

HOW GOD COULD GET HIS SHARE.

A charming illustration of consecrated living appeared many years ago in a London periodical. It was the story of the Crossley family in its very humble beginnings, and in its marvellous attainment in Christian beneficence. The main points of the narrative are as follow:—

At the close of the eighteenth century a farmer's daughter left her home in Yorkshire, England, to go as servant in a farmhouse. She had to fill the places at once of kitchen-maid, house-maid, milk-maid, and cook. She milked six cows morning and evening, besides all else; and when she found leisure beyond these services she occupied herself in spinning wool. But with all that was lowly and unpromising in this young woman's life she had a genuine piety. She had been brought up with the Bible as her guide, and with the pure and noble ideas which belong to Christian education. In the course of time she was engaged to marry a young weaver of Halifax, whose name was John Crossley. They married at length, and settled down to a life of honest industry. Crossley was frugal and thrifty. He got on well, laid by his earnings, and at length was able to rent a wool-mill and dwelling-house. When the couple were about entering their new quarters, a holy purpose of consecration took possession of the young wife. On the day of entering the house she rose at four o'clock in the morning and went into the door-yard. There in the early twilight, before entering the house, she knelt on the ground and gave her life anew to God. She vowed most solemnly in these words, "If the Lord does bless me at this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

That grand act of consecration was the germ of a life of marvellous nobility. It was the law of this home for many years, while sons were born and grown up under its ennobling influence. John Crossley died, leaving a comfortable property and a good name. The widow lived on to old age, and would never consent to remove from her first home to a better one. The sons carried on their father's business, educated and controlled by the spirit of the mother's early vow. One of the younger sons became a baronet and member of Parliament for the West Riding. In his mature life he said, "It is to this vow, made and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success of my father in business. My mother was always looking how she could best keep her vow."

The Crossleys grew rich and great. The sons of the kitchen-maid became owners of mills which covered acres of ground. These structures rose, storey above storey, in solid masses. The work-people were increased to the number of four or five thousand. The good old mother became alarmed, and said that such large operations were dangerous, and that a crash would come. The sons answered, "No, we are well insured. 'Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty.' This is our policy of insurance."

In 1853 one of these sons was in America. On seeing a fine landscape at sunset the glory of the sky entered his heart, and he asked himself, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" The answer of this question was the purchase of land for a People's Park, after his return home, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. The park was given to the town of Halifax. At length two spacious almshouses were built and endowed by two of these brothers. Then came a row of workmen's dwelling-houses, then an orphanage, and besides these any number of less conspicuous charities.

This story carries its lesson on its face. This magnificent beneficence was the outcome of *proportionate giving*. It was the fruit of systematic benevolence—of the regular allotting of a certain portion of one's income to Christian charity. It was simply dealing honestly with God, and giving Him the fair reckoning of His own husbandry.

Put this Christian squareness into a thousand business men, give them the vow of the young wife, give them the fidelity of that mother who was always looking to see how she could keep her vow, give them a spirit of absolute, persistent consecration, and the results would be startling. The Lord's treasury would be full, for He would then be able to give the increase of a hundred-fold, and not have it wrested from His service by the selfishness of a half consecration. Fill our churches with women as noble as that kitchen-

maid, and our places of business with such boys as she reared, and the salvation of God would soon sweep round the earth in a tidal wave, wrapping a redeemed world.

YET A LITTLE WHILE.

There is a wondrous healing power in "a little while." A little while, and the tears of childhood give place to smiles of joy; a little while, and the weariness of the toiler is exchanged for repose and refreshment; a little while, and the hour of temptation is past, and he who was sore oppressed by the adversary raises his thanksgiving to God, who giveth the victory; a little while, and the power of the oppressor is broken, and deliverance comes to the loyal, trusting soul; a little while, and the bitter days of tribulation are done, and the heart, tossed, troubled, and discouraged, finds repose in the providence and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; a little while, and the anguish of bereavement is assuaged, the broken heart bound up, the sorrowing soul made glad, and the discouraged one goes forward in the strength of God; a little while, and the weary pilgrimage is ended, the fight is won, and the victory gained.

"A little while, and ye shall see Me," said the Saviour to His sorrowing disciples. "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry," is the testimony, of faith to the struggling, trusting Church.

Let us rejoice in Him who thus gives us everlasting consolation, and though the time to us seems long, and the years seem weary, yet our gracious Lord ever whispers in our ears, "Yet a little while." Blessed are they who can trust His precious word, and can believe that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*Christian*.

PATIENCE IS POWER.

