"Relieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, shalf be saved."—Acts Xvi., 31.

are dark, dull, damp, loathsome en now; but they were worse in the times. I imagine, to-day, we are in the Philippian dungeon. Do you he chill? Do you not hear the groan mearcerated ones who for ten years seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh who remember their father's kouse, who was a sunlight who remember their father's kouse. no remember their father's kouse, over their wasted estates? Listen It is the cough of a consumptive, or sele of one in a nightmare of a great It is the cough of a consumptave, or gele of one in a nightmare of a great. You listen again, and hear a culprit, ins rattling as he rolls over in his and you say "God pity the pris-But there is another sound in that It is a song of joy and gladness, place to sing in! The music comes through the corridors of the prison, all the dark wards the whisper is "What's that" It is say of Paul and Silas. They cange. They have been whipped, very whiched. The long gashes on the reblesting tyet. They he flat on the sun, their feet fast in wooden sock dof course they cannot sleep. But an sing. Jailer, what are you doing see people? Why have they been put of they have been trying to make the description. It is all, or oseph. A lion's cave for Daniel, or turnace for Shadrach. Cubs for feely. An anat sum for Philip Melan. A dungeon for Paul and Silas, alls we are sta ding in the gloom of A dungeon for Faut and Silas, is we are sta ding in the gloom of hippian dungeon, and we hear the gives of sob, and groan, and blasand ballelujah, surden y an earth. The iron bars of the prison twist, are crack off, the solid masonry begins wand rock till all the doors awing the salls fall with at wrife graph. the walls fall with a t rrifle crash, ler feeling himself respons ble prisoners, and feeling suicide to be a since Brutus killed himself, and chimself, and Cassius killed himself. his sword to his own heart, prohis excitement and agitation. But be ont: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no We are all here." Then I see the crumning through the dust and in ruin of that prison, and I see him ag himself down at the foet of these erving out: "What shall I do'stall I do's Did Paul an"Get out of this place before
another earthquake; put handhoppies on these other prisoners,
get away!" No word of that kind. thrilling, tremendous answer; an-morable all through earth and Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,

halt le saved.

have all read of the earthquakes

in Lima, in Aleppo and in Carac-velive in a latitude where in all there has not been one severe And yet we have seen makes. Here is a man who has ing up a large fortune. His bid ey market was felt in all the cities. be has got beyond all annoying n trade, and he says to himself an free and safe from all possible the foundations of the commercial world, and crack goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just came home from the semi-nary with diplomas of graduation. His sens have started in life, honest, temperteand pure. When the evening lights are truck there is a happy and an unbroken unity circle. But there has been an acciat the beach. The young man ded the terror up to the city. An estruck under the foundations of go all those domestic hopes, and pros-indexpectations. So, my friends, we and there was a time when we were excited as this man of the text. cried out as he did, "What do" What shall I do? "What the reply that the apostle him is appropriate to us: "Believe and desis Christ, and thou shalt be here are some documents of so little. "that you do not care to put any han your last name under them, or even initials; but there are some documents eat importance that you write out full name. So the Saviour in some of the Bible is called "Lord," and in parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," in other parts of the Bible He is called ist," but that there might be no mistake s passage all three names come in to-the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who ing that you want me to trust in Men sometimes come to redentials and certificates of good but I cannot trust them. There ishonesty in their looks that makes I shall be cheated if I confide in man until you know what stuff he and am I unreasonable this ien I stop to ask you who this is want me to trust in? No man would enturing his life on a vessel going

inat had never been inspected. No, have the certificate hung amidships. w many tons it carries, and how it was built, and who built it, and it. And you cannot expect me to argo of my immortal interests on you tell me what it is nd where it was made, and what on, then, I ask you who this is you of cust in, you tell me he was a person. You tell me that writers describe him, and ctive person. olor of his eyes, and the color and they describe his whole ap-being resplendent. Christ did s being resplendent. Construction of the children to come to Him. "Sufmildren to come unto Me," was spoken to the children, it was spoken to The children had come with-ion. No somer did Jesus aplittle ones pitched from their an avalanche of beauty and ap. "Suffer little children to His lap. "Suffer little candred Me." That was addressed to the Christ del not to the children. Christ did an to put his head down on his in could not help but put his head eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, men physical condition and apit must have been comcaptivating and winsoms. I sup-look at Him was just to love how attractive His manner. so they saw Christ coming along

