

"In whom we have  
**R E D E M P T I O N**  
 through his blood,  
 even  
 the forgiveness of sins."

**BEWARE OF WORLDLY COMPROMISE.**

**I**T is getting to be too much the fashion to compromise. A compromise may do in politics - though even there it rarely works well long. But, as some one has well said, "on moral and religious questions a compromise is treason to the right." La Fayette once illuminated the compromise in this way: "Two men get into an altercation about arithmetic. Twice two are four, says one stoutly. No, replies the other, twice two are six. Both are unyielding, and the dispute waxes warm. A third person approaches, and lays a hand gently on each. Gentlemen, he says, reason is not infallible. The wisest and best men have erred. We are all prone to rush to extremes. You, my friend, affirm that twice two are four. You, who are equally my friend, affirm that twice two are six. Compromise, my friends, compromise. Meet each other half way. Agree to say, hereafter, twice two are *five*."

It is thus that too many Christians are trying to compromise. God says, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with *all* thy heart, and with *all* thy soul, and with *all* thy mind. The compromising Christian says, "I will love Him with *half* my heart and with the other half I will love the world." Compromising Christians go further. They go with the world and pursue their pleasures six and a-half days of the week, and quiet their consciences by a half day's attendance at church, when the weather is fine and they feel in the right mood. Their piety hath this extent, no more.

—N. Y. Guardian.

• Come to the meeting in the Member's Parlor to-morrow, Sunday 6th, at 3 p.m.



**THE GRAIN AND THE GRIT.**

With pleasure I mark how the fowl takes her food,  
 With instinct, by God, her Creator, endued:  
 Though greedy for grain, yet on guard against hurt,  
 She ricks up the seed and she shakes off the dirt.

The grain she rejects not, because of the grit,  
 But, cleansing it first, she disdains not a bit;  
 The dirt she refuses, but freely she feeds  
 On any choice morsels, or nourishing seeds.

What careful discretion in her do I see!  
 But am I as wise in my feeding as she?  
 Know I how to gather the Truth's precious seed,  
 For strength, for refreshment, and grace in my need?

The pure, incorruptible, seed of the Word,  
 By which I have life, and with blessing have heard,  
 By God has been given the soul to sustain,  
 And, coming from Him, it is all go den grain.

But, may-be, the servant who scatters the seed,  
 To keep it in pureness has not ta'en heed;  
 And so, with the grain, he may mingle some dirt,  
 Which, if I should swallow, would do me some hurt.

Then, what shall I do? Why, take heed *what* I hear,  
 The grain from the grit and the gravel keep clear;  
 Thus, feed on the food which the Lord doth provide,  
 And cast all the rubbish and refuse aside.

So shall I use rightly my circumcis'd ear,  
 While watching my heart as to *how* I should hear;  
 All things must I prove, but the good only hold,  
 And treasure the Truth that's more precious than gold. [Selected.]

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. v. 21.)

"Take heed, *what* ye hear." (Mark iv. 24.)

"Take heed *how* ye hear." (Luke viii. 18.)

"The ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat." (Job xxxiv. 3.)