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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

VOL. VIII.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1884.

{ WHOLE No. 90.

The Regions Beyond, or Mission News and Notes.



THOMAS CARLYLE said: The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes. "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever."

Dear reader, we repeat the question. How much owest thou my Lord? We read some time since that Russia paid \$10,000,000 for the coronation of her Czar. How much will Christians give for the crowning of their King, whose right it is to reign over all the earth? Our chief aim in writing these notes from month to month is to incline you to give of your notes to the great work of harvesting the fields long since ripe and whitening for the gathering in of many precious souls. **HOW MUCH DO YOU REGULARLY GIVE TO MISSIONS?**

The late Mr. Arthur Wells, of Nottingham, has bequeathed the sum of £15,000 to the London Missionary Society. This benevolence was said to have been awakened by reading works of travel quite independent of missionary work, but which bore such favorable testimony to the good resulting from the work of these devoted men.

Mark this! While there were last year some seven converts to each of our preachers in the United States, there were seventy converts to each of the missionaries in Asia!

During the present century 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 226 different languages. We have now 5,765 mission stations in heathen lands, with 6,696 ordained missionaries. This is a tenfold increase in eighty years.

The native Christians of Bengal have increased, chiefly by conversion, at the rate of 64.07 per cent. since the census of 1872.

The mean annual increase of adult converts to the four Free Church Missions in Livingstonia, Africa, is 400, or more than an average congregation in this country.

The 17,000,000 Brahmins of India increase only six per cent. in ten years, while the 2,000,000 Christians increase eighty-five per cent.

In Denmark there are about 200 Sabbath-schools, with 500 teachers, and 21,000 scholars, whereas fifteen years ago there were none.

In 1882 the baptisms among the Telugus of India, where the labors of the Baptist missionaries have been so successful, averaged 200 a month. There are over 20,000 church members among them.

Mrs. Neilson, for twenty-five years a successful actress, is now preaching as a Methodist missionary in Norway.

Not one French woman is to be found among the wives of Utah.

A fire at Rangoon, India, raged two days and destroyed forty one houses, involving a loss of \$6,000,000.

Mandalay, the Burmese capital, has been partially destroyed by fire.—The body of the Chinese cook who perished with the victims of the *Jeannette* Arctic expedition, after being carried to America, a distance of fifteen thousand miles, will be taken thirteen thousand miles more to its last resting place in China. All the Chinese who die in America are shipped to their own country for burial.

Fifty years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes, and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result. Nobody wanted the poor miserable slave boy, who was on the point of committing suicide, when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave-ship. How little that wretched boy knew what the future had in store for him as he lay chained in the hold of the crowded slave ship! But one of England's war ships that were clearing the high seas of the slavers bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, rescued the captives, and the African boy was placed under Christian influences, baptized and educated, and to-day he is Bishop Crowther, England's black bishop in Africa.—*The Gospel in All Lands.*

The Rev. H. H. Johnston, pastor of the colored church, in Halifax, N. S., has resigned, and entered into the work of general collector for the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, which has selected Africa for its field. The intention is to send educated colored missionaries back to tell the story of a Saviour's love, amongst their own brethren, and it is expected this newly organized enterprise will meet with large and grand success. Their motto is, "Africa for Christ."

Membership and Responsibility.



FATHER said to his daughter about to be married, "It is a very serious matter to get married my child." "Yes, father," was the reply, "but it is a great deal more so not to get married." We often think to be a church member involves grave responsibilities. But to any one desirous of shirking the same, we feel like saying it is a great deal more serious not to be a church member, for Christ is the head of the body, which is the Church, Col. i. 24. Can I be a member of Christ and unwilling to share the responsibility involved in union and fellowship.

An important work for the Church is, how to utilize the members to the best advantage, in soul-saving. If all these souls were entirely sanctified, filled with all the fullness of God, and consecrated to the work of the Lord, it would not require many years to double our membership, pay all debts of the Church, quadruple her missionary contributions and missionary force.

A Christian should never be troubled because he is asked to give. If he cannot give, he may well be sorry, but if he does not wish to give, he ought to be more than sorry—he should be alarmed.

At a recent conference in London, Rev. A. J. Bird read a paper on "The Claims of the Church on Those seeking Fellowship therewith, and How to Enforce Them."

Mr. Bird argued that the greater the number of members the greater should be the strength and efficiency in all departments of their church life. This, however, he contended, was not the case, because the work of the churches was unequally divided, one portion of the church sitting quietly and wondering how the other portion does the work. If all members worked, there would not be that difficulty in filling the vacant places which often happened when one good worker died or removed. Mr. Bird, in continuation, set forth two claims of the church upon candidates for admission—financial aid, by earnest personal assistance in all the works of the church; and by general personal influence. It seemed to him that in some way these claims should be plainly and distinctly explained when candidates presented themselves, and some kind of pledge should be obtained from them, but in by no means an officious or dictatorial spirit. No harm could come from explaining the nature of the church's claim, and, anyhow, they might as well know, if by reasonable means they were able, what their candidates could not do, as well as what they could do. He ventured to think that, if some such method as that he had pointed to could be adopted, the church would obtain a hold upon its members which it scarcely had now; and when there were symptoms of declining interest, flagging zeal, and diminishing love, followed by the indifference and carelessness so painfully manifested in some cases, those whose duty it was to visit and remonstrate would have a distinct promise originally made to talk about, and not be compelled to fall back upon mere generalities.

Kind Words. What others think of Buds and Blossoms.

The following is from *The Christian at Work*, a first-class religious weekly, published in New York:

"In the City of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is published a monthly magazine called BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, and edited by J. F. Avery. Each number contains forty pages, plentifully and handsomely illustrated, and at 75 cents a year is certainly one of the cheapest publications extant. But better still, it is one of the best. Its pages are full of the gospel spirit, excellent temperance sketches, missionary intelligence, short stories, household hints and suggestions, all entertaining clean and wholesome literature, suitable for the home and family circle, and calculated to promote purity and knowledge among its readers. We do not know what the circulation of this excellent publication may be, but of this we are sure, it ought to be double whatever it is, for it is just the right kind of reading to be put into the hands of young folks; bright, cheery, hopeful and strong, without cant or sickly sentimentality. We hold it as an indisputable truism that when an opportunity offers to promote the circulation of such literature among the young it becomes a religious duty to do so. Send to the publisher for a specimen copy, and you'll find that we have not said one-half the good things we might concerning it."

The first intimation of the above notice was several postals enquiring for specimen copies from the United States. We then sent for copy of *The Christian at Work*, and feel sure others will feel as we did, a thrill of delight at the kindness shown.

An old Christian worker, whose face we have never seen, writes from Boston, U. S.:—"After BUDS AND BLOSSOMS we are almost sure to get seed; may you live to see it spring up an abundant harvest into the treasury of our God."

In response I would say, brethren still pray for us, that grace and wisdom to direct may be given abundantly. The number of paying subscribers is not yet near enough to meet the outlay, but we are greatly encouraged by kind words and expect the list will yet fill up, and faith be honored. Believing in God, we this year doubled our contract and issue. So far we have give more than one half away. It is scattered seed, and our intention is to increase the issue as means and subscriptions come in. WILL YOU HELP? We will pay commission to canvassers.

We thank the following who have sent donations to BUDS AND BLOSSOMS for our free list:—Mr. Colin Covey, \$4.00; Mr. Enoch Mason, \$1.00; Miss Smith, U. S., 25cts.; Miss Lamont, 25cts.; Mrs. Greenough, 25cts.

When a religious paper has been read in the family it is a pity to throw it aside, or let it be used to light the fire. Let us send them in different directions to those who cannot afford to take them, and so they will go on doing good and giving pleasure.

Please prepare cards and plant flowers for the Flower Mission.

A Ribbon of Blue, or our Temperance Jottings and Notes.



HIEN Quin was in a coffee house he heard one man say, "Waiter a glass of brandy; I'm hot." In a few minutes another customer cried out, "Waiter a glass of brandy; I'm cold." Exasperated by the dishonesty he halloaed, "Waiter a glass of brandy; I like it."

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise: Because it matters not how rightly it may move itself in the cup should the colour and charm thereof lead thee to taste and drink. In the Book of Books it is written, Prov. xxiii. 32. It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder; read on, and it warns further of the awful and shameful influence of strong drink: The 33 verse shows it to be an exciter of lust and all manner of foolishness, yet so dangerous is the fascination and power thereof that the poor wounded sot saith, verse 35, "I will seek it again."

An inebriate, lying in the snow before his house door said. How is it? Have I been dreaming, while I was lying snugly in bed, that I come down a cropper of snow; or am I really lying in the snow, and have I been only dreaming I was in bed?

Some say, why rob a poor man of his beer? We reply because it can be proved a mocker. Some say, I could not keep up without my glass of ale or beer. Why? It makes me strong. What does? Certainly not what is actually in the drink.

Malt we all know, is vegetated barley. Barley is food next in nutrition to wheat, and all we have to do is to ascertain how much of this feeding substance is found in the beer when men drink it. The brewing process will give us that, tracing which we shall find that every step the object is, not to secure a feeding, but an intoxicating liquor, and to obtain this the feeding properties of the barley are sacrificed at every stage.

In making a gallon of beer six pounds of barley are used, which to commence with is six pounds of nutriment.

Now in this gallon of beer how much of the barley is there left? At the onset you had some six pounds, or ninety-six ounces. What is there now? Less than ten ounces. The truth of this you can easily ascertain. Get a pint of ale or beer and place it in a saucepan, then gently boil it over the fire. The fluid part will go—the solid part will remain. Thus every grain of solid matter can be obtained and the properties and amount fully ascertained.

What then, may we ask is there to support and strengthen a man in a pint of ale or beer? Its contents are fourteen ounces of water, part of an ounce of the extract of barley, and nearly an ounce of alcohol. Science demonstrates that one gallon of malt liquor contains less than ten ounces of solid matter.

The *Western Recorder* well says that to quarantine small-pox and hang out a danger flag, while whiskey goes free is a most absurd thing to do. For while small-pox kills one whiskey kill thousands. And yet that is the madness and folly of society and the authorities. The gigantic evils allowed to flourish while the petty ones are condemned and suppressed.

The drink statistics of Great Britain are appalling. They are in comparison with other items of national expense thus given in pounds sterling: For bread, 70,000,000; rent of houses, 70,000,000; rent of farms, 60,000,000; woolen goods, 16,000,000; cotton goods, 14,000,000; butter and cheese 35,000,000; milk, 30,000,000; sugar, 25,000,000; coal for household purposes, 15,000,000; for education 11,000,000; for Christian missions, 1,050,000; FOR INTOXICATING LIQUORS, £136,000,000—besides this enormous bill \$100,000,000 more is lost annually from taxes, labor, accidents, disease, etc., through the drink.

The drink traffic we consider to be Wholesale and Retail robbery. Read *Habbakkuk* 2. 15.

Laws will not enforce themselves: and on this point The Examiner says:—

Rev. Theodor L. Cuyler recently wrote in his trenchant way: "Righteous laws of suppression are essential in their place; but the only permanent cure for dram-selling is to break up the demand, and to dissuade people from wishing to buy or to drink." This goes to the root of the matter. Laws will not enforce themselves. Unless the moral sense, the aroused conscience of the community is behind it, the best law that can be devised will not be worth a straw. And the only possible way to secure such a pervading moral sentiment as will insist on the enforcement of whatever laws there are, is to win over a majority of the liquor-drinkers to the temperance side.

Hints and Helps for Workers; or Thoughts and Gatherings from the Study.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory, or despair."

"There is a time, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth."

This is one of the most successful and impressive versifications ever made of advanced doctrine; but most Christians prefer not to dogmatize on such a subject, and by a disputed interpretation of doubtful texts to "limit" the mercy of God and the salvation of man.

ARE YOU SAVED?—Then seek the salvation of others, show your faith by your works. Christ said, by their fruits you shall know them; deeds not creeds prove our soundness in the faith once delivered to the saints by Him who went about doing good. Wherever the love is present, the product is a work, a beautiful work of God. Every act inspired by love is a treasure laid up in heaven. We have not been thinking of that, but of the efforts for the good of others, specially for the salvation of their souls. We live in a world of souls—for the most part lost. Most earnestly do we plead then to become a worker. The soul of the Son of Man is in travail. When He looks around his Father's house He sees room enough, and to spare—so many empty places that might be filled—and when He looks outside, can He weep still?

What a sight presents itself! souls for which He died—for which he would die again—in every variety of pitiful conditions, but all lost, doing everything making martyrs, and slaves, and brutes of themselves; doing everything but coming to Him that they might have an eternity of bliss made theirs. Work! Christ helping us, shall we not, until all the lost are gathered in.

As soon as we who "call ourselves Christians" reach Christ-likeness in daily conduct, there will be no more complaint of the lack of conversions. C. H. Spurgeon remarked at his last communion season that of the sixteen who had joined his church, two had been converted by his preaching, and the other fourteen had been converted through the efforts of the members of his church. I will venture to say that these fourteen were more influenced—under God—by what those church members did than by anything they said. There must have been a great deal of Christ's "words" in their conduct, or else they never would have led fourteen sinners to become followers of Jesus. Christians let your light so shine that others may take knowledge of you.

Whoso'er plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God."

The Study Table, New Books and Exchanges.

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

George Muller, John B. Alden, publisher, N. Y. This is a synopsis of the fuller and larger life of that remarkable man of God, whose name and work is more or less a household word, especially so among the faithful. This is a neatly gotten up volume, short, full and sweet. Think of it, there are generally 2,250 orphans in Mr. Muller's orphanage. God honors the prayers and faith of the founder and they have ever received all their daily needs.

