

look back or he gets dizzy; he has but to follow his guide, and set his foot on the right spot before him. This is the way you and I must let Christ lead, and have Him so close to us also that it will be but a short view to behold Him. Sometimes young Christians say to me, "I am afraid to make a public confession of Christ; I may not hold out." They have nothing to do with holding out; it is simply their duty to hold on. When future trials and perils come, their Master will give them help for the hour, if they only make sure that they are His. The short view they need to take is a close, clear view of their own spiritual wants, and a distinct view of Jesus as ever at hand to meet those wants. If the fishermen of Galilee had worried themselves over the hardships they were to encounter, they might have been frightened out of their apostleships and their eternal crowns.

We ministers need to guard against this malignant devil of *worry*. It torments one pastor with a dread lest if he preach certain truths boldly, he may offend his rich pew-holders and drive them away. Let him take care of his conscience, and his Master will take care of him. Another is worried lest his cruse may run dry and his barrel fail. But his cruse has not yet run dry; oh no, it is his faith that is running low. Some of us, at the beginning of a year's work, are tempted to overload ourselves with the anticipation of how much we have to do; we need not worry if we will only remember that during the whole year there will be *only one* working day, and that is—*to-day*. Sufficient to each day is the labour thereof.

Once more we say—let us take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace God can give us for to-day's burdens and to-day's battle. To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father; I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know Whom we trust, and that He is able to keep all we commit to Him until the last great day.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FELLOWSHIP AND PATRONAGE.

There are a great many people that patronize the Lord. Now, if there is any one thing above another that God detests, it is patronage. You can patronize one another, but don't attempt to patronize God. He will not have it. He will have fellowship or nothing. Mary, sitting at Christ's feet, got the one thing needful, which was fellowship; bringing her soul into communion with the Lord and Master. She didn't serve Christ for what she could get. It was not that. She served Him for what He was to her. I seldom see a man or woman backsliding that has got that idea. Many serve God for what they can get, and not for what He is. A true Christian serves God for what He is. They are not occupied with themselves, but it is Christ whom they love. He has taken their souls captive.

One is your Master. That is the next thing. Now, we have been brought through fellowship and through communion to sit at Christ's feet, and if this idea that He is our Master has taken full possession of us, then we shall live to please Him, and not to please the public.

A professed Christian, who is living just to please the public, and living for the public eye, is not fit to be called a disciple of Jesus Christ. One is your Master. Now, a man can't have two masters in religious things. He certainly can't have two masters—the god of the world and the God of the Bible—because they are at variance. They never agreed, they never will agree, and they never can. One is the god of darkness, and the other is the God of light; one is the God of truth, and the other is the god of error; and we cannot serve the god of the world and the God of heaven. If I am going to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, I must have my eyes single to His glory; I must have one Master. One is your Master, and He is the Lord of glory. I cannot serve God and fashion; I cannot serve God and custom; I cannot serve the God of the Bible and the god of the world; that is out of the question; and now that brings up a question that I have propounded to me by a great many men: "Why, Mr. Moody, do you think it is wrong to dance? and do you think it is wrong for us young disciples to go to the theatre? and do you think it is

wrong for us to read novels? and do you think it is wrong for us to play cards?" Well, now, Christ didn't lay down any rules. He laid down great principles, and the foundation principle, the principle that He wants us all to build on, is this: "If you love me, keep my commandments."

And whatever we do, if we eat or drink, we are to do all for the glory of God. Now, if you can

DANCE FOR THE GLORY OF GOD, dance; dance all night. There is nothing to hinder, only see that your motive is right; see if you are doing it for the glory and honour of God. If you are doing it for His glory, there will be no harm. If you go to the theatre every night in the week for the glory of God, Sunday night and all, go on; only be sure that it is for the glory of God. If you play cards for the glory of God, go on; if you can read novels for the glory of God, go on; read all you want to; only be sure that it is for the glory of God; because the chief end of man, as the catechism says, is to glorify God. If we fail in that, and do not glorify God, our life is a failure.

When I was in Scotland, I got into a great whiskey town, and I couldn't help saying something against whiskey. It is natural for me. It would come out; and a young man in the whiskey business wrote me a note; and he said: "If you can find anything in the Scripture against a man distilling whiskey, I will give it up, for I want my life to be according to that Word."