day ran into their houses, and end up their invalids as quick as and brought them out that He at them. Of there was something to inviting, so cheering in everyg He did, in His very look. away these sores; do not trouble Me these leprostes?" No, no; there was a look, there was a gentle word, there was along tour. They could be the server. lealing touch. They could not keep away

In addition to this softness of character, there was a flery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before Him. How the Kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a with a few sailors at His back. seming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the slarge of the Cessars, making that palace pake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs alrough all the earth, and through all the slavens.

the cross. "You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful bome? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake His left foot to see if it is fast, and then they left foot to see if it is fast, and they shake His left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Chr st endure it? He could have taken those rock, and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, He was to dil. He must del. His life for my life. He slife for you life. In on- of the European cities a young mandied on the scaffold of the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the pries came in, and she made con ession to the in, and she made con ession to the prest that she was the murde e, au : not her son, in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and try-ing to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, not for His father, but for His sworn enemies. O such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing-can you not trust

I think there are many under the spirit of

God who are saying "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by thomsands in this assembling its: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help?" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three ment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe: I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before! pray any more? Before I read my Bible any pray any more? Before I read my Bibbe any more? Before I cry over my sins any more? Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they more dethical than Christ, if they more dethical than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh, says some one in a light way, "I believe that Carist was born in Betalehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart?

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Capopen a newspaper, and you read how Cap-tain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps, do not this country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think aried the terror up to the city. An down at the table, and perhaps do not think take struck under the foundations of that incident again. That is historical faith home. The plano closed; the direction of the sea, and dropped, the laughter hushed, it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of the shaking down of some great. You rush out on the deck You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The Lail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a ourning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and the hurricane deck shakes out its hanner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats" cries the Captain. "Down with the life boats" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man You are standing on the deck beside the Captain. Who shall it be? You or the Captain? The Captain says: "You You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this

hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge biasted from the "Rock of an arched bridge biasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark guif between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions. ing on with firm step, asking no questions but feeling that the strength of the eterna God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars. It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved. Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment be blown out by the blase of things present hurricane; but life and death, things present hurricane; to some are mine. Yea, farther

and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and visid features of those whom we love and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loath-someness, and mid-night, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture un-less Christ be with us. I confess to you to heavens, and through all the ages. Oh! He an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of was a hying Christ. But it was not effentiacy, or insipality of character; it I would rather go down into a cave of wild saccompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lost the world should not realize His carnestness, this Christ mounts tell me that I am to be carried out from my incapable of such consolidation.

bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Chr stmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shu ider back from i. My waole nature revolts at it. But now this glarious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now witbout a single shudder. Now my anxiet is not about death; my anxiet is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your sternal, salyation to day are folded.

are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only beover the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from hemlet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens; "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

to thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ: You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the control of or expert. Talk not about hanks oratories of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O. I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that goed land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him expiain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely," "Yes," she said, "I am lonely," "How many in the family?" "Only myself," "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children," "Where are they?" "Gene." "All gene?" "All," "All," "Then she have the land and the lone the lone of the "All. "All dead" "All. Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning. O, you poor waiting mate! your heart's sorrow poured in no hu-man ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sor-rows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, for three-score-years-and-ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair,"

