

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

(The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," is said to have been first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. It will be noticed that all the events predicted, except that of the last two lines, have already come to pass.)

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye!
Water shall yet more wonders do,
How strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and coined
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew;
And the world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Mother Shipton's Last Prophecy.

Mother Shipton was born at Knavesborough—says tradition, and was generally regarded as a witch, the popular belief being that she sold her soul to the evil one in return for the power of lifting the veil shrouding the future. Although universally believed to be a dealer in black art, she died quietly in her bed, and in a churchyard near by a headstone bore this inscription:

"Here lies she who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried;
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive."

It is said that each morning of her life was signalized by the utterance of some remarkable prediction of weal or woe to her neighbors or her country. To Henry VIII she foretold his suppression of the monasteries, his marriage with Ann Boleyn, Wolsey's downfall and death, and the fagot fires of Smithfield. To Elizabeth she also made equally true predictions and also to King James. It is recorded that in her last public utterance Mother Shipton gave forth the following prediction, which has been thought to have reference to the present century:

The time shall come when seas of blood
Shall mingle with a greater flood;
Great noise shall there be heard, great shouts
and cries,
And seas shall thunder louder than the skies.
Then shall three lions fight with three, and
bring
Joy to a people, honor to a king.
That fiery year, as soon as o'er,
Peace shall then be as before;
Plenty shall everywhere be found,
And men with swords shall till the ground.

Note.—While the above is not strictly a religious selection, it will be interesting to our readers at this time. We read it in 1872, when a boy of 19, and not being in rugged health, we wondered if we would live to see 1881.

This is a time for action in our great nation, and in our Christian enterprises; the church, home and foreign missions, our church paper—"The Highway"—and special revival work.

FOR THE BOY'S SAKE.

A Sunday school superintendent made the following confession at a county Sunday school convention:

"I used to smoke. It was a pleasure that I thought did not harm me or any one else, and I believed I had a right to enjoyment. Then one day I stopped. Here is the reason:

"A widowed woman, the mother of two lively boys in my school, hurried into my store one morning, walked straight up to me, and handed me a handful of cigarettes. I stared—and she explained: "They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, while I was mending their clothes. When I asked what cigarettes in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarettes, and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the hurt it would do them, and what do you think they said? They told me they didn't mean to keep on with cigarettes always. As soon as they grew bigger, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarettes to cigars. 'And cigars are all right,' said my boys. 'Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why, ma, Mr. Wilson, our superintendent, smokes cigars, and Mr. Wilson's a good man, ain't he?'"

"Mr. Wilson," went on the mother, "I'm doing my best to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, and you've helped me many a time by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you and admire you, and they think that it's all right for them to smoke if a good man like you smokes. Now, I don't want my boys to smoke cigarettes, but when I talk that way to them they point to your smoking as if that settled the matter. I don't know what to say or to do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly how it was. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder every boy in your school, and I believe you would be willing to teach them by good works."

"Well, I was wanting a smoke at that minute; but the thought of the mother trying to grow two boys into good men, and being hindered by any habit of mine, settled the thing. The cigar box that stood handy went into the stove. "Tell Joe and Billy," I said, "That Mr. Wilson has quit smoking," and quit smoking I did. Since that day no boy has ever been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarettes or anything else." — *Sunday School Times.*

When the carnal nature is destroyed, Satan can only operate from the outside; there are no enemies to God in the soul; the liability to fall into temptation is gone. Satan will then besiege the soul from outside, assaulting it fiercely. As long as we resist him and keep our will in the will of God, he cannot harm us, we are safe. We may sin, as we are still free moral agents, but we are not drawn to sin from within. On the contrary, our whole being revolts against sin, and the Holy Ghost within us repels sin. We never get in this world where we do not need to watch and pray, lest Satan come upon us unawares and overthrow us.—*Sel.*

It is not the tears that people shed in a missionary meeting that determine their subsequent activity in missionary effort, nor their devotion to the missionary enterprise. Facts are the fuel that feed undying missionary fires.—*Selected.*

THIS LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

A little fellow four years old was brought from the slums to a Chicago orphan's home. "The Life-Boat" tells the story:

When he was brought up to be put in bed, had his bath and the matron opened up the sweet little cot to put him between clean white sheets, he looked on in amazement. He said:

"Do you want me to get in there?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Why you are going to sleep there."

He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in a bed in his life before. He was put to bed and the matron kissed him good-night, a little bit of a chap, only four years old, and he put up his hand and rubbed off the kiss. He said:

"What did you do that for?"

But the next morning he said:

"Would you mind doing that again what you did to me last night?"

He had never been kissed before and did not know anything about it.

It was only a week later the matron said, that the little fellow would come round three or four times a day and look up with a soft look in his face and say:

"Would you love a fellow a little?"

After a few weeks a lady came to get a child and was looking for a boy, so the matron brought along this little chap, and the lady looked at him. She said: "Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?"

He looked right down at the floor.

She said: "I will give you a hobby horse and lots of playthings, and you will have a real nice time, and I will give you lots of nice things to do."

He looked right straight at the floor and did not pay any attention to it at all. She kept talking, persuading him, and by and by the little fellow looked up in her face and said, "Will you love a fellow?"—*Sel.*

WESLEY ON "INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES."

I beg leave to propose a short, clear and strong argument to prove the Divine Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

1. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention.

2. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sins, and condemns their own souls to hell to all eternity.

3. Therefore, draw the conclusion that the Bible must be given by Divine Inspiration.—*John Wesley.*

MISSIONARY FUND.

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