

your own character. You never make such a mistake in regard to your bodily wants and weakness, for you swallow the needed food, and that bread and meat put into fellowship with your system, give you blood and brawn. Christ *formed in you* does the same thing for your soul. He becomes your life. "Oh but," you say, "I thought that fellowship with Christ was the attainment of experienced Christians." So it is, but it is also the first step to being a Christian; it is just obeying Him who bids you "Come to Me and be saved."

It is your act to put yourself into this glorious fellowship. No one can force you. The flames of hell cannot frighten you into it. Then, my friend, *pray* Christ to come to your soul; faith is an empty hand laying hold on Christ. Resist sin and repent of it, for Jesus hath no fellowship with your sins. Obey His Commandments, one after another; to be a Christian is to obey Jesus Christ, and that is the whole of it. Don't wait for anybody else to move, or any evangelist to invite you to an inquiry-meeting, or any human being to lead you. Christ says "Trust Me, and I give unto you everlasting life." Put yourself into fellowship with Him. *It will last forever.*

A MOTHERS REGRET.

A mother gives an incident from her own life: She said, "I was of a worrisome temperament, and I was wont to say, 'Oh dear! I would rather be in prison than live such a life as this. I can never sit down a moment to read but Jamie wants something of me, and I wish I could have more rest and be alone for a little while.'"

One damp May morning the little fellow was singing in an adjoining room,

"I want to be an angel,"
and the sharp cough cut the song in twain; the mother was worrying and fretting too much to care for the child. The child grew worse; the evening came and with it the father, and after the father the doctor, and the doctor said: "You should have called me earlier." The child grew worse, and soon all was over.

The mother says: "I have plenty of time now: the books are never disturbed now; I can read when I please; I can write when I choose; but when I see gray-haired women leaning on their sons I cry to God, 'Oh, that I had had more patience, and had not been so worried and fretted.'—*Rev. O. P. Gifford.*

THE SIMPLICITY OF PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

Consider how simply the thing could be done. The greater number of God's people receive weekly wages. Were they to exercise forethought and economy in order to give to God, what an important influence it would have on their characters and habits! Others have fixed salaries, and are paid half-yearly or quarterly. They might put aside at once out of the sum received what they purpose giving to God; but even in their case, would not the habit of regularly storing for God, from week to week, be of immense service? We lately heard a young minister say that he never felt as much of the love of Christ in his heart, except, perhaps at a communion table, as when on the Lord's morning, without any human eye to see him, he took the previously allotted portion of his salary, and solemnly dedicated it to the service of his Lord and Master; and those who have no fixed salaries could easily take an average, say for three years, as they are obliged to do for income purposes, and weekly dedicate of their profits to God. How such "storing" would tend to counteract worldliness, and bring men to realize their responsibility in the use of money! How easy it would be then for "everyone" to give "as God hath prospered!" The servant ten shillings, perhaps, and if so, her master, in many instances, ten pounds at least.—*Dr. Berkley.*

THE TRANSFORMED FRAGMENTS.

There is an old story of a great artist in colored glass. He had designed a window for a grand cathedral, and selected for it some very choice material. After he had completed his work an apprentice gathered up the rejected fragments, and from them designed a wheel window in the same cathedral which was pronounced to be more lovely than the work of the great master, although but formed from his leavings. So our God can from the broken and rejected opportunities of our lives, as they appear to us, make some more precious work than we accomplish with the very best we have.

It is much to be loved by one greater in rank than ourselves—to be loved by an angel; but, oh, to be loved by the Son of God!—this is wonderful—it passeth knowledge.—*M Cheyne.*