Ne Room for Jesus.

O plodding life, crowded so full Of earthly toll and care!
The body's daily need receives The first and last concord, and leaves No room for Justs there.

O busy brain, by night and day Working with patience rare, Problems of worldly losser gain, Thinking till thought becomes pain.
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart I so quick to feel In others' wees a share, Yet human loves such power enthrall, And sordid treasures fit it all; No room for Jesus there.

C sinful soull thus to debase The being God doth spare! Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own, Heart, brain, life, all are his alone; Make room for Josus there.

Lest soon the bitter day shall come When vain will be thy prayer To find in Jesus heart aplace; Forever closed the door of grace, Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

Beecher's Yale Lectures on Preaching.

THE DIVINE NATURE IN HUMAN CONDITIONS.

I shall speak this afternoon of the manifestations of the divine nature in human conditions. Were you to propose to a poet philosopher or religionist to draw out his conception of a perfect being in worldly conditions, surrounded by the limitations of physical law, the best man, unenlight-ened by the facts of the New Testament, would not come in speaking distance of the reality. Yet the largest conceptions of poet or philosopher are surpassed by the verities of the life of Christ. From our first knowledge of Him as a thinker, He is manufactured by the conceptions of the life of the conceptions. fest to us as possessing a divine conscious-ness. He stands among the conditions of human life, subject to them, yet in evident remembrance of a former existence. He is among men, one who knows He is higher than kings, greater than lords. He did not hesitate to take a place higher than prophets, more honored than priests. He never showed a consciousness of limitation, or confessed sin. He spoke of an eternal fellowship with God. He carried himself with a commanding grace and ease which his lowly surroundings could not have given Him. He taught others to say "Our Father," but he said "My Father."

Christ was a man of the people and never left them. He never went through the appointed priestly education. His was no other than what belonged to the Jewish no other than what belonged to the Jewish peasantry. He never sought leadership in any of the great divisions of the Jewish Church. He was not an ordained minister He was not sot forth by authority, but appeared among men an inspired prophet. In the Jewish nation any man or woman who had the primal inspiration was at liberty to speak, sing or prophesy, and the Jews had respect for those who spoke or prophesied outside of the prescribed office. Christ spoke because the truth was in Him. The divine afflatus was more than education or the laying on of hands. He was not a priest standing for others. He did not priest standing for others. He did not stand in the stead of any one. He stood a voice, a light, a living soul. Christ was a man of His own age and country, conforming with strictness to the customs of His people. Though divine, therefore, above all earthly relationships, He came from the Hebrows, and was true to His lineage, and true to the best things in Jowish life. This was divine consciousness, striving to keep in companionship with men's consciousnesss, the divino heart keeping so near the human as to impart its light and warmth. So the Jews were proud of Him, for He so the Jews were proud of Him, for He was to them a typical Jow. He so L'entified Himself with the people that they felt "This man represents all of us." When, in after years, He became prominent as a teacher, they said, "This is the Messiah who is to save the nation." Afterward when He would not conform to their wishes and they could not use Him, the refluent ways of his nonlarity was lifting us. wave of his popularity was lifting up the common people who attended on his ministry, the Scribes and Phrisees were disgusted with him and drove him out of Jorusalem.

His was a universal sympathy, not a sympathy like a cloud floating over a con-tinent and raining alike on all things, but that by which he adapted himself to all classes in society. His sympathy was far above and stronger than all distinctions of rank or condition. He walked through the land treating all alike with sympathy. He was, of course, sympathetic with the poor, but not more so than to the rich Pharisce who could open his house and invite him to dinner. Riches themselves were no obstacle in the way of divine sympathy. In Christ's earlier ministry the rich Pharisces looked upon him with favor and if he head looked upon kim with favor, and if he had submitted to their wishes he might have been the greatest Pharisee of them all; to the Roman soldiers who were foreigners and hated by the Jews, he showed the same tender sympathy as to the young ruler who manifested such tendencies of mind as to elicit the declaration of the love of the Saviour. The Syro-Phœnician woman though at first tantalized by the Saviour' The Syro-Phonician women, treatment, that what was good in her might be developed, shared equally in that sym-pathy. Christ's treatment of her was like that of the diver who brings up the rough and uncouth oyster, knocks, cracks and opens it, and there lies the beautiful pearl which would not have been seen if the rough shell had not been broken. Thus did the sympathy of Christ, sometimes by rough usage, bring out the best there was in men. You would never know anything about the goode if you did not crack, then you have a house of crystals. I wonder what the geode thinks of such treatment. Christ always made men think that he loved them. Did

