

but as united to Him, I share His blessing, and receive His life. When He came to be one with me He could not avoid the Cross, for the curse always points to the Cross as its end and fruit. And when I seek to be one with Him, I cannot avoid the Cross either, for nowhere but on the Cross are life and deliverance to be found. As inevitably as my curse pointed Him to the Cross as the only place where He could be fully united to me, His blessings point me to the Cross too as the only place where I can be united to Him. He took my cross for his own; I must take His Cross as my own; I must be crucified with Him. It is as I abide daily, deeply in Jesus the Crucified One, that I shall taste the sweetness of His love, the power of His life, the completeness of His salvation.

Beloved believer! it is a deep mystery, this of the Cross of Christ. I fear there are many Christians who are not content to look upon the Cross, with Christ on it dying for their sins, who have little heart for fellowship with the Crucified One. They hardly know that He invites them to it. Or they are content to consider the ordinary afflictions of life, which the children of the world often have as much as they, as their share of Christ's Cross. They have no conception of what it is to be crucified with Christ, that bearing the cross means likeness to Christ in the principles which animated Him in His path of obedience. The entire surrender of all self-will, the complete denial to the flesh of its every desire and pleasure, the perfect separation from the world in all its ways of thinking and acting, the losing and hating of one's life, the giving up of self and its interests for the sake of others,—this is the disposition which marks him who has taken up Christ's Cross, who seeks to say, 'I am crucified with Christ; I abide in Christ, the Crucified One.'

Wouldst thou in very deed please thy Lord, and live in as close fellowship with Him as His grace could maintain thee in, O pray that His Spirit lead thee into this blessed truth: this secret of the Lord for them that fear Him. We know how Peter knew and confessed Christ as the Son of the living God while the cross was still an offence (Matt. xvi. 16, 17, 21, 28). The faith that believes in the blood that pardons and the life that renews, can only reach its perfect growth as it abides beneath the Cross, and in living fellowship with Him seeks for perfect conformity with Jesus the Crucified.

O Jesus, our crucified Redeemer, teach us not only to believe on Thee, but to abide in Thee, to take Thy Cross not only as the ground of our pardon, but also as the law of our life. O teach us to love it not only because on it Thou didst bear our curse, but because on it we enter into the closest fellowship with Thyself, and we are crucified with Thee. And teach us, that as we yield ourselves wholly to be possessed of the Spirit in which Thou didst bear the Cross, we shall be made partakers of the power and the blessing to which the Cross alone gives access.

POVERTY AND POOR PREACHING.

The calamity which I stand in dread of, and which is, next to the withdrawal of the divine blessing, the greatest a church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the Gospel for other professions. "A scandalous maintenance," Matthew Henry says, "makes a scandalous ministry." And I will give you another equally true. "The poverty of the parsonage will develop itself in the poverty of the pulpit." I have no doubt about it. Genteel poverty, to which some ministers are doomed, is one of the greatest evils under the sun. To place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to open his hand as wide as his heart to the poor, to give his family good education, to bring them up in what

is called genteel life, and to deny him the means of doing so is enough, but for the hope of heaven, to embitter existence.

In the dread of debt, in many daily mortifications, in harassing fears as to what will become of his wife and children when his head lies in the grave, a man of cultivated mind and delicate sensibilities has trials to bear more painful than privations of the poor. It is a bitter cup, and my heart bleeds for brethren who have never told their sorrows, concealing under their cloak the fox that gnaws at their vitals.

CONVERSATION.

In conversation, as in any other accomplishment, if one wishes to excel, it is necessary to keep in practise; but there are persons with whom it is so emphatically the "ruling passion," that they "practise" at all times and in all places. It is nearly impossible to attend a concert without being annoyed during the execution of some of the finest parts by the buzzing tongues of these amateur conversationalists. Even at parties and church sociables one is frequently subjected to the same disturbances, and it is no less annoying to the performers than to those who are trying to listen; often it is equally unpleasant to the one to whom the conversation is addressed. Some one has said that "it is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into conversation with a man, the first thing you should consider is whether he wishes to hear you, or that you should hear him."

