

AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH, SO WILL I COMFORT YOU.—Isa. lxxvi. 13.

# MISSION UNION

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD  
A Tract and Religious Journal

Vol. 1 JUNE 20, 1885. No. 21.



BE NOT WEARY  
IN WELL DOING.



## The Ministry of Old Clothes.



SUCH is the title of a pamphlet recently received by us from England. We wondered at first what could be the subject matter of such a pamphlet. We therefore carefully read it, and found that it referred to a special branch of the Mission work carried on in London, by the Congregational Union. In view of the fact that there is a similar department of work in connection with the Toronto Mission Union, we reprint some portions of the article, hoping that the Lord may use them

to show some persons a way by which they may help the work.

"Well, here we are in the storeroom, and a rapid glance round shows us that while every thing is methodically arranged, there is no needless expenditure in the way of fixtures. Tea-chests, packing cases, hampers, and other original "hold-alls," are so arranged as to meet almost all that is required. And there is no waste. Even the bits of string are carefully saved and are made to do double duty when the exodus of old clothes takes place. But stop! we are thinking only about *old clothes!* "What is the meaning of these bundles of garments?" Strong shirts for men, warm garments for women, cosy little things for children.

"Then the superintendent proceeds to tell us how these things have been repaired and remade.

"We listen with increasing interest to the "Old Clothes' Stories"—how a cricketer's suit proved the very thing for part of an outfit for Australia; how the cast-off suit of a well known Member of Parliament made a wonderful transformation in a man who was down in the world; how a literary man was materially helped by under-clothing and a special suit which the original owner had outgrown; how a light summer suit stood a baker in good stead; and how another suit was forthcoming at the very nick of time to help a deserving man to obtain permanent employment.

"The Ministry of Old Clothes" would furnish material for several volumes, if we were to allow ourselves to follow up the cases. During the past twelve months over 8,000 garments have been sent out on

The entrance of Thy word giveth light.—Psalm cxix. 130.

## Our Mission Union,

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their errands of mercy. Such ministry is deserving of the utmost encouragement. By such means the evils of indiscriminate charity are prevented, the cases are thoroughly investigated, reports of the disposal of the clothes are regularly presented, and thus lead to a deeper interest in those who have been temporarily benefited."

It is no stretch of imagination to say that the cast-off clothes of the upper and middle classes would be more than sufficient to meet every case of distress arising from insufficient clothing among the poorer classes. Sometimes the left-off clothes are sold; and how little they produce! Sometimes they are allowed to remain in drawers or cupboards till they become moth-eaten and useless. Better far that they should be turned out at once, made into a parcel, dispatched to the Mission, and from that centre to be again sent forth—east, west, north and south—to cheer sad hearts and afford timely help. "The Ministry of old clothes" will not be deemed a fruitless one when the Master's voice is heard, "Ye did it unto Me."

### Fruit.



THE following letter received from the Treasurer of the Toronto City Mission will, we trust, be carefully read, and, if after due consideration, any reader is led to follow the example set by this lady, we feel certain that they will themselves be blessed in the giving, and that others will be rejoiced in the receiving of these offerings:—

Many who have had but slight knowledge of operations of the Mission, have been very much interested by the First Annual Report lately issued. One lady was so much pleased on perusing the Report that she at once donated \$10 for the missionary, \$20 towards the Building Fund, \$33 for general purposes, and \$20 as the first contribution towards the establishment of the Kindergarten, so much needed in connection with the Day School of the Mission.

The expenses of the work are now about \$150 a month, and just as soon as we have the funds, we are anxious to have more missionaries at work among the people.

Yours faithfully,

A. SAMPSON, *Treasurer.*

## OUR COLUMN FOR PREACHERS AND TEACHERS.

NUGGETS OF GOLD FROM THE S. S. LESSONS.

By REV. JOHN MCEWEN, Secretary S.S. Association of Canada.

[June 21.] **Christian Progress.** [2 Pet. i. 11.]

We have spent nearly two months in the Epistles written by Paul during his first and second imprisonment, taking up one or two important points in each letter, which has given us the key to each, and given a vital truth to the scholar. In this lesson we are introduced to Peter, who had so important a place in the first part of the Book of Acts, as Paul had in the second part.

This letter is addressed to the Church in the largest sense, and its key text is chap. iii. 18; and illuminating passages, John xv. 8; 2 Tim. iv. 8.