Beer and the Body, and the House that Rum Built. Are both killing in their testimony against the drink traffic. Showing the evils in different ways, yet so forceful that to read them is an inspiration against strong drink. Price 10 cents each. Published by J. N. Stearns, New York.

Sabbath Bells.—Published by Fireside Friend Pub. Co., Springfield, Ohio. These bells ring out many cherry notes. The music and chimes are meant for the Sunday-schools and other praise meetings. By the dozen the book costs 30 cents each.

The Hygeian Cook Book.—Published by Fowler & Wells, New York. Is intended for the restoration of invalids. The dishes are made up in great variety without condiments.

Home Circle.

TABERNACLE NOTES.—We cannot report many additions to our membership, but we rejoice in knowing some have found Christ during the month.

The interest on the lot has been changed to 6 per cent. Our special prayer meetings at the close of the S. School are doing much good.

Thank you brethren who absent, nevertheless show your kind remembrance by writing.

SPECIAL DONATIONS to pay interest on lot. We would thank all the donors and particularly those sisters who so kindly did the work of receiving the donations, and in some cases the collecting, for we know it means time and toil. The Master reward.

Collected by Mrs. W. Crowe.—Mrs. S. Wilson, \$4; Mrs. E. Barnstead, \$1, Mrs. J. Blakley, \$1, Mrs. J. Estauo, \$1; Miss. M. Davis, 50cts.; Mrs. W. E. Crow, \$1.

Collected by Miss L. Glawson.—Mr. P. Myers, \$2; Mr. Joseph Myers, \$1 25; Mr. Street, 50c.; Mrs. Street, 50c.; Miss. A. Glawson, 50c.; Miss L. Glawson, 50c.; Mr. J. K. Hubley, \$2.

Collected by Mrs. Burgis.—Miss. Lamont, \$1; A Friend, 50c., Mr. J. McDonald, 50c., Nora Brightman, 50c.; Mrs. J. Phillips, \$1; Dr. Cunningham, 50c., Mrs. McLean, 25c.; Mrs. Feilding, 25c., Mr. D. McPherson, \$1; G. Fraser, \$1; Henry Taylor, \$1, Mrs. Gasten 20c.; Mr. Buckley, 50c.; A Friend, 25c.; A Friend, 25c.; Mr. Kelly, \$1; A Friend, \$1; Mrs. Ansley 75c.; A Friend, 25c.; Dr. Delaney, 50c.; Mrs. R. Hart, \$1; Mr. Dares, 50c.; F. Rhund, 50c.; Mr. Shaw, 25c., Mr. Drake, 25c.; Mr. E. Kiug, 50c.; Mr. Woodill, 25c.; Mrs. Burgess, 50c.

Paid to J. F. Avery.—Name forgotten, 50c.; Mrs. Frost, \$1; Mr. Gabriel, 50c.; Mrs. Sweeny, 20c.; Miss Wilson, \$1; Mr. John Mason, \$2; Mrs. J. Mason, \$2; Mrs. James Barrowman, \$1; Blanche Barrowman, 25c.; Mrs. Ch. Covey, \$1; Mrs. Corkum, 50c.; Mrs. Etta, \$1.

Collected by Miss Aggie Collishaw.—Mrs. Capt. Rhude, \$1; C. Dickey, 75c., Mrs. K. G. Smith, 50c., Florence West, 50c.; A. McInnis, 35c., W. M. Nodwell, \$1, George Hurshman, \$1; Mrs. R. Longard, 25c.; John Roome, \$1; Ellison Collishaw, \$1; Mary E. Warner, 25c.; R. T. Schwartz, 50c.; M. Manuel, 50c.; Sophie Sudlow, 50c.; Silas Covey, \$2; W. Stallday \$1; Heber Hartling, \$1, Archie McDonald, 50c.; S. Whidden, \$1; Emily Whidden, 50c.; B. J. Hubley, \$1; Ned Hubley, \$1; Silas Hubley, \$1; Elias Covey, \$1; Lorenzo Covey, \$1; Sebastian Covey, 50c., John Renwick, \$1, J. C. Gaston, \$1.50; A Friend, 50c., Annie Hubley, 50c., Mrs. B. Bayers, \$1; Charles Chettick, \$1; C. Blakney, 25c.; Mr. and Mrs. Peddle, \$2; Ned. Hartling, \$2; W. H. Francis \$5; Frank Miller, 50c.; Stewart McKinlay, 50c.; Charles Smith, 50c.; Cyrus Hubley, Senr., \$1.50, Ella Myers, 50c., A. M. Collishaw, 50c.; James Hughes, \$2; Cyrus Hubley, Jr., \$2; Charles Blakney, \$1, James Clinch, \$1; A Friend 50c., Joseph Manuel \$1, Mrs. Charles Chettick, 50c., Michael Moser, \$2; George Looner, \$1.

Collected by Miss B. Spry.—Mr. Davis, \$4; Mr. Irish, \$5; Mr. Saul Mosher, \$2; Mr. Spry, \$2; Mrs. Smith, \$2; Friend, \$1; Mr. Haliday, \$1; Mr. Carr, \$1, Mr. Byers, \$1; Mr. Hartland, \$1; Friend, \$1; Miss. Woods, \$1; Mrs. Murray, 50c.; Miss E. McCabe, 50c.; Miss. Ella Earnest, 50c.; Miss. Bella Spry, 50c.

Total voluntary offerings, \$114.00.

Extra General Expense Fund.—Miss S. Glawson, \$1.00; Mission, Mrs. Corkum, \$1.00.

Olive Branches.

March 11th, The wife of Mr. W. Hubley of a son.

Orange Blossoms.

At the residence of the bride's father, Halifax, May 7th, by the Rev. J. F. Avery, Thomas Spry, to Jeanie M. third daughter of William Murray Esq., all of this city.

Married, May 10th, Philii, Myers to Rebecca Hubley, by J. F. Avery.

THE PILOT OF DIEPPE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



Boussard tied a rope round his body, and sprang into the sea.

On the 9th of November, A.D. 1819, a terrible storm lashed the waves of the sea into fury. It blew violently from the land, and made it quite impossible for a small cutter to run into Dieppe harbour, though the few sailors who manned her, with their steersman, strained every nerve to do so. As

often as the cutter approached the entrance to the harbour, the force of the storm threw her back again into the midst of the roaring waves, and every moment increased the threatening danger that she would founder on the point of Dieppe.

Crowds of people stood on the pier, following with

sympathising looks and heard the exertions of the cutter. They were in that very painful position which forced them to be inactive spectators. The hope of being able to render assistance to the shipwrecked mariners vanished in proportion as the storm increased in strength and violence.

"A brave set of sailors!" said a grey-haired old pilot, with a pained expression of countenance. "If I were young and strong I could never sleep quietly again unless I had saved them."

"Do you think, Pierson, that it is in the least possible?" inquired the pilot Bissard.

"Possible, Bousard! What impossible to the courageous man who trusts in God and puts forth all his strength? But, Bousard, there is no chance with a boat."

"How then?" inquired Bousard quickly.

"I consider that only a strong and expert swimmer could successfully reach the cutter, and save her from being dashed on the point; for the captain seems to have lost all his courage, and with his senses and firm presence of mind," said Pierson, looking all the time through his telescope.

In the meantime the danger the cutter incurred of foundering on the point had increased.

Bousard, who had already made several unsuccessful attempts with the pilot-boat to approach the cutter, could now be kept back no longer. He tied a rope round his body, and sprang into the sea. A loud cry of surprise at such courage and humanity arose from the hundreds on the pier who witnessed Bousard's noble action; but grief and pity for the brave man were mingled in that exclamation of admiration. Prayers rose to heaven, and all hearts beat rapidly, while eager looks were averted between the struggle of the vessel and the struggle of the brave swimmer with the wild waves of the raging sea.

It was something dreadful to behold that man, now borne up high as a house on the foaming crest of a wave, visible to all eyes, and then, the next moment, buried in a deep hollow.

"He is lost!" cried many.

"Bousard is Dieppe's best swimmer!" cried others. "He has courage and strength. His equal is nowhere to be found."

"God will protect him who faithfully trusts in His Divine Providence," cried others.

It was light enough for the crew of the cutter to see the man who was risking his own life to save theirs. Already he had approached considerably nearer to the vessel. He could be seen by those on board. They hoped soon to be able to seize the end of the rope, which now and then he held up in his hand; then a tremendous billow seized him, and cast him as if he had been a tiny twig, back, very far back, on the shore which he had just left with the hope of bearing deliverance to the struggling mariners. But, alas! the cutter too had stranded; the same wave had cast her on the shore.

The cry, "Bousard has jumped into the sea to try and rescue the perishing seamen!" had brought his wife and children down to the pier, where they stood wringing their hands as they looked on the mighty

waves. And now, as he reclined on the shore, and waited a few moments to refresh himself, they entreated him to desist; for heaven itself, by casting him so violently back, had shown that it was not to be. Sympathising strangers, too, implored him to give up the attempt to rescue.

"You never were in such a position, and have no idea how *they* feel," said he, refusing to listen to them all.

The next moment a wave cast him again on the shore. Crowds of suppliants now surrounded him, and entreated him to spare himself.

"Do you not hear the cry for help from the vessel?" cried Bousard; and, pushing them all back, he sprang again into the deep.

It seemed as if the noble fellow was not to reach the goal. Again the sea threw him back on the shore. Five times, with unshaken courage, he repeated the attempt; four times he was cast back; the fifth time he succeeded. He reached the stranded vessel, but a wave which broke against the cutter seized him, and threw him so violently against her beam that the men on board thought their noble deliverer had been stunned by the shock and would now sink.

One of the sailors sprang into the sea to save him. Wonderful! the eye of the All-merciful had seen that love in Bousard's heart which made him ready to lay down his life for his brethren, and graciously protected him. He remained unhurt, as if by a miracle; while the sailor who had sprang into the sea to save him lost his presence of mind, and Bousard perceived that he would only be able to keep up for a few moments. He quickly seized him, swam with him to the shore, and saved him.

"Take care of him," cried he; and dashed again into the raging waters.

His wife and children wept aloud. His strength must be exhausted! He was lost!

"God is my Protector!" he joyfully cried, for his powers were still fresh.

To have saved *one* was not enough to have done for his Lord; it inflamed him with a holy ardour to save them *all*. Six still remained on the perishing wreck. Six! How would it be possible to save them all, as Bousard desired? His plan was formed. He had judged correctly. If the unfortunate men understood him, and the Almighty gave His blessing, then he would succeed in the project he had conceived during his struggle with the waves.

Bousard successfully reached the vessel. He threw his rope to the men, and they seized it. With a voice which sounded above the howling of the storm, he called out, "Hold it fast." He quickly unwound it, and held the end firmly, and making use of a wave rolling towards the shore, it cast him on the strand, where a hundred arms were stretched out to drag him on land.

On a signal from the shore the six who had fastened the rope to their bodies sprang into the sea. Hundreds pulled at the rope, and in a few moments they were safe on shore, and their dreadful death-struggle with the raging sea was fought out, and over.

But the steersman of the cutter suddenly exclaimed, "O God, have mercy upon the poor sick man left on board!" A silent thrill of horror passed through the crowd.

"Who?" cried Boussard; "a sick man on board! where is he?" The steersman in a few words described the place.

"Boussard!" cried his wife in despair, clasping him in her arms; "hast thou forgotten me and thy children? Dost thou no longer love us, that thou wilt rush into certain death?"

"God is my Protector," cried he; "pray to Him. If the sick man were to perish I should never rest again." With these words he tore himself away from his wife, and the next minute saw him again on the crest of a wave, far, far from the shore.

"This is nothing but foolhardiness," cried some.

"He is lost! He is sinking! He will never reach it!" cried others. "God have mercy on him!"

His wife and children knelt on the shore, and clasped their hands in prayer, while tears of despairing grief flowed down their cheeks.

Twilight had already so far advanced that the wreck could scarcely be seen. The light in the light-house was now casting its bright beams on the wild-raging sea. And Boussard, where was he? How was he getting on? God watched over him. With wise forethought, he swam to that side of the vessel which was turned from the storm. From thence much torn tackling hung down, which served his purpose excellently. He seized it with his strong arm, and climbed up to the deck, where the waves already had washed everything away. The water, too, had risen high in the hold. As he descended the hatchway the sick man stretched his arms out to him.

"Ah! save me!" cried he faintly.

"God be praised! God be praised!" cried Boussard, as his heart swelled with joy that in God's mercy he had been chosen to be the instrument of the salvation of this poor man.

He seized him with his giant strength, drew him out of the cabin, carried him on to the deck, and there cut off a rope. With this rope he bound the suffering man to a piece of timber, took firm hold of him, and sprang with him into the sea, just at the moment when a huge wave was rolling in towards the shore.

The sick man had just enough strength to keep himself sufficiently upright when the timber reached the surface of the water that he might breathe. Now Boussard pushed the timber before him, and a second wave rolling onwards, threw both the beam with the sick man and his deliverer on the strand.

The anxious and excited people had lighted many lanterns, which shone everywhere along the shore. Now they suddenly exclaimed, "There is Boussard!" Strong arms drew him up into safety, and unbound the sick man.

"Quick with him to the hospital!" cried Boussard, sinking down exhausted.

"Oh! he is dying," cried the agonised woman.

A surgeon was quickly at hand. "Be comforted, good woman," said he; "it is only a fainting fit."

They bathed his forehead, poured a few drops of wine into his mouth, and he soon opened his eyes, and said, faintly smiling, to his wife, "Don't be troubled, dearest Madeleine; thy Boussard is not dying. On the contrary, he is now ravenously hungry."

