

who anticipates a matchless view of grand and beautiful scenery from the summit.

But there is nothing in any hope of personal gain which so ennobles service, so renders drudgery a delight, as the fact that that service—drudgery though it may be—is for the welfare and happiness, or is at the call, of one whom we love. Perhaps there is no life on earth where there is so much drudgery—and, for a time, so little else—as the life of a young mother. It is do, do, do for that exacting, helpless baby, day and night, week in and week out. Distasteful things, patience-trying, strength-exhausting things, must be done for the troublesome child; and when they are once fairly done, they are all to be done over again. What mother could endure this if she looked only at the drudgery side of it? But it is her darling who calls for it; and as long as that darling has need of it, her service is ennobled, and she finds joy in its performance. It is the thought of all this loving care and patient endurance of the parents in the days of one's infancy, that makes a dutiful son or daughter glad to do or to endure for a father or a mother enfeebled with age, and possibly in the helplessness of a second childhood. There is no dry drudgery in the ministries of affection then called for by the parent. Grateful recollections make every possible service a privilege and a pleasure.

And above all, that which glorifies service, and which makes drudgery divine, is the thought that it is for Him who should be dearer than parent or child, than husband or wife, than brother or friend. All proper service, all needful drudgery, of the Christian believer, is just this—nothing less, nothing more. St. Paul urged on slaves who were under the Roman yoke to count the daily tasks assigned to them by their heathen masters as the Lord's call to service. "And whatsoever ye do," he said, "do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." Jesus declares that in the great day His test of the fidelity of His disciples will be their humble, faithful ministry to the poor and the needy on earth who loved and trusted Him. "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Yet just here is where there is greatest danger of counting as drudgery that which is a divine ministry. In all specific service for Christ there is much of dry detail to be attended to, which may be counted wearisome and ignoble when it ought to be looked at as glorious and ennobling. Think not of this visiting of the sick, of this attending on hospital or missionary society committees, of this leading of prayer meeting exercises, of this preparing of sermons, of this writing of newspaper articles, of this teaching in the Sunday school, as a tedious and perfunctory service; but look at it all and always as representative work for the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. It is this nobler and diviner way of viewing every duty to which a servant of Christ may be called that is illustrated by the old writer who has said: "If two angels were sent down from heaven to execute the divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments."

**ERRORS IN MARRIAGE.**

Many of the errors of life admit of remedy. A loss in one business may be repaired by a gain in another; a miscalculation this year may be retrieved by special care the next; a bad partnership may be dissolved, an injury repaired, a wrong step retraced.

But an error in marriage goes to the very root and foundation of life. It has been said no man is utterly ruined until he has married a worthless wife; and so every woman has a future before her until she is chained, in a wedlock which is a padlock, to a wretched and unworthy man. The deed once done cannot be recalled. The wine of life is wasted and the goblet is broken, and no tears or toils can bring back the precious draught. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps lest in the most critical event of life they go fatally astray.

But here we must guard against another error. Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when the mistake is only in their own behaviour since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the scolding or intemperate, or slatternly partner often has but himself or herself to blame for the misery

that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a life-long misery, might, by a little self-denial, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighter like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by.

Suppose the wife does not know quite so much as you do; well, you shewed your great judgment when you thought her the chief among ten thousand! Or, if your husband is not the most wonderful man in the world, it simply illustrates the wit and wisdom of the young woman who once thought he was, and could not be convinced of the contrary! So perhaps you are not so unevenly mated after all; and if one has had better opportunities since married, then of course that one should teach and cultivate, and encourage the other, and so both journey on together. But if one has grown worse and sunk lower than at the beginning, perhaps even then, patience and toil and sunshiny may bring back the erring one to duty, lift up the fallen, rescue the perishing, and save the lost. How glorious for a wife to pluck her husband from the jaws of ruin and bring him safely to the heavenly home! how blessed for the husband to bring back to the gates of Paradise the woman who, through weakness, had been led astray!

**SOMEHOW OR OTHER.**

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,  
None may escape from its trouble and care,  
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,  
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,  
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;  
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,  
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing,  
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;  
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,  
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,  
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;  
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,  
And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

**FAILURE NOT A FAILURE.**

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything. No matter what happens to annoy, let it all glide along as easily, and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible. Little inconveniences will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to be master of every situation is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in a constant broil over what amounts to nothing, and which, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a household. We cannot have everything just as we want it in this world, and the sooner a person understands that fact, the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness.

It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and then, if disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled. Do the very best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strives with his best knowledge, energy, and untiring labour to accomplish a certain object, working with skill and patience, he is a success, whether the scheme fails or succeeds, and he ought to reconcile himself to failure if it was inevitable. If his labours have been of brain and hand, he is better fitted to succeed in other undertakings. And the question of success or failure is not settled till this life ends—no, not till the life to come shall reveal its grand results.—*Chris. Treasury.*

**UNDER HIS WINGS.**

"Under His wings shalt thou trust."—Ps. xci. 4.

That means to-day, not some other time! Under His wings, the shadowing wings of the Most High, you, poor little helpless one, are to trust to-day.

When the little eaglets that have not yet a feather to fly with, are under the great wings of the parent eagle, how safe they are! Who would dare touch them? If a bold climber put his hand into the nest then, those powerful wings would beat him in a minute from his hold, and he would fall down on the rocks and be dashed to pieces. So safe shall you be "under His wings," "nothing shall by any means hurt you" there.

When the wild snow-storms rage round the eyrie,

and the mountain cold is felt, that is death to an unprotected sleeper, how warm the little eaglets are kept! Not an arrow of the keen blast reaches them, poor little featherless things, not a snowflake touches them. So warm shall you be kept under His wings, when any cold and dark day of trouble comes, or even any sudden little blast of unkindness or loneliness.

"Under His wings shalt thou trust." Not "shalt thou see." If one of the eaglets wanted to see for itself what was going on, and thought it could take care of itself for a little while, and hopped from under the shadow of the wings, it would be neither safe nor warm. The sharp wind would chill it, and the cruel hand might seize it then. So you are to trust, rest quietly and peacefully, "under His wings;" stay there, not be peeping out and wondering whether God really is taking care of you! You may be always safe and happy there. Safe, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge." Happy, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

Remember, too, that it is a command as well as a promise; it is what you are to do to-day, all day long: "Under His wings shalt thou trust."

"I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee!  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

"I am trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou alone shalt lead!  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need."

—*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

**CHRISTIAN HEROISM.**

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but holding up the Bible in his hand, he said, "Live or die, put me ashore." They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. He reached the land. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favour and lived among them, and for aught I know he died among them. Thirty years afterwards another ship reached the Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted, and were taken with the greatest eagerness and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labours of that heroic young man, who said, "Live or die, put me ashore." I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact that it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping. When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of one of the old Vikings, and said, "You will excuse me for coming up to speak to you and introducing myself; I am Captain so-and-so—I need not give you his name—"I am in command of Her Majesty's frigate" so-and-so, "and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands. I was there with my ship; I saw these people and I saw the circulation of the Bible among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of these islands." Said he, "They reminded me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles."—*John Hall.*

THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way we do things.

A GENTLE person is like a river flowing gently along; while a passionate man is like the sea, casing up mire and dirt continually.

THE worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

THE only gratification a covetous man gives his neighbours is to let them see that he himself is no better for what he has than they are.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.

THE humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.