THE FIRST CONDITIONS AND MEANS OF PROGRESS.

To have the knowledge that comes by the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit—by His presentation of the Word—and the growth that comes by a diligent and patient study of the Word—these two are entwined with each other, and cannot live apart, v. 3, as the vine and the branches. John xv. 1-7.

THE SECOND CONDITION AND ATTAINMENT.

Add to the above, knowledge. "TEMPERANCE." The Holy Spirit has put more into this word than the modern mind finds in it, viz., self-discipline—hence self-control—and is an important element in the fruit of the Spirit. Gal. v. 23. The three-fold excellence of "Virtue," that is valiant energy—"Knowledge," directing that energy—and this self-discipline will bring "Patience," "Godliness," "Brotherly-kindness," "Charity," seven graces, as the seven colors of the rainbow, blend in one pure light of eternal life and love. "Partakers of the Divine nature. v. 4. THIS IS PROGRESS.

RESULTS FROM THIS PROGRESS.

"FRUITFULNESS." v. 8. The best knowledge can only come of experience. "He that doeth the will of God shall know of the teaching," etc. "ASSURANCE OF HOPE." v. 10. "A GLORIOUS ENTRANCE into the kingdom." v. 11.

[June 28]

REVIEW.

Read 2 Tim. iv. 1-8, and Golden Texts.

Time embraced in the quarter, A.D. 60 to 68.

TERRITORY—Caesarea, Malta, Rome, Mediterranean Sea.

PROMINENT PERSONS—Paul, Peter, Luke, Aristarchus, Julius, Publius.

BOOKS—Acts, Ephesians, Philippians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Hebrews, 2 Peter.

Describe the last years of Paul's life. Lessons I, II, III, IV, IX.

Get from the scholar the aspects of Christ's person and work as set forth in lesson V.-XII.

Make Christ the centre and sum.

COMMUNION with God is kept up by the Word and prayer. In the Word, God speaks to us, in prayer we speak to Him. God's Word doth us good when it furnisheth us with matter for prayer and excites us to it—*Matthew Henry.*

[SELECTED.]

## The Sword of the Spirit.



IT is the only weapon; it is the best one. It has been proved; it has stood every test. When I got my commission I went to choose a sword. I

saw some tested. The test showed the slightest flaw. The first flew into several pieces, the third stood every test, and was warranted as a perfect sword. The sword of the Spirit is *the* only perfect weapon for our warfare,

It is ancient, but not antiquated; it is many years old, but will never wear out. The word of God is better than our own words, better than much of our experience. Our words cannot produce new, spiritual, divine, eternal life. Our swords—*i.e.* our own words—are blunt, like striking with the flat of a sword; no edge, no point, and therefore no result, no victory.

The word of our God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. Christ Himself used this weapon again and again.

When I was a boy I had a sword, but it was a wooden one. I thought it was a good one *then*; I know better *now*. I should not think of taking it on active service. Let us lay aside our wooden swords, and use the weapon given to us, the word of the Spirit.

### TAKE THE SWORD.

Take hold of it, learn how to use it, practise with it, learn the cuts, guards and points; not less "knee drill," but more sword exercise. We *must* be praying men, but we must also be fighting men. We must be devotional, but we must also be practical.

David's men were not only ready armed, but they were expert in war. (See 1 Chron. xii.) We shall not be helpers of the war unless we *take* the sword and *use* it.

In the days of the Roman Republic the recruits were exercised every day, morning and evening, in the use of their weapons.

It was the *daily, careful, and admirable training* given under the direction of Sir John Moore to the British troops assembled on the south coast of England, as a guard against French invasion, that laid the seeds of the army which in after years, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, cleared Spain of her invaders.

Shall *we* be less devoted, less zealous, less anxious, to learn the use of our spiritual sword? There must be no truce-making with our enemies, but rather stern warfare.

We need the *daily training, the preparation, the practice, the teaching, and experience*, to enable us to be faithful soldiers of Christ.

Many *have* Bibles, but don't *use* them. A sword gets rusty if it is put away, and a Bible soon gets dusty if not used. It has been well said, there are many Bibles on which you could write the word damnation in the dust on the cover.

