

love of Jesus, the stream of your activities will run dry as soon as the novelty is over.

Your daily battle will be with the sins that most easily beset you. The serpent often scotched is not killed. Paul himself had to give his carnal appetites the "black eye" pretty often. You will never get your discharge from this war with the old Adam until you enter heaven. The moment you fall asleep the Philistines will be upon you. Challenge every tempter that approaches you. The dangerous devil is the one that wears the white robe and cozens you with a smooth tongue.

Finally, strive to be a Christian man everywhere. Carry the savour of your communion with Christ wherever you go. Jacob brought into his old blind father's presence such an odour of the barley-ground and the vineyard that he had "the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed." Every place you enter ought to be the better for your presence. Never disappoint the expectation of your Master. He is the best master in the universe. Having put on the uniform of His glorious service, wear it until you are laid in your coffin. Carry His banner up to the heavenly gate. When Death calls your name on the roll, be ready to answer, "Here."

### LIVING IN THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

I was once expounding the seventh and eighth of Romans to a class of coloured Biblewomen, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant as I supposed in their heads. It was before I had learned this blessed secret I have been trying to tell you, and what I said I cannot possibly imagine now, but it was certainly something very different from my present position. After I had been talking quite eloquently for a little while, an old coloured woman interrupted me with—

"Why, honey, 'pears like you don't understand them chapters."

"Why, not, aunty?" I asked, "What is the matter with my explanation?"

"Why, honey," she said, "you talks as if we were to live in that miserable

seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth."

"Well," I answered, "that is just what I do think. Don't you?"

"Laws, honey," she exclaimed with a look of intense pity for my ignorance, "Why, I lives in the eighth."

I knew it was true, for I had often wondered at the holiness of her lowly life, and for a moment I was utterly bewildered. But then I thought, "O! it is because she is coloured and poor, that God has given her such a grand experience to make up." And I almost began to wish I was coloured and poor, that I also might have the same experience. But, I rejoice to say to you to-day that, even if you are white and not poor, you yet may know what it is to abide in Christ, and to rejoice in all the blessedness of such abiding.—*Hannah.*

HUMILITY A TEST OF TRUE SERVICE.—  
"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat." "Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and as long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."—*Leisure Hour.*

MR. MOODY'S advice to young converts is summed up in the following terse but telling words: "Every young convert should go into the Church and go to work. I don't care what the denomination is, if the minister only preaches the Gospel. Some of the converts have asked me about going to theatres, balls, etc. I can't carry your conscience. I know that I couldn't do those things. Let Christ be your example. Of all things, don't touch strong drink. That has been the ruin of many young converts. Give up your right hand rather than touch it. You are called to be the sons and daughters of God. Don't disgrace the name. We want to get higher, nearer to God."