

more put on record—is vouchsafed us. When Mary reproaches the boy Jesus for causing her anxiety and distress by tarrying in Jerusalem; he replies with a gentle warning (lest she forget there were higher claims than hers): “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

What better rule, what better guide, what better test of conduct, could young Christians have than this? Would you adopt an aim in life, something to live for, something to fill your days with an eager, earnest purpose? Then “be about your Father’s business.” Would you decide between two paths, whether to go to your right hand or to your left? Ask yourself which will most further your heavenly Father’s business, and choose and follow that. Would you have a test by which to try your walk and conversation? Lay alongside of your daily doings this rule, to which the child Jesus kept himself with sweet and calm content: “I must be about My Father’s business.” Do you ask what is your heavenly Father’s business for you? You need not have no great trouble now in deciding that question; hereafter, when Life’s tangled lines have crossed and recrossed, you may doubtless halt in perplexity which path to choose, but now, while you are at the outset of life, your path is plain and straight. Your Father’s will for you is that you should steadily, diligently, earnestly, improve all your powers of mind and body. Cultivate every gift and grace, let each sunrise waken you to renewed energy in your training work or study, and each sunset find you with duties well fulfilled, opportunities well met, and some steps of progress made, and when your time of fuller service comes you may be a bright and polished instrument “meet for the Master’s use.”

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

We are all graduates of the university of hard Knocks. Misfortune, Fatigue, Exposure and Disaster are the professors. Kicks, Cuffs and Blows are the curriculum. The day we leave the world is our graduation. Some sit down and cry. Some turn their faces to the wall and pout. Others stand up and conquer. Happy the bee that even under leaden skies looks for blossoming buckwheat; wise the fowl that instead of standing in the snow with the foot drawn up under its wing, ceases not all day to pick.

There are different ways of looking at things. Rain drop the first—“Always chill and wet; tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea.” Rain drop the second—“Ah! the sun kissed me, the flower caught me, the field blessed me.”

Brook the first—“Struck by the rock, dashed off the mill-wheel.” Brook the second—“I sang the miller to sleep. I ground the grist. O! this gay somersault over the wheel.”

Horse the first—“Pull! pull! pull! This tugging in the traces, and lying back in the breechings, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles to my nostrils.” Horse the second gives a horse laugh—“A useful life I have been permitted to lead. See that corn. I helped break the sod, and run out the furrows. On a starlight night I filled the ravine and mountains with the voice of jingling bells, and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then too have the children throw in an extra quart at my call, and have Jane pat me on the nose and say ‘Poor Charlie’ (?). To bound along with an arched neck and flaring eye, and clattering hoof, and hear people say ‘There goes a two-forty.’”

Bird the first—“Wearry of migration. No one to pay me for my song. Only here to be shot at.” Bird the second—“I have the banquet of a thousand wheat fields, cup of the lily to drink out of, isle of the forest to walk in, Mount Washington underfoot and a continent at a glance.”

You see how much depends on the way you look at things.

IS THE MATTER SETTLED?

“Is the matter settled between you and God?” I asked solemnly of one whose declining health warned us to expect her early removal from this world.

“Oh yes, sir!” was her calm reply.

“How did you get it settled?”

“The Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me.”

“And when did He do it for you?” I asked.

“When He died on the cross for my sins.”

“How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?”

The answer was readily given. “About twelve months ago.”

Anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked, “How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?”

She at once replied, “I read in the Bible, and believed what I read.”

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this faithful saying?

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