

in order to spiritual strength, there must be an indwelling *life*, and that life is the indwelling spirit of Jesus Christ. Paul's petition for his Ephesian brethren, "was that ye may be strengthened with power through *His Spirit* in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith." This inward life works outwardly, so that he that "hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The "hands" here signify the daily *doings*, the conduct of the man. As a clean tongue indicates bodily health, so "clean hands" were a proverbial expression for the sincere consistent doing of God's commandments, and such Christians wax stronger and stronger. There is a flesh "ring" of growth every year, as there is in the trunk of a maple-tree.

We have much respect for every man, or woman, or child, who can take even a step or two towards Christ, or for Christ, from a sincere spirit of obedience. Days of small things must not be despised: honest beginnings on the right track indicate pulse and progress. Parents, pastors, and Sunday-school teachers ought to encourage the inexperienced beginners who give any evidence of *genuine grace* in the heart. But all sham is fatal—the mere transient flush on the cheek of a consumptive. Then first of all be true. Next, be true. And above all, be TRUE!

"Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the soul's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A noble Christian creed."

(2) Health is greatly affected also by atmosphere and place of residence. Some people bring back the malaria they contracted in the unwholesome localities in which they spent the Summer. A very mysterious thing is this physical malaria; but there is no mystery about the disease that enfeebles scores of church-members. They live in the wrong place, and can no more grow than a rose bush can grow and bloom under the dense shade and drip of a Catalpa-tree. They need to move—the sooner the better.

There is brother T. N. Percent who resides in Luxury Terrace. His throat is so affected that he does not pray any more in the meetings (even when he comes, which is rarely); he is so emaciated that he cannot carry a contribution-box, and has given up his mission-class on account of chronic drowsiness produced by his Sunday dinner. When he first joined the church and lived in Frugality

Lane, he used to lay aside a tenth of his earnings for the Lord, and was the banner-teacher in his Sunday-school. Brother! get up and out of that brown-stone sarcophagus! You are dying of self-indulgence. Your wine-bills and coachman-hire mark up to a higher figure than all your gifts to all the Boards of the Church. I have just read a pathetic letter from a poor minister's widow who was shedding tears of joy at receiving from our "Relief Board" less money than you spend on cigars alone! I believe that you never give to that Board because you say that "ministers ought to lay up enough to provide for their old age and for their widows and orphans." The bad air of Luxury Terrace is poisoning your conscience so acutely that you had better sell out and move straightway up on the high ground around Liberty Park.

There is poor Mrs. Dreerie, too; she has settled down on the corner of Grumbling Street and Despondency Lane. The water is bad down there; the sewerage bad; the atmosphere bad; the birds never sing there, and there is not even a street-lamp. She has the ague so constantly that she cannot come to prayer-meeting; when she does come she disturbs her neighbors by her coughs and groans. That locality is worse than a Panama swamp. Move out, Sister D —, move out! There are plenty of houses to be had on Faith Park, and in Gratitude Row, and on that airy sun-lighted square which is built all around with the Divine Promises. You need sunshine, but you never can have it in that damp, dark, detestable street where there is not light enough to read the One Hundred and Third Psalm. Move quickly.

Change of place may restore the health of some sickly Christians. Others require change of *diet*; more Bible and less fiction and newspapers as the only food. Others are running down from want of exercise. Never will they recover their spiritual appetites and show the glow of health and feel the joys of the Spirit until they rouse up from the bed of indolence and lay hold of sturdy self-denying work. Worse than all the other cases are those who have secret and favorite *sins* preying on the vitals. Oh! dear friends! you cannot hasten to the Great Physician too soon; submit gladly to the probe, and if need be the lancet. Confess everything, and let your prayer be "Cleanse me, heal me, Saviour, or I die."