It is not *having* a Bible that will save you, or enable you to fight; it is not merely possessing a sword that makes a man a soldier. You must have your Bibles *and* use them.—*Capt. Dawson.*

## Hospital Visitation.



HERE is a branch of Christian work akin to that of the Mission Union which has our hearty sympathies. A band of Christian men and women visit the Toronto General Hospital every day during the week (except the general open visiting days on Tuesday and Friday) each taking separate wards. On Sunday those of the patients who are able are asked to gather for a short gospel meeting with singing conducted by one of the visitors, and often when the patients are well enough some of the lady visitors sing sweet hymns in the wards for those who cannot leave their beds. We shall never know in this world the full result of this work of love, but letters received from some who came out of darkness into "the marvellous light," in the Hospital, is proof enough that the work is owned of the Master. A few Sundays ago a patient died of consumption. He had no friends in this country. He had been pointed to the Saviour by a devoted visitor and he peacefully slept in Jesus, comforted by her sweet words of cheer as she stayed with him at the edge of the River until he had passed over. A week after this in another ward a boy deserted by his friends, but triumphant in the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" tightly clasped the gentle hand of a loving Sister in Christ who had often talked to him of Jesus, until the spirit fled to Him who gave it. Sad but sweet service having its own reward here, in that it was done for Him, and not to be forgotten when He makes up His jewels.

## The late Earl Cairns.



On Thursday, April 2nd, the simple and pathetic notice was posted, in Lady Cairn's handwriting, outside Lindisfarne, Bournemouth: "Lord Cairns entered into rest this morning, at 6.45." The life that was thus cut short, little after middle age, was throughout almost unexampled in its brilliancy and success. Hugh M'Cal-

mont, Earl Cairns, Viscount Gar-moyle of Gar-moyle, was born in the year 1819, being the second son of William Cairns, Esquire, of Cultra, County Down, Ireland. In his education and start in life, he received all the advantages wealth could bestow, through the interest of an uncle, who lived to see his nephew splendidly repay his early care. His boyhood was marked by that seriousness of purpose and character which is not uncommon in the case of youths with a great

future before them. At ten years of age an incident occurred which really determined the whole of his future career. Having heard, on a certain occasion, a well-known preacher in Belfast, an expression, uttered with great solemnity, made an indelible impression upon the boy's mind. "God claims you!" said the speaker. Young Hugh Cairns went home touched with a new sense of responsibility, and he thereupon definitely resolved to give himself thenceforth to Christ. The resolve bore fruit throughout his school and college life.

While Lord Cairns' intellectual greatness is the property of the nation, his deep and unaffected personal religion is a legacy to the Christian, both as an example and as a proof of the life-power of the Bible. Few men have ever been so fervent and devoted; and throughout his life he was eager in his protest against anything which he thought would intercept the light of the one Atonement of Jesus Christ.

His growth in grace, nourished by constant prayer and the study of the Scriptures, was



maintained throughout all the busy years of the successful lawyer and of the rising statesman. As a student he began his day's work at 6 a.m.; but rising every morning at 4 o'clock, two hours of prayer and of Scriptural study preceded his intellectual efforts. He honoured his profession by a consistent Christian walk. The story is well known of how he returned one of his first briefs—a very important one from a leading barrister—because the circumstances of the case would have required him to devote

the hours of Sunday to the study involved. "Six days a week," he said, in returning it, "I am *your* man; on the seventh day I am *God's* man only."

His death-bed was the crowning scene of a life of faith—bright, happy, unwavering in its trust. His last words were, "It is necessary for each one of us to follow in the steps of our great Master. Let nothing come between us and this," adding, with a threefold repetition, "Let nothing come between us and this." Thus the Christian statesman, lawyer, and philanthropist entered into rest!

## The Sunshine of the Face.



IT was a terrible night. The storm was raging fearfully round a man-of-war far away in the Chinese Sea, not far from the coast of Singapore. Could the vessel live through the tempest? It seemed doubtful, and many stout hearts not used to tremble were trembling now.

The men off duty were in their berths below, but it was no time for sleep, for nobody could say whether they might not all be swept into the angry waters long before the morning. All were wishing they were safe on shore; many were feeling now, with death staring them in the face, that there was something wrong within—that the great matter between themselves and God had never yet been settled.