"Good Boussard," said the kind man, "you require rest; come, I will go with you to your home."

"Thank you," replied Boussard; "but just go with me, if you will be so kind, to the hospital, that I may see how they are all getting on, especially the sick man."

It was a triumphal procession to the hospital; where the sick man's condition required a quietness which the authorities could scarcely preserve. The surgeon alone accompanied Boussard into the room where they all were assembled. They were as well as their circumstances would allow; and the sick man was apparently better.

But oh! what tears of gratitude flowed when Boussard entered! Boussard and the surgeon wept with the rescued. Boussard pointed them above, where the great Helper and Deliverer dwells.

"I have only been God's instrument," said the noble, truly pious man; "but for enabling me to be so, my soul shall praise and glorify Him for ever!"

Boussard received splendid proofs of public acknowledgment and gratitude. Rich presents (for he was poor), esteem, love, and thanks from all sides. But the consciousness in his own heart, the joy which flowed through it, of the peace of God which dwelt there, was God's reward, which richly and gloriously surpassed everything which man could offer him.



WORK FOR ALL.

IN the account given in Nehemiah, chapters iii. and iv., of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, notice:—

I. WHO WORKED.—Everybody. The priests, the goldsmiths, the apothecaries, the rulers, the daughters of the rulers, the Levites, the merchants. With one miserable exception, they all worked.

II. WHERE THEY WORKED.—Just where they ought to work—"Every one over against his house."

III. HOW THEY WORKED.—Trusting in God, but using all proper means. "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch." "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon."

IV. WHO DID NOT WORK.—"Their nobles (that is, of the Tekoites) put not their necks to the work of their Lord."

V. THAT THE WORK SUCCEEDED WITHOUT THEM.—"So we built the wall."

VI. WHY IT SUCCEEDED.—Because "the people"—be sure and leave out the ignoble nobles of the Tekoites—"the people had a mind to work."

Reader! beware of the nobility of the Tekoites. Find something to do in building up the walls of Jerusalem: and do it. It were a pity, if the work was finished without you. You may find plenty of work opposite your own door.

NONE BUT HE COULD HAVE THOUGHT IT.



SOME time ago a man, who had heard a minister of the Gospel preach on the previous Sabbath, went to him in a state of mental anxiety to ask him how he could be saved. "What troubles me," he said, "is this: God says that He will condemn the sinner, and punish him. Then how can God forgive? Surely He must punish if He would keep His word."

"God keeps His word," said the minister; "and His judgment of death for sin is not, and cannot be, set aside."

"Then I am lost."

"No; that does not follow."

"How so?"

"Because God has found a ransom. He saw that not only you, but every man and woman living were ready to perish, because all had sinned; there was 'none righteous, no, not one.' Now, as all were under the same condemnation, no man could either save himself or his fellow-man. But God, so far from having any pleasure in the death of sinners, in His infinite pity and love devised a plan to save them. It was necessary that the honour of His holy law, which had been broken, should be established, and His eternal hatred of all evil, and love of holiness, and His marvellous mercy to sinners, be seen in such a way as never to be forgotten in this or any other world. And how did He effect this? Why, by finding a substitute to die instead of the sinner. He sent forth His own dear Son. Jesus willingly undertook the work of our redemption. He knew that it would involve poverty, shame, degradation—the sorrow of Gethsemane and the bitter woe of the cross of Calvary—but He did not turn aside. He 'loved us, and gave Himself for us.' He was 'wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.'

Our sins were all 'laid upon Him.' Thus He became our surety, and made atonement for us. His resurrection from the dead was a public testimony that His work on our behalf was accepted of God. And now, for Christ's sake, God can receive back into His favour and His family all that believe in Jesus, and rely upon Him for salvation. Into the heart of the penitent believer He sends the Holy Spirit, to deliver him as fully from the power of sin as the precious blood of Christ does from its guilt, and thereby to fit him for eternal life."

The man was delighted, and astonished.

"Is it really so?" he said.

"It is in the Bible," replied the minister.

"Then the Bible is from God," was the reply; "for none but He could have thought it."

Reader, what do you think of God's thought? Are you willing to receive Christ as your Saviour? His work requires no addition. It is a finished work, and you are invited by Jesus Himself to come to Him, just as you are, to enjoy its benefits. Should you do so, He will in no wise cast you out; and, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." *May be had as an Illustrated Handbill.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.



HAVE you ever thought of the life of a child? Why, the life of a child is a perfect life of faith. That little child—what can that little child do? Why, that little child could not find its way to the street end and back again! That little child could not find the next meal! That little child could not furnish a shelter for its own head to-night! and yet has that child any fear about it? Not at all. How comes it that the child's life is the happy life that it is? Because instinctively and beautifully it is a life of faith. The child could not buy the next loaf, but it has a firm belief that "father" can. It has an unbounded belief in "father's" and "mother's" power. Its life is a life of perfect faith in its parents.



WHERE DOES THE BLAME LIE ?

THE farm of Tom Wright was on the slope of a hill, on the top of which was a forth, or fort, and at the foot a stank or stream draining a small bog. The farm-house was situated about half-way between the highest and lowest point. For convenience of talk the children had a name for every field in the farm—the forth field, the back field, the field afore the door, the far field, the field below the garden, the big bog, the quarry bog, and so on.

The house was comparatively new, the walls of stone and lime, and the roof of slate, while barn and byre and stable were added by degrees. An out farm was also rented, on which was a house occupied by a cotter who laboured on the farm. Pat Ryan was standing with his neighbour on the forth, or rather the hill top where once the forth had been.

“Now, Tom,” said Pat, “what made you build your house half way down the hill, when you might have set it on this level bit of ground, and had a view of all the country round, and of the sea itself in the far distance ?”

“Well, you know, Pat, the house should be in the centre of the farm. For then you have not so far to draw your grain or your potatoes. The church, they say, should be in the middle of the parish, that everybody may be as near it as possible.”

“Ah, then the old people had a different notion of things from yours, Tom Wright. For the builders of this rath on which we stand had their home here, and not on the side of the hill. And their successors who were here before you put up their house on this self-same spot, as you may see from the loose stones and bits of mortar that are still lying about.”

“A very primitive people they must have been. Their dwellings were huts of wicker-work or wood, and the forths were thrown up long before the

Christian religion came to this land, perhaps, indeed, before Christ appeared in our world to do the deed of Redemption.”

“The delvers who raised these old mounds then were Pagans, ignorant of the true God. Lord bless us ! How could the good God leave any poor creatures ignorant of Himself ! Why did He not send Christ sooner to work the work of mercy ?”

“There is a mystery in this, Pat Ryan ; but it is nevertheless a fact that many around us at this very hour are without God, and having no hope in the world, and not a few of them within our own acquaintance and to our great sorrow.”

“The Lord have pity on us. It is indeed too true. And it is so common that we no longer wonder at it. And yet how under the hand and eye of God can this happen ? Where does the blame lie ?”

“We must be sure, Pat, that the blame does not lie with God. I read in the Bible that He twice made Himself and His holy will known to the whole human race.”

“Did He indeed, Tom ? Expound that to me ! One would think that even one showing of Himself would never be forgotten.”

“First, He made Himself known to Adam when he was the common father of the whole race. And next, when He had destroyed the old world of the

ungodly by the flood, He made a covenant of mercy with Noah, the second head of mankind, and appointed the rainbow to be a pleasing and perpetual sign of peace and reconciliation. Now, if each generation from Adam down had been faithful in making known the true God and His mercy and truth, this unparalleled knowledge would have descended to the latest generation. And, again, if each generation from Noah had explained to the next the beautiful sign of the bow in the cloud, and the covenant of grace which it signified, the old folks who built these earth heaps would have been waiting in faith and hope for the coming of the Messiah."

"Now, that gives me great relief. For I see that the fault was not in God, but in the men who did not keep fast hold of the knowledge of the merciful God. And the blame was not all in the teachers, I make no doubt; but part of it in the scholars, who, to their great loss, gave little heed to this blessed knowledge."

"The last words of the blessed Saviour to His disciples on the earth were, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' And don't you think it behoves every disciple now-a-days, as well as at the first, to preach this Gospel to all that are ignorant?"

"To be sure they ought, whether they will hear or not. These are blessed things you bring out of the book. And they are wonderfully helpful to us, when we are ready to stumble over the dark ways of Providence."

"The merciful Lord keep you and me, and yours and mine, from stumbling, and send us light that we may see the way of pardon and peace."

"Amen, and God be with you."

From "The Christian Irishman."

THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

LIGHT is bright. Indeed, what is brightness but light's clear shining? The day is bright, when no clouds hide the sun. The prospect is bright, which reflects unnumbered rays. The hope is bright, which glitters free of foreboding gloom. Such is Christ. He is "the brightness of His Father's glory." He embodies, as in one constellation, every Divine perfection. He shines, the mid-day splendour of Jehovah's attributes. That time is the brightest time in which the Lord is nearest. That page is the brightest page in which most of Christ is found. That sermon is the brightest sermon in which most of Christ is heard. That life is the brightest life in which most of Christ is seen.

Light is free. The wealth of the wealthy cannot purchase it. The skill of the skilful cannot frame it. The labours of the laborious cannot earn it. The poverty of the poor cannot debar from it. Wherever it comes, it flies on freedom's wings. It gilds the hall, unbribed by price. It illumines the hut, unbought by toil. Such is Christ.

Sinner, do you crave this precious treasure? Open the casement of the heart, and it is yours. "Come

ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." Waste not, then, time in seeking a price for Him, compared with whom an angel's worth is nothing worth.

All your fancied merits are only demerit. Your best is sin, and will you offer sin for Christ? Plead misery and take mercy. Bewail darkness and He will give you light. All who bask in His joyous rays are one in this testimony. Each sings, My treasure is a free-grace gift. He loved me, because He would love me; He called me, because He would call me; He blessed me, because He would bless me; He saved me, because He would save me; He shone into my soul, because He would shine. When I was darkness He said, "Let there be light: and there was light," and the light was Himself.

But as the sun is seen by its own light, so Christ reveals not perils only, but Himself. He shows His cross—the glorious proof of boundless love. He shows His blood—the precious payment of all debts. He discloses the treasures of His Word. Then testimonies, and promises, and endearing calls, and soothing notes of comfort start into brilliant life, as beauties in the sunlit landscape. He draws back the curtains of His heavens, and we see a reconciled God, and catch the glimpses of a weight of glory.

Reader, are you journeying from light to light? Be not deceived. There is the taper of reason. This guides to no haven. There are the many false lights of error. They delude to rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools of destruction. Vain meteors glare from many pulpits, and in many books. The self-pleased votaries of forms and superstitions are dazzled by the tinsel of a fictitious cross. Beware! there is but one sun in the firmament. So there is but one Christ in the Bible—one Christ of the Spirit—one Christ of the Father—one Christ of the saved.

Is your darkness passed away? It is so, if you see this one Sun of Righteousness, and hate sin, and crucify the flesh, and trample on the world. It is so, if you joy in His beams, thirsting for clearer knowledge, and a brighter path. But perhaps you love darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil. Ah! think how fearful is the broad road! It goes straight down into the abyss, which is outer darkness, and where is weeping and gnashing of teeth for ever. Stay, I beseech you. Will you not turn to "the true Light?"

Believer, you see the sunny spot which is your home. In your full joy remember that this garden of the Lord is a place of work, and not of sleep. Your light is come, that you may arise and shine. You are light, that others may be light through you. Say not, It is not mine to create or to confer light. True; but it is yours to reflect it. The planet casts back rays. The mirror returns the image. The Christian shows forth Christ. Say not, I move among the blind. True; but your Sun gives sight as well as light. You saw nothing until He said, See. Give Him no rest, until in your family, in your neighbourhood, in your country, throughout the world, His voice be heard, Let there be sight; and there will be sight: Let there be light; and there will be light.



CHOICE SAYINGS.

ARCEL has the sustaining power of the Gospel been more strikingly shown than in the death of good Dr. Gouge, of Blackfriars. When old and dying, he was sore afflicted with painful maladies; yet though, by reason of his pains, he was often heard to groan, he never once grumbled against the dispensation of God. He never cried out, *a great sufferer*, but often *a great sinner*;

yet still comforted himself that there is a great Saviour. In his greatest torments he would say, "Well, yet in all these there is nothing of hell, or of God's wrath. Oh, my soul, be silent, be patient. It is thy God and Father that thus orders thine estate; thou hast deserved much more. It is enough that thou art kept out of hell; though thy pains be grievous, yet they are not intolerable; thy God affords some intermissions; He will turn it to thy good, and at length put an end to all."

In his greatest pains, he often used holy Job's words, "Shall we receive good from the hands of the Lord, and not evil also?" When any of his friends would have comforted him, with telling him of his eminent gifts and service in the ministry, he would answer, "I dare not think of any such thing for comfort; only Jesus Christ, and what He hath done and endured, is the ground of my sure comfort." The thoughts of death were pleasant to him, which he often termed "his best friend, next unto Jesus Christ." And he would bless God that he had nothing to do but to die.

Dr. Harris, head of Trinity College in Oxford, in his last sickness, used to exhort all around him to get faith above all things. "It is," said he, "your victory, your peace, your life, your crown, and your chiefest piece of spiritual armour. Howbeit, get on all other pieces, and go forth in the Lord's might; stand to the fight, and the issue shall be glorious. Only forget not to call in the help of your General; do all for Him, and under Him."

On the Lord's day he would not have any kept from the ordinances on his account; and when they returned from the sermons, he would say to them, "Come, what have ye for me?" And when any gave him account of what they had heard, he would resume the heads thereof, and say, "Oh, what excellent truths are these! Lay them up carefully, for you will have need of them."

