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Poetry.

FOR THE FUTURE.

Are we living for the future,
And its wondrous harp of gold;
For the everlasting pleasures
That eternity unfolds?
To the vision of the blessed,
When the days of life are o'er—
When they've crossed the darkened river
To the angel-trodden shore.

Are we living for the future,
And the glorious robe of light,
That descends upon the shoulders
Of the one who walks aright?
In the seraph-guarded pathway,
Leading to the blest abode
In the bosom of our father,
In the bosom of our God?

Are we living for the future,
And the palm of victory,
That the ransomed wear forever,
Far beyond the jasper sea?
Are we living that the future
To our honor may redown?
Are we living for the sceptre,
For the kingdom and the crown?

Loving ones have crossed the river,
Ransomed by the blood divine;
Would we meet them, yes, and greet them
Where the stars of glory shine?
If we would, then for the future
We must live, and learn, and move;
All our thoughts must turn to heaven,
All our deeds be deeds of love.

The Phantom Light.

A GHOST STORY.

EXCEEDINGLY THRILLING AND MADE MORE SO BY ITS TRUTH.

was about 11 o'clock at night.

Nellie and I were sitting at the bow-window in the drawing-room, which she had thrown wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome after the sultry, stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just down below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long, straight line of the promenade, with its ashpelt walk and drive dimly defined by a showy row of white pots connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far that only a sort of pale-gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sand-banks of the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham Light house kept vigilant light and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty, soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still it is!" she said dreamily.—"What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far-off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that!" she asked, startled.

"Some one calling down on the sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance at night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over toward Lytham. Old Joe, the boatman, says they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I remarked sceptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "Its a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback.—One stormy evening a traveler had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a yard or two away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself, he found lying on the ground at his feet, the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress.

The traveler staggered away to the nearest house, got assistance, and had the girl's body laid in an upper room.

That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank, and only one man, the captain, saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveler had already found shelter, and, by some mistake, was put in the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight he made an appalling shriek, and fell down senseless. When he revived, he was questioned, and confessed that the beautiful young girl was his wife, whom in a moment of rage and jealousy he had stabbed to the heart and cast into the sea. And the sea had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face.—And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was found. It seems to rise from the sands and goes echoing and wailing along, calling as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says people have followed it, believing some one was in peril, and have been lured on and on, till the tide has overtaken them, and they were drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said, with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that, whoever hears the voice, is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still, sombre darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird melancholly legend, had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window, looking out into the deep, velvety darkness, with the far-away, solitary light from the light-house gleaming like a red hot spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from the lonely sands, a moaning piteous voice wailing and imploring, as if in unutterable distress. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, falling, a lonely, desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance, in a low, faint sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"Oh Jean, look!" she cried. "Look, the phantom light!"

I leant out of the window, and gazed out along the promenade. Flashing through the sombre darkness like a great star was a brilliant, beautiful light. It came rapidly towards us from the right, apparently floating in the air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady, forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings and misty, undefined form, while a sharp rustling whirring sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached, the desolate moaning rose again from the sands and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away sad and pitious as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Nellie, fearfully. "What is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses, an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chilly eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, hideous and impalpable, at which I dared not look, lest they should take the form before my eyes.

"There it is again," shuddered Nellie.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating toward us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the palpable fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benuming terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times, the light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by a moaning voice.

Again the low wailing sounds from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Jean, Jean; here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering in my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"Oh, Jean, if it is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, in tears.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuringly. "It cannot be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills it, but not through ——"

"I say, old fellow" shouted a voice down below in the darkness, "You'll frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly spectre, flitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start, I can tell you."

Nellie and I jumped to our feet, and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below, in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom light stood stationary at last. In the glare before it a young fellow was standing, while behind loomed the fantastic mysterious shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in most unghostly slang. "You see, Jack, this asphalt's first-rate to practice on; but a fellow has no chance in the daytime for these confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark lantern flashing in front, those noiseless wheels and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

The other laughed.