without thinking "that bush likes me?"
So Ohrist's sympathy exhaled such awectness to universal heart, to high and low, to publicans and "arlots, to the Essense as well as to the Pharisees and Sadducees, as rande their lives better. And in all this he was God. If he was only a great buman genius that was one thing, but if he was the Divine Person that is quite another.

Early in the life of our Savieur there was

Early in the life of our Saviour there was exary in the life of our Saviour there was developed a great susceptibility to the sentiment of love. While he was full of compassion for the suffering, indignation at wrong-doing, and benevolence toward the poor, he had a great capacity for loving and inciting personal affection. When the young man care running to him. young man came running to him, saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus looked on him and loved him. He looked and loved, saw and his soul went out toward men with a gush. He was not subject to a gradual charring of the heart, as cautious men are who watch a heart for six years, and then give out only a smouldering affection to it. There were, among the twelve, three bosom disciples, whom he leved, and the others are seldom mentioned. These three were are seldom mentioned. These three work with him overywhere, and between him and them was the closest personal intimacy. I will challenge all human literature to produce the equal of that last discourse of our Master and his disciples, as told by by John, when standing under the very cope of death and knowing so well what was before him. How deep, how high those words, if we are not so familiar with the scene that we walk over it as we do over a scone that we walk over it as we do over a dusty road. It is wonderful that, at such a time, he could turn to those poor souls who had tried so often with their unbelief, and tell them things that might make the joy of angels. The great power in this was that Christ was God. To say only this was a man would spoil my Bible. To say this was God makes all plain.

It should be noticed, that the variety and nany sidedness of Christ's character made him the most attractive and fascinating mar of his age., I think the attempts to make perfect men in biography or fiction are the dreariest specimens of literature that can be found. I never read a descrip-tion of one of these men whom I would not go five miles across lots to avoid meeting. The wild freedom is taken from their feet, The wild treedom is taken from their feet, the flash from their eye, the color from their faces, and they are left with only the absence of wrong. They are clad in the bristling armor of conscientiousness, and are quietly, patiently awaiting the disclosures of another world to manifest their real worth. On the other hand, Christ walked among men in the unrostrained yet attractive manifestation of all the perfections of the divine-nature. On him, divine attractive manifestation of all the perfec-tions of the divine-nature. On him, divine justice, integrity, disinterestedness, yea, divine penalty appear in their most beauti-ful form. His was the free manifestation of his own nature. He did not go around with his hand full of resolutions, as if he had made up his mind to try to be good all had made up his mind to try to be good all day. It does me good to know that he was angry and grieved sometimes. For a nature that can't be angry in this world must be a pool with the waters so thick that the winds can't stir it. Christ's mind had changes, depressions and elevations; it had appetites and passions adjusting themselver to the infinite verifier of life. He selver to the infinite varities of life. He was not a stiff, stark man, a walking censor from whom children ran away.

Now, first, he who preaches Christ and fails to make him the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely does not preach Christ as Christ preached himself. It matters not how you may analyze him in theological study, or how you may put into your system of divinity, it is your business to make people feel, under your preaching, that he is as attractive as he was in his own life. This will be the test of your ministry. He is the hope of the world. The whole race is born low in every generation, and needs a divine symmetric attraction to left up. sympathetic attraction to lift it up. He is to be so presented as to draw men to himself. That preacher fails who does not make him so attractive and desired by men, that by him they will be saved.

