

Nay. Is he at once and heedlessly to throw it away? Nay. He is to make it his friend. Exchange it into the coin of Heaven. If he waits till he dies, none can be put into his coffin that will arise with him. But there is a method of sending it on before: the Lord has taught it. How many cups of cold water can it buy? These count, if given with the single eye. How many Bibles and missionaries to the heathen? Ten thousand channels are easily found when wanted. Whatever you do, make your money not your enemy, as it will be if you use it for self, but your friend, so that when you are done with money it may not be done with you, but will be standing to meet you in a new dress, in the gold and silver and precious stones at the throne, in the "well done" of the Master. Poor brother, thy poverty is no bar. One talent well used is more than ten abused, and money is but a poor talent.

It is not an occasional or periodic earnestness that God desires, but a calm, constant life long work. A man moving about this world with the Holy Ghost within him, prepared for anything, at every step, by every look and word, testifying for his Lord, conscious of no effort, but living in calm peace with his Saviour God, in the unhindered power of an inner life, in the patient hope of a glory soon to dawn, is the type of God's true servant. His service does not depend on his rank, his circumstances, his position: these are all subservient to what the man is. He may be the wealthiest in the world, or have to sweep a street, but his joy in the service is the same. Such will have a natural entrance into the courts above, where the servants serve their Lord day and night.

"O send me forth, my Saviour,
O send me for Thy glory,
Regarding not the praise of man,
And trampling on the fear of man,
And fighting for Thy glory, Thy glory.

"There is a man who often stands
Between me and Thy glory,

His name is self,
My carnal self,
Self-seeking self,
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.

"O mortify him, mortify him,
Put him down, my Saviour,
Exalt thyself alone: lift high
The banner of the cross,
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer."

Dear fellow servant, get so accustomed to serve your Lord Jesus Christ and Him alone, that your entrance into glory will not be unnatural, and thus an abundant entrance will be yours.

Every child of God, great and small, has a work: his or her own work. A brother in the Lord greatly surprised an old bed-ridden follower of the Lord by coming in with a smile to her one day, and saying:

"I've got some work for you to do."

"Me? what work? what can I do?"

"Oh, there's a little district meeting to be started, and you are to have special charge of it in praying about it."

She got deeply interested in the people attending the little meeting, and this work did her and them much good. I saw a boy confined to bed one day, and I told him he had a work to do. He had found Jesus, but he looked a little surprised. "You have to pray and preach," I said.—He smiled in surprise.—"Yes, you have to pray for those that carry forth the gospel, and you have to lie there and preach sermons to all that come in, sermons on faith, patience, meekness, gentleness, adorning on your back, as we on our feet ought to do, the doctrine of God our Saviour." The same thought came also from the lips of another young disciple, now in the presence of the Lord, waiting the resurrection beauty in which he will be clothed with all those who have been faithful unto death—who have endured to the end. He said, "We *all* must speak for Jesus" when it was suggested that some might be too young to bear testimony to Jesus.