

## A WORK TO DO.

My believing reader, let us remember that all God's children are also his servants. You and I then have a "slowly work of love to do." We have some special service, some little sphere so peculiarly our own that we shall have to give account about it as being its only occupants. None can look after it like ourselves; none are charged to look after it but ourselves. Where is it? What is it? Have we asked the Lord about it? It is an awfully solemn thing to have entrusted to us what concerns the Lord's glory, and the everlasting blessing of precious souls. Oh, to be adequately alive to this! Oh, to be constantly so filled with the Spirit that we shall not only know our place of special service, but shall be constrained by love to give ourselves to it as those that "cannot but." Unless we experience this in some degree, what reason can we have for concluding that we are truly born again? Most weighty are the words of M'Cheyne: "You are greatly mistaken if you think that to be a Christian is merely to have certain views and convictions, and spiritual delights. This is all well; but if it leads not to a devoted life, I fear it is all a delusion." And what is a devoted life? Ask Gethsemane, ask Calvary; nay, "ask deathbeds, they can tell." "Oh, brother, brother," cried the dying Legh Richmond, "none of us is more than half awake." But why speak of the awful solemnities of a dying hour? Are they a whit more awful than the solemnities of the present living hour? It is God's most holy presence fully realized at death that makes it so solemn. Let us realize that presence fully now, and it shall invest the present moment with all the tremendous importance of life's last hour.—*Family Treas.*

## THE WRONG SIGNAL.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered in haste, and with the air of one who had some interesting news to communicate.

"A luggage train has run off the track and killed a man," said Joseph.

"How did that happen?" said Mr. H.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said that if he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred."

Making a wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation as it is laid down in God's word, who teaches that men may secure their salvation by their own works, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track and go on to perdition.

The private Christian, whose reputable standing in the church and in society gives influence to his example, pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, "Be not conformed to this world." The young Christian is led to practise a similar course; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live but are dead. The holding out of the signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to temptation. He has power to resist the temptation, and escapes unharmed. One of less power is led to follow his example, and falls into sin. To him his predecessor had given the signal that there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow-men—signals which will direct their course in their journey to eternity. How careful should we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal!—*British Messenger.*

## DON'T WAIT.

John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, says:—"It is wonderful how even the apparent casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them;" words which we wish all those young men would ponder, who, instead of throwing themselves into the work of life and doing a manly part, are forever waiting for something to turn up.

There seems to be altogether too many of this class of persons at the present day, and a sad sight they are. Irresolute, indolent, doing nothing, waiting for a