

tant and to declare to the congregation what God has done for his soul. Now this was the old man's story:—

"When I was twenty-five years of age I came to the conclusion, like many others, that idolatry was vain. In despair, one morning, as I was walking behind my house in a field, I saw a glorious ball of fire jump up out of the East, and I fell down and worshipped the rising sun, saying, "O Sun, take away the load from my heart." Again in the evening, as the sun was going down behind the hills, I said, "O Sun, before you go, leave a blessing behind thee, and take the burden from my heart." For two years I worshipped the rising and the setting of the sun, but the burden remained on my heart still. Again, as I was walking in the fields, I said to myself, 'Perhaps the moon can save me,' and I prayed to the moon for twelve long months. But no peace came to me either from the sun or from the moon. Next I turned to the glittering stars, and for a year I worshipped them. But they brought me no comfort. One day I threw myself on the ground and said, 'If there be a Ruler above the stars, reveal thyself to me.' But no voice came from the Ruler above, and I went on my weary course in the world till I became a blind old man bearing a burden in my heart, when I heard a commotion in the street, and asked what it was all about. I went to hear the foreign man preach. I heard him describe the great God above, and then he went on speaking of his love to man. I could stand it no longer, and jumping on my feet, I exclaimed, 'That is just what I want.' Now to-night here I am, standing at this font, about to be received into the church of Jesus Christ, and I can say with Siméon, 'Lord, now let me die in peace, for I have found my Saviour, and the burden is taken away from my heart.'"

Help us, my friends, to carry to the heathen this glorious remedy, which can alone take away the burden from a man's heart, and to send it to those hundreds of thousands of Chinese who are groping for the truth, but who can never hit upon God."—*Rev. J. R. Wolfe.*

**SELF RELIGION.**—There is no small degree of selfish piety in these days Paul encountered some of it in his day. 'All seek their own,' he says, 'not the things which are Jesus Christ's.' Whereas the true rule is this: 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' There are professing Christians who say, such and such things are not according to our taste, and we will leave the church with which we have covenanted to walk, and go where we can be better pleased. But we are not bigoted, say these persons. But they are selfish at least. They say that principle must be set aside for their personal gratification. The interest and feelings of others are not to be taken into account, loyalty to truth is of no consequence, if so be that their caprices are gratified. There is so much of this loose material to our churches that pastors who try to work with them, have their hands full to keep it in place. It is ever disposed to fly off in a tangent. We are puzzled to know how it can be worked into the great and living temple; for it is so hard to get the cement of love to Christ to hold it in place, that we almost despair.

These people believe in self-denial, but they want the others to practice it for them. They urge that one should yield to another, but consider it the duty of others always to yield to them. Hence, if a pastor is to be called, he must be a favorite with them, or they will go elsewhere, or at least not pay for his support. If anything is to be done that involves labor, others must do it; for they have no time, that is, no disposition. No wonder Paul sighed over these selfish Christians; and surely it is not unapostolic if we sigh over them at the present. —*Selected.*