

God-given life, the wonder-gift of the omnipotence of Him who quickeneth the dead? (Rom. iv. 17.) And yet even he had to be given up, and sacrificed, that he might be received back again a thousandfold more precious than before,—a type of the Only begotten of the Father whose pure and holy life had to be given up ere He could receive it again in resurrection power, and make His people partakers of it. A type, too, of what takes place in the life of each believer, as, instead of resting content with past experiences or present grace, he presses on, forgetting and giving up all that is behind and reaches out to the fullest possible apprehension of Christ His life.

And such surrender of all for Christ, is it a single step, the act and experience of a moment, or is it a course of daily renewed and progressive attainment? It is both. There may be a moment in the life of a believer when he gets a first sight, or a deeper insight, of the most blessed truth, and when, made willing in the day of God's power, he does indeed, in an act of the will, gather up the whole of life yet before him into the decision of a moment, and lay himself on the altar a living and an acceptable sacrifice. Such moments have often been the blessed transition from a life of wandering and failure to a life of abiding and power Divine. But even then his daily life becomes, what the life must be of each one who has no such experience, the unceasing prayer for more light on the meaning of entire surrender, the ever renewed offering up of all he has to God.

Believer, wouldst thou abide in Christ, see here the blessed path. Nature shrinks back from such self-denial and crucifixion in its rigid application to our life in its whole extent. But what nature does not love and cannot perform, grace will accomplish, and make to thee a life of joy and glory. Do thou but yield up thyself to Christ thy Lord; the conquering power of his incoming presence shall make it joy to cast out all that before was most precious. 'A hundredfold in this life:' this word of the master comes true to all who, with whole-hearted faithfulness, accept His commands to forsake all. The blessed receiving soon makes the giving up most blessed too. And the secret of a life of close abiding will be seen to be simply this: As I give myself wholly to Christ, I find the power to take Him wholly for myself; and as I lose myself and all I have for Him, He takes me wholly for Himself, and gives Himself wholly to me.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BOY.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

I have just finished an article headed, "What shall I do with my Boy?" ending with the plea, "Answer me, some mother; what shall I do?" I am not over fond of advising, but have considerable experience with boys, being the mother of four fun-loving, frolicsome ones.

First, dear young mother, keep your boy's heart; that is, provided you already have it. If you have not, the first step is to get it. Study boy-nature. I know of no other study more thoroughly interesting. A sturdy, healthy boy, a real, live, romping, noisy boy is a living inspiration, in my opinion at least. Next convince your boy that you are his best friend. There are countless ways of convincing him; one is to make home a delightful spot, that is, provided that is within your power so to do. God pity the poor mothers that are wives of intemperate men or men otherwise unfitted for fatherhood. But even such mothers, if they are what they ought to be, can make a home a desirable place for their boys. Their patient love and sympathy can make it a joy to be in their presence, even if there is something lacking in the home atmosphere.

Let the earnest, growing boys play, even if

the house is disordered, even if Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Faultfinder do say "they never saw such a topsy-turvy house." Ah, if we would only remember how fleeting their young days, how very, very soon, if they live, they will be strong, bearded men, and our homes will be painfully orderly. Will not the memory of dear boyish forms come fraught with pleasantness if we remember that we were patient and loving and helpful? that it was our influence, blessed by the Omnipotent, that started the young feet heavenward? Let us exert ourselves to the utmost to have them feel as well as say, "There's noplacelike home."

Give your boy, when he is old enough, a pretty, comfortable room which he will take pride in showing to his friends, if you can afford it. Don't put all the pretty ornaments and tasteful knickknacks in the parlor and spare room. Put them, at least some of them, in your boy's room. Hang pictures on the walls, (inexpensive ones will do,) pictures of flowers, birds or landscapes, anything that will cultivate his taste and have a tendency to uplift him. Buy him books, sound, instructive, unexceptionable books. Let him subscribe for at least one good paper, one that will help mould a manly, lovely character, and assist him up the ladder, intellectually and spiritually; the CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, for instance, which will not only furnish him profitable literature, but amuse and instruct with its numerous illustrations.

It is sad as true that fathers and mothers who think they cannot afford to take pure, wholesome papers for their children make a terrible mistake. Let your boy invite in his friends occasionally and treat them with apples and nuts or a substitute for them, even if they do make a little extra work. Even molasses candy, if you have it, will not hurt them one bit if the door-handles do get suspiciously sticky. Ah, I believe there is many a boy who would never have been seen at twelve or thirteen years of age with a cigar in his mouth and a disgusting scent about him, if the home atmosphere had been redolent with love and sunshine, sympathy and consideration.