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned irreverently. "But I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will have to be put off tomorrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen how the wind sighs and moans among the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough wether. What a rage Gregory will be in if"——

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nellie and I looked at each other rather sleepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

An Idle Word.

How inadvertently spoken, and yet how frequently with serious and painful results? How many hearts has an idle word severed—how many broken? For true it is that a thoughtless expression will make a breach between those that fate, in its visitations, could not divide; hearts that would have struggled together through the storms of life, that would have clung to each other for strength when its buffetting had almost overwhelmed them—that would have braved all the changes of fluctuating fortune, and still see in their own unchanging love a gleam of brightness through the blackest cloud. And yet an idle word—one—has separated hearts like these. The breach once made, others step in to make it wider and wider; false pride, mistaken feelings, the sudden bitterness the heart can feel even toward those it loves, all aid the work of cruelty; the distance increases day by day, until, finding it impossible to return, like the wrecked mariner, they give up in despair, and sit down to mourn over their fate, careless, it seems, whether they live or die. And this is not the romance of youthful affection, though there is perhaps more suffering from the early disappointments of the heart than the more serious ones after-life produces. No, it is witnessed in the experience of every one; in the friendship of life, in the family circles, in business; what misunderstandings, what ruptures, what bickerings, strife and irreconcilable differences, have arisen from one idle word; it may have been spoken in jest, in a spirit of levity, in an attempt to be witty, or it may have been said innocently or inadvertently, with no motive and no intent, and still for some cause which you were totally ignorant, a certain party applied the remark, and in a moment a firebrand was kindled. Jokes are dangerous articles to play with; they are a sort of mouth grenades that are apt to explode before you are aware of it. A joker should understand their nature, and the nature of his company well, before he introduces them. He may suppose they will recommend him to favor, but he is frequently mistaken. The man who labors to be witty, losses his breath and is considered to have a weak mind. Never was there a truer sentence written, and one which, view it in every way, must result in the same conclusion, that "a silent tongue showeth a wise head."

Jonah's One Sermon.

Jonah was but one man, and he preached but one sermon, and it was but a short sermon as touching the number of words, and yet he turned the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all.—We may be preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, and yet the people will not repent and convert. This was the first fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that the whole city, at his preaching, converted, and mended their evil living, and did penance in sackcloth. And yet here in this sermon of Jonah's is no great curiousness, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor of painted eloquence; it was none other but, "yet forty days and Ninevah shall be destroyed!" It was no more. This was no great curious sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite; it was a rough sermon, and a sharp, biting sermon. Do you not here marvel these Ninevites cast not Jonah into prison? that they did not revile him nor rebuke him? They did not revile him nor rebuke him, but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon!—*Bishop Latimer.*

MR. SPURGEON is apt at illustrations, as the following shows: A raw countryman having brought his gun to the gunsmith for repairs, the latter, having examined it, said: "Your gun is in a worn-out, ruinous, good-for-nothing condition; what sort of repairing do you want for it?" "Well," said the man, "I don't see as I can do with anything less than a new stock, lock and barrel; that ought to set it up again." "Why," said the smith, "you had better have a new gun altogether." "Ah," was the reply, "I never thought of that; and it strikes me that's just what I do want.—A new stock, lock and barrel, why that's about equal to a new gun, and that's about what I will have." Just the sort of repairing man's nature requires. The old nature cast aside as a complete wreck and good for nothing, and a new one imparted.

Florida's Golden Fruit.

ORANGE CULTURE IN THE PENINSULAR STATE —A SHORT ROAD TO FORTUNE.

