

the emperor." Our loyalty to our Prince, even Jesus, is not complete till we have

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone."

When we do thus consciously, intelligently, irrevocably, give all into His hand, we are sure that He will make the most of the offering. If I stay in His hands, He will put me where He wants me to be. He will set open before me the door through which He would have me pass in His service, and no man can shut it. He will produce the result from my effort which is most for His glory.

Compare the Peter of Gethsemane with the Peter in Herod's prison, The Peter of that night of trial had been three years under the direct teaching of the Master, witnessing His greatest miracles. Most of the excellent things that the Lord Jesus meant to say to him had been uttered. But when the mob comes, see into what a fume he falls. He tries to cleave the skull of one of the servants. Christ has to stop in the midst of His own humiliation and anguish of soul to work a miracle to save this hot-headed apostle from the results of his rashness. Now see that same impulsive, erratic Peter after grace has taken the fret and worry out of his strong spirit. Herod had sacrificed James to the fury of the Jews, and now he has thrown Peter into prison. There he lies, chained to those iron, Roman soldiers, sixteen of whom are held responsible for his safe keeping. On the morrow he is to be executed. Is he busy with plans for the safety of the poor little persecuted church, for which he has been spokesman and pathfinder from the first? How can the small scathed company ever spare him? Is he in a worry about the Divine administration, that, with all resource in hand, can let one of his servants lie unsupported in the midst of such perils? Is his faith "holding on" with a cataleptic agony to those words of the Master, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," and "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world"?

No; that nervous, excitable, energetic Peter is lying there among the soldiers, sleeping like a babe on its mother's bosom. He has cast all his care on One who careth for Him. He knows upon whose shoulder rests the government.

"His not to question why,
His but to do or die."

He has simply to obey and trust, leaving consequences altogether with God.

Now he is ready for deliverance. The best work of his life lies yet unwrought, and he has learned the lesson that will make it safe for him to enter the open door. Now God will set him teaching again, though He should have to give him an angel for his body-servant, and harness an earthquake to his car.

This quietness of spirit from submission and trust is quite compatible with the highest activity. One must make the most of every opportunity and of all his powers.

Some wilful souls yield with such difficulty that they quite lose heart under the discipline. They are like a regiment of recruits in one of the battles of our late war. Under a galling fire they were ordered to fall and reload their rifles. They obeyed, but their courage was not equal to getting them again upon their feet. There they lay in a shiver of dread. Another regiment coming to their support, and seeing their predicament, marched over their backs to charge the enemy.

It is quite as disastrous to settle down in discouragement, taking counsel of our own fears, or listening to the enemy's reiteration of the story of our incompetency, as it is to have our ears filled with the siren-song of worldliness.

We must let God make all the haste, while we rest on His mighty arm. Our thought cannot keep step with the velocity of His movements, even in Nature. Light, electricity, the planets, how they spin along! yet with what perfect smoothness and silence.

Let us make the most for Him of every force that we can touch, and then let us rest in perfect calmness in the very bosom of His dear will.—*Divine Life*.

It is remarkably strange that the subject of holiness should stir up so much unholiness, and "perfect love" so much hate and hatefulness. But so it is, or has been. It shows how far most of us are from being what our theory calls for.—*Gilderoy*.

I HAVE noticed, and noticed with gratitude to God, how at a political meeting, men of the coarsest type have smiled with joy at the utterance of a warm, glowing, true-hearted sentiment. Anything that has appealed to their highest nature has lit up their faces with admiration. It has taught me that to appeal to the highest man is the way to win him.