When friends came to visit him, he would say, "I cannot speak, but I can hear." Being asked where his comfort lay, he answered, "In Christ, and in the free grace of God."

One telling him he might take much comfort in his labours and the good he had done, his answer was, "All is nothing without a Saviour; without Him my best works would condemn me. Oh! I am ashamed

of them, they are so mixed with sin, I have done nothing for God as I ought. Oh! loss of time sits very heavy upon my spirit—work, work apace; assure yourselves, nothing will more trouble you when you come to die than that you have done no more for God, who has done so much for you."

In all the later wills which he made, he took care this legacy should still be inserted: "Item, I bequeath to all my children, and to their children's children, to each of them a Bible, with this inscription, 'None but Christ!'"

ADAM AND CHRIST.

ADAM falls, and in him the world is cast down. Christ stands, and in Him all His seed lift up the head. He appears in flesh the common Head of His adopted. As such, He strides in triumph over every assault of Satan. As such, He moves in one unbroken, perfect course of pure and perfect love. God's fullest will is the one movement of His heart. His every member shares the victory and is righteous in the Righteousness.

Thus each true believer boasts, "In the Lord have I Righteousness," and knocks at heaven's gate with the unanswerable plea, In Christ, my law-fulfilling surety, I bring the Righteousness of God. Great was the loss in Adam; but far greater is the gain in Christ.

So, too, as a common person He hangs upon the cross. In Him His people suffer unto death. In Him they exhaust the cup of wrath. In Him they taste the bitter pains which sin deserved. In Him they pay the uttermost farthing into the scales of justice. In Him they endure, until each attribute of God requires no more. Thus each child of faith exclaims, with adoring praise, "I am crucified with Christ." Who can lay anything to the charge of one who in Christ is discharged of all? In Adam we merit all wrath. In Christ we undergo it.

Christ rises from the dead. The icy bands cannot detain Him. But still He holds His people in Himself. In Him each sees an earnest of that resurrection morn, in which this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. In Adam we crumble in the grave. In Christ we find it the gate of life. In Adam we lie down in beds of darkness. In Christ we put on light as our robe for ever.

Reader, it is a clear fact that natural birth has brought you into the old world of sin. How important the question, Has spiritual birth translated you into the new world of grace? It is so, if you are Christ's—and you are Christ's, if Christ is yours—and Christ is yours, if He dwell in the heart by faith unfeigned; and faith is unfeigned which ventures on Him, and ventures wholly; which loves Him fully; which hears His voice and follows Him.

If this evidence be absent, you are still in a land of ruin. And will you tarry a wretched wreck? Oh! cry to Him, who always helps the helpless at their cry. Seek life from Him, who is the Lord of life. Apply for quickening to Him, who is the quickening Spirit.



Mungo Park left in the Desert.

ONLY TRIFLES.

WHEN Mungo Park was traversing the wilds of Africa for the purpose of ascertaining the source of the Nile, one day he sunk fainting on the sand, overcome by exhaustion and pain. At that moment, a small plant of moss, growing amongst the sand, caught his eye, and inspired him with fresh vigour.

"Can that God," thought he, "who provides nourishment for this tiny plant in such a wilderness, suffer me to perish? No, I cannot think so. He who gives it sustenance must and will also protect me."

Nor was he mistaken; in a short time he was perceived by a poor negro woman, who took him home with her and supplied his wants.

When Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was employed on one of his noblest works of art, a friend called in to see him, and during his visit expressed great surprise at finding his statue apparently just the same as when he had seen it a few weeks before.

"Stay, my friend," said the artist; "I can assure you I have been hard at work upon it since I saw you last. I have deepened this furrow on the brow, and slightly depressed the eyelid; I have added another line to the mouth, and——"

"Yes, yes," said his friend, "I see all that, but they are only trifles."

"That is true," replied Michael Angelo; "still it is these trifles which make perfection, and do you call perfection a trifle?"

The grand truth thus taught by the intelligent artist must often have been exemplified in our lives, and constant experience shows us that "trifles make the sum of human happiness." Indeed, how insignificant appears the loss of a button or a string, and yet it may be just sufficient to throw us off our guard, and overthrow our last portion of good humour.

A harsh look, a peevish word, a frown, are often important items in our daily self-examination. While, on the other hand, one trifling act of kindness may

cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. How small a thing appears a sprig of moss, yet that was sufficient to cheer the heart of one noble wanderer.

Again, to come to everyday life, how important is the influence that trifles assume! A glove mended or a button stitched on for one, a poem read aloud or a hymn sung to another, or a bunch of fresh violets presented to a third; a new ribbon given to the young, or a pair of warm gloves provided for the old; or a smile, a kind word, an encouraging remark bestowed on any one—who can deny how delightful are such trifles?

How very little they look apart; but unite them, and, like the little

bits that compose mosaic work, how beautiful an effect they produce! Let us all, then, try to paint as beautiful a picture of our lives as possible, never forgetting to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit to bless all our efforts.

GOLD DUST.

—Go to God as a sinner, if you question your right to go in any other character: He always receiveth sinners.

—Whenever you feel your wants, remember then God waits to be gracious.

—In every company, remember you profess to be a member of Christ, a son of God, a temple of the Holy Ghost.

—Never forget that Jesus had you in His eye when He died on the cross.

—Christ left the cross and went to glory, that you might take it and follow after Him.

—If you suffer for Christ, your sufferings are called the sufferings of Christ.

—A Christ-like sufferer is an honour to religion.

—Growing Christians are little in their own eyes. grown Christians are less than nothing.

—He that thinks much of himself is standing at a great distance from God.

—The fountain of salvation is always open: you may take of its waters freely.

—If you complain that you cannot step into the pool, Jesus says, "Wilt thou be made whole" He waits for your answer.

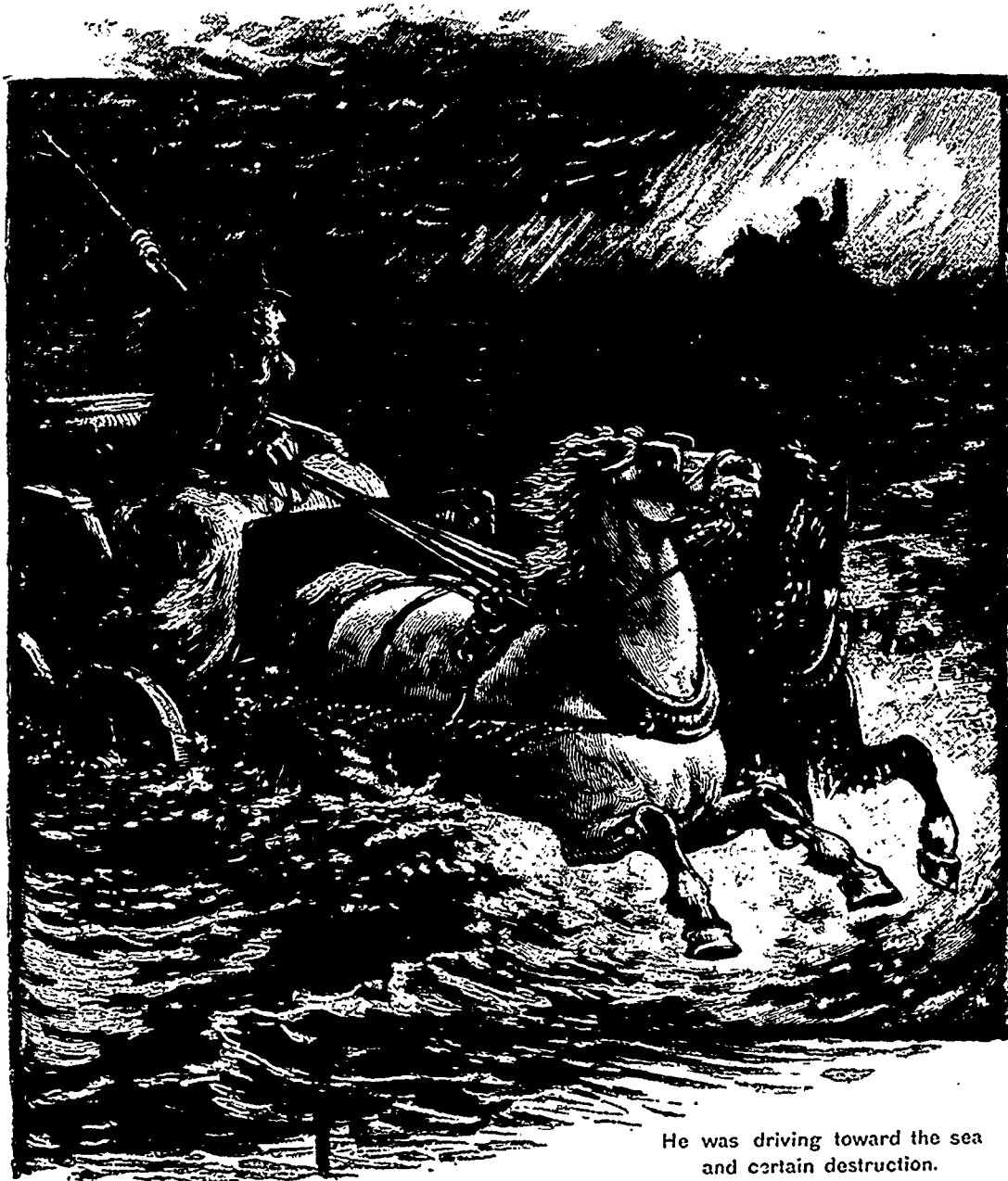
—No state of soul is worse than luke-warmness. God cannot away with it: He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot."

—Jesus pleads for you when you cannot pray for yourself.

—Christ is able to help you, and as willing as He is able: prove Him in every trial, put Him to the test in your present distress.

—We can only exalt the Redeemer's grace as we sink in our own estimation.

THE MERCHANT'S ESCAPE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



He was driving toward the sea
and certain destruction.

WHEN, in 1806, George Moore was born, stories of the old warlike times were still common. They formed part of the traditions of his youth. The game of "Scots and English" was the favourite pastime of George and his companions. In this survival of the old border warfare, the lads form two parties, and a line is drawn, from each side of which the players rush and endeavour to take the

clothes of the other side, which have been deposited in a certain spot, or to make them prisoners.

Very little schooling fell to the boy's share, for any drunken reprobate or maimed incapable was thought good enough for a schoolmaster. What little learning he got was beaten into his head by a kind of rude surgical operation. His instructor was one "Blackbird Wilson," who had acquired his nickname

from his successful imitation of the notes of that bird. This man's chief failing was his love of drink, which his scholars were sent out to fetch three or four times a day. "He used," says Mr. Moore, "to drive the learning into us with a thick ruler, which he brought down sharply upon our backs. He often sent the ruler flying amongst our heads. The wonder is that he did not break our skulls. Perhaps he calculated upon their thickness." What marvel that the lad acquired a distaste for learning, which he afterwards bitterly regretted!

George was a younger son, and as such had no career open before him at Mealsgate. Hearing that a lad was wanted in a draper's shop at Wigton, he offered his services, and was accepted. Wigton was by no means a place of rustic innocence, and the boy soon acquired the prevalent vices. He learned to drink and gamble. He himself says, "My apprenticeship will not bear reflection. My master was more thoughtless than myself. He gave way to drinking, and set before me a bad example. I saw nothing but wickedness and drinking." In short, he was on the high road to ruin, when he was suddenly brought up in a singular manner. His master had heard of his nightly pursuits, and one evening nailed up the window by which George usually entered the house in the early morning. The boy, however, was equal to the occasion. He climbed over the roofs till he reached his master's house, when he let himself down and hung suspended by the waterspout over the street, and with his left foot pulling up an unfastened window, got in and went to bed! His master came up and looked at him, and found him apparently asleep. The rest may be told in his own words:—

"I managed to keep up the appearance as long as he remained there. I heard him murmuring and threatening that the moment I got up he would turn me out of the place. This only served to harden me. But in the morning the waits came round, playing the Christmas carols. Strangely better thoughts came over me with the sweet music. I woke to the sense of my wrong-doing. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart, and bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I lay in bed, almost without moving, for twenty-four hours. No one came near me; I was without food or drink. I thought of what I should do when I got up. If my master turned me off, I would go straightway to America. I resolved, in any case, to give up card-playing and gambling, which, by God's grace, I am thankful to say I have firmly carried out."

At the intercession of friends, his master refrained from sending him home, but his character was thoroughly changed. "It was well for me," he says, "and perhaps for many others, that all this occurred. It has caused me, on many occasions, since I have had hundreds of young men in my employment, to forgive what I have seen wrong in their conduct, and give them another chance."

When his apprenticeship with the Wigton draper

had expired, Moore came to London, a journey which occupied him two days and two nights. A northern lady had prophesied that he was to be "nowt or soomat." It seemed at first as if it were to be "nowt." He could get no employment, though he applied to as many as thirty drapers in one day. His depression was increased by his accidentally hearing that he had been sleeping in the very bed from which Thurtell, the murderer of Weare, had been taken by the police some time before. Just as he began to despair, and again to think of going to America, he found a situation; this was in an establishment in Scho Square at a salary of £30 a year. Here occurred another romantic episode. A lady with a little girl one day entered the warehouse, and in answer to an inquiry, he was told that they were "the governor's" wife and daughter. "If ever I marry," said George, "that girl shall be my wife!" He was terribly laughed at, but it was no wild or improbable speech. It was the foreshadowing of his fate. Years afterwards that girl did become his wife.