A gentleman who writes from Palatka, Fla., to the Atlanta Constitution paints a glowing picture of the orange groves, and thus dilates upon the wealth they contain:

It is hard to say how much an orange grove is worth. Mr. Bishop, president of the Fruit Growers' Association, said, "I am really afraid to say what I honestly believe an orange grove of 1,000 bearing trees are worth." "One thousand bearing trees is a life-long competency for any man," says Captain Dummit. John Robinson says that an orange grove may be safely purchased on a basis of $100 per tree—that is $10,000 for 100 trees, or $100,000 for a grove of 1,000 trees. J. L. Adams put the lowest estimate at $50 per tree. Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe says that her trees have averaged $15 per annum for each tree for five years. Mr. Hart, the largest grower in the State, puts the average yield of $20 per tree. A tree will yield after its fourth year of bearing, 1,000 oranges a year. These oranges can be sold at from 1½ to 3 cents a piece. A good quality will command as much as 4 cents net—a great deal depending on freight advantages. These trees will bear for fifty years. It is safe to say, then, that a good grove of 1,000 trees is worth anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000.

The great question of importance then is, "How long does it take to establish a grove?" The Sicily orange, as we all know, "produce fruit in seventeen years from the time the seed sprouts, and will bear for seventy years thereafter." The Florida oranges will produce fruit much earlier—in eight years. In other words, a man may plant 1,000 trees this year. In ten years he will have an average yield of 100 to the tree or 100,000 oranges to his grove, with from $1,500 to $3,000 on the trees. In five years longer, or in fifteen years from the planting, he will have 500 oranges to the tree, or 500,000 oranges glimmering in the green foliage of his grove, worth from $7,500 to $15,000 on the trees. He will thus have by an original outlay of, say $2,000, in ten years an income of $2,500 a year, increasing of itself to $10,000 per annum in the next five years. His property will be worth, at a low estimate, $50,000 to $80,000.

Colonel Dancy, of Orange Mills, has a grove of sixty trees, eleven years old. He shipped 58,250 oranges, or nearly 1,000 a tree, in the eleventh year. He got 2½ cts. apiece for his oranges, which thus netted him $1,600 or $26 a tree. Some of the trees bore 2,500 oranges, netting $68. Mr. E. M. Graham, of Manatee county, put out 800 trees seven years ago. He sold in the seventh year 7,000 oranges, netting him only one cent apiece, as he is very remote from market and has to wagon his fruit to the steamer. He made $700 clear in the seventh year. He estimates that his yield in the tenth year will be 25,000, which will yield him $2,000 net. He says his place cost him in all about $3,000, and he wouldn't take $30,000 for it.

Thirty mechanics in a machine shop in Connecticut put in $100 each, and bought a place in Volusia county of 1,800 acres, and planted out a grove of 1,200 six years ago. They have been offered $50,000 for place, which makes their shares of $100 each worth $1,000 each. The trees are doing well, and in two years more will yield an annual dividend of more than twice the capital invested, and increasing to four times the amount in five years.—Fourteen families of those interested are coming down this winter to build on the tract, and take up their permanent residence there. I might give hundreds of instances to prove that a grove of 500 orange trees set out from seedlings will in seven years produce an income of $1,000, and in ten years of $3,000, and be worth from $25,000 to $40,000; but there is even a shorter way of coming at this splendid fortune. This is by transforming sour orange trees into sweet ones, by planting sweet buds in the body of the sour tree. There are millions of these wild orange trees growing all through Florida.

A man who is in a hurry for an income selects one of these wild groves. Then cutting the tree smooth off about six feet from the ground, he inserts a number of sweet orange buds between the bark and wood of the stump, covering them carefully so that the air cannot get to them.—These buds sprout readily, and in three or four years he has a fine grove of sweet orange trees growing on sour orange stumps. These transformed trees are the hardest and healthiest that can be found. Another short cut to a mature orange grove is to buy young trees and have them transplanted. In any of the leading orange counties a man can buy four-years-old trees at 1 cent a piece, and have them transplanted for 25 cents apiece. These trees will bear in three years from the transplanting, and in five years will produce 1,000 oranges to the tree, worth $15 to $25 before they are gathered. This is a favorite method of starting a grove, and creates quite a demand for young trees.—There are a great many men who grow seedlings to supply this demand. An acre will produce 1,500 seedlings that in four years will be worth $1 apiece.

