

seems as though our wish is or ought to be swallowed up in the will of the Master, or in other words we to have and to do the wish and will of our Master we, being servants, must serve those we are under, and "one is your Master even Christ," and Him only must you serve, in doing which we will never err.

So here is the way or power for us to come under, and to serve even the Christ spirit, which is the truth and is no lie, and is kindness and love, practiced towards each other, and is sufficient at all times to enable us to do right, and to act in harmony with our great Creator and Master's plans and wishes. "One is your Master even Christ Jesus, and Him *only* shall ye serve," and in doing which, and being faithful over a few things we will thereby be made ruler over more.

"Show me your faith without works, and I will show you my faith by my works." We have to have works of some sort in order to show ourselves. If our works are bad would we be accepted, or could we be holy and see our Heavenly Father in that way? Surely not. We must be engaged in doing right and in doing good in order to be accepted by Him. But our theological talkers tell and teach that it is not your good works that is going to save you. In this they are totally mistaken. If it is our Heavenly Father's good spirit and power in us that causes us to do good and be holy, and not our own inclinations, which are prone to sin as the sparks fly upwards, and in this state not capable of doing good, yet this does not release us from doing good, for when we are led by the Holy Spirit we will do good, and sin lieth against us if our works are not good. So we must have good works and be holy to see our God. Let the theologians unlearn some of their theology in this respect, and teach that it is by good works that we will be accepted, and possibly we will not have so much disturbance in society by these strikes.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE STARLESS CROWN.

Wearied and worn with earthly care,  
I yielded to repose;  
And soon before my raptured sight  
A glorious vision rose,  
I thought, while slumbering on my couch  
In midnight's solemn gloom,  
I heard an angel's silvery voice,  
And radiance filled my room.  
A gentle touch awakened me;  
A gentle whisper said,  
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!"  
And through the air we fled;  
We left the earth so far away  
That like a speck it seemed,  
And heavenly glory, calm and pure,  
Across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was  
Wrapped in silent ecstasy;  
I wondered what the end would be,  
What next would meet my eye.  
I knew not how we journeyed through  
The pathless fields of light,  
When suddenly a change was wrought,  
And I was clothed in white.  
We stood before a city's walls,  
Most glorious to behold;  
We passed through gates of glittering pearl,  
O'er streets of purest gold.  
The glory of the Lord was there,  
The Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets,  
Sweet music filled the air,  
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns  
From every clime were there:  
And some that I had loved on earth  
Stood with them round the throne.  
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang,  
"The glory His alone."  
And, fairer far than all beside,  
I saw my Saviour's face,  
And as I gazed He smiled on me  
With wondrous love and grace,  
Slowly I bowed before His throne,  
O'erjoyed that I at last  
Had gained the object of my hopes,  
That earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones he said,  
"Where is thy diadem  
That cught to sparkle on thy brow  
Adorned with many a gem?  
I know thou hast believed on me,  
And life, through me, is thine.  
But where are all those radiant stars  
That in thy crown should shine?  
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng,  
And stars on every brow;  
For every soul they led to me,  
They wear a jewel now;  
And such thy bright reward had been  
If such had been thy deed,  
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet  
In paths of peace to lead.