But a cheerful voice was heard amongst them, "Well, my men, I'm come down to read to you the Word of God is the same in a storm as a calm, and always does us good." The words came from a young military officer on board—one who, whether on sea or land, always served his God as well as his earthly sovereign, and never lost an opportunity of doing that Master service. His own heart was full of the love of Jesus; he had come to the Saviour with his load of sin, and had left it there, and he had felt the perfect peace which that Saviour gives to those who trust Him in simple faith like this.

Yes, even on this night of tumult and danger the peace was in his heart, and it shone out into his countenance, and as he sat, there on a mess-table, holding on to a rope, with his Bible open in his hand, his face was like a sunbeam. The men were in their hammocks, some lying down, some in sitting posture, but all straining their ears to catch the words, which the noise of the wind and the confusion on deck made it difficult to do. There were but a few planks between them and death, and the hearts of all were serious and solemnised. The officer read and talked and prayed out of the fulness of his own spirit rejoicing in his God.

After a while the storm seemed to abate, the

howling wind sank gradually, the morning came at last, and the sun shone out on dripping decks and torn sails and weary workers; but the danger was over and no harm done. Everything went on as usual, and as far as human eye could see, the solemn feelings of that awful night had passed away with the storm that gave rise to them. The vessel reached the port, and the officer went on his way.

Some years after, while walking in the streets of Singapore, a man touched his hat to him. The officer stopped and asked him how he knew him.

"Oh, sir," said the man, "I have reason to know you, and much indeed to thank you for. Do you remember the night of that terrible gale off St. Paul's? I was lying in my hammock in fear and trembling, when I saw you come down to read the Bible to the men. I could not hear a word you said, but I could see your face, and I watched you the whole time. I saw your bright, happy smile, just the same as ever. I said to myself, 'Here am I, an old sailor, many years at sea, and I am afraid now in this gale, and here's a landsman as happy as if he were ashore.' I felt that you had what I had not; I felt that you had what I had heard you say you had—forgiveness of sins and eternal life. I prayed that night. Ever afterwards I came near you when you were reading, and when I left the ship I was a believer in Jesus Christ."

See what a work there is for a happy face to do! Have you ever thought about it? Have we not all too often forgotten this? Some of us are not free with our words, or we are shy and retiring, and it is an effort to us to speak for Jesus. What a comfort then that our faces can shine for Jesus.

If the Lord's peace is there, do not hide it—do not shut it in; let others see the sunshine, and let Jesus get the glory. Be sure there is no more winning preacher anywhere than the sunshine of the face.—*Religious Tract Society.*

THE peace of the Christian is perfect because he has a perfect Christ,

PRAYER and praise are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is drawn by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.—*Goodwin.*

THE man who has in him the elements of a worker for Christ will find a field or make one. Paul, when a prisoner, made converts in Cæsar's household.—*Spurgeon.*

Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—*Whately.*

That which is born of the flesh is flesh.—John iii, 6.

[ORIGINAL]

## Human Nature in the Disciples.

BY GEO. SOLTAU.



**N** Luke ix. 10, "They told Him all *they* had done." Filled with self-satisfaction, they were in danger of forgetting the source of the power enabling them to do the work of Gospel ministry. Lacking Divine sym-

pathy, they say:—

V. 12. "Send the multitude away." Not so the unwearied Master, whose compassions fail not.

V. 32. Three of them were "heavy with sleep," inability to continue in deep sympathy with the Lord, even when He was transfigured before them. If these three on the mountain top failed to watch, those nine down below failed to work. Says the afflicted father—

V. 40. "I besought thy disciples to cast out the unclean spirit, and *they could not.*" Close and uninterrupted communion is necessary for dealing with the powers of darkness in the lives and hearts of the afflicted. When the Lord, Himself, came to the rescue, and saved the poor lad—

V. 43. "They were all amazed at the mighty power of God," Disciples as well as the multitude gathered around. Alas! that this fresh manifestation of their weakness and His power did not soften and impress their hearts, for—

V. 46. "Then arose a reasoning among them which of them should be greatest" None were equal to the greatness of the work before them; what need then for dwarfs to discuss who was the tallest? Love of pre-eminence leads to sectarianism and jealousy, for when a man was found using the Holy Ghost power to cast out spirits, John says—

V. 49. "We forbid him, because he followeth not with us." Yet he was doing what the disciples with all their experience of the Lord had been unable to do. Being out of sympathy with the Master's work as carried on by an "unqualified" man, what wonder that they were out of sympathy with the Master's heart and feeling toward the sinful?—

V. 54. "Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them"? We question whether they could have succeeded in this attempt any more than in the former one, to cast out the unclean spirit, but they were anxious to try their power in this line, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of" is the Lord's reply. Revenge is antagonistic to grace. If you cannot *save*, at least do not wish to destroy men's lives, it is good for us that our lives are in the hands of the Man of compassion and love, rather than in the hands of the Church!

