

Christian self-denial is the exhibition of regard to Christ, doing what will please him. It will please him, of course, to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly. Our own interest, indeed, requires this; but still more does the love of Christ. The stress of this cross-bearing will be felt at different points by different persons. The converted drunkard will have an appetite to deny, which the tale-bearer knows nothing of. The tale-bearer has a tongue to tame, with an effort which the covetous man cannot appreciate. The covetous man must make a great effort to do the duty which the drunkard or tale-bearer, with their more liberal feelings, would see no difficulty in doing.

Besides denying ourselves things in themselves sinful, we are to deny ourselves whatever would hinder us from serving and honouring Christ. A good reputation is desirable, but we may have to deny ourselves that blessing, and have our names cast out as evil for the Son of Man's sake. A regard for Christ may give us foes in our own household, though it is lawful, in itself considered, to enjoy the love of friends and kindred. It is lawful to enjoy our honest gains; but regard for Christ may forbid us to spend upon our own comfort what can be better laid out otherwise for his glory. And so Christians will deny themselves many things which those who have no regard for Christ would not think of as unlawful.

Christian self-denial is no loss; it is substituting a higher good for a lower one. When the Christian denies his ease that he may work for the Church; when he mortifies the natural desire to increase his possessions, or cuts off luxuries and comforts that he may give to spread the Gospel, he only denies one desire that he may gratify a nobler one. He gains happiness in this life, without taking into account the reward promised in the other world. The self-seeking and self-indulgent gain nothing; they will be thwarted or punished. Like Lot, who went to Sodom for ease and wealth, but left it a poor old man—his possessions all gone, his family in part destroyed by God's judgment, and the rest corrupted by the vices of Sodom, himself saved yet so as by fire—even so self-seeking and self-indulgent believers will be the losers, while the self-denying and self-sacrificing will be the real gainers, both in this life and the next.—*Quirer.*

#### MEMORY.

THERE is no power of man's wonderful mind more mysterious and marvellous than Memory.

In the case of the child, memory must be like a fresh plate, on which no graver has as yet drawn a line, but on which when once the lines are cut, they are drawn so deep and plain that they cannot be erased.

The first things which we remember, are generally as clearly and holdly defined as the chief cities and boundaries of countries on a school map. The graver has gone deep into the plate so as to make these plain, the subsequent and comparatively less important places are cut with a lighter hand, and the last fillings up of the map still more lightly. If the out-

ward surface of the plate were to be carefully taken off by an eraser, those places which are just marked upon the surface would disappear, while it would be almost necessary to destroy the plate itself in order to take those away which were cut by the graver into the very heart of the metal. So is it with memory. The circumstances, the persons, the associations, the joys and sorrows of early childhood, are cut deep and strong into its very substance; the events of subsequent years less strongly; those in middle and later life least powerfully of all; for then the map of life has become crowded, and that whereof once the facts stood out clear and strongly defined, because they were few, is now almost confused by reason of their multitude. These latter inscriptions upon memory are seen, though they are often so worn out as to be scarcely legible, while the earlier writing stands untouched and unharmed even to extreme old age, and records, with a vividness that sometimes startles, the events and the very faces of our first and earliest life.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether anything is really forgotten, whether any fact once engraved upon the memory is entirely erased. It may be laid aside in the dust and darkness, like the scenes of some old and by-gone play. It may be stored up where we cannot put our hand upon it, like books stowed away behind others of more modern date and recent binding. It may be packed out of sight and out of reach, like the passengers' luggage in the hold which they may not touch. Still the things are *there* if we could get at them; they are out of sight, but not out of being; they often do come up to the light again; at all events, he who made our marvellous memory can make it give up its contents whenever he pleases: and he does please sometimes in this life to show that, when he will, he is able to call memory into court and compel her to give her evidence at his bar.

The well-known dream of the gentle and learned Doddridge is a case in point. In his sleep he came up to the door of a magnificent palace. He went in. The room which he entered was full of pictures. He went up closer to look at them. To his surprise he found that the first he looked at, nearest to the door, exactly represented one of the very first scenes of his own life; the one next to it, the scene next in order; and the whole exhibited his life in its principal acts clearly, vividly, startlingly pictured. While thus engaged his whole mind filled with awe, One entered the room, whose look, face, manner, showed him that he stood before the Redeemer. In gracious and loving words he told him that he was not yet to come and be with him, but to go back and work for him a while. That he did work for him well and faithfully we know, and at the end, according to the promise given in that dream, and still more according to the faithful promise given in his own inspired word, he "received him to himself." In this case we have a beautiful instance of memory being made to reproduce in sleep the chief passages in a Christian's life. That Judgment is often dead asleep when we are sleeping, while Fancy, like a wild and joyous child, is revelling in its liberty, and