The lion was caught in the toils of the hunter. The more he tugged, the more his feet got tangled; when a little mouse heard his roaring, and said if his majesty would not hurt him, he thought he could release him. At first the king of beasts took no notice of such a contemptible ally; but at last, like other proud spirits in trouble, he allowed his tiny friend to do as he pleased. So, one by one, the mouse nibbled through the cords, till he had set free first one foot and then another, and then another, and then all the four, and with a growl of hearty gratitude the king of the forest acknowledged that the patient in spirit is sometimes stronger than the proud in spirit. And it is beautiful to see how, when some sturdy nature is involved in perplexity, and by its violence and vociferation is only wasting its strength without forwarding its escape, there will come in some timely sympathy, mild and gentle, and will suggest the simple extrication, or, by soothing vehemence down into his own tranquillity, will set him on the way to effect his self-deliverance. Even so, all through the range of philanthropy, patience is power.

DILIGENT TO THE END.

John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet." Eighty years of age, and bed-ridden? Who after this can plead their inability to do good?

GRADUALLY.

"Come thou into the ark." It is one of the devices of the Destroyer to delude you into fancying that no very decided step is necessary. He is very fond of the word "gradually." You are to become more earnest—gradually. You are to find salvation—gradually. You are to turn your mind to God—gradually. Did you ever think that God never once uses this word or anything like it? Neither the word nor the sense of it occurs in any way in the whole Bible with reference to salvation.—*F. R. Havergal*.

MISSION NOTES.

MR. LARNED, of the American Board Mission in Japan, writes that on one Sabbath of April, fifteen converts were received into the Kioto churches, seven of whom were from the Training School, and six from the Girls' School.

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, Director of the China Inland Mission, writes from Shanghai, April 18th, that not less than 200 persons have been converted during the past year as the direct result of the work, and about 130 have joined the native churches by baptism. The work has extended to the capital cities of three important provinces. From the commencement more than 13,000 Chinese have been baptized in connection with this Mission, which has now entered every province of China except one, that of Kwangsi, and contributions have been made for the purpose of entering that province, one lady giving £200 for this purpose.

THE Rev. W. Griffith, of the London Society's Mission on Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa, has paid a visit of exploration to Ugoma, on the south-west shores of the lake. He was welcomed by the Wagoma, and, on landing, was requested to visit Chief Kabanda immediately. Kabanda, in his red *Yoho* and white turban, gave him a very friendly reception, holding his hand a long time, and they sat down in a hut for a long conversation. Kabanda said he wanted white men to come and live in this country, and had been on the point of visiting Mtowa for this purpose. He asked for charms to gather more people together, and for a medicine charm to destroy the lions and leopards, which were killing his subjects. He also wanted him to come and kill the elephants, which trampled the corn fields. The Wagoma are not a numerous people. Their chief occupations are fishing and the chase. They believe in witchcraft, which leads to horrid practices. A short journey inland from Ugoma lie the populous plains of Ubudjwe, where slaves are brought across the lake.

THE Rev. H. Rice, of the Church of Scotland Mission in Madras, believes that many Hindus who make no public confession and are not baptized die Christians. He gives a recent case. "A Brahmin, who had been accustomed to see me and to attend the English addresses occasionally, suddenly fell sick and was not expected to live. Shortly before his death he expressed a desire to see me. I went and saw him, and asked if I might read and pray with him. He expressed great pleasure, and there in the inner room of a Brahmin house, in the midst of his heathen friends and relatives, I read to him John xiv. and prayed. I was much gratified by seeing the comfort which his simple faith afforded. After I returned home, I sent him two illuminated Scripture texts, which he caused to be hung on the wall close by his death-bed. Not many days after he died, and one of the last things he said before he lost consciousness was to point to one of the texts hanging on the wall—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—as the foundation of his hope."

THE missionaries (this is what they call themselves) sent out by the Oxford Mission to India are, it appears, causing dissensions among the Bengalee native Christians, than whom no people were more united. Much was hoped from these converts, between whom the bond of common nationality and common fellowship was unusually strong; but the Oxford missionaries are avowed Ritualists, and they have been busily engaged in inculcating their views and in introducing their practices. The Indian "Witness" says that they have been quite successful in this, and that they have uniformly ignored other bodies of Christians, their idea of Christian union being to induce everybody to come into their Church. It also says that "a Bengalee pastor of a Church Missionary Society congregation has adopted their views, and many Bengalee Christians are said to be inclining in the same direction. The result," it continues, "will be a disruption of ties hallowed by years of peaceful fellowship. The common brotherhood must be broken up. The united company of Bengalee believers can no longer unite together at the Lord's table, and thus schism is perfected by those who make it one of their chief tenets to warn all Christians against schismatics. The alarm has been sounded, though somewhat late, and it now looks as if the Bengalee Christians of Calcutta would be divided into camps, sacerdotalists and evangelicals."