

cious ores are not by any means well-mined, even by Christians. Some think simply a Sabbath reading will suffice; some give it a hurried listless reading once a day; some yawn over it late at night as a kind of truce with conscience, not caring or hardly daring to sleep till they have at least gone through the form of looking down on one of its pages. But some, and we rejoice to believe they are increasingly many, study the Word, give it time and thought, go searching after its hidden treasures, make it their daily companion, get their minds filled with its great thoughts of God, get their memories stored with its wondrous truth, get their hearts thrilled with its teachings of Christ's love, get their faith fortified with its promises and helps. O, for a whole Christian Endeavor membership, or better, a generation of such Bible readers and lovers! —*Hallock.*

A MISSION INCIDENT.

"Is it worth while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

"Perhaps not," answered the other doubtfully; but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker; "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"Work thrown away," grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's word, and we are told that it shall not fall to the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer by, who stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, of which he had heard that night for the first time; and in a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years afterward we found him surrounded by "his children," as he loves to call them, the centre and head of the model mission station of the north-west coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.—*The Dayspring.*

GROW IN GRACE.

Before there can be growth there must be life. All are by nature "dead" to God and to spiritual realities. "We must be born again." This great and saving change lies at the very outset of the Christian course. We may acquire the power of discussing and explaining what we have learned in school, but unless we are quickened by the Spirit of God all our religion is but a hollow and empty profession. Alas! how many have gone on from year to year, regarding themselves as Christians, defending and upholding Scriptural truths, until awakened, perhaps, by some special instrumentality, they have made the startling discovery that they have been deceiving themselves, and that their religion consisted in mere theoretical knowledge, having its seat in the head and not in the heart. As with conversation, so with revival; it must be a matter of individual experience. In a large assembly of preachers lately held on the continent, one of the most esteemed and distinguished, when speaking of the low condition of things, exclaimed with beautiful simplicity, "What I want is a revival in my own soul!" Were there equal candor, how many of us might make the same acknowledgment! The outpouring of the spirit in taking of the things of Christ, and showing them to the soul, is

God's way of reviving His own work in the heart of a sinner. It is not produced by human power, or creature excitement, or sensational stories, or beautiful music. "This is the work of God, that ye believe," and the faith that works by love is the true revival in the soul of a believer.—*Selected.*

SHALL TIRED MEN GO TO CHURCH?

Three gentlemen were in conversation. Said Mr. A. to Mr. B. (who was an editor), "Mr. B., I must thank you for giving us Talmage's sermons in your Sunday morning issue. I enjoy staying home on Sunday morning to read them."

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "My dear sir, can't you arrange to give that sermon in your Monday's issue, so that Mr. A. can go to church on Sunday, as he should, and stay home Monday morning to read Talmage."

Mr. B. replied, "Go to church? Why I don't go to church. After such a busy week I need rest on Sunday, and I feel more like lounging about home than fixing up for church."

To which Mr. B. said, "Amen."

Mr. C.'s reply was earnest and practical. Said he, "Gentlemen, I appreciate every word you say. You both know there is no busier man in town than I am. I grow so weary that I can hardly sleep. And you will always find me at church on Sunday. I go there for absolute rest—where my mind can entirely forget its week-day thoughts in the contemplation of Divine truth and love, and where body and soul can unite in the worship of God. It is because we need rest that God bids us worship Him, and I advise you to throw Talmage and lounging aside and enjoy your duty."

The conversation was ended, but we trust not its influence. And we reproduce it here, because it is a thought many a man should consider who makes rest an idleness, and has a slothful disregard for the commands of, and his duty to his God.—*Texas Church Record.*