As the profit is so enormous, the labor so light and the reward so certain in orange planting, it may be asked why Florida is not one solid orange grove? I reply that it is very rapidly becoming so. The number of new trees set out in the past ten years simply incredible. These new trees have hardly begun bearing as yet; when their fruit does come on the world will be astonished at the amazing fertility of our "American Italy." Some idea of the extent of the new groves may be had when I call to mind that within a radius of ten miles of Leesburg, in Sumpter county, there are 52,000 trees that will be bearing full fruitage in two or three years. At 800 oranges to the tree, a very low estimate, there will be furnished annually, three years from now, from this half a county, 40,000,000 of oranges. This is but one of a score of similar orange centres. Mr. Bishop authorizes the statement that in the past ten years there have been 900,000 new orange trees set out or wild trees reclaimed in Florida. This will involve an addition to the crop of 160,000,000 of oranges. But the development is now going on faster than ever. It is probable that 40,000 new trees will be set out this year, some say 60,000. There is hardly a planter that I have met who does not know of two or three men who are putting out groves ranging from two hundred to a thousand trees.

Universal Fall of Men.

Gradually, from the one family exiled from Eden, yet still lingering, we may think, beside the waters of the four-fold river, and loving still to look upon the fast-closed gates where the flaming sword waved in the radiant watcher's hand, did the race so marvellously created, once so honored, now so fallen, spread themselves forth amid the untrodden solitudes of the young earth. Through the depths of primeval forests, across streams which no plumb-line had ever fathomed, over a thousand hills virgin as the heights where to this hour no human foot hath ever trod, they passed forth, those descendants of the first man. Generation succeeded generation, and the masters of the earth grew familiar with their abiding places, and thronged cities arose amid once trackless deserts, and human speech thrilled along the bosom of the great deep; and yet, in all that fast multiplying race, there was not one like Adam when fresh from his Maker's hands, not one man according to the original type and idea of man. It was a multiplication of the crippled and deformed, not of the perfect nature. For where was the lordship over creation when man's bread had to be wrung from the soil with the sweat of his brow, and the wild beast turned again to devour? and where was the fulness of knowledge when they worshipped and honored the creature more than the Creator? and where was the old communion with God when the world, with all its wisdom, knew not God? No; the Divine image was not. There was no reproduction of the first Adam. Among all the myriads born into the world, there was not one perfect specimen of the Creator's master-work. All were radically different from the creature whom the Lord God, when He had made, called by the name "man."

And hence we must wait to behold man's true glory until all the exhibitions of human guilt, and genius, and beauty, and ambition, are passed, and until in the new man, redeemed, renewed, immortalized and glorified, we see at last the divine ideal of humanity, fairer and purer even than Adam in his first estate, when man shall bear the likeness of his glorified Redeemer, the Second Adam,—"the Lord from heaven."

Sixty.

This is my birthday, and I am sixty years old. Sooner than I expected, I am an old man. I do not realize that I am.—But the family record tells me so; and my looks in the glass accord. Some years ago I gave notice from the pulpit one Sabbath that on a certain evening of the week I would address the young men of my congregation. In preparing for the service, the question arose: "Who are the men?" I placed the limits at 16–35. And then, for the first time the thought occurred to me that I was not a young man, and that I never should be again. Before I was aware, I had passed beyond thirty-five, and was in the midst of my days. It was to me an affecting thought.

And now I find that I have passed out of middle life, and that my place is amongst the aged. What remains to me of life is crowded into a narrow space. I cannot reasonably expect to live beyond three-score years and ten. And how soon will that limit be reached, if my life shall be spared till then? I look back to some event that occurred ten years ago, and the time looks very short; but as yesterday.—Nor will the ten years to come pass less rapidly. They will fly away as the swift ships, and bear me across the ocean of time, and land me on the shores of eternity. All that I can do for my own soul, for my fellow-travelers, or for the kingdom of Christ here, must be done soon. I shall soon have become an inhabitant of the unseen world; familiar with its great realities. If I am indeed Christ's, I shall be with him in heaven. I shall see the blessed Saviour face to face, and be like Him. My voice will be heard in that new song, which none but the redeemed can learn.—I shall forever be done with sin and sorrow, and I shall know by precious experience the blessedness of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

A Norman peasant does not believe there is any virtue in vaccination, because only two days after his aunt had endured the operation she fell down stairs and broke an arm.