In 1826, the firm of Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, in Watling Street, was the first lace house in the city. George obtained employment there, at a salary of £40. He now regarded himself as a "made man," but he found he had many things to learn. "His intelligence had not been awakened. Indeed, of all his brothers, he was the slowest to learn; at school he had been considered dull. He was much fonder of bathing than of reading, of hunting than of learning." So says Mr. Smiles; and it is rather curious, considering what the boy afterwards became, that he considered himself wanting in accuracy, promptitude, and quickness. He did his best to improve himself; he went to a night school, and frequently sat up studying his lessons till the small hours of the morning.

On one occasion he was crossing Cumberland by Carlisle, Maryport, and Whitehaven, and being pressed for time, he resolved to cut across the sands to Lancaster, where he was then overdue. He was, however, unaware how dangerous a thing it was he proposed to himself; for where the tide runs there is a strip of land stretching away for miles, with the sea only like a line of silver blue in the distance. If the nine miles that lies between Cartmel and Poulton le Sands can be got over before the tide turns, it saves fifty miles round; but should the traveller be caught before that distance is accomplished, it is almost certain death to him.

It was this short cut that the merchant determined upon. The sands had long been used as a sort of desert highway. It was the custom to have a regular guide, called the Carter, to attend and conduct strangers across the sands, which were constantly shifting. The register of the parish of Cartmel shows that no fewer than a hundred persons have been buried in the churchyard who were drowned in attempting to cross the sands. As late as the spring of 1857, a party of ten or twelve young men and women, who were proceeding to the hiring market at Lancaster, were overtaken by the tide, and the whole of them were drowned.

George Moore reached Cartmel toward evening. He did not stop to inquire as to the state of the tide, but drove at once to the sands. It was a reckless undertaking, as he soon found out. He drove along with lively speed. But he was scarcely half-way across the sands before he saw the tide was turning. The man who was with him in the carriage jumped out and went back, but the merchant, believing he was on the right road, drove on.

The water came on like a mill-race. But he flogged the horses as he had never done before. The sand slipped under their feet. Then he turned them to one side and drove then where their feet held. Now the situation became truly terrible. The water gained upon him, and the boxes behind him were swimming. He was driving toward the sea and certain destruction. At length he heard a loud shout. He looked round, and descried through the haze a man on horseback, shouting and waving his hands.

It was one of the mounted guides, stationed there to watch the dangerous tracks. He spurred his horse into the waves, and shouted to the driver of the sinking carriage to follow him.

The merchant understood, and by sheer strength pulled his now swimming horses in the direction of land, and after a fearful struggle, thanks to the aid of the guide, he was saved, but never to forget the peril of Morecambe Sands.

In 1845, as Mr. Moore has himself recorded, occurred a momentous change in his character. For some time he had been the subject of religious convictions. The ministry of the Rev. Daniel Moore, and the conversation of the well-known "Old Humphrey" and others, were very helpful to him. Of Mr. Moggridge he says, "How I envied his mind and heart! Yet he lived on only a scanty pittance. He called upon me once when I was in a desponding mood. How he comforted and supported me! He was one of the most lovable old men I ever knew. His mind was as pure as the snowdrop."

Sometimes he could not sleep at night from anxiety, but would rise and pray for help from above.

At length comfort came to him. Light began to dawn on his soul. "I am determined," he says, "for the future, not to perplex my mind with seeking for some extraordinary impressions, signs, or tokens of the new birth. I believe the Gospel. I love the Lord Jesus Christ. I receive with confidence the promise that 'He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'"

For some time Mr. Moore was greatly depressed; but life and fortune were forthwith consecrated to the highest and best end. The house in Bow Church-yard became a model establishment, every effort being made for the spiritual welfare of those in his employment. His native county too felt his beneficent influence.

His life henceforth was a series of deeds of unostentatious benevolence—schools, the poor, the church, philanthropic societies of all kinds, experienced his bounty. In Cumberland he found some of the

livings very ill endowed. Mr. Moore set the example of reform by augmenting the income of his own minister with an endowment of £500. In 1871 he was selected as one of the almoners of English bounty to the starving inhabitants of the French capital, and performed this difficult and laborious duty to the satisfaction of both the subscribers and recipients of his bounty. He was repeatedly asked to enter Parliament, and to accept other public offices, but preferred his own sphere of labour, as "merchant and philanthropist."

At length, in 1876, in his sixty-eighth year, the end came. Standing in a Carlisle street, a runaway horse knocked him down, and he received injuries which in a few hours proved fatal. The sympathy in the City of London was very marked. "When the telegram arrived, 'George Moore is dead,' strong men broke down and wept. Bow bells were tolled on that November afternoon from three till four, and spread the mournful news far and wide."

So ends the story of George Moore's life. In a time when there are thousands of examples of the art of acquiring wealth, it is refreshing to meet one example of the art of wisely distributing it. Mr. Smiles mentions that in one of his rooms hangs an illuminated tablet, on which is inscribed the address on charity written by St. Paul to the people of Corinth. At the head of the tablet, in large bright letters, are the words, "Charity never faileth;" and at the end, "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." The words were an illustration of Mr. Moore's character. He took them to heart, and tried to work them out into fact. Love to God and the Saviour filled his heart. "To do good and to communicate" was the joy of his later life.

MISSIONARIES IN EAST AFRICA.

It is sixty years ago since a little school-boy in Germany was looking over the maps of Africa. All over the centre of the map he saw great blank spaces, which were supposed to be arid sandy deserts. "I wonder," he said, "if they are all deserts as people say. Some day I should like to go and see."

That boy was Ludwig Krapf, and some years after he was on his way to Africa as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. That was in 1837, four years before Livingstone went out, and it was the very year that Queen Victoria came to the throne of England. So that the whole opening up of the continent of Africa has taken place in the reign of our beloved Queen.

Krapf went first of all to Abyssinia, but was turned out of the country through the intrigues of the Jesuits. He visited many parts of Eastern Africa, making in the next few years no less than thirty-six distinct voyages along that coast, in the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean. In the year 1844 he went down the eastern coast of Africa and landed at Zanzibar.

He ultimately settled to take up his residence at

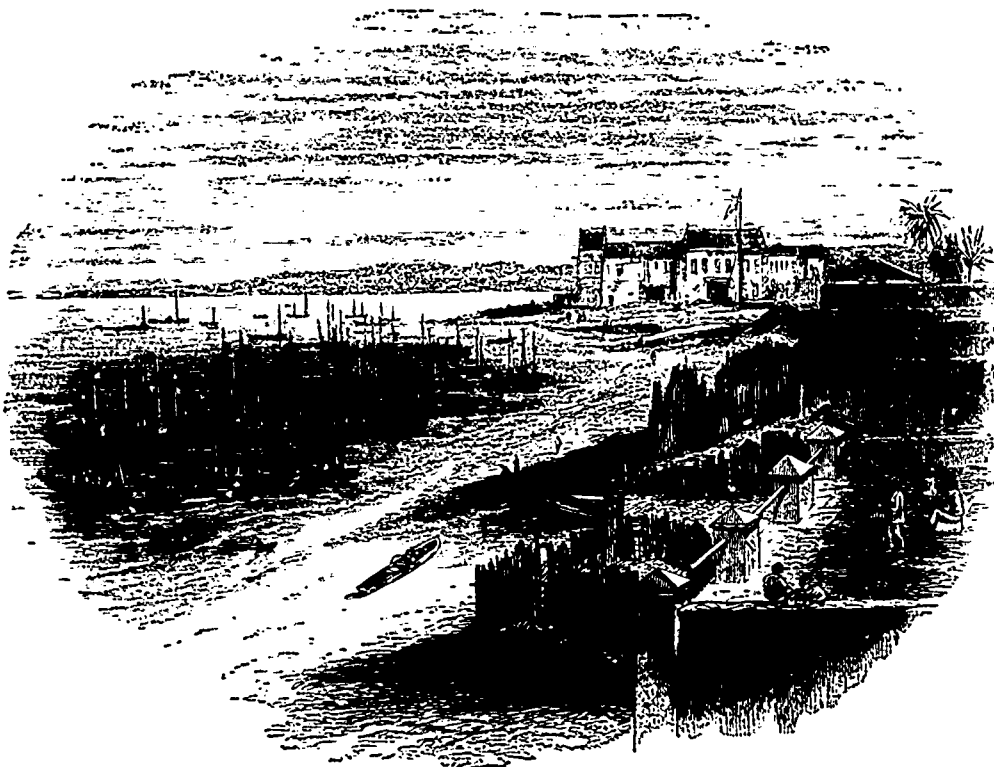
Mombasa, about 150 miles north of Zanzibar, and five degrees south of the equator. About two months later a little child was born to him there, and soon after he buried both mother and child in that newly-found home. Then it was that out of his bereaved heart he sent home that noble and memorable message to the committee of the Church Missionary Society: "This lonely grave is a sign that you have commenced the struggle in this part of the world; and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of many of her members, you may be convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore."

The Society responded to that message by sending out another missionary, John Rebmann. They worked well together, and made journeys together, for six

ensue, and that was a result we did not look for. The journeys undertaken by the party with Krapf and Rebmann resulted in marvellous geographical discoveries.

Rebmann said: "We did not come here to make geographical discoveries, that did not enter our head. We came simply to spread the kingdom of Christ." They asked for souls for their hire; but in their case, as in the case of Solomon, who asked neither wealth nor fame—God gave what they asked for, and gave also what they did not ask for. God gave Krapf and gave Rebmann a great name among geographical discoverers, and their names are honoured by the scientific world to the present day.

What was the result of their researches? A large map was sent home by Rebmann, and was hung up



Zanzibar, on the East Coast of Africa.

years, into the interior—so far as they could reach—and made careful inquiries, the result of which was the formation by them of a very grand plan indeed. This was no less than the establishment of a chain of mission stations right across Africa.

To plead on behalf of this plan Krapf paid his first visit to this country. After full consideration it was adopted, and a party, consisting of missionaries and mechanics, was selected to go with them.

That missionary band went out in the true missionary spirit; but death, sickness, desertion, privation, and trials of various kinds pressed upon them, and the mission for the time was a failure. For twenty years the practical result, in a missionary sense, was very small. One very important result, however, did

in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. It showed a great inland sea in the heart of Africa. This roused a desire on the part of other travellers to go and see. First Burton and Speke; then Speke and Grant; afterwards Baker. Then Livingstone came up from the South, and entered on the exploration of the great lake region.

In later years came Cameron and Stanley, and many others; and they found, not dry, arid, sandy desert, but a fertile region, teeming with multitudes of human beings. So the very heart of the interior of this vast continent has been opened up, as the result of the devoted labours of these solitary men, who went forward in the simple desire to win souls for Christ.

From Address by Eugene Stock, at Millmay Conference.

THE BOY ON THE ROCK.

ALMOST all children like to go down on the sea-shore. Most children that live anywhere near the sea-shore go down by the water very often in summer, and think it great fun to run up and down on the beach, and write their names in the sand, and dig out the little sand-hoppers and see them hop away, and hunt for little fishes in the water that the tide has left in the crevices of the rocks, and pick up whole handkerchiefs-full of shells and carry them home as great treasures. They lay them away in the cupboard, and soon forget them. At last the shells find their way into the garret, where they lie with the rest of the rubbish till the next house-cleaning.

Now suppose that a little boy goes down to the shore some day, and after wandering about the beach for some time, he finds a long strip of sand running out into the sea. The tide has gone out and left it bare. And at the end of it there is a large low rock. He thinks that he would like to stand on that rock. So he runs along the strip of sand, and soon finds himself on the rock, with water all around, except behind him, where the sand is on which he came. He stands there for a few moments, watching the ships far off on the sea, then he looks at the waves that are gently breaking on the rock at his feet; then he stoops down and pokes the seaweed that clings to the side of the rock, and breaks open some of the little limpets that seem to grow out of the rock, they stick to it so tightly.

Then he thinks that it would be good fun to bathe his feet; so he sits down and pulls off his shoes and stockings, and finds a good place to sit on the edge of the rock, and hangs his feet over, and paddles and splashes about in the water. Two or three times he has to move a little farther back, and a little higher, to keep out of the way of the waves; but it does not occur to him that the water is getting higher.

At last he is tired of having his feet in the water; and so he puts on his shoes and stockings, and thinks that he will go back to the beach again, and go home; but there is no longer any strip of sand to be seen. While he has been idly playing in the water, the tide has been coming in, and now the waves are running all over the sand, and the rock itself is almost covered. What shall he do? He tries to wade ashore; but as he steps down into the water, he finds it deep, deep, and he does not know but the very next step he will go in over his head, and be drowned. He draws back on the rock again, and begins to call out as loud as he can for help.

Presently a tall strong man comes running down to

the shore and wades out toward the rock. The water comes up to his knees, up to his thighs, up to his waist, up to his breast, but there it stops. He comes close to the rock, and holds out his hands, and says, "Come into my arms, my little fellow, and I'll carry you safe ashore."

Now what does the boy do? Does he sit down and cry, and say, "I'm not sorry enough that I came out here; when I feel a little worse about it, I'll let you?" Does he reply, "I don't feel my danger enough yet; when I am a little more scared, I'll come?" Does he say, "I don't want you to carry me; if you will only take hold of my hand and help me a little,



He thinks he would like to stand on that rock.

I think I can get ashore; I don't believe I shall be drowned, though the water is over my head?" Does he say, "If God means to save me, I shall be saved; I'm not going to do anything about it. No, thank you, sir, I'll wait and see?"

If he should do any of those things, wouldn't you think that he was very foolish? But he says, "Thank you, sir; I should like very much to have you take me ashore; you can do it, I know, and I believe that you will."

And so he trusts the man, jumps into his arms, and lets the man carry him; and the man takes him in his strong arms, and carries him safely to the shore.