You must preach Christ in a doctrinal and systematic manner sometimes, por-haps, but the burden of your preaching must be to show that he is the Saviour of sinners. It is not mere theology the world wants. It has long gnawed those bones and has been hisely to starve already. It wants life as life is to be found in Jesus Christ. To preach such a Christ you must have an answering element in yourself. When you talk of forgiveness, of love, of neckness, of giving one s in for another, you must show in yourselves what these things are. Christ carried his creed and the teaching of it in his own person. In this the power of Christianity consists. A church of two handred members, presenting a concentrated exemplification of Christlike living, could make its way through the world like an army.

Young gentlemen, it matters very little what success, what titles, emoluments or pleasure you get here. But when you stand at the gateway of Heaven saying, "Here am I and these whom I have brought," one look from the Divine Master will overwholmingly repay you for all your toil and sufferings. You are sons of God in disguise. Now that the use of elec-tricity has become so well known, I can conceive and become so well known, I can conceive of one sitting in his room and playing on the organ half a mile off. If Beethoven, old and deaf, were to sit thus in his room, and pley upon the keys, he would, by the distance of the instrument from him and his deafness, be utterly ignorant of the sounds he was producing. But the company gethered where the in-But the company gathered where the in-strument was would be music-struck by the delightful harmonies produced by the great composer. So you, though you see not the result of your labors, and seem to be accomplishing nothing, are playing an instrument whose music the angels delighted hear ın Heaven.

As one sensibly remarks. Making a prothinks of such treatment. Christ always made men think that he loved them. Did you ever pass a rose-bush when, with the dew on its leaves in the morning, it was saying its prayers—or to be more literal—when it was sending forth the most delightful odor that stirred your inmost heart, The Joy Set Before Us.

BY REV. THEODORE L. OUYLER.

Our Divine and suffering Lord in the deeperatanguish of Gothsemane and Calvary, had a "joy set before Him." Perhaps a multifule of joys; but there was one that we are perfectly sure of the foresaw the fruit of His sorrow in the redemption of precious souls.

He foresaw a child of sin fleeing from under the just wrath of God. He hears that ponitent's cry for morey. He sees that contrite soul confessing sin, and coming to be washed in the cleansing blood that purifies and saves. Faith has saved him. Horises up from before the Cross a new man, and leads a new man, and heads a new man and heads a new man. leads a now and a noble and a holy life. He triumphs over temptation, and after the He triumphs over temptation, and after the victory over death, is translated to glory. If there was but one solitary soul saved from hell, and exalted to such an "exceeding weight of glory," the anticipation of it would have brought a joy before the dying eye of our dear Lord when He endured the Cross and despised the dame.

But we must multiply this one by myriads of millions. We must take into the estimate all the happy hours of all the holy lives that were born at Calvary's Cross; we must reckou all the tears that have been dried, reckon all the tears that have been dried, and all the deeds of love that have been wrought, and all the raptures that have been kindled, and all the endless procession of blessings that have streamed from that Cross clear on to heaven's harp of praise and hallelujahs! Then we must multiply all these glorious results by the word elernity. Do we wonder then that for "the joy set before Him," the Man of Sorrows endured the stripes, the agenies, and the shame of Golgotha?

With what bitter price bought He our ransom! But He shall be repaid when He beholds Heaven thronged with the trophics of His sufferings. If even an cartify mother hushes her sobs and sufferings amid the anguish of the birth-hour " with the joy that a man-child is born into her bosom and her home, how much more might the infinite Jesus bear the fearful anguish of the spiritual birth of his "pecuhar people," born to an overlasing glory! His own Cross was yet to change into His crown. The brow that oled with the thorns is to wear the diadem.

