

wheatfield, would say, "That man doesn't worry much, I fancy."

It is hardly necessary, one would think, to preach patience to Parkinson; and yet the truth must be told, that even he wants it too. Worst of all, he who takes this so easy with his fellow-man gets out of patience with God.

That year when his boy ran away, his only son, Joe, whom he loved so, the old man was in a terrible fret; and when his faithful Christian farm labourer told him "the Lord knew what was best for the lad, and he had better pray and wait patiently His will," the master got quite angry, and went away in a huff. And yet that was a true thing Hodge said, and the truth is the truth, whether its speakers wear corduroy or black cloth.

For we all want to learn the sweet art of waiting patiently instead of putting ourselves out of temper, and others too, by chafing against the way the Lord deals with us. And it is not so much in the big affairs of life, when we have time, perhaps, to make a special effort not to fret, but in the daily bothers and hindrances we most need patience.

Let us be patient with our circumstances. Perhaps they are not all we wish them to be; they never will be, even to the end of the chapter, till we get a different spirit in our hearts. Are the sixpences few and the needs many, a constant struggle to make ends meet, and not always successful? Well! it is scarcely worth while grumbling over it. After all, we might be very much worse off, and if it seems God's will that we should not be very

well off, let us thank Him for what we have, and take courage.

He has a yoke for everyone—easy, after all, compared with the world's burden; and it may be best for us to be always having to depend upon Him for even our daily bread. Let us wait His good time, and be quite satisfied with the thought that the good Lord knows best what we want and what is right for us to have.

Let us be patient with each other. Is Mr. A. such a trouble to our nerves, and the temper of Mrs. B so very trying? Never mind; all the more need of patience with them. Perhaps they do not mean to bother us so; they may, indeed, really love us, and would have us love them too, but for want of a little meekness on our part we don't get on at all well together.

Herbert, a gentle poet of many years ago, says in his poem on the "Church Porch," that if the minister preaches a poor sermon, God takes his text, and preaches patience.

And the Scripture teaches us that we are to be patient towards all men—not the saints only, but the unbelievers too. If we want to do anybody good, we must "bear long with them," and not hurt their feelings and destroy our influence by losing our temper over their faults.

There are a good many other things in which we want this quiet little virtue, but we may have a talk about them some other time.

But let us, above all, remember that He who sees us every hour, and knows all our thoughts, is very forbearing with us. The Apostle Paul speaks of Him as "the God of patience;" and if our hearts

spoke the truth we should say, "This is indeed true, for He has been very patient with me."

How gently and lovingly He has led us all these years! How we have tried Him with our waywardness, like sheep going astray at every turn of the road! But He has borne with us until now. So now, as we read in His Word, "Trust in the Lord, wait patiently for Him," we will, by His Grace, try to "let Patience have her perfect work," and so show our faith in the Lord we love.

Jesse Page.

KILLING THE WATCH-DOG.

WELL, sir, I will give a picture of yourself. There is a foolish farmer yonder in his house. It is the dead of night; the burglars are breaking in—men who will neither spare his life nor his treasure. There is a dog down below chained in the yard; it barks and barks and howls again.

"I cannot be quiet," says the farmer, "my dog makes too much noise."

Another howl, and yet another yell. He creeps out of bed, gets his loaded gun, opens the window, fires it, and kills the dog.

"Ah! it is all right now," he mutters; he goes to bed, lies down, and quietly rests.

"No hurt will come," he says, "now; for I have made that dog quiet."

Ah! but would that he could have listened to the warning of the faithful creature. Ere long he shall feel the knife, and rue his fatal folly. So you, when God is warning you—when your faithful conscience is doing its best to save you—you try to kill



your only friend, while Satan and Sin are stealing up to the bedside of your slothfulness, and are ready to destroy your soul for ever and ever.

What should we think of the sailor at sea who should seek to kill all the stormy petrels, that there might be an end to all storms? Would you not say—

“Poor, foolish man! why, those birds are sent by a kind Providence to warn him of the tempest. Why need he injure them? They cause not the tumult; it is the raging sea.”

So it is not your conscience that is guilty of the disturbance in your heart, it is your sin; and your conscience, acting true to its character, as God's index in your soul, tells you that all is wrong.

Spurgeon.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

IF we value very much a promise made to us by some one we both love and confide in, and if we do not doubt that the word of a trustworthy man will be kept, how much more may we rely on God's Word! We long for the pardon of sin and to be at peace

with God. How can this be? Shall we hear a voice from heaven telling us that we are forgiven, or shall we see some sign, or have some new feeling in our hearts?

Certainly we must not rely on any such hope as this. There is nothing on which we may trust but the assured promises of God, made known to us in the Bible; but they are all sufficient. When God's Holy Spirit kindles within us strong desire after preparedness for heaven, we must search how we may be reconciled to the Heavenly Father we have so sinned against, and then the promises of God come to our aid.

Do we feel that we dare not speak to the High and Holy One? we should read the gracious invitation, “Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” Do we wonder how this may be? We turn to the Gospel and read, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

It is clear, then, that if we would be saved, we must believe God's Word simply. We have nothing to do but to obey His commands and place entire confidence in that which He tells us. We must grasp the promises and be assured that what God has said He will certainly do. The Saviour's sacrifice for us is all-sufficient, and God's promise that we shall be saved if we accept His offered mercy is assuredly true.

Let us, therefore, plead with God, that He will bestow the power to believe upon us. When we thus go to Him with earnest

supplication He gives the power to realise what He has done for us and will be to us. It is the great office of the Holy Spirit to make sacred realities known to us. Let us implore His teaching and ask Him to show us how we may take God simply at His word and rest in the salvation He offers to give to everyone that asks it aright.

In a time of great peril St. Paul's calm spirit rested wholly on God, and he gave his testimony, “I believe God, that it shall be even as He has told me.” When, therefore, we read of God's purpose to forgive sin, to bestow the Holy Ghost, to give help in temptation, guidance in difficulty, comfort in death, and a crown of life hereafter, let us believe that He is faithful that promised. Thus, and thus only, may we enjoy the blessing of a heart at rest and a joyful hope for the future.

LIFE OR DEATH.

2 Corin'th. ii. 15, 16.

THE Gospel preached a savour proves,
Of life or death in every place;
'Tis life to all whose hearts incline
To seek in faith the Saviour's face,
But death to sinners perishing,
Who hate the truth and spurn His grace.

The sun in brightness shining down
Will soften wax or harden clay;
So hearts beneath the Gospel light
Are gently softened, day by day;
Or, hardened by the truth, become
Like rocky ground or beaten way.

In yonder pleasant garden grow,
In summer's pride, two fruit trees tall;
On each the ripening beams of heaven,
The rain and dew-drops gently fall;
But one bears apples, large and sweet,
The other's fruit is crabbed and small.

On Calvary's brow three victims bleed:
Two robbers, Jesus hangs between;
One malefactor's heart is touched
With grief and anguish deep and keen;
The other, hardened in his guilt,
Derides, with proud defiant mien.

“The one is taken, the other left:”
Thus God's Ambassadors are made;
“A savour sweet of Christ, to God,”
The great Apostle truly said,
“In them that now are being saved,
Or those who pass to death's dark shade.”

W. Y.