

is mainly artificial and factitious. At best it is but a burning faggot thrust into the midst of the black wet heap, rather than a living fire, kindled at its heart, spreading wider and wider its glowing bosom, and thrusting its tongues of fire farther and farther into the mass around.

Promise to Liberty.

Heavenly blessedness is promised to the liberal.—"Thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Doubtless it will be found true in the other world that he is not rich who has laid up much, but rather he who has laid out much. By doing good with his money, a man makes it pass current in heaven. "God desires not that thou shouldst lose thy riches," says Augustine, "but that thou shouldst change their place." And an old writer remarks that when one dies men ask, What property has he left? but angels ask, What property has he sent before?

Happy day, when each of God's servants shall, with Normand Smith, write this down as a rule of life. "*I will engage in business that I may serve God in it, and with the expectation of getting to give.*" Then will the complaint no more be heard that business injures piety and spiritual enjoyment, but what was said of Mr. Smith will be found true of each: "He rose toward heaven like the lark in the morning."

The Lord hasten the time when men shall ply their business, with the sublime end of bringing the world to Christ!

The men who are needed.

While the cry for men is uttered so earnestly, it should not be forgotten what kind of men they are who are wanted for the missionary work. A speaker at the last anniversary of the London Missionary Society put the case in the right light, when he said:—

"We want men of kindred spirit with Milne, of China, who, when he came before the committee, seemed so unlikely to be God's man that they were unwilling to accept him, but consented that he should be sent out as a servant of the mission; and when they asked if he would go, he replied: 'Why, when the Lord's house is building, to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water seems too great an honor for me.' We want men of a kindred spirit with Henry Martyn, who when he expressed a desire to go out to India, was told that he had not a constitution for the climate, and he had better not go. 'How long do you think I should live,' said he, 'if I went to India to preach the gospel?' 'Why possibly you might live seven years,' was the reply.—'Seven years!' said he; 'oh, how much a

man may do for Christ in seven years! I will go.' We want men of a kindred spirit with George Whitefield, who, when in the zenith of his career, when he seemed to be self-consuming in his zeal for Christ, said, 'I want to exist as one of Christ's bees, but I seem to be such a drone that I deserve to be thrust out of the hive.' We want men of kindred spirit with the great apostle of the Gentiles, who said, 'my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved.' We want men having in them the mind of Christ Jesus, the great, and first, and chief Missionary, who said, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!' If we get such men as these, why then there is indeed a fair prospect of the world being won for Christ."

Never out of God's sight.

If we should go into the deepest and darkest mine or cavern there is, away down in the earth, and shut ourselves up there, we should not be out of His sight. If we could glide down with the great fishes to the very bottom of the ocean and lie there, we should be as plainly in His sight as if we were in the open field or on the top of a mountain. In the darkest room of the house, and in the darkest hour of the night, He sees us as clearly as if it were noon-day, and the sun were shining all about us.—There is no place where He is not. He never sleeps. He is never absent, and He can never be diverted or deceived!

How wonderful! How dreadful! And yet if we love Him and try to please Him, how safe we must feel, and how happy it must make us to feel that He is never far from each one of us; for it is in Him we live and move and have our being."

A sad picture.

Dr. Butler, a missionary from India, lately said that he came from a land where the sun shone brilliantly and constantly, where everything was fair and perfect to the eye; but amidst all the cultivated loveliness he did not remember a single flower, except the rose that was fragrant; and though the birds were very splendid, there was not one that sang. It was a sad thought, but might also be applied to the people. *He had never heard a hearty, happy laugh from a woman outside the pale of Christianity.* With every opportunity for observation, he had never seen amongst them a happy female face.

He might have added that he had never beheld a specimen of serene and happy old age, in either sex, outside the pale of Christian influences.