Now this is precisely what Jesus Christ wants to do for us. We are all of us sinners, and we are all of us ruined and lost, unless we can find some way to be forgiven and saved. There is not one child who does not need a Saviour, or who will not be lost for ever without one.

We cannot save ourselves from the power of sin, we cannot obtain eternal life, nor fit ourselves for heaven by our own works. But Jesus Christ comes to us and says, "I have forgiveness for you; I can save you from your sins; I can give unto you eternal life; I can strengthen and help you. Only trust Me, and everything you need, pardon, peace, life, salvation, grace, and glory shall be yours. I will give them to you. Only believe and follow Me."

There is only one way for any one, old or young, to come to Christ. And that is to come as little children; for Jesus says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." What is it to become as little children? It is to become simple, humble, trustful. A child, such as Jesus spoke of, is free from pride, does not exalt itself, trusts simply and fully in its father and mother. We must become like little children if we would enter the kingdom of heaven.

CHRISTIAN VALOUR.

THE King of France offered De Condé his choice of three things.—First, to go to mass; second, to die; or, third, to be imprisoned for life. The answer was: "With regard to the first, I am fully determined never to go to mass; and as to the other two, I am so perfectly indifferent that I leave the choice to your Majesty."

PARSON MORGAN'S CRAB-STICK.

IN 1795 I was obliged to go to Ireland on some unpleasant business. On my return I visited certain friends in North Wales, and among them a worthy lady, Mrs. Griffiths, living near Carnarvon. Some friends joining us, we resolved to go on Sunday morning to church at Llanberis. The clergyman was the Rev. W. Morgan, of whom, some years before, I had heard my father speak in terms of praise.

The road lay over the skirts of Snowdon, a very rocky, and in some places precipitous, passage; but our Welsh ponies carried us safely. When we arrived the service had just begun, and as soon as we had disposed of our horses we entered the church. I was much struck by the appearance of the congregation. They seemed all very devout, and some grave white-bearded old men sat by the communion table. Only one more fashionable-looking gentleman was there, Mr. Jones, inspector of the mines.

After the service we were all introduced to Mr. Morgan, and though Mr. Jones offered us better fare, we preferred accepting Mr. Morgan's invitation to his poor meal of potatoes and fat bacon. However, Mr.

Jones' civility was not lost upon us, for we took our tea with him; and as my intention was on the following day to mount to the top of Snowdon, he readily offered me every facility.

My party returned to Drwys-y-Coed, as we had arranged, and I spent the night in Mr. Morgan's cottage. His conversation was useful and edifying, but his situation affected me. His curacy brought him the large sum of twenty-four pounds per annum! His son, a lad about sixteen, whom he had placed with an apothecary at Bangor, had been obliged, by a consumptive complaint, to return to his father's house.

Though Sunday had been a most glorious day, and the summit of Snowdon appeared bright, promising a continuation of fair weather, Monday morning was ushered in by a thick fog, which turned into continual rain. My plan was frustrated, and instead of ascending the mountain I entered the mines, which Mr. Jones with great politeness offered to show me.

After dinner I was accompanied by my host to the skirts of Snowdon, a miner's boy being engaged to conduct me to a place where my horse was waiting for me, to carry me to Drwys-y-Coed.

On taking leave of Mr. Morgan, I compelled him to accept of all the money I had in my pocket, as I could not have supported the idea of having spunged upon the poor man. The miner's boy went with me all the way to Mrs. Griffiths, and on his return I sent a neat cane I had brought with me to Mr. Morgan as a keepsake, and kept a rough crab-stick he had lent me to walk with, as the rain had made the rocks and roads very slippery. This stick proved a fruit-bearing tree to the poor curate, as you will be glad to hear.

I carried Mr. Morgan's crab-stick with me to London, and it stood for some time in a corner of my study. One morning, in very wet weather, I had occasion to walk down the Strand, and happening to spy the old crab as I was leaving the room, though not in general used to walk with a stick, I took it with me. It reminded me, as I walked along, of Llanberis, and I conceived an idea of assisting the poor curate, by making a little collection for him among my friends.

The first person I called upon was Mr. Jones, of Cockspur Street, the well-known silversmith to the king. I gave him some account of my journey, and laid before him Mr. Morgan's case. He observed that he was willing to give his guinea towards my collection, but that I had it in my power to serve my friend much more effectually by recommending him to the Society for the Relief of the Poor Pious Clergy.

On my objecting that, as I was no subscriber, I had not interest enough to succeed upon such a recommendation, he replied that every member of the committee was my personal friend; which, indeed, I found to be true. I went immediately to Mr. Ceel, and was directed by him to the Rev. H. Foster, the secretary, who put me in the way of doing what was required.

Accordingly, I wrote a letter in Mr. Morgan's name,

and forwarded it to him, requesting him that, if he approved it, and found it to be strictly true, he would copy, sign, and send it back to me. On its return, I accompanied it with a private letter to Mr. Foster, in which I gave him rather a playful account of my visit to Llanberis.

Some days after, a member of the committee met me, and told me how much they had been amused by my curious letter to Mr. Foster. I was rather alarmed to find that my private correspondence was thus made public; but, he added, it had put them all in good humour, and that I should soon hear that my friend had been well treated.

In fact, twenty guineas were sent to him for present relief, and he received a pension of sixteen pounds per annum, as long as he made application for it.

I never think of the fruits of poor Mr. Morgan's crab-stick without thankfulness to God, that I was so highly favoured as to become the instrument by which a poor servant of Christ was helped in his necessities. His gratitude for the unexpected relief was unbounded.

Rev. C. J. LaTrobe.

GOD'S LOVE TO YOU.

You had no love to God; but yet He has exercised unspeakable love to you. You have condemned God, and set light by Him; but so great a value has God's grace set on you and your happiness that you have been redeemed at the price of the blood of His own Son. You chose to be with Satan in his service; but yet God hath made you a joint heir with Christ of His glory.

You were ungrateful for past mercies; but yet God not only continued those mercies, but bestowed unspeakably greater mercies upon you. You refused to hear when God called; but yet He has manifested His infinite mercy in the exercise of it towards you. You have rejected Christ, and set Him at nought; and yet He has become your Saviour. You have destroyed yourself, but yet in God has been your help.

God has magnified His free grace towards you, and not to others; because He has chosen you, and it hath pleased Him to set His love upon you.

For love of me He bled,

For love of me He died:

'Twas love that bowed His fainting head,
And pierced His sacred side.

Oh, what cause is here for praise! What obligations are upon you to bless the Lord, who hath dealt bountifully with you, and to magnify His holy name! What cause for you to praise Him in humility, to walk humbly before God, and to be conformed to His image. "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God."

You should never open your mouth in boasting or self-justification; you should lie the lower before God for His mercy to you. But you have reason, the more abundantly for your past sins, to open your mouth in

God's praises, that they may be continually in your mouth, both here and to all eternity, for His rich, unspeakable, and sovereign mercy to you, whereby He, and He alone, has made you to differ from others.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.



ARELY has England's roll of the great and good been honoured by a more worthy name than that of Sir David Brewster. He was one of the foremost men of science of our day, being the only one beside Michael Faraday who ever took all the three medals given by the Royal Society to distinguished men. He was modest as well as pious, as the following account of his last illness will prove.

Every reader may well pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

The eminent physician, Sir J. Y. Simpson, himself a devoted Christian, thus speaks:—

"Sir David Brewster must have been originally endowed with a robust and iron constitution. Few men ever reached the age of eighty-seven with an intellect so unimpaired and an ear so acute. In later years, however, he had repeated attacks of serious illness. He died of an attack of pneumonia and bronchitis. A rigor, ushering in the fatal illness, occurred eight days previous to death. From the date of its occurrence he felt and stated that the grasp of the cold hand of death was now fixed upon him, and that he had very few days to live. Yet, though feeble and weak, he rose and worked for a few hours daily. Three days before he died he insisted on dressing and going into his study, where he dictated several farewell letters, and amongst others, one to his friend, Dr. Balfour. 'Permit me,' he pleaded with those around him, and who anxiously wished him to remain quiet, 'permit me to rise once more, for I have still a little work to do. I know,' he added, 'it is the last time I shall ever be in my study.'

Towards the end of that day's exertions his friend and pastor, Mr. Cousin, visited him. 'My race,' said he to Mr. Cousin, 'is now quite run. I am now of no use either to myself or to others, and I have no wish to linger longer here.' 'Yet,' he added, after a while, 'yet it is not without a wrench that one parts from all those he has loved so dearly.'

To Mr. Phin, and other clerical friends, he freely expressed in these his last days the unbounded and undoubting faith of a very humble and a very happy Christian. No shadow of doubt ever once seemed to cloud his mind. In his march toward and through the river of death it seemed, as I heard a friend remark, as if Christ were ever whispering into his ear, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.'

'I have,' he remarked to me, 'been very happy

here; but I shall soon be infinitely happier there with my Saviour and Creator.' As death drew more and more nigh, the one idea of his Saviour, and of his being speedily and eternally with Him, grew stronger and more absorbing.

His elder daughter arrived from a great distance about twenty four hours before he died. 'He often,' she writes to me, 'during that time spoke of the different members of his family whom he would meet in heaven. On one of these occasions he paused, and seemed to gather up his strength to say, with a wonderful power and emphasis, "I shall see Jesus too—Jesus who created all things—Jesus who made the worlds—I shall see Him as He is."

I said, "You will understand everything then;" and it seemed to me as if the "Oh yes!" of his answer came out of the very fulness of content. Once I said to him, "I wish all learned men had your simple faith."

Again there was the pause, and each word was dropped out with a never-to-be-forgotten weight of meaning: "I have had the light for many years, and oh! how bright it is. I feel so safe, so perfectly safe, so perfectly happy."

A near connection, but not a relative, who in former years often lived in his house, and latterly formed one of the three loving watchers by his death-bed, writes me this characteristic and striking anecdote. 'When we were living in his house at St. Andrews, twelve years ago, he was much occupied with the microscope; and, as was his custom always, he used to sit up studying it after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I often crept back into the room, on the pretence of having letters to write or something to finish, but just to watch him. After a little he would forget that I was there, and I have often seen him suddenly throw himself back in his chair, lift up his hands, and exclaim, "Good God! Good God! how marvellous are Thy works!"'

Remembering these scenes, I, on Sunday morning (the day before he died), said to him that it had been given to him to show forth much of God's great

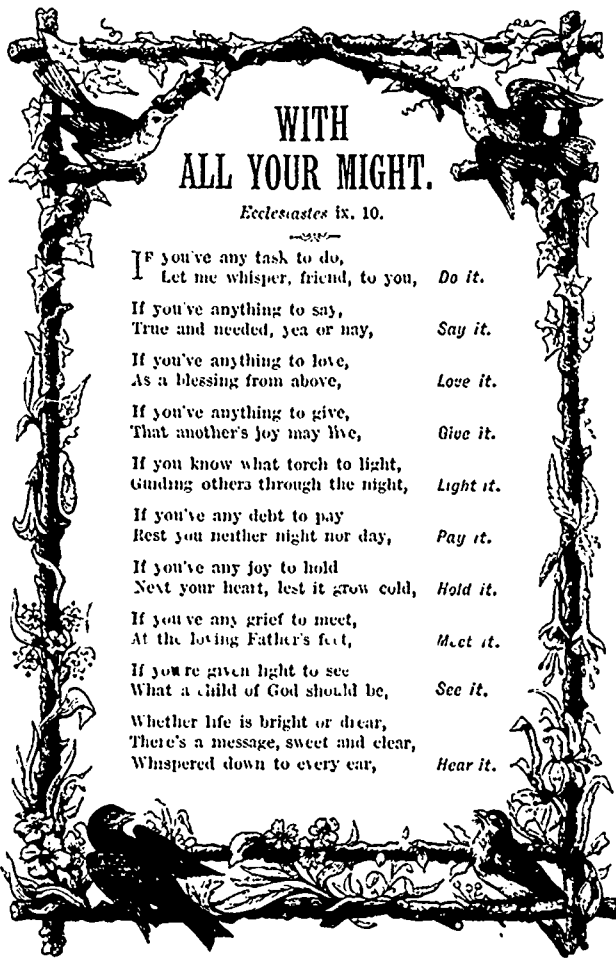
and marvellous works, and he answered, 'Yes, I found them to be great and marvellous, and I have felt them to be His.'

As a physician, I have often watched by the dying, but I have never seen a death-bed scene more full of pure love and faith than his. His death-bed was indeed a sermon of unapproachable eloquence and pathos in its silence as well as in his words. For there he lay, this greatest and most illustrious of modern philosophers, this hoary grand arch-priest of science, passing fearlessly through the valley of death, sustained and gladdened with the all-simple and all-sufficient Christian faith of a very child; and looking forward with unclouded intellect, and bright and happy prospects, to the mighty change that was about to carry him from time to eternity.

'I feel,' writes the lady whose note I have last quoted, 'I feel that words express very little of that death-bed; for the marvellous triumph of mind over matter, of grace over nature, was shown, not so much in words as in the whole spirit of the scene. I never saw a soul actually pass away before; but I thank God I have been present when his passed away. The sight was a cordial from heaven to me. I believed before, but now I have seen that Christ has truly abolished death.'

Sir David Brewster appears to have left a deep, and touching, and marvellous lesson, alike in his life and in his death. In his life he has shown us what a gifted and gigantic intellect can effect, when conjoined

with industry and energy, in the way of unveiling and unfolding the secret laws and phenomena of nature. In his death he has shown us that one, possessing an intellect so gifted and so gigantic, could possess also and lean upon the faith of a pure and simple-hearted Christian. That faith made to him the dreaded darkness of the valley of death a serene scene of beauty and brightness. May God grant that it do so to every one of us! His spirit even now seems to me to be beckoning on the votaries of literature and science, here and elsewhere, along that path which he has so gloriously trodden—upward, and heavenward, and Christward."