## Who Was the Fool.



**T**HE following incident took place a few days ago in connection with Mr. Currie's work at the Mission Chapel in the Park Avenue, Brooklyn. It was in the after-meeting that a man arose and told of his conversion. Said he: "While standing

at the door of my store three weeks ago to-night, there was put into my hand a slip containing an invitation to the Gospel Chapel. Just then a friend's wife came up to me and said, 'Do you know that my husband is going to the ball to-night although the child is sick. Will you try to stop him?' Just then my friend came along and said to me: 'Wont you come to the ball?' 'No,' said I. 'I have got an invitation to go to another party.' 'Where,' he asked. 'At the Gospel Chapel,' I replied. 'Are you going?' he said. 'Yes,' I told him. 'Come to the ball and don't act the fool,' he replied. 'I am going to the Chapel,' I said again. At that we parted. He went away calling me a 'fool.' I came here and found Christ. The next day my friend's wife came to me in a great state and told me that her husband had got into a fight at the ball and was in the lockup. I went and paid the fine of ten dollars, and bailed him out in three hundred more. But when he went back to his work the boss sacked him. Now, friends, who is the fool? I leave you to judge."

"The wise shall inherit glory; but shame shall be the promotion of fools."—Prov. iii. 35.

## Recipe for Low Spirits.



**T**AKE one ounce of the seeds of resolution mixed well with the oil of conscience, infuse it into a large spoonful of the salts of patience; distil very carefully a plant called "others' woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, then sweeten them properly with the balm of prudence; and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. Be careful to get the seeds of true friendship, as there is a seed very much like it called self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, and take one night and morning, and the cure will be effected.—*Selected.*

[SELECTED]

**The Night before the Battle; or, "What do you want to Find."**

**O**NE night, the night before a terrible battle, two soldiers, united by the ties of friendship, were conversing earnestly together. One of them was an avowed Christian, a soldier of Christ; the other had lived a sinful life, but had been for some time in great anxiety about the salvation of his soul. He had been trying to find peace

in religion, but hitherto he had failed. He went to his friend to open all his heart to him.

"I do not see that there can be any mercy for me," he said.

"Why not mercy for you?" replied his friend.

"Because I cannot find it."

"What do you want to find?" he asked.

"Want to find! Why, I want to find relief; I want to find happiness."

"Ah, that is what you want to find, is it?"

"Yes, it is. What else should I want to find?"

"There is something else," replied the other; "something which surely leads to happiness; and you will never find happiness until you find that. You must find—"

"Find what?"

"You must find Christ. You cannot be happy but as you are pardoned and cleansed from sin through faith in His blood, and washed with the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. And you may, nay, you must, find Christ here and now, for you have no time to lose."

"But how shall I find Him?"

"Believe on Him with all your heart."

"And shall I be saved then?"

"Yes; by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ

you will be saved at once as soon as you trust wholly in Him; and you will pass from death to life. Depend upon it, I tell you the truth. Hear His own words: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'" John iii. 16.

The young man then returned to his quarters; but just before daylight the friends found themselves together again. They were marching to the field of Battle.

"How do you feel now?" inquired the pious soldier of his friend, as they marched together.

"Oh, I am happy now," he replied.

"Happy! what makes you happy?"

"Oh, I have found Christ! All you told me last night I have found to be true—every word true; I never knew anything like it. I feel sorry and ashamed before God for what I have been, and I have told Him so; and the more I feel His love, the more grieved I am. And yet I am more happy than I can tell."

Thus the young soldier relieved his new found joy to his companion, who listened with glad surprise and heart-felt joy to his testimony of the forgiving love of Christ, and the bright hope that

glowed within his bosom. The dawning light of day shone upon him as a new man, a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ.

They marched on towards the fatal field, and soon the enemy was in sight; and then came the rush of battle, the roar of cannon, and the whiz of bullets; and early in the day the young convert, struck by a ball, fell dead at the side of his friend.

