



### WORK FOR EVERYBODY.

**T**HAT will be good news for some folks. When a man is willing to do his best and his utmost, when his strong arms or skilful hands are only too ready to earn a living for himself and his family, it is always glad tidings to hear of work to do. For, to do nothing, means to eat nothing with some people, and there is nothing harder than to see an empty cupboard, and hear the little ones ask for food.

Honest Tom, who lives at the cottage yonder, is a fellow of that sort, and no man can better reap a field or pitch the clover than he. But the farmers about here have had some new machines, and wanted fewer men, so Tom has been looking at his sickle hanging up there on the wall with rather a long face. There is one thing, however, in Tom's favour, not only is he willing to work, but he goes down on his knees in that little bedchamber of his, and asks God to help him.

Yes, Tom believes in praying; could, indeed, tell you scores of stories how he has been heard and helped; so sooner or later the answer will come, and the way will be opened for the servant of the Lord. For this good man a'ways felt that he had another master beside Farmer Jackson, a master who will always stand by him, and pay him wages too. And the old family Bible on the little table in the corner is the joy of his heart, for it tells all about the love and care of the One who is ever near to Tom and hears his cry.

This great Master wants many more servants, and will find any number plenty of work to do. And the best of it is that He asks not for strong men only, but weak men too, and women and little children, for He will find a place and a duty for them all. "Ah!" says somebody reading these words, "I'm no use to anybody, and I am sure God doesn't want me. I can't preach, have no voice to sing, know very few people, and what in the world can I do?"

But let me ask you first of all, my friend, do you want to do anything? That lazy boy of Widow Walkin was offered a sixpence to weed the squire's flower beds, but he took care to run off just the other way, and keep out of sight till the job was done by somebody else. Willing hearts make ready hands,

and people who want to be useful can generally find a way.

Let us see, my friend, what you can do for Jesus, you, who cannot preach, sing, and have such a few friends. Have you made the Lord your Friend? Do you feel that He has done so much for you that you must do something for Him? If so, make a beginning at once. Now, as to those few folks you do know, are they converted? Well, they go to church and chapel, and are very nice sort of people. Yes, but do they love the Lord? Make up your mind, however much other persons, who can preach or sing can do, you will, for your part, try to bring all you know to Jesus.

"But how can I?" did you say. First pray for them; try to pray with them; and if you think it will help you, read this to them, and tell them that you want to serve the Lord by bringing them to Him. Find out the dear sick people, who have to spend such a deal of time alone, and tell them of One who will heal the hurt of sin, and will comfort and love them in their weakness and pain. Get your own heart so warm with the love of God that you must let the next-door neighbours know about it, and above all ask Him whose servant you are, for grace and wisdom to work well, work patiently, work humbly, work lovingly, and work at once for His dear sake.

Jesse Page.

### A BEAUTIFUL TESTIMONY.

**T**HE character of which Christ was the perfect model is in itself so attractive, so altogether lovely that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. Take away the blessings of the advent of His life, and the blessings purchased by His death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost, and darkness.

In my view of the life, the teachings, the labours, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of scepticism were to gather strength and prevail, and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are to come.

William Cullen Bryant.