

Thompson tells us that a merchant of Sidon to escape paying a duty to the Government, carried off an immense cargo of Cyprus salt, and stored it up among the mountains in fifty or sixty stone cabins. There were no floors to the cabins, and the salt by lying next to the ground became utterly worthless. Bushels of it were shovelled into the road, and "was trodden under foot of men." In the same way thousands of church-members lose so entirely their Christly savor of character that no one can detect the slightest difference between them and their unconverted neighbours. "I see some people go and sit among the communicants on sacrament-Sabbaths that I would *never suspect of being Christians*," said a candid merchant to me once. He had had some dealings with the counterfeit salt. Now it is a just punishment to inconsistent church-members when their professions are trodden under the foot of contempt by the world.

3. What is to become of the saltless salt? Shall all those who have lost their savor by forsaking Christ and falling into wretched backsliding, be excluded summarily from the Church? This might only make a bad case the worse. The true remedy is to *restore the saltiness*, by the repentance and the reconversion of the backslider. Poor Peter had lost his saltiness sadly and pitifully on that night of his temptation in Pilate's court-yard. If his Master had left him to himself, he would have been flung out into the mire. Repentance saved him. He was reconverted, and the divinely imparted salt came back into him. That is what every inconsistent, worldly-minded, and useless member of our churches needs; he or she needs to "remember whence they have fallen, and repent and do their first works." A reconversion of a very large portion of our churches would be a *revival* that angels might rejoice over.

How is it with each one of us? Are we salting those around us with the power of a Christly life? Or are they stealing away all the saline quality from us, and leaving us the worst? No one of us is the same man or the same woman to-day that we were yesterday. If not nearer Jesus, then farther off; if we are not climbing up, we are drifting downward. A stationary Christian is as impossible as a stationary boat on a swiftly flowing river. Either we are pulling up with steady oar against the strong currents of the surrounding world, or else are drifting with the current

away from God. That Sidonian merchant's experience with his salt stored away next to the damp ground, is full of warning to us. Grace is never given to us to be stored away; it will soon lose its pungency unless it is used, and leave us wretchedly insipid. Scatter your salt, brother, for "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Jesus will give to thee all the more abundantly.

MARCHING ORDERS.

Read o'er your marching orders,
Sealed with your Leader's blood;
"To earth's remotest borders
Proclaim the Lamb of God!
Set life and death before them,
The Jew, the Greek as well;
There is one Father o'er them,
Who doeth all things well."

Read o'er your marching order's!
Who knows so well as He
The depth of sin's disorders
Its curse and misery?
There is but one salvation,
From sin and death and hell;
To every tribe and nation.
Let the sweet tidings swell!

Read o'er your marching orders,
Stop not to reason why:
"To earth's remotest borders,
To all that sin and die."
Waste not in speculation,
The force you need for fight;
To all, the great salvation!
Proclaim it with your might.

Swerve not to paths forbidden,
Where angels have not trod:
Some things God's love has hid len,
Some things belong to God;
Upon your heights of glory,
Hereafter you may know;
Enough for you, Christ's story
All round the earth must go.

Enough for you the mission,
The Gospel tale to tell,
Under the great commission
That saves from death and hell;
Read o'er your marching orders;
His flag must be unfurled
In earth's remotest borders;
Must float all round the world!

—J. E. Rankin, D. D.