### Proper Care of Carriages.

There is no varnish made that will hold carriage should be revarnished every six months to keep it exactly in fine order. If revarnished once a year, it will preserve the undercoats from damage. But there are circumstances that render revarnishing necessary at more frequent intervals. If one has not a suitable carriage house separate from the stable, the ammonia from the stalls or the manure pile, or perhaps from decaying vegetables, has united with the oil in the varnish and gradually dissolved it or burnt it. We have known it done in one night, so that the whole surface exposed to the ammonia was shriveled up in small brown, crisp rolls. We knew a case where a gentleman left his horse and buggy standing in front of a distillery for half an hour, and when he returned one side of his buggy was completely covered with what looked like rust, but which was simply the remains of the decayed varnish. The oil had been consumed, teaving only the gum crumbled up in burnt crisp flakes. Some people do not take the pains to wash the mud from a carriage soon enough after using, but permit it to dry, when the mud acts like a sponge and absorbs the oil from the varnish. Some people wash the carriage with soap, and we have even known hot water used. For such acts of stupidity there are no words to express disgust. Some people seem to regard varnish as a kind of high polish, put on by hard rubbing, and the more rubbing it gets the brighter it ought to look. The number of people who are absolutely ignorant about varnish is something astonishing. - The Stable.

## Effect of the Wind on River Banks.

It has been observed that many of the rivers of Saxony, which flow through loose or soft materials, have a steep bank on the east, northeast or southeast, while the opposite shore is flat. Herr Rucktaschel, who has been studying the subject, attributes this one-sidedness to the action of the prevailing southwest, west or northwest winds, which drive the rains almost at right angles against the bank sloping from the east, and wash away the soil in much greater quantity than from the western bank. Some of the river valleys of Prussia and Bavaria exhibit similiar phenomena.

# Why We Sink in Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with vater. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are ragged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when mixed with sufficient water, seems

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSO V FOR SUNDAY JANUARY. 28

"Joy over the Child Jesus," Luke 2. 8. 20-Golden Text, Luke 2, 14 -Comments.

8. "And there was in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." God, who doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, had and among the inhabitants of the earth, had, through the decree of the Roman Emperor, caused Joseph and Mary to come to Bethlehem. It was trying to the flesh to take such a journey at such a time, but it was all of God. Movements of Empires are overruled to fulfill His word, and all things are ordered for the good of those who love Him. Mary's home was in Nazareth, about seventy unlessorth of Jerusalem. God had said by His servant Micah that Israel's ruler should be born in Bethlehem some six miles south of servant Micali that Israel's ruler should be born in Bethlehem (some six miles south of Jerusalem), and now that the time had come, the Roman Emperor is unconsciously made God's instrument to fulfill His word. Frederick Whitfield says; "So God's hand moves silently and surely. The Roman Emperor exercised his almost boundless sway over the whole world, and issued his decress with sovereign authority. A rushing tide went forth each to his place to obey his commands. No thought disturbs the mighty throng from on thought disturbs the mighty throng from on high. And yet in the obscure village of Bethlo-hem, at the back of an inn, and lying in a manger, there lies a helpless bale, the son of an hum ble carpenter's wife; and in His helplessness-lies enfolded that which is to turn the tide of all things in this world and in that which is to come, and before which the mightiest events of imperial Rome were to dwindle into insignificance." These shepherds watch-ing their flocks in the might watches remind us of other shepherds to whom God came as they watched their flocks, such as Moses, they watched their flocks, such as Moses, David and Amos. They also remaind us of many other shepherds, watching over the souls under their care in this hight of the world's history, and daily expecting a call from the skies to summen them to the marriage of Him who was once the babe in Bethlehem.

9. "And an angel of the Lord stood by them and the closy of the Lord shope round.

9. "And an angel of the Lord shool by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid" (R. V.). Even though these shepherds were, like Simeon and Anna, "waiting for the consolation of Israel" and "looking for redemption in Jerusalem," this unusual sight and strange visitor was enough to make them afraid. Put yourself in their place. Fancy a heavenly visitor suddenly appearing to you and something of heaven's glory shining about you. Would you be perfectly quiet in such a presence, or is there a possibility that you might be somewhat afraid? We need to remember that now, as then, angels are ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation (Heb. 1., 14, R. V.), and although invisible they are ever with us, serving unseen and unthanked.

