

REMARKABLE WORDS.

An African King, Lewanika, King of Barotsi, went to England to the Coronation of King Edward, and enjoyed the visit immensely. On his return to Zambesi he made a speech to his own people and others which was to the following effect:

"Lewanika, a little nervous, rose, ascended the platform, and with a strong voice said that he was bound, before the nation to thank the missionaries publicly for all the good they had done and are still doing in his country. 'I have,' said he, among other things, 'two words to say. Here is the first: *Praise God, bless Him.* You rejoice to see me returned, and you say, without doubt, that if my voyage has succeeded, thanks are due to the colonel who attended me, and to your aged missionary who prepared my way. That is true; but, above all, it is God, yes, it is He who has guided me, who has guarded me, who has raised me up these friends and who brings me back into the midst of you. I say, then: Bless God!

"For the second word, I say: *The Gospel, it is all.* We have seen many things, one more marvelous than another; we cannot say anything of them here. But one thing, as to which I cannot be silent, is that everywhere I found the word of God. In the parliament it is the Gospel which makes the laws; in society it is the Gospel which inspires a beneficence which we here have never even imagined; it is the Gospel which renders the people intelligent by their schools, and which gives to the nations security and happiness. The missionaries told me so—today I have seen it. Barotsi, let us come out of our darkness, of our former heathenism! Come to listen to the instructions of my missionaries, come on the Sunday; send your children to the school in order that we also may be men."

NO UNIMPORTANT PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

The bridge-keeper of a railroad may not be known by name to the president, or directors, or stockholders, or a hundredth part of the employees, much less to the public, and his duties may appear perfunctory and monotonous, and yet a failure to faithfully do his work may plunge hundreds of souls into eternity. A want of faithfulness on the part of the president himself would not probably involve consequences so great. There are no unimportant places where the interests involved and affected are great. If this is true of worldly enterprises how much more true is it of the Church and its work, involving as it does the eternal interest of souls. There are no unimportant places in the scriptural machinery of the Church. A door-keeper in the house of God involves more than the highest purely secular service.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

MY LIGHT.

One day this winter, as I was on my way down town, I heard a voice from above me call my name. I looked up, and saw a pale little face at a fourth-story window.

"Please don't forget to light your fire tonight," said the voice, and then the face was gone.

When I had discovered to which house the window belonged, I went up those long steps and found a little sick child in a small bare room all by himself lying on a couch, which was drawn up close to the window,

"Mother has to go out to work," he said, "and she does not come back till bed-time. I get very lonely as dark comes on; but every night I watch for the light in your back room, and then I can stand it better. Last night you did not light it, and it was very dreary here all alone in the dark."

"I will not fail to light it again," I said. And then I thought that our lives were all like that light—your life and mine. Some one is watching for us to shine with love and truth and kindness; and when we fail to be loving and true and kind, some one is left in the dark. Shall we not take care to keep the light of our lives always burning clear for the sake of those who watch for its brightness?

"Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

COBBLING FOR EXPENSES.

William Carey, the earnest and self-sacrificing pioneer of missions in India, was a shoemaker in Leicester, or rather, as he himself puts it, "a cobbler in Leicester."

While cobbling shoes in his little room by day, he used, in the evenings, to go about from village to village preaching the Gospel, for his soul was filled to overflowing with the love of God. One day, in the midst of these itinerant preachings, a friend came into his room, where he was stitching away, and, with a very serious face began to remonstrate with him:

"Mr. Carey I want to speak to you very seriously."

"Well," said Carey, "what is it?"

The friend replied:

"It is this—by your going about so much, preaching, as you are doing, you are neglecting your business. If you only attended to your business now, you would soon get on, and prosper. but, as it is, you are simply ruining yourself by neglecting your business."

"Neglecting my business?" said Carey, looking at him steadily. "My business, don't you know, is to extend the kingdom of God! I am only cobbling shoes to pay expenses."

NO TIME FOR THINKING.

An old man lay on his death-bed, and beside him was his son, a worldly-minded youth. The father, who had long yearned for his boy's conversion, now asked him to grant a favor ere he died, and the dying request could not be refused. This request was a strange one.

"Promise me," said the old man, "that for six months after my death you will retire to my room for a half hour every day and THINK."

"And about what?" said the son.

"That I leave to yourself," answered the father, and soon after died.

The youth kept his promise, and for some time he had no difficulty in passing the half-hour. But soon the thought of eternity and the condition of his soul came up before his mind. His father had taken care that the lad would have time to THINK; and ere long the half-hours had lengthened into hours, as he sat thinking on his eternal well-being. Thus he was led to the Bible, and led to believe on Jesus, and was saved.

Could you bear to be alone for half an hour, pondering the great question, "Where will I spend eternity?"

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim,

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KEEP ON LEARNING.

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* says: It is not so much what a man knows as what he is now learning that keeps him intelligently and spiritually alive. All past attainments have a sort of natural tendency to harden and crystallize in the mind.

The only way to prevent this catastrophe is to keep on making new acquisitions. We know several really accomplished men who have ceased to add anything to their stock of information.

Some preachers that once commanded the attention of the most intelligent congregations have become utterly unacceptable. It is not because they have forgotten anything that they once knew, but because they are no longer students and thinkers. They are simply drawing on their former accumulations and the public has detected the fact.

NOT WORTH WHILE TO GET ANGRY.

Anger is one of the great enemies to domestic comfort. If a woman has a bad temper and lets it "fly" at every provocation, her home will soon become a perfect bedlam. A woman who always kept her temper placid was one day asked how she managed to always appear so unruffled.

"Ah," she replied, "there are very few things in this world worth being angry about, so when I feel annoyance rising within me I ask myself quite judicially: 'Is this worth being angry over?' and in 990 cases out of a thousand my answer is 'No.'"

Cold Settles in the Back.

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