

teeth like the saw, and no edge like the chisel. He cannot strike like the hammer, or grip like the pincers. Indeed, he does no work himself, but only sees that others do theirs. If you have to cut across a plank, or make perfectly straight work of any kind, this is the gentleman you consult; and his decision is supposed to be correct. And he reminds me of the law of God. It tells me whether I am right or wrong. It does not consult my taste or convenience. It simply approves or condemns. It has to do with my duty to God and man. It guides to a correct life. You may disregard it, but you do so at your risk. Suppose I have a chest of drawers to make. I am in haste, and I can't bother to use the square. So I make the frame a little out of the true. The drawers are the same—only in the opposite direction. It is only a little either way. But put them together, and try to get them to work. You can't. The one does not fit the other. So in life. The Book says, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them likewise." But you neglect this rule. You do not apply the square. It is provoking and inconvenient. You do a little wrong. But if work be useless if it be not straight and true, so is conduct. If there is reason on the one side, so is there on the other. Let it be hard work, yet if it be misguided work, see where it will end. I maintain that society doesn't fit, for the great reason that people don't live straight. They don't use the square.'

There was some little applause at this, while Dick replaced the square and took out a saw. 'Now,' said he, 'here is quite a different concern to the square. That was a sort of judge—a foreman of the works, whose one business it is to see that work is truly done—intimately related to the plumb-line, the level, the compasses, the two-foot rule, and the gauge. Not so the saw. He is no fine gentleman. He means work. What teeth he has! How determined he is! Through what tasks he can make his way! What wonders he has done! Fret saw, key-hole saw, tenon saw, rip saw, panel, hand, or circular saw—what a business-like family they all are! And so our old friend reminds us that resolute action is needful in carrying out a true purpose. The work can only grow by the wood becoming less. Part has to be cut away that what remains may be of use. Keep all, and it has no value. The secret of our craft is to know exactly how much to lose. And it is the same with the teaching of the Bible. In the lives of bad men and good, as well as in its more direct lessons, it shows us "what to cut off." It may have been as much admired and valued as a right hand or right eye, but it has to go. It may be tobacco' (with a look at Tom), 'or drink, or betting, or unkindness, or many other things; but if they spoil our character, or injure others, they must not be kept. If a man is going to argue against giving up, then he shouldn't make use of a saw, and to be reasonable he should refuse both at once. I grant you it is often hard work, but that don't prove anything either way. The toughest work needs the most determination. Of course, people say "I can't." Everyone feels like that. Even a saw is helpless until it gets into a strong hand. And this book' (and he raised a little pocket Bible as he spoke)

'tells of One who can work his splendid will on the most stubborn material. I know if I trust to my resolution I shall make feeble, crooked cuts. But let the Great Master have me in hand and it will make all the difference.'

There was a dead silence, while Dick felt again in his bag. This time he brought out a smoothing plane. 'Now,' said he, 'this is a tool I like to use. What a new face he puts on a discouraging subject! How he smooths down awkward circumstances! How he shows the grain! How closely he fits two surfaces together! What a finishing touch he puts on a fellow's work! And there is something in this book which answers to the plane. It is a loving, gentle spirit. It is strength put forth in kindness. It is the patient wife bearing with a cross husband. It is the husband bearing with the irritability of his wife. It is the missionary among disgusting savages, saying, "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that my love increases with their ingratitude and hate." Some glory in having nothing of this. What splinters you get when you touch them? How hard to get in close quarters with such rough, troublesome lives! Ah, but we must try,' and a real good-natured smile spread over his pleasant face, 'and if we are right ourselves we shall soon smooth down some of the roughness of others. Yes, and it makes me think of something grander still. It is God's Son in his great love coming close to us that he may put our sins away, bring man up to his very best, and bring God and man closer together.'

For a few moments all were silent, and then Tom, with a rather thick voice, said, 'But what's a fellow to do that's tried a many times and only failed?'

'Put the saw in the Master's hand, and let him do the work. He won't fail,' was Dick's reply.

'But look at your religious men,' cried another. 'There's that sneak Jim Jaggles, that bolted with the club money. He was a Methody.'

'He didn't use the square,' said Dick. 'I think he'd plenty of glue on his fingers,' said the funny man.

'And then there's Ben Sharp. I know he leads his wife and children a pretty life of it. I've heard him bellowing at them many a time.'

'Forgotten to plane up,' said Dick. 'No matter what a fellow says, splinters will stick on if you don't plane 'em down. Now, mates, be perfectly sure Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth will make thorough work if you only let him. But we must stop this, for it's just on two. But I remember some verses I read when I was a boy, and I think they'll make a decent wind-up to my sermon:

'O Lord, at Joseph's humble bench
Thy hands did handle saw and plane,
Thy hammer nails did drive and clench,
Avoiding knot and humoring grain.

'That Thou didst seem, Thou wast indeed,
In sport Thy tools Thou didst not use,
Nor helping hinds and fishers' needs,
The laborer's hire, too mean refuse.

'Lord, might I be but as the saw,
The plane, the chisel in Thy hand;
No, Lord! I take it back in awe,
Such prayer for me is far too grand.

'I pray thee, Master, let me lie,
As on the bench the favored wood;
Thy saw, Thy plane, Thy chisel ply,
And work me into something good.

'No, no, ambition, holy, high,
Urges for more than both to pray;
"Come in, oh, gracious Lord," I cry,
"Oh, Workman, share my shed of clay.

"Then I at bench, or desk, or oar,
With last or needle, net or pen,
As thou in Nazareth of yore,
Shall do the Father's will again."

The closing words were almost lost in the loud scream of the whistle which called back the men to work. One or two gave Dick a hearty shake of the hand, and down Jack's face a couple of tears had made two clean little furrows. But it was noticed that none of that group had anything to say henceforward against a religious life, and Will Edwards didn't sell quite so much bird's-eye.—'British Workman.'

Dying in Thousands.

Dying? Yes, dying in thousands!
A hopeless, despairing death;
Can we not hear them calling—
Pleading with bated breath—
'Will "no" one come over and bring us light?
Must we perish in darkness, darker than night?'

'Dying!' in cruel bondage,
With none to set them free;
Though the chains of ignorance and sin
Are galling so heavily.
The Saviour has freed us 'all,' we know;
Yet 'no man careth' to tell them so!

'Dying!' in loveless silence;
For there is none to tell
The only message that comforts,
The message 'we' know so well—
That the God of Love, who gave His Son,
Has given Him freely for everyone.

'Dying!' untaught, uncared for,
While we, in this favored land,
Who 'know' that they are 'perishing,'
Lend not a helping hand!
Yet we thank the Lord we are not as they,
That on 'us' He has shed the gospel ray

'Dying!' while we are dreaming
In selfish idleness;
Unconscious that these darkened lives
Are so full of bitterness.
Oh, brothers and sisters, for whom Christ
died,
Let us spread His message far and wide!

'Dying!' Ah, it is easy—
Unheeding the Master's call—
To sit with folded hands and sing,
'And crown Him Lord of all!
But where are the gems to lay at His feet,
Which may sparkle some day in His crown
complete?

'Dying' but 'we' can save them;
For it really is not 'we,'
But the Lord that worketh 'through us,'
'His' shall the glory be;
Till at last the redeemed from every shore
Shall 'crown Him' their King for ever-
more.
—'Irish League Journal.'