Here is a sweet lesson for every one of Christ's disciples. Life's daily crosses are to be borne with a constant forethought of the joys that are to come after. Hard work is to be performed, and sacrifices made, with the inspiring expectation that none of these things shall fail of the final reward. The self-exiled missionary to the heathen endures his lonely lot for the joy set before him of winning some souls to Jesus here, and of winning at last the approval "Well done good and faithful servant!" Many an ill pand, toiling laborer in his fronter cabin parate himself "Done murant der" cabin says to himself "Don't murmur, don't lose heart, my Master had not where to lay His head; there is a crown for mo yet, if I endure to the end without flinching." So he puts on his old threadbare coat and truddges off to his distant preaching-station, singing as he goes

> "Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the vail and see The saints above, how great their joys How great their glories be "

For the joy set before him, he endures For the joy set before him, he endures cheerfully his rough and rugged lot. Ah! brethren, life would be a dark and a lone-some march to a great many of you if you could not sing to yourselves of the "Sweet by and bye." Never forget that the dear Master never lays on you or me a heavy cross, but there is a joy set before it. Without the cross is without the crown.

Paul and Felix

We know how I and would bring home the word on both sides. He would keep nothing back. He strikes with a with. He thrusts the swind into the hilt. He has no compassion, for he knows that compassion in this place is unfaithfulness to a fellow sinuer's soul. Folix is compelled to tellow states a soil. Folix is compelled to listen, and what is much more, Folix is composited to listen with secret application of the dreadful word to himself. As the preacher advanced from point to point, one conscience of the governor, as the voice of God in his breast, nurmured, "Thou art the man." On the one side he is unrighteous; on the other he is impure; and when the judgment to come was pressed forward, he felt as if an angel with a flam forward, he felt as if an angel with a flain ing sword were appr aching to dostroy him while he had no power to escape. Felix is like a mar chained to the ground

in the middle of the Mont Conis tunnel. Above, below, and on either side he is shut in. Without a figure, the barriers on all sides are nothing else and nothing less than the everlasting hills. While he is chained to the spot in that dark avenue, he looks along the gloomy telescope tube, and, lo in the distance, a redflery spark, like a fixed star. It is like an eye, all-seeing and angry, glaving on him from afar. But as he gazes on it he perceives that it is growing larger, and oh horror ! it is advancing. It is coming with mexpressible speed. It is the fiery engine rushing on-rushing

Felix rembled, and well he might. He has reached that point in spiritual experience on which the Philippan jailor stood when he "called for a light and sprang in trembling," But alas! he does not seek relief from the terror of conviction where Instead of, "What must I do to be saved?"
It is, "Go thy way for this time." Two
men may be led by nearly the same path into those soul pangs which accompany conviction of sin, and yet the two men may follow opposite courses in life, and meet opposite rewards in eternity. It is not how you fall into the pans of conviction that fixes your state, but how you get out of them. Not how you are healed, is the turning-point of the loss or saving of the soul. Instead of scoking healing in accepting Christ his Saviour, Felix sought ease by stilling the preacher's voice—quenching the Spirit who spoke in the preacher.

The Rich Man's Leavings.

A friend said to me that a good man he named, had died, and left \$150,000.

I held up my hands, and said, "What a pity I" He looked surprised, and said "What do

you mean? "I mean just what I say, 'I replied, "for surely it is a pity when the man might have sent it on before him, that he should have left his \$150,000 behind hi u, for he will very likely never hear of it again.

"I remember," I said, by way of explan ation, that some years ago, as I was travelling, I left my umbrolla in the train; and when I found myself in the rain, minand when I found myself in to fain, may
us my ure brella, I said instinctively, and
tolt it too. 'What a pity that I should
have been so stupid as to have left my unbrella in the train. And it is surely a
great pity that it should be said of Christian people he or sho has died and left an
enormous amount of substance in the train
of the really effect allowing for the most of this world, after allowing for the most liberal interpretation of I. Tim., v. 8.

Keep Faith with the Little Ones.

Parents sometimes set very bad examples to their little ones, in the way of keeping their promises. Little Sallie asks you to bring her some cauly when you come home from your walk, and you, to please her say "Yes." You have shopping to do, or you "Yes." You have shopping to do, or you meet a friend; you pay visits, and the time passes. Before you notice it, you have left the candy-store several blocks behind you, or you are in the car on your way home. The thought of Saihe's disappointed inthe face gives you a momentary pang; but you console yourself by saying: "Oh! I'll run out and get her some to-morrow. That will do just as well!

