

trembling hands, she bares her bosom; and caught, to use St. Paul's words, by guile, the infant, seeking its accustomed pleasure, runs into her arms. She saved her child by addressing its self-love. And so, also, was one saved who, where a bridge thrown from rock to rock spans a yawning chasm, was wont to lie over watching the waters that, ground into snowy foam, rushed, and whirled, and roared below. A servant found the urchin on his way from school hanging over the dizzy ledge, and so absorbed in the strange pleasure as not to notice the other's approach. Clutching him, as the hawk her prey, he seized the boy, and raising, held him out for a moment at arm's length over the brink of death. The dreadful experiment had the desired effect. The fright cured him; and, indeed, when that boy had grown into a man he used to tell that he never passed the place without recollections that made him shudder.

Now, dealing with us not as angels, which we are not, not as unfallen, but as sinful, disobedient, headstrong, and foolish children, God does employ means like these. He addresses himself to our self-love—to our taste for pleasure, and our dread of pain. Unwilling that any should perish, like a father or mother in such circumstances, He loves us too well to leave any argument untried; therefore heaven has been revealed, that its palms, and crowns, and thrones, might draw us to God; and the pit also has opened, that the worm that never dieth, and the flames that are never quenched, and poor wretches gnawing their tongues and gnashing their teeth might scare away the thoughtless and turn them from the paths of sin. Therefore, Jesus also, lover of our souls, presents salvation in the form of a matter of profit and loss. Making such an appeal as does a father who implores his son, if he will not regard his father's and mother's feelings, to look to his own interests, and think of the misery and ruin which his sins and follies will bring on himself, Jesus asks, and I would urge you all to consider and answer the question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Therefore God also puts these solemn, awful questions, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Would God men would look these questions in the face, and flee to Christ's open arms, hasting from the wrath to come nor long, perhaps, to come! There is but a step between us and the grave.

Nor is it to this only, or chiefly, that our heavenly Father appeals. Take the Apostle Paul as a type of the Christian! His strongest passion was the love of Christ. Gratitude for His salvation, affection for His person, admiration of His character, regard to His will and honour, His crown and kingdom, these constrained him to love, not himself, but Him who died for him and rose again. And what motive nobler, tenderer, than that love to God, to Christ, to saints, to sinners, to friends, to foes, under the influence of which all come on entering into a state of grace! In leaving sin we leave selfishness; the less sinful we become, in that very proportion we become the less selfish. The whole case is related in the story of the prodigal. The pangs of hunger, his shame, his ragged misery, death in prospect, with no gentle forms by his side, or kind hands to wipe his brow, and close his eyes, and give his poor body decent burial, these troubles, no doubt, turned his thoughts homeward, and, blessed of God, led to the reflection, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." As ships run before the stern to anchor-ground and sheltering bay, he made for home, if I may say so, through stress of weather; and, as when the tempest-tossed have reached the desired haven, how sweet the change—fatted calf for swinish husks, that goodly robe for rags, the flowing bowl, and merry music, and gay dancers for the neglect and wretchedness to which his harlots and boon companions had left him—first their slave and then their victim! Yet it was not these home pleasures that kept him there: but love for that loving father, who, forgiving all, had folded him to his bosom, and bathed his face with tears of overflowing joy, and, glad to have a long-lost son restored, had assembled the neighbours to share his happiness; for the grave had given up its prey—he that was dead was alive again, he that had been lost was found.

Love is the chain that binds us to the throne of God, each to all and all to each. May its golden links be strengthened!

Gift to be coveted above all others, rather than eloquence lofty as angels' speech, than power to pluck mountains from their roots and cast them into the boiling sea, than knowledge that penetrates into the deepest mysteries and climbs to the heights of heaven, than the courage that wins the martyr's crown at a burning stake, than the faith that tramples death beneath its feet, than the hope that, stretched on a dying bed lays a mortal hand on an immortal crown, rather far than these, give me the love that dwells, dove-like, in many a lowly bosom, and turns the rudest cabin into a little heaven. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." St. Paul crowns her queen; and so I say, with this apostle elsewhere, "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another. . . . And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

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DEW-DROPS.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry-goods store, "you must give me extra measure; your master is not in." Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto—"My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.—*S. S. World.*

"Poor old fellow! he can hardly get along; let's lend him a hand." And so the boys did; and the old man, with the help of the two lads, soon got his truck to the top of the hill. Are there any whose load you lighten, any to whom you are a comfort?

A poor wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched at his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand on his head she said to him, "If this is death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the dark valley and shadow of death. And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier boy's soul had gone up to its God.

An old German minister is said to have prayed, "O Lord, when I try to do a little thing for Thee, and give up something near to my heart, Thou comest and givest me back a thousand times as much?"

HE REDEEMED ME.

A GENTLEMAN had paid his money for the ransom of a slave, and had given her her freedom. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment which her deliverer brought to prove it to her; she only looked at him with fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it did dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath, "I will follow him," she said, "I will follow him; I will serve him all my days." And to every reason against it she only cried, "He redeemed me! he redeemed me! he redeemed me!"

When strangers used to visit that master's house and noticed—as all did—the loving, constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—"He redeemed me! he redeemed me! he redeemed me!"

Is this your motive power for serving God—"He redeemed me?" or is it only, "Well, I hope I may yet be found among the redeemed, and meanwhile I do the best I can?" Wretched slavery, with the chain of death or doubt hanging on the limb! Rather take God at His word now, and joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant."