

ing the gate, I found that they quite took it for granted I was going in. He had settled it for me, then, very plainly. Going up to the house, I found it full of people, and, on being shown into the sick room, I saw that there were not many hours left. I spoke to the poor sufferer of Jesus and his love, but there was no response. She was not even conscious of my presence. I waited for a while, but to no purpose. I got up to leave having to own to some little disappointment. I thought I was sent out with a message that afternoon, yet my message had twice returned to me. Was my afternoon to be fruitless? Ah, well! I am not master; *Ho is Master; I am servant.*

As I went from the house over to where my horse was tied, one of the sons of the dying woman followed me, to loose my horse and open the gate for me, I supposed. Something in his manner, however, made me think that he was thinking of more than the gate, and I willingly entered into conversation with him.

'Some one was telling me about your sermon on last Sunday.'

'Yes,' I said.

'He said that you preached that a man could know that he was saved, and that God had forgiven him his sins.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I preach that, and I believe that. Don't you believe it, too?'

'Well, I never was taught that. I always held that if a man read his bible and said his prayers, and went to church, and took Holy Communion, he would be saved when the time came.'

'You hope to be saved?'

'Yes, I do,' he said.

'And you have been doing all these things?'

'Yes, I have.'

'Have you found it satisfactory? Have they brought you peace? Or is there a feeling away down in your heart that there is something still to be done?'

'Ah! that's just it. They have not brought me peace, and I do feel as if there is something more I ought to do. I went to our minister and he told me that that was all there was to do, but that I must do them more carefully. I wish I could think so.'

'My dear fellow, your heart conviction is right this time. There is something more to be done. The very fact that you have done all these things, and yet have no peace, proves it. God wants us to have peace, else why does he tell us of 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding? There is more to do, but, though you cannot do it, thank God, Jesus Christ has done it. You can never be saved by what you do, for, try as you may, you cannot do it all; but you may be saved by depending upon what Jesus has done for you.'

I paused a little. It was a new thought to him, one that had evidently never entered his mind before. I waited for God to speak it to him. Then I said: 'You may be saved now, if you will give up all else, and rest only on what Jesus has done.'

I saw that he was willing. There was no hesitation on that score, for he was most anxious. Oh, that God might enable me to make it plain to him.

We were standing close beside a large barn. 'Suppose,' I said, 'your little boy to have been playing in the barn and to have climbed up on to a high beam. He has not noticed that a fire has started in the stable adjoining, and is already spreading to the barn. You rush into the barn and tell him of his danger. It is too late for him to climb down as he went up; the fire bars his way. To stay where he is is to be burned. What can he do? Quickly you

call to him, 'Jump, my son, I am here underneath you. I will catch you.' Yet to let go his hold on the beam is to let go everything that he can either see or feel, for the smoke hides you from him. He must do it though, if he is to be saved. So you see that he must let go, and throw himself into your arms?'

'Yes, I think that's plain.'

'Now, what does he throw himself upon? What has he to depend on when once he lets go the beam?'

He thought for a moment. The new light was breaking in upon his soul. God's own light. A great change was coming over his face, and in a different voice he said:

'My word for it, and my strength to catch and hold him.'

'Yes, my friend, when we let go everything else, we have God's word for it, and his strength to catch and to hold us,' and grasping his hand quickly, I left him in the presence of God.—'Parish and Home.'

### Using God's Money.

(The Rev. W. H. Geistweit, in 'The Standard.')

Here is a man whose income is, say, twenty dollars a week. Now, some part of that belongs to God in an especial sense; it all belongs to God in a real sense. But a definite part of it so belongs to God as to take it out from the discretion used in the disposition of the balance; it should be used for the support and extension of Christ's Kingdom. Suppose the tenth idea prevails; that would make two dollars a week to be laid aside for such uses.

What are the facts in a great majority of cases? (I say 'majority' advisedly, for the empty treasuries and gasping missionary enterprises are not due to hard times, in truth—something else has come over the people. Let me illustrate with facts—of course disguised: The income was a thousand dollars a year; generally, about a hundred dollars were given in various directions—charity, church, etc. It was decided to buy a piece of land; in the calculation as to expenses, etc., the basis was upon the thousand dollars income, and without a hesitation it was decided to go into the speculation, and give less to the objects of benevolence. For some years to come it would be necessary to spend the entire income, practically, in this way. The training in selfishness, though unconscious, is none the less going on; children growing up in such an atmosphere will have a 'set' to their lives they rarely overcome. They are narrow, stingy, selfish—to the end of their days, and leave their children in turn what they inherited.

Another case: A Christian family, growing children, several earning money. A chance is at hand to buy a piece of property; but on the condition: the payments of money to benevolence and church work must be greatly curtailed; of course it is looked upon as advantageous to the family, and that consideration is chief. The future is mortgaged, covering a number of years; they will all be well into manhood by the time their possessions are paid for. They live for themselves; there is one answer to all requests for money for the cause of God:—'We are paying off our mortgage.' Now all this would be right if it were not all wrong!

And where is the wrong? In the case of each of these representative characters they were using God's mercy; they mort-

gaged God's money, and counted on God's money for their own use for years to come. It is simply a perversion of funds entrusted for other investment. It is right to buy land; right to enlarge one's possessions; but it can never be right to use money which does not belong to you; and a certain percentage of your income belongs to God in a peculiar sense, over and above the general truth that it all belongs to him. This way of putting the matter will be startling to some of us; but I do not put it in a hesitating way—of its truth I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt. What these folks should do—all of us should do—should never make a calculation for earthly advantage which includes a trespass on the money already belonging to God. If a man has twenty dollars, two of which belong to God, he cannot rightly make an investment which compels him to use the two dollars already belonging in another direction.

On the other hand, the happiness that results from such faithful and honest dealing with God can only be understood by those who follow out such a plan. Whether the income be large or small, the 'laying by' as God has prospered somehow never reduces the amount left; there is a strange growth in it; and the peace of heart is of the sort that passeth knowledge. It sometimes takes grace and grit to solemnly adhere to it, but a firm principle of right will carry every one beyond the point of temptation. What a day will dawn when a reasonable majority of God's children shall thus put their benevolences upon business principles!

### Receiving.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer.)

Do you know how to receive?

You suppose I want you to pray. No, I don't. You've been praying long enough. Leave off—in a sense. I want you to begin taking. There is all the difference in the world between praying for Christ and taking Christ.

I'll explain. One night I was staying with a party of clergymen at Canon Wilberforce's, and in the first flush of a new surrender we sat around the fire and gave our experiences.

I talked a good deal about my surrender to Christ. One old clergyman arose and said: 'I am very much startled that Mr. Meyer has nothing better than that to say. You'd suppose, to hear him, that he'd only got to give out. My religion is taking in, first, and dropping out after. Get Christ and the world attracts you no more. Give me the light of the sun and I'll dispense with artificial light. Once I used to fight my temper, but now I take Christ to be my sweet temper, my patient humility, my self-control.'

That minute I saw that he had a better experience than I had, and we separated for the night.

The next morning Canon Wilberforce said: 'What did you think of that last night?'

I replied: 'I think it will be an era in my life.'

'Yes,' said the canon, 'it will be in mine, too.'

From that time I have tried to live so that whatever I needed I saw Christ could be it better for me.

In London where there is so much drinking, the lunatics are increasing at the rate of five hundred a year. In every four years an additional asylum at a cost of half a million is needed.