WITH
ALL YOUR MIGHT.

Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

- If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you, *Do it.*
- If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay, *Say it.*
- If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above, *Love it.*
- If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live, *Give it.*
- If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night, *Light it.*
- If you've any debt to pay
Rest you neither night nor day, *Pay it.*
- If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it grow cold, *Hold it.*
- If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet, *Meet it.*
- If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be, *See it.*
- Whether life is bright or drear,
There's a message, sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear, *Hear it.*

THE SNAKE IN THE BOTTLE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A welcome visitor.

An Australian settler, with whom the Rev. Samuel Leigh was brought into contact in the course of his evangelistic excursions, had reduced himself to a state of necessity and degradation by the habit of intoxication. The singular cause which led, under Providence, to the abandonment of his ruinous excesses affords a striking illustration of that well-known passage of Scripture in which the drunkard is warned to beware of the deceitful and insidious cup, which, however sparkling to the eye and exciting to the taste, "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Lord having raised up two or three lay helpers, says his biographer, Mr. Leigh purchased a

horse and began to make excursions into the country. A gentleman in Sydney expressed a wish that he would visit a friend of his at the settlement of Castlereagh, and gave him a letter of introduction.

Mr. Leigh mounted his horse, and reached Castlereagh late in the evening. On riding up to the fence enclosing the premises, he observed a farmer standing at the door.

"Sir," said Mr. Leigh, "I have a letter from your friend, Mr. M., of Sydney; he wishes you to allow me to preach to your people."

The haughty settler replied peremptorily, "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Leigh, "you will be so kind as

to allow my horse to remain in your yard all night, and permit me to sleep in your barn. I shall pay you whatever you may demand for our accommodation."

The farmer repeated, in a tone and with a vehemence that settled the question, "I will do nothing of the kind."

"Do you think," inquired Mr Leigh, "that any one in the settlement will take me in for the night?"

"How can I tell?" said the farmer, gruffly. "There's John Lees, over yonder, perhaps he might. He lives about two miles off."

Mr. Leigh turned his horse, and rode, as fast as the entangling nature of the underwood would admit, in search of the homestead of John Lees. On arriving at his wood hut, he knocked with the end of his whip at the door, and called out, "Will you receive a missionary?"

The door opened, and out came a little stiff, ruddy lad, who laid hold of the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and said, "Get on, sir! my father will be glad to see you."

Mr. Leigh dismounted, and entered the hut. His astonishment may well be conceived, when he observed a number of persons sitting round a roughly-made table in the most orderly manner.

Directing the attention of the stranger to some books that lay on the table, old Lees said, "We were just going to have family worship. Perhaps you will have no objection to take that duty off my hands?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Leigh, and when the other members of the settler's family came in from the next room, he took up the Bible, opened it on Isaiah xxxv.: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Here he was obliged to pause, and allow the tears to flow, until he could again command the power of utterance. He then proceeded with the second verse: "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God:" but he could proceed no further.

A little while before, he had felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, enclosed in the woods of Australia at a late hour, and without a home: now he was in Bethel.

When they rose from their knees, the farmer crossed the floor, and seizing Mr. Leigh's hand, squeezed it until he felt as if the blood were dropping from the points of his fingers.

"We have been praying for three years," said Lees, "that God would send us a missionary; now that you are come, we are right glad to see you. We had not even heard of your arrival in the colony." After supper they retired to rest, exclaiming, "We have seen strange things to-day!"

Next day Lees gave the missionary an account of the circumstances under which he became serious. He was formerly a soldier, belonging to the New South Wales Corps. After the corps was disbanded, the Government granted him a small allotment of land, with some other aid, to commence the "settler's life." He married, and soon had a rising family.

After hard work, several acres of tall trees were felled by his own axe, and the timber burnt off. His live-stock increased, and he began to thrive. But his former propensity for strong drink, checked for a while by industry, again developed itself, and grew on him, till he bore all the marks of a reckless confirmed drunkard.

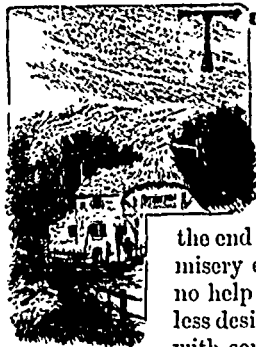
And so it happened in his case, as in a thousand others, one useful article after another went, till part of his land and all his live stock were gone, except one pig, now fat, and ready for the knife. The unhappy man was contemplating the sale of this last pig, to pay off a debt which he had contracted for spirituous liquors, when a circumstance occurred which changed the whole course of his future life, and, we believe, his final destiny.



While in bed one night, in a sound sleep, his mind wandered to the usual place of conviviality: he was in the act of grasping the spirit bottle to fill another glass, when, to his terror, he observed a snake rising out of the bottle with expanded jaws, and striking its fangs in all directions. Its deadly eye, flashing fire, was fixed upon him, and occasioned a convulsive horror, which awoke him; he thanked God it was but a dream; yet the impression then made upon his mind could never be obliterated. He regarded the whole scene as indicating the inseparable connection between intemperance, suffering, and death. The more he reflected upon it, the more deeply was he convinced of his guilt and danger.

His distress of mind so increased, that he resolved to go over to Windsor, a distance of twelve miles, to consult the assistant colonial chaplain. That gentleman spoke earnestly and kindly to him, recommending the reading of the Scriptures, much prayer, and a believing appropriation of the promised mercy of God in Christ Jesus. "Having obtained help of God," he continued in the diligent use of these means up to the time of Mr. Leigh's arrival.

THE BRUISED REED.



THE bruised reed is a man that for the most part is in some misery, as those were that came to Christ for help; and by misery brought to see sin, the cause of it. For, whatever pretences sin maketh, yet bruising or breaking is the end of it. He is sensible of sin and misery even unto bruising; and seeing no help in himself, is carried with restless desire to have supply from another, with some hope which a little raiseth

him out of himself to Christ; though he dareth not claim any present interest in His mercy.

This bruising is required before conversion; that so the Spirit may make way for Himself into the heart, by levelling all proud high thoughts, and that we may understand ourselves to be what indeed we are by nature. We love to wander, till God bruise us by one cross or other, and then we bethink ourselves and come home like the prodigal. A marvellous hard thing it is to bring a dull and a shifting heart to cry with feeling for mercy. Our hearts, like malefactors, until they be beaten from all shifts, never cry for the mercy of the judge.

Likewise this dealing of God doth establish us more in His ways, having had knocks and bruising in our own ways. This is the cause oft of relapses and apostacies, because men never smarted for sin at the first; they were not long enough under the lash of the law. Hence this inferior work of the Spirit in "bringing down high thoughts" is necessary before conversion. And, for the most part, the Holy Spirit, to further the work of conviction of sin, joineeth some affliction, which, being sanctified, hath a healing and purging power.

Hence we learn that we must not pass too hard judgment upon ourselves or others, when God doth exercise us with bruising upon bruising. There must be a conformity to our Head, Christ, who was bruised for us; that we may know how much we are bound unto Him. Profane spirits, ignorant of God's ways in bringing His children to heaven, censure broken-hearted Christians for desperate persons, when God is about a gracious work with them. It is no easy matter to bring a man from nature to grace, and from grace to glory; so unyielding and untractable are our hearts.

Well, then, we are assured that Christ will not break the bruised reed. Physicians, though they may put their patients to much pain, yet will not destroy nature, but raise it up by degrees. A mother that hath a sick and froward child will not therefore cast it away. And shall there be more mercy in the stream than in the spring? Shall we think there is more mercy in ourselves than in God, who planted the affection of mercy in us?

But, for further declaration of Christ's mercy to all bruised reeds, consider the comfortable relations He hath taken upon Him of Husband, Shepherd,

Brother, and the like, which He will discharge to the utmost.

Consider His very name, Jesus, a Saviour, given to Him by God Himself. Consider His office answereth to His name, which is that He should heal the broken-hearted. See the gracious manner of executing His threefold office of Prophet, Priest, and King.

As a Prophet He came with blessing in His mouth; blessed are the poor in spirit, for He invited those to come to Him whose hearts suggested most exceptions against themselves. "Come unto Me, a' ye that labour and are heavy laden." How did His bowels yearn when He saw the people as sheep without a shepherd. He never turned any back again that came unto Him, though some went away of themselves.

He came to die as a Priest for His enemies. In the days of His flesh He dictated a form of prayer unto His disciples, and put petitions unto God into their mouths, and His Spirit to intercede in their hearts; and now makes intercession in heaven for weak Christians, standing between God's anger and them; and shed tears for those that shed His blood.

So He is a meek King. He will admit mourners into His presence, the poor and afflicted. As He hath beams of majesty, so hath He bowels of mercies and compassion.

He is a Prince of Peace. Why was He tempted, but that He might succour those that are tempted? What mercy may we not expect from so gracious a Mediator, who took our nature upon Him, that He might be gracious! He is a Physician good at all diseases, especially at the binding up of a broken heart. He died that He might heal our souls with His own blood, and save us from that death which we were the procurers of ourselves, by our own sins.

And hath He not the same heart in heaven? His advancement hath not made Him forget His own flesh; though it hath freed Him from suffering, it hath not freed Him from compassion towards us. The Lion of the tribe of Judah will only tear in pieces those that will not have Him to rule over them. He will not show His strength against those that prostrate themselves before Him. He will not break the bruised reed.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Dr. Gibbs.

THE DISHONEST TRADER.

HE KNEW a dealer in small wares, which he wheeled about upon a barrow, and for which he got good custom. He was a diligent fellow, and all he sold was good of its kind. His barrow and his wares were always put by in good time on Saturday night, and he spent his Sabbath like a Christian man. He got rich.

The barrow was given up, and a nice small shop was taken, and he appeared to prosper in all he did. But now the tempter came, and our dealer in small wares took it into his head that by more attention to business and longer hours, he might soon make money

enough to retire from his toils, and live at ease for the rest of his life, as so many others had done. He kept his shop open till midnight on Saturdays, and gave up going to the public worship of God on Sunday morning.

"Can't go out, sir, on Sunday mornings, you see the shop is open till twelve on Saturday night, then it takes an hour or so to put away the things, then a bit of supper, and it's two o'clock before we get to bed. Oh, no, can't go out now on Sunday mornings!"

But soon he was too tired to go out on Sunday evenings. And then, the more quickly to gather riches, he kept his shop open a little on Sundays. And as the tempter urged him on, he took another step downwards, and cheated his customers by selling inferior articles at the price of the superior ones, as well as in other ways.

See him here detected and put to shame in the presence of his customers. Among the methods he had adopted for increasing his profits was that of giving short weight. This was accidentally done at first. He bought a pair of scales and a set of weights at a sale, and began to use them without trying whether or not they were correct.

After a little while, however, he made the discovery that his half-pound weight was in reality but a little more than seven ounces; his pound, scarcely more than fourteen, the other weights of the set being proportionately short.

How they came to be so at first could be neither explained nor imagined by their new owner, who, however, did not trouble himself to think much about it. He thought a good deal more about the advantage they had been to him since he had used them.

He began to sum up in his mind how many packets of tea, pounds of sugar, and cheese, and butter, and sicc, and other articles, he had sold by those weights, and he chuckled over the remembrance, congratulating himself that while he had been unknowingly making a larger profit than he had calculated on, his customers had no suspicion of the losses they had sustained.

Satan is ever on the watch, and ready to take advantage of men by putting temptation in their way,

and wicked thoughts into their minds. Even those who are not ignorant of his devices, and who sincerely desire to act with integrity and uprightness, sometimes are overcome by his wiles. In the case of this man, however, the great enemy was met half way. Hugging himself upon his past dishonest gains, it was no difficult thing for the shopkeeper to persuade himself that if he could only continue to cheat his customers without their knowing it, there would not be much harm done. So a false balance very soon became the rule of his dealings, and a just weight the exception.

To be sure, his customers began, some of them, to wonder how it was that their ounces of tea and their pounds of sugar and butter did not last so long as formerly, or else that they had to drink weaker tea or put less butter on their bread. But they did not like to complain, even if they suspected that they were cheated, for many of them were in the bad habit of getting into debt from one week's end to another. And it would not have answered their purpose—so they thought—to quarrel with their accommodating shopkeeper.

At last, however, one day when he was not expected, the inspector of weights made his appearance; and, after exposing the tradesman's dishonesty, he carried off the false weights, and left a summons behind him.

"Serve him right if he had had his ears nailed to the door-post, as they do to cheating shopkeepers in

Turkey," said one of his angry customers, who heard of his being heavily fined. "To think of his going about to rob poor people in that shamefaced way!"

But this was not the end of it; for the man's custom after this became less and less, till his shop was quite deserted. He became a bankrupt in purse, reckless in his general conduct, and died at last in the workhouse. "Them that honour Me I will honour," says God; but "they that despise Me shall be highly esteemed."

The dealer's calling was lawful. Diligence in it was praiseworthy, but when he carried it on without respect to God and His laws, it became sin.



The Inspector carried off the false weights.

THE OPEN-AIR PREACHER.

Jeremiah has been called "the weeping prophet;" and his life was one continued strain of mourning over the sins and sorrows of his country, and also of much personal affliction. He was a solitary man, without wife or children to cheer his home, and secluded from the social gatherings of his neighbours, alike by the Divine command and by the general hatred he incurred by his faithful reproofs. Continual remonstrances were addressed by him to king and people. Now in one part of the city, and then in another, his familiar figure might be seen, ever with the same message of rebuke and warning upon his lips.

from their graves and scattered upon the face of the earth.

