

SPIRITUAL SLOTH.

Thorwaldsen, having completed an exquisite statue of our Lord, remarked to a friend, with sadness, "My genius is decaying!" "What do you mean?" said his friend. 'Here' said the sculptor, 'is my statue of Christ. It is the first of my works with which I have ever felt satisfied. Until now my idea has always been beyond what I could execute. It is no longer so.' A deep spiritual lesson is suggested by this expression of the great sculptor. Well may the Christian who is satisfied with any present attainment or achievement look with apprehension upon such a state. It is a sure sign of decaying life—of declining spiritual sight. For, with enlarging views of our divine ideal, comes increasing dissatisfaction with our own imperfect likeness to it. Seeing him more and more 'as he is' we forget the things that are behind, and reach forth to those that are before. Every one that hath in him the hope of being like Christ "purifieth himself even as he is pure." O, satisfied Christian, resting at your ease, see well to it that yours is not the rest of spiritual sloth, of decaying strength—that dreamless slumber which is slow to waken at the touch of great ideas, which once so thrilled you with holy zeal, and made you eager in the service of your Lord!—*Sel.*

THIS ONE THING.

All profitable, successful lines of business are special lines, etc. if we would be earnest servants of God, we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness, and putting on the armour of light.

Two Scotchmen in the north of Scotland went fishing one day, and, as men sometimes do there, as well as here, got drunk. When it was time to go home one of them cast off the lead-line, and they got into the boat, took the oars, and began to pull towards home, as they

supposed. After some time was thus spent, one said; 'Sandie, is it not time we were home?' The other agreed with him, and they redoubled their efforts, but without making any progress. At last morning dawned, and the effects of the whiskey passed off, and found that while casting off the headline they had forgotten the stern-line, and were fast to the shore, while they thought they were homeward bound.

So it often is with Christians; we cast off the headline and wonder we do not make faster progress, when all the time the stern-line is holding us fast to the shore. That stern-line interferes with us wonderfully. We are fast somewhere and we can't go where the Spirit leads us. Some compromise with the world, some thread—a silken one, perhaps—some sin, something holds us back, and till we cut loose from everything we are shore-bound.—*George F. Pentecost.*

A CHRISTIAN RAILROADER.

Mr. Fairweather, formerly an employe of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, tells this characteristic anecdote of Col. C. G. Hammond,—A director and one of the largest stock holders of the road and I were stopping at the Tremont House, Chicago, one Sunday. He said to me, 'Go and tell Col. Hammond I want to see him this morning.' Why, it is Sunday, and I don't think he'll come.' 'Yes, he will; of course he'll come, if you tell him for me.' I went reluctantly. The Colonel met me at the door, and when I told my errand he straightened up till he seemed about eight feet high, and replied, 'Give my respects to Mr.—, and tell him that six days in the week I am superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, at his service, but this is my Sabbath. Good morning.'—*Sel.*

HOW NOT TO SPEND TIME.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of.

Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed.

Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.