"Handfuls of Purpose."

Christian you never go to your daily reaping but there comes a Ruth to glean after; and the Master says, "let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her." Mother, do you grow tired dropping handfuls for the busy little gleaners in your homes? When engaged in some great, good work for the Master that requires all the time and energy you can spare from household duties, do you feel that your work will suffer if you stop every day to plant new seeds of goodness, and watch and water with loving care the beauty already growing? Your work goes on while you stop. Your children may be your helpers. Then, mother, never be deaf to their questionings. Withhold nothing from them that God withholds not from you. Let your heart be an open treasury—a storehouse for the older children, a nursery for the little ones. See that their tiny hands are full of Jesus, if you spend all your time dropping the grain. If God gives each family its share of work to do, will he care how much the children help, so it is done?

The Ruth that came to glean in your field, the other day, Christian sister, was your poor washerwoman. Something in your morning's chapter, "unto the least," was it?—made you unusual kind and thoughtful, and out of your kindness you dropped a little handful of purpose that has been food, raiment and joy to her hungry, shivering heart ever since. Only a seat beside her; a few kind questions; a patient listening to the old story of suffering; a little word of sisterly counsel, covered with ready tact, while you show her some skillful work you have been doing, entertaining her for a little as kindly as you would have done a friend. You could tell as you saw that sad face transfigured, what a feast you were spreading for your sister; and somebody whispered, "you are speaking it for Me." That night, perhaps your humble sister went home, on her knees for the first time in many years to carry your handful of purpose, changed into repenant tears, into God's garner. How she helped you work for Jesus that day.

Young Christian, you feel that you are only a gleaner from older Christians. May you not be a reaper too? What handfuls of purpose can you let drop for your young associates? Whenever they walk beside you let fall some blessing, so sweet they cannot refuse it. If you see them in the wrong path, throw out so large heartfuls and handfuls just before them that they dare not step over them, but must turn back to the right. Who like the young can help the aged? Drop your largest, choicest handfuls right into their withered hands. See that they have always a warm fire in their heart, kindled from the love of Jesus burning in your own.

Christian pastor and teacher, God, the great harvester, has been so good to you, letting you glean in such rich fields, dropping such wonderful blessings for you, you will never withhold from others! You know the privilege is yours of dropping mercies in every pathway and in every room you enter. The youthful, the strong in life, the aged, the sufferer, all bless you. And if sometimes your handfuls of prayerful, earnest purpose have been dropped before the scoffer, the indifferent, and you know not whether they have been taken up, or left where you dropped them, take God's word for it, and believe your labor was not in vain. We never do a day's work for Jesus, all alone. He never wants us to come sighing, instead of singing, home, because our burden is so heavy.—Working for him on earth need tire us no more than singing his praise in heaven, for we tire only when we try to make our bundle of sheaves larger and heavier than God asks. Days when we freely scatter handfuls of purpose all along our working path, we gather most for Christ. Be very sure he never forgets, when the gleaners come home with their handfuls, to tie them into our bundle. Unseen gleaners often walk beside us.

Then let us freely scatter little handfuls for them. They will be gathered unseen by us, and noticed by the Master. Unloved gleaners, too, work in the same field with us, giving us the privilege of being like Jesus, who dropped blessings into the hands raised against him. One day we shall know how many have been made rich by the little blessings we have scattered, yet have never missed, so full are the sheaves we may carry home.

MOTHER AND SON.—There is no tie in the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and a son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but sees all her defects, as one woman always does see those of another. No doubt, with the unconscious arrogance of youth, she exaggerates them.—But the son loves his mother with an ideal love—he sees her as a man sees a woman; that is to say through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feelings for her, and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same time. Her image is sacred in his mind. She may not be better than other women; but she seems so to him.