Another day Jeremiah was sent to the potter's house to draw a lesson from the work he found going on there. The potter had nearly completed a vessel, when some accident occurred and it was spoiled. He immediately crushed it entirely, and began to form it over again. Thus the Lord declared that nations and kingdoms were in His hand, to do with them as He pleased. If Israel would turn from their sins, He was ready to turn from His wrath; but if they continued disobedient, nothing but destruction awaited them.

The people's answer was most daring: "There is no hope, but we will walk every man after the imagination



Jeremiah rebuking the idolatry of the people.

One day he took his stand at the gates of the royal palace. Courtiers in their gay clothing were passing in and out, the monarch himself was arrested by the man clad in a rough garment made of camel's hair, such as Elijah and John the Baptist wore—the usual dress of the prophets of Israel. The message was for monarch and courtiers alike. "Hear the word of the Lord, O King of Judah," Jeremiah began, and then proceeded to pronounce the doom of life-long captivity on his predecessor, of an ignominious end and disgraceful burial on himself, and of accumulated misfortunes on his son and successor. The bones of the royal family of Judah were presently to meet with the same treatment as Josiah had bestowed on those of idol-worshippers of former times, namely, to be dragged

of his own heart." Enraged with the prophet's words, they turned fiercely upon him. "Come and let us devise devices against Jeremiah, come and let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words." He turned for comfort and support to his God. "Give heed to me, O Lord, and hearken to the voice of them that contend with me. Remember that I stood before Thee to speak good for them, and to turn away Thy wrath from them."

Not long afterwards the prophet was instructed to request the attendance of the rulers in the valley of Hinnom; and there, in full view of the accursed Tophet, to dash in pieces such an earthen vessel as he had lately seen made, and to declare that in like manner the ruin of the nation would be beyond

remedy, and that the scene of their bloody idolatry should be their burial-place, till no room for more graves could be found there. Pashur, the "chief governor in the house of the Lord," indignant at this discourse, arrested Jeremiah, and put him in the stocks, where he left him all night. Pashur found that, instead of silencing Jeremiah, he had only brought a sentence of punishment on himself.

This confinement was brief, but it was the first of a long series, and Jeremiah was almost ready to be silent for the future, and to leave off proclaiming the Divine messages. Not only was he himself called to bear increased reproach on account of the word of the Lord, but that holy word itself was made the object of mockery and derision. What use to go on speaking? Was it not wiser to resolve, "I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name?" But silence he found not so easy. "His word," he says, "was as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Jeremiah resolved, therefore, to go on in the path of duty; and he found that, notwithstanding slander, and calumny, and spies all around, "the Lord was with him as a mighty terrible one;" and leaning on Him, like the apostle afterwards, he was "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The outward forms of religion were not given up, and on solemn occasions the people came from all the cities of Judah to worship in the temple. In the newly-built temple gate the prophet stationed himself, and delivered another warning, that unless they repented and turned from their evil ways, the temple should become like Shiloh, where once the tabernacle stood, but which was now desolate; and the city should be "a curse to all the nations of the earth." Such language could not fail to arrest attention; the people listened to the terrible words, and a storm of indignation was drawn upon the prophet. They seized on him with the exclamation, "Thou shalt surely die!"

The tumult reached the ears of the princes of Judah, and a court of justice was soon assembled on the spot. The priests and the prophets preferred their charge: "This man is worthy to die, for he hath prophesied against this city, as ye have heard with your ears." Jeremiah's defence was simple. He repeated his message, concluding with these words. "As for me, behold, I am in your hands; do with me as seemeth good and meet to you. But know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves and upon this city, for of a truth the Lord hath sent me to speak all these words."

The princes of Judah felt the force of the prophet's defence, and pronounced their verdict: "This man is not worthy to die, for he hath spoken to us in the name of the Lord our God." The elders of the assembly called to mind how the prophet Micah had delivered similar predictions in the reign of Hezekiah; and how that king, instead of putting him to death, had given heed to the warning, and by timely repentance moved the Lord to turn from His fierce anger and delay the threatened judgment. Another prophet,

too, had come with the same message to their present king; his name was Urijah. Jehoiakim's anger was so violent that Urijah fled into Egypt; but he was pursued and overtaken there, brought back, and put to death. Warned by his fate, the princes determined to protect Jeremiah from the king and from the people. God had other work for him to do. But they obeyed not the voice of God's messenger, but were at last punished so severely as to be a warning to all who come after them against despising the message of the Lord.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WHEN the Lord, after He had mercifully given me some experimental knowledge of the Gospel for myself, was pleased to honour me with a commission to preach to others, I found myself possessed of an infallible medicine for the cure of all diseases, and I was surrounded with multitudes whom I saw were sick of a mortal disease, and, as we say, at death's door. I thought at first to do great things with my catholicon. But I soon observed the fatal disorder I wished to relieve was attended with one very discouraging symptom.

Most of the sick people, though I could read death in their countenances, thought themselves well; they insisted on it that nothing ailed them, and were angry with me because I would not believe them. Some of them could scarcely hear with patience what I said of the power and skill of the Physician who gave me the medicine. Others thought they might apply to Him when they were really ill, but at present they had no need of Him. Oh, how I laboured with some, but all in vain, to convince them of their danger! Now and then I did prevail with one, who then thankfully took the medicine, and presently recovered.

And as I and my fellow-practitioners were daily praising the virtues and efficacy of our medicine, some of our patients learned to talk after us; they did not take the medicine, but they praised it. They would allow they had been sick once; but now, to be sure, they must be well, for they could say as much in favour of the medicine as we could ourselves. I fear many died under this mistake. They would not make such a mistake in common life. Many go to see the table spread at a Lord Mayor's feast; but the sight of the delicacies, which they must not taste, will not satisfy the appetite like a plain dinner at home. But, alas! our patients were not hungry.

Some felt themselves unwell, but would not own it; they tried to look as cheerful as they could. These depended on medicines of their own contrivance; and, though they suffered many things, and grew worse and worse daily, they refused to try mine. It was judged by one too simple; like Naaman, who, for a time, though he would have done some hard thing, disdained such an easy remedy as—"only wash, and be clean." Others refused, unless I could clearly explain to them all the ingredients belonging to my

medicine, which I had neither ability to do, nor they capacity to comprehend. They said, likewise, that the regimen which I prescribed was too strict; for I told them honestly that, if they did not abstain from some things of which they were very fond, my medicine would do them no good. I was often grieved, though not so much as I ought, to see so many determined to die, rather than take the only medicine that could preserve their lives.

There were more than a few who deceived both themselves and me, by pretending to take my medicines, and yet did not. None grieved me more than these, but they could not deceive me long. For as the medicine was infallible, I knew that whoever took it, and observed the regimen, would soon show signs of convalescence, and that they were getting better, though they were not perfectly well; and, therefore, when these signs were wanting, I was sure the medicine had not been taken.

I have not time to enumerate all the signs that accompany salvation, but I shall mention a few. First, a broken and contrite spirit. This is indispensably necessary, for by nature we are full of pride; and God resisteth the proud, and giveth His grace only to the humble. Secondly, a simple and upright spirit, free from artifice and disguise. It is said of the blessed man whose sins are forgiven, in his spirit there is no guile. He is open and undisguised. Thirdly, gentle, gracious tempers. If a man like a lion takes my medicine, he presently becomes a lamb. He is not easily offended. He is very easily reconciled; he indulges no anger; he harbours no resentment; he lives upon forgiveness himself, and is therefore ready to forgive, if he has aught against any. Fourthly, benevolence, kindness, and an endeavour to please, in opposition to that selfishness which is our natural character. Fifthly, a spiritual mind, which is the beginning of life and peace; a weanedness from the world and its poor toys, and a thirst for communion with God through Christ.

I could go on, but let this suffice. These signs are at first weak, for a Christian is a child before he is a man; but grace grows by exercise, by experience, and by a diligent use of the appointed means. My medicine enlightens the understanding, softens the heart, and gives a realising of what the Scriptures declare of the glorious person, the wonderful love, the bitter sufferings, of the Saviour, and the necessity and efficacy of His death and agonies upon the cross. When these things are understood by the teachings of the Holy Spirit (whose influence is always afforded to those that take the medicine), the cure is already begun; all the rest will follow, and the patient recovers apace; though there are sometimes transient relapses, and a spice of the old disorder will hang about them, until they are removed to the pure air of a better world.

Oh, what love! that such a Saviour should die for such sinners as we are; and what a marvellous mercy to me, that I should be brought from the horrid wilds of Africa to proclaim His goodness! That I, who was an infidel, a blasphemer, and a profligate, should be spared to stand as a proof that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners! *John Newton.*

SOFT ANSWERS.

EACH member of a family sees the infirmities of the rest; but it is one thing to see them, and another thing to bear with them. This we should endeavour to do, because we all require to be borne with in our turn. We may not all have bad tempers, but we are all more or less liable to *moods*. We are affected by the weather, by health, by secret trials which are known only to God.

These changes depress the spirits, and unhinge us for the time. Not that they produce sullenness. This is an ugly passion—the twin-sister of revenge; hateful and difficult to cure; the curse of the bosom that harbours it, and the bane of domestic enjoyment. The depression of spirits alluded to requires the indulgence of those into whose society we happen to be thrown. It unfits us for doing our part, for contributing to the common fund of instruction and entertainment.

But another reason for exercising forbearance is still stronger—this is the *only* way in which a family can get on with comfort. That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath.

If you lay a single stick of wood upon the andirons and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add a half-dozen, and you will have a grand blaze. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the other members of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another; and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them all. The venerable Philip Henry understood this well; and when his son Matthew, the commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:—

“Love one another; pray off together; and see
You never both together angry be;
If one speak fire, t’other with water come;
Is one provoked: be t’other soft or dumb.”

INFIDELITY.

An infidel was taken dangerously ill, and became alarmed for his soul’s safety. Infidelity yielded him no comfort. He then began to examine, for the first time, the nature and grounds of the Christian faith. He became convinced of its truth, and of its suitability to his need and danger. Embracing it, in penitence and faith, he found it the power of God unto salvation. In the meantime some of his infidel friends, ignorant of his change, and concerned to think that he was dying, called upon him.

“We have come,” they said, “to advise you to become a Christian; because, if Christianity be false, you will suffer no harm, but should it be true, you will be a great gainer.” Infidelity cannot stand the test when face to face with the unseen world.



THE BROOK IN THE WAY.

THE way is long, and the weary feet drag themselves slowly onward beneath the glowing heat of a scorching sun. Still there is no sign of the journey's end, and the traveller is nigh to fainting.

Lo! at a turn of the road he hears the murmuring sound of a brook! Surely that silver gleam, those tufted palms rising and standing sculptured against the sky can have only one meaning. Water, oh! thought of gladness; water, oh! pearl of pure delight; what music in its very name, when the pilgrim is perishing with thirst, choked with dust and reduced almost to despair! This is indeed no mirage, but the ever-springing water of life.

The Psalmist says that "He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

What a picture for you and me, and how true to our every-day needs! What a blessing that, if in the way, be it ever so hard and we ever so worn and exhausted, God can lead us to a rill or a river of refreshing, as it shall please Him. What force in the little link "therefore." Because we have drunk of the stream, heaven sent in our necessity, we shall go on, not bowing and bent, but lifting the head! Invigorated, renovated, recreated, and heartened for our work, since on God's errand and in God's way we have tasted the cooling draught supplied us by His grace.

Let us thank God that we never need journey in spiritual dearth and dryness, if only we seek His help in the methods of His appointment, if only we are willing to drink of "the brook in the way."

THE CURE OF AN EVIL TONGUE.

IT must begin at the heart; otherwise it will be but a mountebank cure, a false imagined conquest. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where is the forge of deceit, and slanders, and other evil-speakings; the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the lips the door of it. So, then, such ware as is made within, such and no other can be set out. From evil thoughts, evil speaking, from a profane heart, profane speaking, from a malicious heart, bitter and calumnious words, and from a deceitful heart, guileful words, well varnished, but lined with rottenness. And so in the general, "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," as the Saviour teaches.

That which the heart is full of runs over by the tongue. If the heart be full of God, the tongue will delight to speak of Him; much of heavenly things within will surely breathe forth something of their smell by the mouth; and if nothing but earth is there, all a man's discourse will have an earthy smell; and if nothing but wind, vanity, and folly, the speech will be airy, and vain, and purposeless. "The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom; the law of God is in his heart." "The tongue of the righteous is as fine silver; but the heart of the wicked is little worth." It makes the antithesis in the root; his heart is little worth, and therefore his tongue has no silver in it. He may be worth thousands, as we speak, that is, indeed, in his chests or lands; and yet himself, his heart, and all his thoughts of it, are not worth a penny.

Archbishop Leighton.

GOLD DUST.

—The best truths are often perverted to the worst purposes.

—Be not discouraged by past failures in duty; but confess to God, beg His interference, and try again: "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright."

—Never take your eye off the cross when you think of salvation; all its lines centre there.

—Expect the Spirit when you have prayed for His assistance.

—Be sure Satan will oppose you, if what you are doing is for God's glory.

—Examine your aim in all you undertake.

—Peace of mind is produced by reliance on God's promises.

—Contentment springs from humility.

—Love is the greatest ornament a believer can wear.

—Forgiveness is a godlike grace; resentment is diabolical.

—Look for the hand of God where the eye of reason can only see the hand of man.

—If God has done it, it is both your duty and privilege to submit and acquiesce.

—In all you suffer, Jesus sympathises with you.

—Nothing takes place by chance; there is a design worthy of a God in every operation or permission.