

with Him, whose heart yearned in tender compassion, who agonized in dark Gethsemane, confirming His love by the sacrifice of Himself.

Oh, my brethren, is it possible that we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high, shall we, to men benighted the lamp of life deny? Is any price too great to lay at the feet of our adorable Lord? Is any road too rough, or hill too steep to climb to its very summit, if only we can find the straying lambs and lead them back to the Shepherd's care?

*But why talk of sacrifice?* Is it sacrifice for the husbandman to scatter the seed broadcast over the land, or turn the furrows in the hardened soil? Is it sacrifice for the merchant to leave his home and enter the busy marts of the world's commerce, in order to make ample provision for his family? Nay! the income far exceeds the output! The fields of golden grain are the reward of honest necessary labor, not of sacrifice.

The merchant in his contact with men reaps by his wider experience, and the development of latent powers within him that otherwise would remain dormant. Giving up is one of the chief features in all true growth or development, so when the Master asks us to give Him our all, it is only that He may give it back to us, multiplied a hundred fold.

If He asks our strength, it is only that he may link it with omnipotence. If He asks our talents, it is that He may fit us for rulership.

Is this sacrifice? Is this the cross? O blessed sacrifice, O glorious cross, may it be our highest joy to yield our all, a living sacrifice for the glory of our King.

J. A. JACKSON.

### "Where no Wood is, there the Fire Goeth Out."

**F**OOD is the fuel of the body. Physiologists prove that the man who starves to death perishes for want of body heat. There is a great complaint in almost all of our young people's Christian societies of lukewarmness and coldness—indeed it seems to be epidemic in some of our class-meetings. Our ministers are unanimous in their diagnosis of the trouble, and prescribe almost weekly—

Take more study of God's Word.

Take more time for prayer.

Take more interest in your brethren.

Mix and increase the dose until you feel well.

There is no doubt but this prescription would effect many cures if Christians did not forget to take it, or carelessly neglect to take it. A man might just as well expect to have good, pure, warm blood circulating through his body without eating necessary food and taking necessary exercise as expect to get rid of this indifference and lukewarmness without feeding and exercising his spiritual life by reading good literature, studying the Bible, and putting into practical living the truth thus gained.

We all see plainly that work wisely directed enables us to obtain food, and the food obtained enables us to work. Is this all life amounts to? No, this is existing. Jesus "came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly," that we might feed on Him in our inward man, that we might "eat his flesh and drink his blood," and by drawing our life and strength from Him we should "bear the infirmities of the weak," and not please ourselves; "even Christ pleased not himself; he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor that we through his poverty might be rich." Let us see to it that we grow in the *knowledge and power of*

our Lord Jesus Christ, for this only is life, and this only will cure lukewarmness.

Look well to it, that you do not spend more time and money on the passing news of the day than you do on the study of the progress of the "Eternal Kingdom of our God."  
THE "MED."

### The Battle Rages. "Stand Firm."

[At the battle of Waterloo, an English regiment sent three times for reinforcement, and three times the Duke of Wellington returned the message "Stand firm!" Nearly all the regiment there fell, killed or wounded, but the position was held.]

**F**ROM early morn till noon war's blood-red waves  
Against the living wall of hero-hearts—

The nation's only hope in this her hour

Of life or death—had hurled their fiercest strength;

And yet the conflict raged. Still rushed the flood;

Now leaping o'er a wall, now falling back

Upon its path of crimson foam, once more

To dash and roar and leap as if to melt

With hatred's heat that bulwark true, or beat

With fists of steel its solid front to dust,

And still its work was vain. That wall yet stood

Upon yon distant hill, where fiercest streamed

The hail of shot and shell, from morn till eve—

Undaunted by the foeman's rage, though thinned

So fast their ranks, that now the dead were more

Than they who lived, so loyal, brave and true—

Still held their own, a band of manhood's sons;

No more could mortals do than they had done.

Three times across the plain of death had sped

The cry for aid. Three times came back the words,

"Close up your ranks! Stand firm!" And firm they stood;

So firm, so true that when the fearful flood

Rolled back at last, its every effort vain,

'Twas found that here were stayed its mighty waves,

But what was now a wall of heroes fall'n

With faces t'ward the foe. The most were dead;

But by their death the nation's life was saved.

To day from Him who leads His host against

The powers of sin, which hold in bondage dark

All lands where Christ is not acknowledged King,

There come the words which rang o'er battle plain,

That glorious day when fell a despot's power,

"Close up your ranks! Stand firm! Stand firm for me!"

And shall we not obey?

On every side Christ's heroes fall; the call

Is heard—each day, each hour, from every land,

"Close up the ranks! Close up the ranks! Stand firm!"

And as the closing ranks reveal the gaps

Which death has made, there comes another cry,

"Fill up the falling ranks! Fill up the ranks!"

This cry we must obey.

"Go, thou, or send." Let those who cannot "go"

Send those who can and will. Send those who wait

To speed, impelled by love for Christ and men

Unsaved, to every spot where yet is found

One Christless soul; for there the battle fierce

Doth rage, and there the crimson wave its flood

Doth pour; and there the wall of loving hearts—

So steadfast, loyal, true, must stand to hold

The floods in check, lest on they sweep and bear,

On raging, crimsoned, cruel cret, the souls

They crush and bruise and hurl upon the rocks

Of piercing lust and sin and shame.