A story is told of a bashful, polite man, who was suddenly asked to say grace at the table. He had never done it in his life, and with much embarrassment he stammered out, "Oh, Lord, we thank you; we are much obliged to you. Yours respectfully, Amen."

A Christian.

A Christian man is more than a sectarian. Paul, unrenewed, could be a Jew, but grace only could enlarge his fellowship to the whole race of man. A zealous member of this or that church is not necessarily a Christian; he may fall short in dignity of character, breadth of fellowship, purity of heart, nobleness of purpose, excellence of life. Zeal for a sect is often mistaken for Christian earnestness, and devotion to Christ. There is a worldly, selfish power in it, which wins a certain kind of success, but it is not Christian success, does not make childlike men and women and will not save. There is more danger of being caught in this snare than is generally supposed; more souls are deceived by mistaking love for a party and sect, for love to Christ, than by any other snare.—Thousands who have "done many wonderful works" in a partisan way, will stand at the left hand in the Day of Judgment. They think they do them in the name of Christ, but Christ on their lips has a narrow, carnal meaning; is degraded to be the leader of a sect, rather than the head of all saints. We must be Christians above all things else; more Christian than anything else; so thoroughly Christian as to be nothing else; then, wherever our lot may be cast, the power of Christ will rest upon us, and souls will be saved.—*Baptist Union.*

Sowing and Reaping.

There is not in the whole area of future life a single plot of stony ground which shall not yield us fertile harvests of joy.—The hand of divine love transmutes every trial and affliction into everlasting joy for his people. Two seeds lie before us—the one is warmed in the sun, the other falls from the sower's hand into the cold, dark earth, and there it lies buried beneath the soil. That seed which suns itself in the noontide beam may rejoice in the light in which it basks, but it is liable to be devoured by the bird; and certainly naught can come of it, however long it may linger above ground; but the other seed, hidden beneath the clods in a damp, dark sepulchre, soon swells, germinates, bursts its sheath, upheaves the mould, springs up a green blade, buds, blossoms, becomes a flower, exhales perfume, and loads the wings of every wind. Better far for the seed to pass into the earth and die, than lie in sunshine and produce no fruit; and even thus for thee, the future in its sorrow shall be as a sowing in a fertile land; tears shall moisten thee, grace shall increase within thee, and thou shalt grow up in the likeness of thy Lord unto perfection of holiness, to be such a flower of God's own planting as even angels shall delight to gaze upon in the day of thy transplanting to celestial soil.

An Earnest Life.

Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. Have you never known a man bustling and officious, clamorous and loud, but who did not weigh heavy after all?—a thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you never known a man quiet, unostentatious and faithful, and who was a perpetual blessing, a man deep-souled and true, whose memory lingered long after he was gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset?

The shallow stream rattles along its course; but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling from the sea, there is silence on the hills. In the great tide there is more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it. The tide flows down stream, grows shallow, and again the empty chattering goes on. Things most potent, although demonstrative, as indeed they must be from their effects, are not necessarily noisy. A strong, earnest life need not make what some people are in the habit of calling "a fuss." It is better known by the lead that strikes, than by the bang of the gun which sends it.—*Golden Rule.*

TO BE LOVED.—There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. By love we mean, of course, the true, pure love which is not a thing of the senses but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness. What will not one risk or dare, or forsake for it? What will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it?—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and doesn't mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be *beloved*, one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—The medical journals last spring published repeatedly the formula for Dr. Ferrie's new remedy for cold in the head. As the season for that distressing malady is at hand we print the receipe, which is: Trisnitrate of bismuth 6 drachms, pulverized gum arabic 2 drachms, and hydrochlorate of morphia 2 grains.—This is used as a snuff, creates no pain, and causes, says the London *Lancet*, the entire disappearance of the symptoms in a few hours.

AN incalculable weight—the weight of indignation.