

THE LAST CALL.

It was in the winter of the year 1854, that the village of G— was favored with a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God. Many of the worst characters in the town had been awakened and converted, and were now clothed, and in their right minds.

THE TWO BEARS.

There was a great outcry in the nursery, which much disturbed Uncle Jim reading his morning paper. "Those children are always at it," muttered Uncle Jim, knitting his shaggy eyebrows, and looking perhaps not so cross as he seemed.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

Ernest had accompanied his father into the vineyard, which were rich with promise for the coming autumn. There he found a honey bee struggling in the web of a large garden spider, which had already opened its fangs to seize upon its prey; but Ernest set the bee at liberty, and destroyed the glistening snare.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

"The poor always ye have with you." In all civilized and Christian states, society is so organized as to bring the rich and the poor together, and make them mutually dependent.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"After I had served out my time, and had married—which was about thirty-five years ago—I moved with my little family to Wilmington, about thirty miles below Philadelphia, and opened a small jewelry store, which was my business, trusting in God to prosper me.

THE SERMON.

Closed was the preacher's last appeal. The worshippers were gone. Through some still lingered here and there Round many a soul and stone. When up there ran a little lad,— "Sir, is the sermon done?"

CRITICAL SEASONS.

There are seasons in one's life relatively important above the other portions of one's experience. Some great evil is shunned, or some immense good secured. One hour is fraught with more of weal or woe, at those critical seasons, than perhaps a twelvemonth of the ordinary life.

WHO WILL TAKE HER PLACE?

She was greatly beloved, the old pilgrim who had gone home at last, and the bell was tolling for her funeral. Long, long years she had served her Lord, and trusted his pardoning mercy.— Life for her had brought few joys, and many sorrows; daily she knew she was drawing nearer and nearer to the river of death; but for her it troubled waves were spanned by the bridge of faith, and she had gone over in peace.

DON'T GIVE UP.

"I can't do it, Father. Indeed I can't." "Never say can't, my son; it isn't a good word." "But I can't, father. And if I can't, I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right."

GENTLENESS.

A coarse, harsh world finds its contrast in the gentleness of the true Christian.— The world is selfish, unfeeling, bitter. It heaps cold, brutal abuse upon the poor sufferer in the highway. It frowns upon the wretched suppliant that presumes to cross its path in the lane. Suffering innocence shrinks from it as the flower from the frost.

UNBELIEVERS.

The state of unbelievers is a sinful state as well as a state of condemnation. Unbelief is evidence of a wrong state of heart. Our hearts were right with God, we certainly would not reject the Son of his love.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

In 1864 a missionary in northern Hindostan gave a narrative of his travels, strikingly illustrative of passages like the following: "Deut. xxxii 35—'I have trusted also in the Lord, therefore I shall not slide.' Ps. xlii 8—'The law of God is in my heart; none of his steps shall slide.' Ps. lxxvii 5—'But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped.' The missionary, Rev. J. Warren, says:—

FROM THE GERMAN.

The father, observing what had passed, inquired of his son how he could so lightly esteem the skill and ingenuity of the little artist, as to annihilate its work in a moment. "Didst thou not see with what beauty and order those slender threads were interwoven? How could'st thou then be at the same moment pitiful and yet so hard-hearted?"

THE TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.

Tempest. I go to the mountain's rugged side, Roughly wrap it in snow. Whirl the wild winds that howl so wild, And leave them there to blow.

THE PASTOR'S VISIT.

Walling I cometo the human heart, In the form of demoniac sin, Temptation stands with jaws apart— I hurl the victim in.