I listened to the day before must have arisen from the seizure of this poor Prussian by the shark. I could not help wondering what might have been the man's state of fitness, passing as he did from perfect health by so dreadful a death into the immediate presence of his Maker.

On another occasion, I had a very narrow escape myself, and thank God that I am spared to relate the event. It was our custom when on shore to bathe in the surf at a secluded bay, into which the natives assured us sharks never entered. After swimming about for some time, I made for the shore, but was prevented gaining a footing by the strong back-wash, which swept me off at each attempt to land. My companions had left the water, and after another determined effort I managed to follow them.

When upon the beach, I beheld a shark driven into the shallow water at the very spot I had emerged from. The bulk of the creature was very great, and it had for the moment become grounded, floundering about in its efforts to reach deep water, nor was it successful until the next roller carried it back to sea. Had I remained in the waves for another minute, I should have met with the fate of the Prussian sailor.

By sea and by land we are at all times exposed to countless and unforeseen perils. How necessary it is, then, that every one of us should take advantage of health and life, that we may be prepared to say without fear, and with well-grounded hope of acceptance through having believed in the Saviour, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." A holy life is the best evidence that our souls are in a fit state to meet death, whenever or however it may come.



### SHARKS.

**S**TANDING by the gangway of a fifty-gun frigate, riding at anchor in the picturesque port of San Blas, Mexico, admiring the grandeur of the scene, my attention was attracted to a large Prussian bark lying near to us. A sailor was reaching from her side in the act of filling a bucket. The sea was perfectly calm, the motion of each separate wave being absorbed in the long heaving swell that set in from the thousand miles of the broad Pacific.

I was startled from my reverie by a sudden splash and a piercing shriek. Turning my eyes towards the bark, I perceived many men rushing to the side, and I missed the sailor whom I had just before seen leaning over the ship.

The next day, on our way to the shore, we met a boat from the Prussian vessel pulling towards a dark