Last, but not least, govern your boy; have a settled principle of government, not fluctuating like the mercury in a thermometer. But don't expect the discretion and judgment or maturity; such expectation is only the will-of-the-wisp. Guide him carefully, watch him prayerfully, young mother, and may God ever bless your boy, our boys, all the boys.

FAITH, NOT FEELING.

Troubled soul, thou art not bound to feel, but thou art bound to arise. God knows thee, whether thou feelest or not. Thou canst not love when thou wilt; but thou art bound to fight the hatred within thee to the very last. Try not to feel good when thou art not good, but cry to Him who is good. He changes not because thou changest; nay, He has an especial tenderness of love towards thee, for that thou art in the dark, and hast no light, and His heart, is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father." For He sees thee through all the gloom through which thou canst not see Him. Will thou His will. Say to Him, "My God, I am very dull and low, and hard, but Thou art wise and high and tender, and Thou art my God; I am Thy child, forsake me not." Then fold the arms of thy faith, and wait in quietness, until light goes up in thy darkness.

Fold the arms of thy faith, I say, but not of thy action; bethink thee of something thou oughtest to do, and go and do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparing of a meal, or a visit to a friend. Heed not thy feelings, do thy work.—Geo. MacDonald.

THE WITNESS OF LOVE.

One of the greatest of the sons of song has told us that it is not enough that persons should be beautiful; they must be sweet also. It is true of all art that it must have a sympathetic touch. Without this we may admire, we may wonder, we may criticise, but we are unmoved. We can forgive rudeness of execution, we can pass over even grotesqueness, if only the affections are appealed to. Brilliance which dazzles, faultless composition, exact portraiture we appreciate, we praise. The eye may be satisfied with beauty; the heart can be satisfied with love alone.

That which is true of poesy and painting is true also of religion. Religions may be beautiful; their mythology may be replete with exquisite legends; their worship alive with fresh, joyous, or gorgeous ceremonial; their teachings full of profound thoughts; but the worshippers will go home with an unsatisfied hunger of spirit; for a religion must not merely attract or astonish, it must have that sweetness which goes to the heart; it must appeal not to wonder or splendour only, it must appeal to love also; for a man is not a mere compound of mind and body; he has also affections, and the great world moves forward on the wheels of love.

And the religion of the Gospel is adjusted to this craving in man. Love has been the method of Christ. It is needless to stop and prove this. The whole New Testament bears on every page a proof that love lies at the heart of Christ's system. The first movement of the Gospel is love—"God so loved the world;" the bond of discipleship was love; the motive of obedience was love; the inspiring power pervading the spirit of His religious system was love to God, love to man; the first of the fruits of the Spirit was love; the last of the Christian excellences was love; the highest of the Christian graces was love. When the Apostles reached their happiest moments their words ran in the strain of love—"He loved me;" "we love Him;" "Thou hast loved us and washed us." The song, then, that Christianity sung in the ears of a sad world was a love song. Humanity had sunk low; the crown had dropped from her brow; the freshness had left her heart; she toyed with flowers that faded, and with fruits that turned to dust; pain and folly and disappointment had made her heart proud and hard. He whose throne was in the realms of light laid aside His robe of splendour; veiled He came, a harp of sweetness in His hand; in the night and in the storms He sang, and His song was love, love evermore; they were chords of home and words of tenderness that floated to her ear; she paused, from her wearying tasks and more wearisome pleasure, to listen; the gaudy toys she played with began to lose beauty in her sight; visions of a nobler inheritance and purer life began to rush upon her mind—she wept. Was the harper wise? Such is the method of Christ.—Rev. W. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop-Designate of Ripon.

THE COURTESIES OF TRAVEL.

It is common to say that, in losing the old stage-coach, we have lost that comfortable sociability which once made travel so great a charm. But we have lost something more. We have lost that humane instinct which, in the olden times, made all travellers considerate of one another. Travel—*travail*; the derivation of the word is suggestive. It was work, and hard work, in the old days, and out of the common strain and the common hardship came a co-operative and fraternal spirit, which transformed its hardships into pleasurable mem-

ories. But the In transporting condition is then—isolation. each other. In the luxuries of between the that there are these, and in the carriage, also, more and more, not mutual conswer, the relucta almost brutal st creasingly disregr man—these are more frequently We talk of the American. But utterly as the M. gentleman, who said that he had which his fellow

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A RIDI

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The sunsets of to be forgotten. rest in many latit but have never be of the sweet hour desert. It is mo sea; the sense of rich golden tones and the sullen glo the wild gaunt n spiring.

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