10. "Fear not: for, behold I bring you good

10. "Fear not; for, behold I bring you good idings of great joy, which shall be to all peo-ple." This is the third "fear not" which we hear from angels to mortals in this Gospel; and what good tidings there are in just those and what good tidings there are in just those two words. Fear and forebedlings are the constant companions of so many Christians, instead of the peace and joy which should characterize those who have become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and who, if they believed God, would be sure that He who spared not His own Son would with Him freely give all things, and make all things work for good (Rom. viii., 28, 32; Ps. lxxxiv., 11; Jer. xxix., 11).

11; Jer. xxix., 11.
11, "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Truly has one said that, "Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born, if He's not born in thee, thy soul is [10] from "This day is also the time." still forlorn." This day is also the time when He will enter thy soul if you have not et let Him in, and are willing now.
12. "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in

12. "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." How great the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that led Him to become so poor for us that we through His poverty might be rich (II Cor. viii, 2) His cradle a manger. His home one its brilliancy more than six months. A of the poorest in Nazareth, in His ministry He uses a borrowed boat, rides on a borrowed when He dies He steeps in a barrowed tomb; He is Lord of all and yet lives here as baying nothing of this world's possessions. We shall we learn that this world's goods only of value as we can use them for Har, and that anything should satisfy us here while we wait for the coming of the King-

13. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God." Jacob on his way home from Labau is met by the angels of God, and he said; "This is God's host." When Joshim is about to take Jericho he is met by one who says; "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." When Elishu's servant was afraid because of the Syrian army, Elisiu provide, prayed and the Lord opened the young eyes, and he saw the mountain full of l and chariots of fire round about Elisia (Gen. xxxii., 1, 2, Jos. v., 14, 11 Ki. vi., 17). Thus the heavenly hosts delight to do find's will, praising Him in song and in service, as they minister unto His servants.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased" (R. V.). The aim of all angelic pleased (t. vi. the and of all angele service is to bring Glery to God-the com-mand to us is: "Glorify God in your body." 15. "Let us now go even anto Batalehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord bath made known unto us The shepherds had heard and seen that whice they could never forget; their ears must have been somewhat dulled to earth's music and their eyes dimmed to earth's glories after these sounds and sights. So it must have been with Paul after he was caught up into Paradise. Oh, for such a sight by faith of Jesus and His glory as would forever wean us from all the sinful sights and sounds of this present evil world!

present evil world!

16. "They came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger." They found the angel's message true, found the Saviour of Israel and of the world, a helpless babe lying in a manger; and as they looked they believed that this was indeed He of whom the prophets had spoken, the Son of David. Son of Abraham, 17. "When they had seen they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." Joy filled their own hearts, and joyfully they spread the tidings, and tell simply what they have seen and heard.

and heard. "And all they that heard it wonslered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." If that was all the effect the tidings had upon them, they might wonder to all eternity and be none the better for it; it is not wonder, but faith, that brings the

 But Mary kept all these foliage and pondered them in her heart." Like Daniel, who though he could not understand yet kept the matter in his heart (Dan. vii. 20. 'The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.' You could not shut them up any more than you could stop a volcano. It was in them. you could stop a volcano. It was in them, and like Jeremiah they could not keep still about it (Jer. xx., %. They had caught the spirit of the angels and praise God they must; and their testimony was all about Jesus. Let us in our ordinary vocations serve the Lord with gladness, and even though tried let us be cheerful, knowing that a loving Father appoints it, and thus we shall glorify God and spread peace among those in whem He is well pleased,—Lesson Helper.

Carson Parker, a Methodist preacher, was found dead in a south-side saloon at Pueblo, Col., on a recent Sunday. For years he was one of the most eminent preachers of the Methodist Church in New York State. He became a drunkard and outcast, wandered to Pueblo, reformed, and again joined the Church. His reformation lasted a year.

# RELIGIOUS READING.

LOVE IS LIGHT. My little girl, so brave by day, Grows timid as the shadows fall— I cannot charm her fears away;
My reasons have no force at all.
She pleads with all her childish might,
That she may have a light.

I calm her fears, and stroke her hair: I tell her of the angels near—
Of God, whose love is everywhere,
And Christ, to whom each child is dear.
She hears, but only clasps me tight, And begs me for a light.