"Very well," I said, "I will just cite one passage—I will take but one. 'Whatever you do, do it for the glory of God.' Now, if you can distil whiskey for the glory of God, go on; but I would like to see after you have distilled one barrel of whiskey—I would like to see you get down and pray: 'Oh Lord, send this whiskey out to bless my fellow-men, let it light up the nations; and wherever I send it, even to heathen nations, let it be a blessing to my fellow-men;' but I think after you get to praying over a barrel of whiskey, you will not pray a great while." And that regulates our whole life. Now, one is your Master. Is it the Lord or yourself? Is it God, or is it pleasure? Is it God, or is it business? Is it the God of Heaven, or the god of wealth? Now, what is it? We have only one Master. Now, a great many people bow down to the god of fashion; that is their god; they worship fashion; fashion is their master. Others bow down to public opinion. "What will Mrs. So-and-so say if I am seen coming out and taking a stand on the Lord's side? What will they say at the club-houses? What will they say in the circles of business if I come out and identify myself with the Son of God and with the believers? What will they say? Never mind what they say. If you are to be a child of God you are to trample public opinion under your feet. Take care of your character; your reputation will take care of itself. Live for another world, not for this. You can't live for both worlds at the same time; and if you want to be an out-and-out Christian, and fit to be used by God, keep your eye single; let it be used for the glory of God, not for your own glory.—*D. L. Moody.*

THE BRIDE'S OUTFIT.

When the terrible days of panic were over the American nation in 1857, crippling every one of our great missionary societies, so that the cry of retrenchment was borne passionately across to the foreign fields of effort, workers were discharged and missions closed. Reports of the embarrassments over here came in due course to a small band of Nestorian Christians in Persia. They instantly summoned an assembly to consider how they might act so as to bestow help the most quickly and with most force. The meeting was called to order by an aged believer, who began the conference by a distinct allusion to the costliness of their wedding ceremonies in those Oriental lands. He insisted that young people might be married in plainer costumes.

"Now, here," he continued, "is the Church, the Bride of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she is compelled to go unprovided for to her Master's palace! Cannot we join hands to-day to give her a fair outfit?"

The figure seemed at once to arrest the imagination of those simple-hearted and loving Christians, and they took it up. One arose, saying:

"She ought at least to have a ring; and I am ready to offer the price of one now, just such as my wife received when she was wedded to me."

Another added:

"She needs a veil quite as much, and I will see that the Lamb's bride does not set out on her journey to her husband's house without it."

Another sprang up with the exclamation:

"She can never go on foot over the mountains; you may look to me for a horse she can ride."

Still another caught the symbol in his grave, sweet way:

"How beautiful are thy feet, O Prince's Daughter! If she rides she will have to wear a richer pair of shoes; perhaps I might be permitted to clothe her feet."

By this time their invention was put sorely to task. One more spoke out somewhat awkwardly.

"Wedding guns are fired for joy; I will give two cannons, and will supply ammunition."

Then the women, who knew more of marriage necessities, began to whisper together. A maiden stood up modestly and said:

"Now for her ornaments! I have some of my own I can spare."

An impulse of affectionate generosity moved every heart. One old man said he had nothing but a mat; but "perhaps the Queen would deign to put her feet on it when she would alight."

Then said the leader:

"What is she to eat on the way?"

One of the landholders answered:

"You may look to me for fifteen outside rows of my vineyard next the sun."

During this excited colloquy there had been sitting in the assembly no less a personage than Mar Yohannan, their ruler. The aged leader in the chair shrewdly asked the question:

"She is a King's daughter and a Prince's bride; who is to give her a crown?"

And then the royal guest took the hint and held up his hand.

So the churches in America were thrilled with the news that the Nestorians were going to take care of themselves. O! when the heart is all right and loving, what is there it will not do for the Bride, which is the Lamb's wife, on her way to her marriage?—*Dr. Robinson.*

WHAT FAITH IS.

Faith exists in various degrees, according to the amount of knowledge, or other cause. Sometimes faith is little more than a simple clinging to Christ; a sense of dependence, and a willingness to depend. When you are down at the seaside, you will see the limpet sticking to the rock; our little friend, the limpet, does not know much, but he clings. He cannot tell us much about what he is clinging to, he is not acquainted with the geological formation of the rock, but he clings. He has found something to cling to, that is his little bit of knowledge, and he uses it by clinging to the rock of his salvation; it is the limpet's life to cling. Thousands of God's people have no more faith than this; they know enough to cling to Jesus with all their heart and soul, and this suffices.

God gives to His people the propensity to cling. Look at the sweet-pea which grows in your garden. Perhaps it has fallen down upon the gravel walk. Lift it up against the laurel or the trellis, or put a stick near it, and it catches hold directly, because there are little hooks ready prepared with which it grasps anything which comes in its way; it was meant to grow upwards, and so it is provided with tendrils. Every child of God has his tendrils about him—thoughts, and desires, and hopes, with which he hooks on to Christ and the promises. Though this is a very simple sort of faith, it is a very complete and effectual form of it, and, in fact, it is the heart of all faith, and that to which we are often driven when we are in deep trouble, or when sickly or depressed in spirit. We can cling when we can do nothing else, and that is the very soul of faith.

Another form of faith is this, in which a man depends upon another from a knowledge of the superiority of that other, and follows him. A blind man trusts himself with his guide because he knows that his friend can see; and trusting, he walks where his guide conducts him. This is as good an image of faith as well can be; we know that Jesus has about Him merit, and power, and blessing, which we do not possess, and therefore we gladly trust ourselves to Him, and He never betrays our confidence.—*Spurgeon.*

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