

of any kind, and as building material is very cheap, a sweeping fire does not bring with it very much loss or sorrow. The disaster is easily repaired, though, of course, at the time the fire causes considerable excitement.

These kraals are sometimes visited by missionaries, who endeavour to attract the attention of the simple-minded heathen to the words of peace proclaimed by the Gospel.

LOOK AT HOME.

IF there was one thing upon which, in His ministry on earth, our Lord insisted more than another, it was the attitude of man to man—the duty of lenient judgment of our fellow men. With the holy severity of a righteous indignation, He calls by the terrible name of *hypocrite* the man who, swift to mark his neighbour's faults, remains in ignorance of his own.

Sternly, uncompromisingly, Christ reproves the officious individual who offers to right the wrong of which he believes another to be guilty, before his own evil habits are subdued, and more grievous sins unrepented of and unfor-given.

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Now a mote is a mere speck, such as we can see dancing, floating by thousands in one little ray of sunshine. So tiny an atom that it can only just be discerned by the naked eye; but put it under a microscope, and at once it becomes worthy of attention, not, however, because it is really large or important, but because, when magnified to false proportions, it *looks* so.

And the reason why we so easily manage to detect the smallest mote in our brother's eye—the smallest speck or stain upon his life, the least weakness in his character, the least suspicious circumstance in his conduct—is that we do not look at him through the simple eyes of love and charity that God has given us, but put him under the microscope, and turn upon him our magnifying lenses, eager to detect some flaw; anxious to find the mote, however small, however insignificant it may be.

Quite recently I heard of a man who suddenly discovered, one day, that he was blind of one eye. Up to that moment he thought he saw with both eyes, and he only found out his mistake by trying to look through a magnifying glass with his blind eye.

Now, if a man can live for years in ignorance of such a thing as this, how easy it must be to have the eyes of our mind and our judgment unconsciously blinded, our opinions biassed by some beam; a sin we may long have cherished in secret; a prejudice we have been at no pains to remove; a suspicion we have not tried to overcome.

All these, or any one of them, may have turned the light that is in us to darkness; and, not realizing how great is that darkness, we have fancied we were competent to discover and pull out the mote that is in our brother's eye.

To those of us who have been thus blinded, the voice of our Lord comes in rebuke, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye."

Yes, let us cast out that beam! Let us root up the hidden fault, be it planted ever so deeply. Let us burn out with a live coal from off God's altar, the fatal canker that is eating the heart out of our Christianity, and turning all sweetness into gall and wormwood. Let us, as with the scourge of small cords, with which the Saviour drove out of the temple all that had defiled His Father's House, cast forth everything that darkens and defiles the windows of the soul—the temple of Jehovah in our hearts.

Yes, *first* this, and then comes the promise of the reward. And what a rich reward it is! Have you thought of it? Consider what the promise involves! Here are the words, "So shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Clearness of vision—this, then, is the first gift of God, when, by our earnest striving and His help and grace, the beam has been removed from our own eye.

Yes, clearness of vision; not the false view that a magnifying glass would give, but a true insight; the receiving of a fair, equal, temperate impression. Verily a gift worth having—worth many a sacrifice to possess!

But even this is not all. There is yet another gift connected with the promise; one which should indeed be precious to the Christian's heart. With clearness of vision we are to have the privilege of pulling the mote out of our brother's eye, thereby helping him, too, to see clearly. With an impartial eye seeing the brother's fault; with a tender heart pitying, yearning over the sinner; with a gentle hand outstretched to help him. This is the attitude of the true follower of the merciful Lord—the man who has had his eyes opened, and the beam that obstructed his vision removed.

Let us, then, all of us who would help others, see that we have the God-given qualifications for God's work; lest the solemn rebuke reach us too late—

"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye."

M. E. R.

"WHERE I am, there shall also my servant be." The Emperor Napoleon caused a medal to be struck in memory of a great battle. On one side was the date, on the other, the words, "I was there." A great battle is now going on between the powers of Satan and the power of God; let all Christians take their stand, that they may be able to say, "I was there."