It will not do just as well! Your lightest promise made to your youngest child, molves your honor quite as much as any promise you make to any body, in business or in society. It would be far better to go back a unie, or two miles, even though you should be tired completely by the addition al fatigue, than to break the most casual word, spoken to a little child, to whom you are the representative in this world of God, and for whose training you are responsible to God. Be careful how you make promises or threats—but having made, keep them.

Some people wickedly teach their little ones to tell lies, by imposing or their in-fantile ignorance by talk of mythical black men, rats, dark holes, and termio things generally, that will happen or come to them, if they do or do not certain things. This, it seems to us, falls very planly under what Jesus called "offending the little ones, and there can be no censu e too severe for anything so cruel, so mean, and so

To sum up the whole matter: If you want your children to be true, be utterly true, as in God's sight, yourselves.

Nobility of Christian Discipleship.

There is reason to fear that some young people in these times are kept back from the complete surrender of themselves to the teaching and will of Christ by some kind of dim thought that, after all, a real Christian discipleship, while no doubt it may be the safest, is yet not the grandest thing for a young person of a noble and aspiring disposition. Now, young friends, think this matter through and through, and through again; and then follow that which is noagain; and then follow that which is no-blest. If there be any greater, more beau-tiful thing, "given under heaven," or known among men, than humble Chaistian learn-ing and resolute Christian living—then elect and follow that nobler thing: in that case you would soon have all Christian people keeping you company. But if there be no-thing better known or imagnable, nothing that can come even into momentary com-parison with Christian dusculeship, you parison with Christian discipleship, you need not surely wonder that we who have about some experience, grow very anxious about some when you come to that time of life when decision for something must be made, and you seem still to stand in doubt.

Say you could be a successful scientific explorer, carrying the lamp of discovery far into the realm of Nature's secrets, finding now properties and relations in matter, and then flashing your discoveries through the scientific world—What then? That would be very beautiful, and might be very beneficial, but would that be enough? You are ficial, but would that be enough? You are much to be pitied if you think it would. If you knew all about this material world that you knew all about this material world that God the Maker of it knows, would that be enough? Nay, you have been made for Him, and his works cannot satisfy you. You find him supremely in Christ, it whose feet sitting down you begin to be hiled with all the fulness of God.

Or, again, say that you could be a post; that you could write another epic like Milton; that you could describe like Shakespeare; that you could idealize common things like Wordsworth; that you could, like Burns, take one little Daisy of the field and immortalize it—if this were all, there would er, and better, to pacify and purify the moral nature, and to meet the vast yearnings of the soul. A poet! The lives of most of us are pressic enough. We are bound by circumstances, ruled by use and wont, kept hard at work. We are likely enough to pass life in common ways, most of us achieving no outward distinctions of any consequence; but the poorest, pressest, commonest, youngest among us all, may sit down every day at the Master's feet and see eternal poetry sitting or flitting on the Master's face, and be lifted by His words for above this sublunary sphere, and have our imagination fired and filled with all glorious things. Yes, you choose-not safety alone in choosing Him, but virtue, safety alono in choosing Him, but virtue, dignity, grace, largeness, freedom, heaven. Be sure you are in earnest; and all in earnest. Let your soul and all that is within you say, "Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear. Take kindly from me this Now-Year's greeting; I wish it were far better. I sm a busy man, and by no time to think and muso over what to be done. But these words, so simply and so hastily written, come from dopling of experience, and from some attangeth. of experience, and from some strength of conviction.—Rev. Dr. Raleigh.

Seavice for God Rewarded.