But when I say it cannot be.
And strive to make her understand Just why, she makes another plea-That I will stay and hold her hand. She whispers, as we kiss good night, "That's better than a light."

And thus, content, she falls asleep.
My clasp grows closer on her hand;
Musing: Go i doth his wisdom keep.
In childish lips. I understand,
That, in that other, darker night, Tis love that makes it light

I, too, have shrunk in childish dread From that dumb darkness that doth creep And thicken round the dying bed, And, learful, felt I could not sleep Without a light. I understand, "Tis light to hold Love's hand.

-E. G. Cheverton

"No man bath a velvet cross," was Flavel's assertion, year-ago, and it is just as true now as then. Only He who gives it to us and he who beareth the cross knows its weight. Gol only knows the strength needful for every burden. When we have feet the property of the weight of that we were sinking under the weight of great sorrow. His hand hath been placed be leases, the loss of our loved ones, weight heavily upon us. Separation in this world from those who are dear to us saddens our hearts beyond endurance, had we not from those who are dear to us saidlens our hearts beyond endurance, had we not strength but our own. To be misrepresented by the few, are all crosses which we are toth to bear; but when we remember that each cross borne adds lustre to the crown, we should welcome them or, at least, be able to say, "Thy will be done."

PIRESIDE RELIGION.

The home underlies both commonwealth and church, and we cannot look for good citizens or good Christians from any other quarter. The parent is the pastor of the "church in the house." God ordains fathers and mothers to this high office. "first to show piety at home" was one of the Great Apostle's injunctions, and another was for when the latest the state of the control o wives to be 'keepers at home.' There may even be such a thing as letting their light shine in a female prayer meeting, while it smokes very sadly among their own house

This is the time of the year for the cultivation of family religion. It is the season of long evenings and of indoor occupations. The quistion "What shall I do with my evenings" comes up in the minds of tens of thousands of sons and daughters, and unless parents help them to settle it wisely the devil will help many of them to settle it in way to be sorry for. The strong-st counter attraction to dangerous vening resorts is a cheerful and happy some. If wives were wiser in this direction there would be fewer husbands in the club-room or in the saloons. If all parents would try to make home bright and winsone, there would be fewer sons in the theatre, the publie billiard-room, and the drink-cursed haunts. I know a Christian gentleman who has fitted up a billiard-table. In his upper story, and engages in a friendly game with his own boys there; he lets them go occasionally to some public amusement where he can go with them. I fear that there is more than one godly father, who prays and gives money for the conversion of the heathen in China or Africa, and yet does not seem to be winning his own chil-dren very successfully towards a Christian life. He fires at too long range, and neg-lects the religion of his own hearthstone

"There's no place like home" for training character. dren to it if we would make it a good training school. Kindle it up, make it leed bright. More than once in these columns grace." Beside such a generous wide-mouthed freeplace I rejoice to have passed the autumnal and winter evenings of my grace. boyhood. And how I pity the thousands a oung men who, leaving such ides, have no such evening attraction in great cities. If many of them drift into dangerous evening resorts, it is not to be wondered at. Here lies one of the strongest plens for such places of wholesome resort a the "Young Men's Christian Associations

But I am not speaking of the homeless now, I am exhorting those who control the home to make it the safe anchorage, the training school, the house of worship, and training school, the noise of worship, and the spiritual birthplace and rearing-place of their children. No school like this when it is well kept. The fireside of Dr. Lyman Beecher on Litchfield. Hill, Connecticut— as he describes it in his charming autobiography-was worth as much for educational purposes to his eight or nine children, as any school or college which they ever entered. Books of the right stamp were read there and were discussed by the fami Questions were debated there, to the at sharpening of their wits; some them were about theological blems. Pleasant games were played rrest of them were about theological problems. Pleasant games were played during the long evenings, and sometimes the merry-hearted old Boanerges brought in his yieldn, as a source of entertainment to the fireside group. Music is one of the sweetest and pure-t of home enjoyments, and it is to be recretified that so many math-

and it is to be regretted that so many moth ers discard the musical attainments of their gerlhood amid the cares of maternity, or the demands of that inexorable gobbler-up of time and thought called "society." No parent ought to lay aside his or her musical accomplishments. More than one wise father has anchored his boys at home by practising with them on the flute, the vio

practising with them on the flute, the violin or the piane.

