

Sunday Reading.

It is just possible the following stanzas have been in the Messenger before a good while ago.

How, When, Where, Why?

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? I do not know,

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot tell,

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot say,

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ? I can reply:

Honeywood Park; OR, A TALE OF MY GRANDFATHER, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

The recurrence of the name of a village, a house, or a spot in one's family annals, interwoven with its most important events, is curious to observe.

Some time after this happy event, having to go from Coggeshall to Halesend, his route was over the hallowed spot. On the night previously he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him in pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do.

To add to the solemnity of the secluded wood, his father, while passing by the spot, was touched by the hand of God and suddenly fell dead.

They're." This startled the suppliant and made him beat a hasty retreat. Jacob must wrestle somewhere else, for Jabbok was gone.

Scepticism—No very great Achievement.

It has been well said, "Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability or learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe."

A man may glide into Agnosticism insensibly, and remain in it languidly; but to believe is to be alive—alive to conflict and watchfulness.

Shall we prefer doubt because it is so ready to our hand, or shall we become truth-seekers even if we have to dive like pearl-fishers? That depends upon the mind which is in us.

No Soul.

A certain preacher had wrought his best to benefit his audience; but one of them came to him, and somewhat rudely remarked, "Your preaching is of no use to me. I do not believe that I have a soul; I don't want to be talked to about an imaginary hereafter; I shall die like a dog."

M. Shapira, who recently offered for sale a forged manuscript, purporting to be an ancient portion of the Old Testament, has shot himself through the head with a revolver in an hotel at Rotterdam.

How a Minister lost his Church.

When the Rev. Jonas Inert was called to settle at Littleton, the place was thought to be too small for him, but they forced him into it almost against his will.

But still some of his friends thought it a pity that he should busy himself in that out-of-the-way place; there was not room enough for the exercise of his talents.

There was no help for it, however; it seemed to be his destiny, at any rate, for the present. He must make the best of it. He consoled himself with the thought that it would not be long; he could rest there for a while; he would not have to study any; he could make use of his old sermons; some more important opening would be made, and then he would pull up stakes and be off.

The ink dried out of his inkstand on his study-table. The books on his library shelves were covered with dust; and the study itself was the most solitary room in the parsonage. He was gradually expending his resource; but he was benefitting his people.

While, therefore, his people were flourishing under his ministration, he was getting lean and, what added no little to his discomfort, he imagined they began to see it, or would very soon if they did not now.

He went on this way for several years giving them, as was very natural, "the best first, and the best all the time," but his best became, after a while, his second or third best, for there are good, better, best in every minister's pile.

He had settled among them with his barrel full, the increase of years. When he turned the faucet the first stream that rushed forth was the best, strong, active, sparkling and bright, indicating a good, rich supply; put a stream always running out and none running in will in time exhaust the largest fountain.

The people began to notice these things. A want of interest began to show itself among them. They felt that there was some lack somewhere, they could not tell where. An almost imperceptible change was going on in their minds with regard to their pastor.

Mount Washington, at first, seemed a stupendous pile to those who settled at its foot; but after they had lived forty years in its shadow, and become familiar with its towering heights, and seen it always the same, not growing higher or more majestic, they were not so much impressed with its dimensions, and came almost to feel that it was losing its grandeur.

Rev. Mr. Inert did not consider this. He seemed to feel that he was so far in advance of his people that they could

never overtake him; he made no special effort to maintain his superior mental status; forgot that he was living in an age of progress, and that it will not do for a pastor at the head of a live congregation to stand still.

Is it strange that Littleton, after a while, reversed their first opinion of the Rev. Jonas Inert, and came to the conclusion that he was not big enough for them?—N. Y. Observer.

The joy of Decision.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss. "I do not dance now," she said. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved it.

In a later conversation on the same subject, when the decision of some other ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:

"I am glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a fixed decision. I enjoy the right so much more when I have finally and positively decided in favor of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not assert itself as intellect and conscience direct, clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smites.

He is the happiest who makes up his mind, puts his foot firmly down, dismisses forever the possibility of ever going back to his old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.—Sunday-School Journal.

Cremation of Chunder Sen.

At about 10:30 a. m. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Lily Cottage, and immediately after his remains were laid out on a new sandalwood bedstead, which was covered with marigolds, jessamine, and roses. The corpse was dressed in white silk dhuti, and at intervals some of the disciples of the Brahmo leader sprinkled rose-water on it, and placed garlands of flowers all over.

At noon the bier was removed to the new chapel, adjoining Lily Cottage, which was being erected for Babu the late Keshub Chunder Sen's private devotions, and at 3:30 p. m. a photographer came and photographed the remains, which were then lying an object of touching regard to hundreds of the Brahmo leaders, disciples, friends and admirers.

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could be found of the respect and esteem in which the late Brahmo leader was held than in the thousands who followed his remains to witness the cremation ceremony and in the thousands who visited Lily Cottage, in Circular road, to see the last of the remains of the great Brahmo leader, among them was his son-in-law, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and other most prominent natives in Calcutta.

Among the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen god. They put up a new one every New Year's day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen; and if the fire does not burn, or the bread is baking too fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god.

"Revive Thy work, O Lord!" Well, the Lord is ready. Are you? "Revive thy work, O Christian!" Your work and the Lord's are identical. The Lord's set time in which to favor Zion, is when her children take pleasure in her.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours.—Canon Farrar.

I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days a week.—Sir Robert Peel.

When we are most ready to perish, then is God most ready to help us.—Luther.

Religion is a necessary, an indispensable element, in any great human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne.—Daniel Webster.

The love of Christ is like the blue sky into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—M' Cheyne.

We picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving.

A pair of knitted socks 2000 years old, has been discovered in an Egyptian tomb. They are made of fine sheep's wool, and are rather loosely knit. Instead of ending in one piece, like our articles of that kind, they are finished off in two portions, something like glove-fingers. This is to allow the strap of the sandal to pass between, and fasten on the middle of the foot.

Royal Tenderness.

A memorial sketch of the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, containing many of her letters to Queen Victoria (her mother), has appeared in Germany, and throws a touching light upon the character of the Princess, upon her relations with her father and mother, and upon the circle in which she was brought up.