There are many things we can do for God. We can publicly declare we are on His side, and show that we are in all appropriate ways. We can commend and disseminate His truth, support His working requires to the wants of His people. ship, minister to the wants of His needy friends, lead sinners from the error of their ways to Him, reclaim the victorious, and advance the intererests of His kingdom; and if we do so Ho will surely recompense and if we do so He will surely recompenes us. He will not let us sorve Him for naught; for 13 it not written, "Red is not unrighteen to forget your work and labor of love? at I whoseever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his seward." Yes, and we may be sure that if He employs us, if we are faithful workers together with Him, he will liberally remunerate us. He will give us the pleasure of an approving conscience, will make His service delightful to us, will give us a good name, make us esteemed by the wise and worthy, will cause the blessing of them that were ready to perish to come upon us, that were ready to perish to come upon us, an I give us at last the plaudit: "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." "Wherefore, be ye stead-fast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as yo know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Veracity.

It strikes me that honesty is a thing which we should not too finely discuss with ourselves. It is one of these subtile, evancescent elements that are not friendly to

It may not be unwise, however, to listent to its discussion by others; as I did the other day when Abraham put in a plea for other day when Abraham put in a plea for the Frenchman's (and his own) method of saying no," in order to hide the truth, and give the impression of "no," in profer-ence to the Englishman's (and Isaacs) method of saying "yes in a manner which equally hides the truth and gives the im-pression of "10."

The conversation was interesting. "Suppose, said Abraham, "I am asked an impertineut question which, to answer evasive. ly, is to answor affirmatively—namely: according to the facts. Suppose not only that the person has no right to ask me the question, but, farther, that great harm would be done to others if I should answer it according to the facts. Abraham, under these circumstances, would think he did woll if he actually deceived, his intercess. well if he actually deceived his interroga-tor, without actually denying the facts. But I deal in a plain, straightforward man-ner with the difficulty, and Isaac calls me

"Furthermore," continued Abraham, have known Isaac to tell a lie when he thought he was telling the truth. For it is impossible to show shings as they are, and, sometimes, telling what is called the truth, is simply giving currency to the most unfortunate falsehood."

That is a pretty fair statement of the case. I happen to know that Isaac would make little scruple at living a lie. On the other hand I know Abraham to be genuinely conscientious and to have a downright de-testation of falsehood and deception.

And yet, though I do not like Isaac's way I cannot approve of Abraham's. In fact I am inclined to think that Jacob's views on this subject are more satisfactory than those of either of the others. They are not exactly a compromise, but they indicate a mothod lying between the two above noted; a method having in it I know not what strange mixture of frankness and obscurity Really, however, I find myself quite at a loss to describe just the difference; or to report any easily adaptable example.

Only those, of course, who think them-solves thoroughly honest can be startled by looking into the matter. There are a great many of us who are quite aware of a cer-tain habit of evasion, that may never reach the point of downright deception; such of us will not be so extremely surprised, per-haps, at discovering the dangerous ground on which we have sometimes stood, but those of us who have a great deal of conscifront.

I said at the outset that it might not be well to enquire too curiously into these things. I mean that it may be best to trust to our instincts, if our instincts are not warped. For, really, one is in danger either of becoming morbid or becoming Jesuitical.

I know a young person ones, who became morbid. Ho would never say "It is so;" but —"I think it is so." Of course there were times when this sounded like idiocry; but he knew there was doubt about pretty much everything in the world, and he considered that he was merely consistent in embodying that doubt in relation to everything in the world about which he was asked a question. I need not say that life was very dreadful to this young person.

I know a young person who became Jesuitical. He began in analysis, and ended in bribery and corruption.

There is, however, one benefit to be deof this kind. If we are alive to our own shortcomings, we will not be likely to make such outers at other people's. Dear Mr. Thoological Controversialist; you say that the gentleman on the other side is not honest; that he dare not tell the world just what he believes. But are you, yourself, quite frank, my friend? Have you yourself, made your full confession in print? Dare you say now, just where you suspent your own cogliations are carrying you?

Amico mio! remember the house of glass and the dweller therein.—The Old Cabinet Scribner's for April.

Across the night of paganism philosophy flitted on like the lantera fly of the tropics a light to itself and anomament; but, also no more than an ornament of the surrounding darkness .- Coloridge.