Do we not see the urgent need there is in the case of all to be reconciled to God?

"Love's redeeming work is done;

Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

**THE GOSPEL ALPHABET. No. 18.**

The wicked like the troubled sea cannot **REST**. Is. lvii. 20.  
Come unto me . . . and I will give you **REST**. Mat. xi. 28.  
Ye shall find **REST** to your soul. Jer. vi. 16.



'Tis **rest**; and not a brief release  
That only comes when tempests cease,  
A transient and uncertain peace:  
Oh, **rest** in the Lord.

Oh, **rest**, not on—but *in*—the Lord:  
Ah! could another human word  
Such sense of restfulness afford,  
As—**rest** in the Lord?

**Rest** in the Lord! His mighty love  
Doth all things rule. below, above:  
Now let thy soul His promise prove,  
And **rest** in the Lord.

We which have believed do enter into **REST**. Heb. iv. 3.  
There remaineth a **REST** for the people of God. Heb. iv. 9.  
There the weary beat **REST**. Job iii. 17.





The object of this Union is to extend the knowledge of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ among the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity, and especially the poor and neglected classes, without any reference to denominational distinctions, or the peculiarities of church government.

**MISSION UNION HALL,**  
College St., Cor. Emma St.

**GOSPEL SERVICES**

Each evening (including Sunday) at 8.00.

SUNDAY evenings, at 7.10, Children's Service.

The Union Committee meets first Thursday of each month at 8 p.m.

The Provident Fund Committee and Savings Bank Treasurer will be in attendance every Saturday night.

**ADDITIONAL MEETINGS HELD IN THE BUILDING.**

SUNDAY—9.30 a.m. Sunday School. 3 p.m., Our Mission Union Bible Class. MONDAY—Young Men's Society. Sewing Society. TUESDAY—Bible and Flower Mission. SATURDAY—5.15 p.m., Prayer Meeting. DAILY—(Sunday excepted) at 9 a.m.—Day School for children, who (from many causes) are ineligible for public schools.

## One Wrong Step.

ONE wrong step has brought many a man to crime, to prison, to death; and many a woman to shame, and sorrow and destruction. One wrong acquaintance has led many a person to rags and ruin. One wrong bargain has brought many a man to poverty and want. A wrong courtship, or a wrong marriage, has embittered many a joyous life, and broken many a noble heart with anguish and distress.

On one single rock a ship may make a fatal wreck. The first cigar, the first dram, the first oath, the first game, the first theft,—ah, what myriad wrecks are heaped about such rocks as these.

Beware of the first wrong step; and you will have no trouble about the second. Walk carefully as in the sight of God, and you will walk honestly in the sight of men.

## The Compass-Flower.

THERE is a little plant away on the prairies of Texas, which always, whatever the weather may be, in rain, frost, or sunshine, turns its flower toward the north.

This makes it a sure guide to the traveler, and gives it its name, Compass-Flower, from its resemblance to the compass, which always points towards the north pole.

God's word, which He has given to us, is a compass, to guide us in our way; and if we are faithful to the Lord in all things, our lives may benefit others, and guide them in the narrow path. And while Jesus is like the star to direct the Christian in his course, a little, humble, faithful child may be like the Compass-Flower, and guide the steps of those who have gone astray, to life, and light, and peace.

## God's Word.

GOD'S WORD is like God's world—varied, very rich, and very beautiful. You never know when you have exhausted all its secrets. The Bible, like nature, has something for every class of mind.

Look at the Bible in a new light, and straightway you see some new charms." However you may have explored its pleasures, a voice seems to say, "Dig deeper and you shall find more." He who searches most finds most to reward his pains. Unlike the books of men, which are read, comprehended, exhausted, out-grown, and forgotten, God's book has something in it for every age, class, and condition. It pleases the infant, it instructs the sage. It is a brook where a child may wade; it is an ocean where a whale may gambol.

By its teachings kings have been made just, counsellors wise, and sinners holy. From its pages poets and orators have gathered treasures of beauty and inspiration of excellency. In it the fatherless have found support, the widows consolation, the afflicted solace, and the sick and dying the comfort of immortal hope. It is the guide of the young, the staff of the aged, the joy of infancy and the strength of maturer years.

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WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY.

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