Of the great vital matter of household
worship—which, I fear, is not as generally
observed as formerly—I have no space to
write. The lowlest thatchest cottage or logcabin, such as the Missionary Goode is nodescribed among the New England hills, or
such as the Missionary Paton describes in
his recent autobiography, is a safer place
for a child's soul than the most elegant and
cultured mansion that has no family altar.
Again let us remind Christian parents that Again let us remind Christian parents that hey are the prests and the pastors of the bome-flock. No installation of minister home-flock. No installation of minister over a church is more solemn in its nature, more imperative in its duffer, more farreaching in its spiritual influence. When a son or a daughter gets wenned from home, it is too often the prelude to being weaned from hope of conversion, and ultimately weaned from Heaven. A cheerful happy, Christ-inhabited home is the best earthly picture of, and preparation for, "our Father's house on high,"—Rev. Theedor: L. uyler, D. D., in Evangelist.

Tongue cannot describe the love of Christ; finite minds cannot conceive of it; and those who know most of it can only say, with inpiration, that it "passeth knowledge." Payson.

Kate Muller, a baby two and a half years old, who lived in Brooklyn, died from drink-ing whisky. While her parents were out, Katie and her brother John, five years old, got a bottle of whisky out of a closet, and the little girl drank a small cupful. She became sick almost immediately, and little John took her down stairs to the apartments of a Mrs. Callahan. She became unconscious and never

### The Picture's Title Was Obscure



Mr. J. Foxeroft Bagler (solifoquizing) -"When shall we three meet again? Wenlly, I cawn't see the point to that, -Life.

Picturesque Persian Baza.

Nothing could be more pictus, sque than the bazaars in Persia. Around the square are open booths, generally filled with fruits and vegetables arranged in masses to produce brilliant color effects. Here and there is a group of horses or camels, whose drivers are lying on the ground smoking or sleeping. In another



A PERSIAN STREET-VENDER.

corner, perhaps, is a pack of street dogs. ugaged in the various pursuits which relieve the monotony of a canine life in the far East, such as searching for fleas, and "such small dear." fighting over a bone, or steeping.

Under a tree a vender of sheriet is surrounded by a group of small boys, as irrepressible there as with us. Or a hawker of pilatl, the national dish of rice, has an immense kettle full of the toothsome dish, steaming hot and savory. From all quarters shopkeepers come to him with dishes, which he fills by the aid of a large wooden ladle.

In another corner, perlmps, an itin erant musician is thenauming on his guitar and singing love dittles or reciting strophes from Firdousce, and surrounded by idlers of all sexes and ages, listening with rapt attention.

Across the open space men may o een constantly passing, bearing lighted narghiles or water pipes, and tiny cups of aromatic coffee on carved disks of brass for the shopkeepers in the neigh

In the tree-lops, or on a neighboring roof, the long-legged, white-winged stork solemnly stands on one leg and surveys the scene, or beats its slender bill with a long, sharp drumming, while doves of all colors flutter down, and strut and coo on the ground as unconcernedly as if no one was there but their little graceful selves. - The Homewaker,

## A Puzzier.

"I met with an agitating experience the other day," said a young traveling

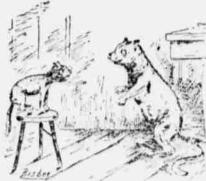
"A young lady said she was going to

"What did you do?"

"I told her to wait a minute and we would be at her father's house—then she could sit on the steps." "And did she faint then?"

"No; I can't quite understand it."

## An Heroic Remedy.



"Oh! mamma, I've swallowed a mouse." "Well, why don't you swallow a trap, then, my dear?"-Time.

## A Genuine Alligator Grip.



Berlin contemplates holding a World's Fair in 1891 to celebrate the centenary of the la'e Emperor William's birthday.