

ance to a proper recognition and acknowledgment?

And when we have been made to see and know our gracious Saviour what have we to offer Him? Gold, frankincense and myrrh would be acceptable only as the outward expression of our heart's deep love and adoration. Let us remember that we *ought* to bring rich offerings of our worldly substance if God has blessed us with wealth; but above all gifts let us bring to our Lord Jesus a consecrated life.

There can be no sweeter service than days constantly devoted to Him and His sublime commands; and for our reward we shall surely have such manifestations of His favor and love as will make our sojourn here but the foretaste of the brightness and joy above.—*Selected.*

### GOOD WORDS ABOUT SUNDAY.

"The spirit of the Fourth Commandment, and of Christianity itself, requires us to do our very utmost to allow every one connected with us the full enjoyment of the day of rest. Before a master detains a servant from Church; before one hires a cabman on Sunday; before one asks the servants of a cemetery to work for a funeral on that day, let the question be asked of conscience—Is this really necessary? Am I justified in breaking in on the Sabbath of these people? Am I doing to others what I would have them do to me? We never yet met with the man who did not count it a hardship and an evil to be required to work on the Lord's day, except

in the case of necessity clear and strong. Ask the sailors who never get a Sunday on shore—ask railway servants—ask grave-diggers, or cub-men, or brewers, or bakers, or any class of men who are required to work on Sunday; with one voice they will say, It is a hardship and an evil. It is a golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Ask no man to give up his Sunday, or part of his Sunday, to you, unless you would be ready to give up the same to him. The first commandment of the law is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and the second is like unto it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' No man loves his neighbour as himself, who needlessly deprives him of his Sunday, but refuses to surrender his own." From "*Better Days for Working People*," by William Garden Blackie, D. D.

WERE the Church as alive in its membership as it is in its living Head—were it a body of thoroughly aroused, intensely earnest, forward-pushing men and women—men and women on whom the signal of their consecrated calling were visibly stamped—men and women having their conversation in a true sense in heaven, and all the more serviceable in this world because always acting as having a commission and an errand for the other, never counting themselves to have apprehended, but always reaching on—then who could calculate the energy of its movement? Would it not irresistibly sweep into its majestic tides multitudes now unconcerned? This engaging and inspiring influence on believers,