

give than to receive. The gift must come from the givers heart. This is the true blessedness of giving. It was this that gave the widow's mite more value in Christ's eyes than the gold of the rich.

And if we turn to the world's rough every day life the truth of this meets us everywhere. We see that it is only as men approach the standard of the Great Giver that they realize the truth of the text that He has uttered, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

And what is that standard that our Lord has erected? What is the example that He has left us that we should follow! What were the gifts that he bestowed? Were they not to a great degree such as you and I have in our power to employ? He spent a holy life in the exercise of doing good. He cheered the downcast and poor, and breathed fresh life into their hearts. He gave time and energy to the cause of truth, and the destruction of falsehood and error. He pointed the eyes of all to the path that leads to happiness in time and eternity. He disclosed the true bonds of the world's great brotherhood, and brought into living exercise the highest and noblest features of our humanity. And to do this is still the duty of every true follower of that Saviour—a duty enjoined by Christ himself—a duty which the human heart in its highest development finds most congenial to its nature. Are not those whose names we cherish with the deepest gratitude, men who have trodden in the Saviour's footsteps? Are they not those who have gone forth with the welfare and happiness of their fellow beings uppermost on their hearts? Look at the spirit that animated the breast of St. Paul. Was it not Christ like? and, in so far as it was so, does it not extort the gratitude of every true heart? It was that spirit that braced him to endure and suffer as he did. It was that that sent him dauntless to the throne of haughty kings and judges. It was that that carried him into foreign lands with the Gospel truth in his hand and heart. He went not as a conqueror to subdue kings and kingdoms. He went not as the man of science to hoard up knowledge of other lands.—not as the miser to assuage his thirst for gold and silver. No, he went on a more glorious mission far. He went to carry the message of God to man, to give to others what he himself had found so precious. It was this same spirit that fired the souls of that little band of Christian heroes, that went forth from the plains of Judea breathing the breath of a new life they had caught from the Saviour's lips. Onward was their cry, and onward was their course. They had the love of God in their hearts, and they must impart its blessings to others, and life and death were counted as nothing in that strange and mighty onset. Land and sea had no dangers to appal them. The desire to give and to bless hewed a way

to the throne of opposing tyrants. It proved stronger than the spirit of the world, the devil and the flesh, and rode in triumph over every foe. It was often crushed down, but it arose again with the freshness of a new birth, to pursue its onward career. The fires of persecution could not consume it, for it came forth from the furnace refined and pure. It was trampled on by the foot of earthly power, but like the sweet perfumes when crushed, its fragrance grew stronger. Kings and nobles joined hands to press it to the earth, but like the rich grapes, when hardest pressed it gave forth its purest juices. Such was the new Spirit that Christ breathed into human nature. This was the new commandment that he gave his disciples when he bade them love one another and not to love as the world did, but to love one another as the Lord loved them: and we have seen how that was.

And, christian readers, is it not so still? Is he not the noblest giver who imitates his Divine Master in the giving of self? Is it not he who holds life and energy at the disposal of every good and noble cause? Who are the true heroes and patriots? And what exalts them to the lofty pedestal? Is it not that they are ready to sacrifice all that is dear to self when the cause of truth and justice is in peril? And thus also we find it in daily life. The man and woman who give self are always hailed as the noblest givers and are first to feel the truth of the text, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Ask the mother who bends over the fevered frame of her child—who spends health and strength in ceaseless watching by its cradle—who gives her own life for the relief of her babe, and she will tell you that the text is true. Go to the humble pallet of the poor, where sickness and sorrow are gnawing at the heart, and ask who are his best and truest friends, and he will point you not to the rich who sit in luxury and riot at home, and send from groaning tables or from overflowing purses for their relief, but they will point you to those who have crossed their humble threshold, and with a gentle hand smoothed their rough pillow; to those who have spoken the word of kindness and hope fresh from the fountain of their hearts. They will tell you that there was more true comfort inspired by the grip of the hand that had nothing in it but the pressure from a kind heart—more consolation in the tender look, and gentle word and kind wish, of one who perhaps had nothing else to bestow than in all the cold and formal charities of the rich and great.

And Christian readers can we not all give our testimony to the truth of this? Are there not those known to you who are great givers and yet poor men in all that the world calls riches? Are we not brought into daily contact with those who make us feel better and happier? Men who shed blessings on