

QUIET LIVES.

Christ's lowly quiet workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their business or their household work. And all day long they as they toil they drop gentle words from their lips and scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth and along the hard paths of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scriptures the lives of God's people in this world are compared in their influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but especial noteworthy is the quiet manner in which dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It chooses the darkness of night, when men are sleeping and when no man can witness its beautiful work. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosoms of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and the tender herbs and plants. And in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, and the gardens are more fragrant, all life glows and sparkles with a new splendor.

And is there no lesson here as to the manner in which we should do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than to be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and so secretly that no one should know what hand dropped them?

DIED FOR US

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—1 Thessa. v. 9, 10.

Died for us? Who else ever did as much for you? Who else ever loved you as much? Only think, now, what it really means, because it is really true, and surely it is most horribly ungrateful when one for whom such a great thing has been done does not even think about it.

You would think it hard to be punished for some one else's fault; but this is exactly what our dear Saviour did—let himself be punished for your fault, instead of you.

Suppose some cruel man were going to cut off your leg, what would you think if

your brother came and said, "No; chop mine off instead?" But that would not be dying for you. And our Lord Jesus Christ died for you.

It was the very most He could do to shew His exceeding great love to you. He was not obliged to go through with it; He might have come down from the cross at any moment. The nails could not have kept him there an instant longer than He chose; His love and pity were the real nails that nailed him fast to the cross till the very end; till he could say, "It is finished; till He *"died"* for us.

It was not only because He loved His Father that He did it, but because He loved us; for the text goes on; "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with Him." So he loved us so much that He wanted us to live together with Him; and as no sin can enter His holy and beautiful home, He knew our sins must be taken away before we could go there.

And only blood could take away sin, only death could atone for it; and so He bled that we might be washed in His most precious blood; He died, "that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with Him."

"There is a word I fain would speak,
Jesus died!

O eyes that weep and hearts that break,
Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string
Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring;

Oh, may I always love to sing,
'Jesus died! Jesus died!

THE LAST FLIGHT.

Sorrow and sighing are often the Christian's convoy on earth, but they quit him for a better convoy the moment the disembodied spirit escapes from its earthly tabernacle.

O think!—to step on shore, and that shore heaven—to take hold of a hand and find it God's hand—to breathe a new air and find it celestial air—to feel invigorated and find it immortality! O think!—to pass from a storm and tempest for one unbroken rest—to wake up and find it glory!

"My heart is resting, O my God!

I will give thanks and sing;

My heart is at the source

Of every precious thing."

—Mrs. Charlesworth.