

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy
eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to
live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life.
Armor me for conflict now, fresh vigor
give,
And make me more than conqueror in
the strife.

Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remould the stubborn
will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections
twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
Use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
—Ellen Elizabeth Burman.

HIS OWN REFERENCE BIBLE.

What seems an incredible story of a home-made reference Bible is told by William Wetherald, a pioneer minister of the Friends' Church in Canada.

"When I bought my first Bible I set to work to make a reference Bible, and for seven years I kept up this work of marking the references, until one day I found I could buy one cheaply.

"But the knowledge of the Bible I gained in this attempt has been of such value to me that I think it was the best thing my heart ever turned to, to try to make a reference Bible. For seven years I did not get more than four hours' sleep on an average."

MANY books in my library are now behind and beneath me. They were good in their way once, and so were the clothes I wore when I was ten years old; but I have outgrown them. Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years.—C. H. Spurgeon.

If we would grow like Christ, we must keep him steadily before us. Did you ever watch a child taking a lesson in model-drawing? Never two strokes of the pencil without a glance at the model. And the first law of the imitation of Christ is just this—"looking unto Jesus." We must fix our eyes upon him; we must hold him steadily in our hearts and in our minds, until, just as the sunlight prints the object on the sensitized plate of the camera, so we, "beholding, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." Supernatural! Yes, and yet very natural, too. We grow like those we live with, those we love; every day beholding we are transformed, and the same law holds here. If we are so little like Christ, is it not because we are so little with Christ?—Rev. George Jackson.

A FAMOUS preacher once gave the following a,t illustration: "It is instructive how each living thing takes from the sunbeam what it wants—one its aroma, another its color, a third its luscious taste. So should we extract from Christ whatever we require to complete our character. The short-tempered must take patience; the passionate, purity; the cowardly, moral strength; the domineering, patience; the downcast, comfort."

Very few will now read Paley's *Evidences* or Butler's *Analogy*, yet seldom have Christian Evidences been read more or with keener scrutiny than to-day. Only they are not those bound in boards, calf, or morocco, but in silk, winey, brocade and fustian. They do not stand in silent rows on wood shelves, but are sitting under the Gospel on Sunday, and moving in home, office, shop, or mart on every other day. The only Christian evidences read by thousands to-day are the men and women who claim to be Christians.—Thos. Waugh.

A FAMOUS artist once wandering in the mountains of Switzerland met some officials who demanded his passport. "It is not with me, but my name is Doré," "Prove it, if you are," replied the incredulous officers. Taking a piece of paper Doré hastily sketched a group of peasants standing by with such grace and skill that the men of the law exclaimed, "Enough, you must be Doré." "Write your name," is the challenge of the world to the follower of Christ. No awkward scrawl of a worldly life will do. Nothing but the grace and beauty of a character born of God will convince men that our profession is true.—Rev. Herbert W. Lathé, in "Chosen of God."

WORDS, more than all else, indicate our mental poverty or wealth, as well as our mental culture and refinement. The pretty girl whose sole adjective is "cute," and the young man on the football team whose sole adjective is "great," seem like intellectual paupers, with but one poor little rag of a word to do duty on all occasions in life. Many people who would be mortified at appearing unsuitably or unfashionably clad, will nevertheless go on all their lives with a verbal wardrobe so meagre, ill-assorted, and slovenly, that every idea they possess wears always the selfsame garment. The dinner and the mountain are alike "splendid," the pug dog and the sunset are alike "lovely."

I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect; all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized—it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a young man precious than metal. Many a form soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while warm with the love and glow of

early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.—Canon Teignmouth Shore.

At the vulnerable point is the spot to post the sentinel! We must watch and pray right there. Beware of the sin that has a handsome face and a smooth tongue. Look out for the sin that says, "Oh, I am only a little one;" sins are never content to be babies. Look out for temptations that jump with your natural inclinations. It is often an ambition for distinction than indolence that tempts a minister into the vice of plagiarism. To young Christians I would say—form no intimacy that lowers the tone of your religion. Keep away from places and from amusement—however attractive—that soil your conscience, and weaken your love of Christ, and unfit you for prayer, and doing your whole duty. You can ask Jesus Christ to be with you, and to go with you everywhere else except where you enter into temptation.—Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler.

DOES your spirit faint? The Divine promises are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision, and the thirstiest wilderness will become an Elin, with palm trees and wells of water.—Andrew Geikie.

SOME people seem to take a morbid delight in making themselves and other people miserable. If they have no real troubles to worry about, they manufacture artificial ones, and their mills never shut down. They grind out just about so much misery, whether the market is brisk or dull. They are like old, rusty pianos, that have not been tuned for forty years. They are so full of discordant elements that no harmony can be evoked from them. Play on any key and you evoke nothing but a jangle. They whine and sigh, but they never sing. And yet a Christian, above all others, should be forever singing at the heart. A sure recipe for cheerfulness is to be always on the alert for some pleasant thing that may happen to us. A washer-woman in a miserable tenement house was asked how she kept singing in her disheartening surroundings. "Oh, because there is always a breeze in our alley." She might have said it was because she had a singing heart within her. To every such soul God giveth songs in the night.—Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in *Preachers' Magazine*.