Narrow-minded and conceited persons are seldom pleasant companions in conversation. Michael Angelo once wrote under a student's drawing, the word "*Amplius*"—wider; and he who wishes to become a genuine conversationalist must be constantly widening himself in heart and mind. Not only is it necessary for him to have a fair knowledge of current literature and the leading events of the day, but he must have also thoughts and opinions, and that honesty that enables one to be at all times true to one's own convictions. Above all, he must cultivate that kindly tolerance and that wide sympathy with humanity that make one gentle and respectful toward the lowliest. "Bear this truth always in your mind," says Chesterfield, "that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any, but that nothing but your good sense and good qualities can make you beloved."—*Christian at Work.*

Missionary.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

As a rule those who go to preach Christ in heathen lands have to be content to sow in faith, trusting to God's promise that His word shall never return to Him void. Yet how cheering must be an incident such as we read lately in an account of the work of the early missionaries in New Zealand. In one of his Sunday visits to a place called Mawi, a missionary was asked to go and see a poor sick man. Tupapa was an aged chief, and his locks were grey, his countenance was elaborately tattooed, but the eminently handsome features seemed already fixed in death. Alas! what could he do, summoned thus only at the eleventh hour? He bent over the sufferer in deep sorrow of heart, and spoke to him of the Saviour, whose arm is mighty to save even at the solemn moment when life is ebbing away. The dying man tried to answer, but his pale blue lips refused to utter a single sound; again he tried, making a stronger effort, and this time succeeded. Intelligence and joy beamed

in the features which had seemed already stiffened in death, as raising his feeble arm, he let it fall upon his breast and exclaimed, "My mind is fixed on Christ as my Saviour." "How long have you been seeking Christ?" "Since I first heard of Him," he replied, "Christ is in my heart, and my soul is joyful." Mr. Davis (the missionary) urged him to keep fast hold of Christ, and to beware of the tempter. "I have no fear," he answered, "for Christ is with me." Mr. Davis read part of John xiv. to him, and prayed with him, after which Tupapa told him how he blessed God for sending his messengers to teach him what he must do to be saved, and that now he longed to depart. "Oh," he said, "I shall die to-day; this is the sacred day." The missionary could not adequately describe his own feelings. He thought he had come to witness the hopeless end of an ignorant savage; he found he was kneeling beside one of God's dear children, who was resting trustfully on His Almighty arm, even in the midst of the river of death.

But now take a glance at the other side of the picture and look at the difficulties of the work.

From the Rev. T. J. Lee Mayer, missionary at Bannu, on the Afghan frontier, comes the following very interesting account of bazaar preaching in the midst of fierce Mohammedan fanatics. The occasion was in February last, and the Bishop who was with him was the Bishop of Lahore, Dr. French:—

"We have had a visit from the Bishop and the Rev. R. Clark, who have refreshed our spirits and cheered our hearts. It was only a flying visit, but the Bishop gave a most interesting address to a fairly-filled meeting on 'Home Influence,' and another to the schoolboys, besides confirming the daughter of the Scripture teacher, Masih Dyal, and Abdul Masih's two sons, Ummed and Mirh Masih, who came in from Esa Kheyl on purpose. They both promise, I think, to follow their father, and gave me much pleasure in examining and preparing them for confirmation. We had our usual stormy meeting in the bazaar—a glorious listening crowd, again broken up by the bitter hostility of the mullahs (Moslem priests) and the violence of their disciples; however, I was very thankful the Bishop was not hurt. There were three or four thousand people in the bazaar, and they rather lost their heads, as they generally do when excited by fanatics.

"To-day, I had rather a quieter day, thanks to two policemen, who kindly prevented my books and person from being seized—which is all one wants. I don't at all mind a row, because I can generally get them quiet for a few moments, and put in the whole Gospel plan when once I get their attention; but when five or six fellows are tugging at one's clothes, and shoving one about like the crush at a football goal, it becomes rather difficult to keep one's footing, to say nothing of the thread of one's discourse.

"A few Sundays back, I was preaching on Paul's conversion, when a mullah, a very old and bitter opponent whom I had once or twice brought to a standstill in his arguments, again came up and began cursing me as usual, and hissing out the 'Kalima' in my face. [The Kalima is the Moslem creed, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet.'] I took hold of him by the sleeve and showed him to the people, and said, 'Paul was once such an one as our friend here, ever speaking against the Way, the Truth, and the Life, but when God revealed Jesus Christ to him, he became a changed man, and went about preaching the truths he once destroyed, which God grant you may do, old man.' It is not a thing one would always do, but I had the Christians, Benjamin and Masih Dyal, with me, and I invited them to pray for him, and, taking off my hat before the crowd, simply asked God to

change his seemed on the Kalima him since.

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