

rule which many have adopted in such cases is to listen to the directions which the voice within, the voice of God in His word, the voice of circumstances concur in giving. When these three agree it is safe to act according to their instructions. Some seek to be guided only by the inner voice, an inner light as they call it, taking it for the Holy Spirit. But to such often it is their own temperament or moods that speak and they become very erratic in behaviour.

Often, if we are guided by circumstances, we will interpret their instructions to suit our own wishes, seeing that which prevents our doing what we do not wish to do and overlooking that which might encourage us to hope that we might succeed in the undertaking. Then there is the voice of God in His word. This is the truest guide, as the Holy Ghost makes clear our Father's will. But to discover that will we must take into account our circumstances. For example the Bible would not give the same instructions to a man in the last stages of consumption in regard to entering the ministry or undertaking any other work, that it would to a man in the full possession of all his strength and faculties, though it be the same book from which each seeks instruction.

The following actual case will serve as an illustration of what is meant by the three voices concurring. A young man wished to decide whether he should become a foreign missionary. He was prompted from within to do so. The inner voice gave its verdict "you ought." He looked for God's voice in His word. It gave its verdict "you ought." He consulted the voice of circumstances. He was of a very delicate constitution, compelled to spend many days confined to his house—missionary work would probably cause his death inside of a year. The voice of circumstances said "you ought not." The three did not concur. He believed it was not God's will. To-day he is serving God and the missionary cause in another way, and enjoying God's peace in his heart. II.

GOLDEN RULE PROVERBS.

A faith-filled life is full.

A true man's lips are oracles.

This hour is tied to all other hours.

Only great eyes can see a great life.

When God sends word, He sends success.

He mounts a throne who bends his knees.

The Christian gymnasium is the world's need.

Knock down another's doubts, and they drag your own with them.

THE SELFISHNESS OF ILL-HEALTH.

"Unselfishness is a game that two ought—mark you, I don't say *can*, but *ought*—that two ought to play at."

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case, for his hopes of a useful life were blighted, it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him; they gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake; they lived only to anticipate his wishes; morning, noon, and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or laboring to add to his comfort; no sacrifice was too great for them to make; and the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse, for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

"Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes," said one sister, as she drew down the blinds, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. "The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves," said the other, as she laid her work aside. "Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert, "and therefore we deny ourselves

for his sake. Self denial is a duty, you know."

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish; he never realized that any self-sacrifice was required of him, he received his sisters' attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive; theirs to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious selfishness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.

How many of us who are familiar with pain and weakness and langour can say truly that we have never exacted more attention from our friends than we need have done, that we have been always patient and considerate, willing to see and thankful to receive every little kind deed bestowed on us? I fear there are few. We are apt to take all as our right, as the proper tribute paid to our weakness and ill-health; we seldom try to realize how much others may be denying themselves for our sakes, nor at what a cost their services are sometimes rendered. We become like spoiled children,—the more we get, the more we demand, and our wants instead of diminishing, multiply day by day.

And then how many of us have a conscience void of offence in the matter of peevishness and irritability? What a deal of extra trouble do we unhesitatingly give in this matter? We are not quite so well to-day as yesterday, and therefore everyone must feel the effects of it. We must not suffer and no one know it. And how apt are we to grumble at trifles!—the opening or closing of a door, the rustle of a paper, the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the condition of the fire, the placing of a chair, each is made a source of trouble to ourselves and of worry to our friends.

Have you ever observed how much more patient the sick are in a hospital than they are at home,