Consecrated Lives.

BY D. L. MOODY.

In the 25th chapter of Exodus we read: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them; gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' *hair*, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood. Oil for the light, spices for anointing-oil, and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. And let them make me a sanctuary: that I may dwell among them. According to all that I show thee, *after* the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it."

Two things you notice here: The children of Israel were to give willingly, and to give with the heart. Every man, woman, and child was to do something. If a man had gold, he was to bring it; if he had no gold, and had silver he was to bring that; if he had neither gold nor silver he was to bring brass, is he could. Gold has no value in heaven. It is so common up there that they pave the streets with it. Better gold than you ever saw here, too. I am glad the goats' hair is mentioned, for some little child who had neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, might be able to pick up two or three little goats' hairs, which would be just as acceptable in God's sight as the rich man's bag of gold.

The point of the narrative is that every one did something. You go now to a Christian and ask him to go into the harvest field to work for Christ and he will tell you he hasn't time, he hasn't tact, hasn't talent. There is a good deal of talk in these days about leanness. Of course a man will be lean who hoards. It is the liberal soul that shall be made fat. In regard to this leanness of which we hear, I have a Scotch friend who says it would be a great deal more honest if people would talk about their laziness. You say you haven't strength. But God doesn't want your strength. He can use your weakness. Paul tells us, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, five things that God hath chosen to carry on His work in the world, not one of which we would have selected: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen: yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh shall glory in his presence." Five things: foolish, weak, base, despised, and things that are not—these are God's instruments. When God wants a man to write a book that should stand next to the Bible in influence he didn't send up to Oxford or Cambridge and select some learned professor, but he converted a poor drunken tinker, and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the result.

There was weeping in heaven once. John, the beloved disciple, wept because there was no one worthy to open the book which was sealed with seven seals. He says: "I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof."

The trouble with men is that they are all the time longing after more great things. They want a great church and a great preacher and a great choir—great, great, great all the time. I wish we could get small enough and weak enough for God to use us. A pastor says to Mrs. Brown: "Will you please call on Mrs. Jones? She has just lost her husband, and as you have been in the school of affliction I wish you would go and read a chapter to her and pray with her." "Oh, pastor, I can't do that. I am not competent." We all apologize and begin to make excuses.

Some time ago a friend sent me a little tract entitled: "What is That in Thine Hand?" The writer speaks of Moses, who was like many of our church-members. He began to apologize; he was not eloquent. They wouldn't believe him when he went down to Egypt. "What is that in thine hand?" asked the Lord. Only a cane, a shepherd's crook, that I cut one day when I was out in the fields." "With that thou shalt do signs." And now I imagine Moses starting down to Egypt. One morning he meets one of his neighbors near Horeb, a New York free-thinker. "Where are you going, Moses?" "Down to Egypt." "Why, you haven't been there in forty years, have you?" "No." "What are you going down there for?" "To set at liberty the three million slaves." "You, going to set free three million slaves? Why do you know that they are crown property, and are considered the most valuable property in all Egypt? They built the pyramids and all the public buildings. Say, Moses, how you going to do it?" "With this rod." "What, that dried-up stick? Well, I wish you success. Good day." I think if there had been a lunatic asylum near there they would have put Moses in it. Crazy man, to expect to free a nation with a little stick! Why, we had three million slaves in this country not long ago, and it cost a mint of money and 500,000 valuable lives, the flower of the land north and south, and four years of bloody conflict.

I see Moses stand before Pharaoh: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go." "Who is your God?" asks Pharaoh, with a sneer. "The God of this rod." "Well, I am not afraid of a God of a rod." And Moses just goes out and shakes the rod over the waters, and they are changed into blood. And again Moses stands before Pharaoh. "Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go. If you do not I will send frogs over the land." "Frogs? I am not afraid of frogs." "But Pharaoh, there'll be a good many of them if they come." That old rod was just stretched over the waters and there were frogs everywhere. Nothing but frogs, frogs, frogs. Frogs in the waters, frogs in the kneading troughs, frogs in the bread. You couldn't step without stepping on a frog. When God linked his powers to that rod it was more terrible than an army of infantry and cavalry: more effective than all the battering rams that ever were made. It separated the Red Sea, and brought water from the flinty rock.

Look again at Samson smiting 1,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had no trusty Damascus blade or Winchester rifle. He used what he could get, and God blessed him. Now it takes about 1,000 to whip one to flight. The order is being reversed, you see.

Take Gideon as an illustration of how God uses weak things to confound the mighty. With 32,000 men he must meet Midian with 135,000 men. I presume Gideon thought he had too few and was anxious to secure new recruits. "But there are too many," says the Lord. "Issue a proclamation letting all the doubtful ones and all who fear go home to their wives and mothers." And 22,000 went to the rear. Suppose that I should say this morning that all the Christians who are doubtful and unbelieving might go home, and two-thirds of the audience should rise and go out, you would say: "Well, Moody has done it now. He has made a mistake. See what we have lost." I am not so sure that it would be a loss. I believe that the doubters in the camp, who are always predicting failure and criticising the leaders, do more injury to the cause of Christ than all the infidels in the world. But still the army was too large, and the Lord told Gideon to test them at the brook, and to reject all who lay down to drink. What was the result? Ninety-seven hundred lay down, and that is the last we ever hear of them. Three hundred men, with empty pitchers and little lamps; but they cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and Midian's army is routed. Not very many men, not very powerful weapons; but God used them to overcome a powerful enemy. You can set a city on fire with a tallow-tip.

Never try to be somebody else. Be yourself and do your best. David in Saul's armor was helpless. David with his boy's sling killed Goliath. Do not despise the day of small things. I was the guest one Sunday where there was a daughter who told me that she was a Christian. When I asked her what she was doing for the Master, she told me that she had a class in Sunday-school. That was excellent, I said, for I knew no better work for young Christians than teaching children. "What time is your Sunday-school?" "Three o'clock." But when I began to speak at three o'clock I saw my young friend in the audience. In the evening I said to her: "I thought you had a Sunday-school class." "I have." "But you weren't there to-day." "No; I went to hear you speak." "Did you have a substitute." "No, sir." "Did you tell the superintendent you were going to be absent?" "No, sir." "Did you tell the class?" "No, sir." "How do you know they had a teacher?" "I don't think they did, for I saw most of our teachers and substitutes at your meeting. But, then, Mr. Moody, it doesn't make much difference. I only have little boys in my class, and it doesn't matter much if I skip a Sunday now and then." "Well, my dear friend," I said, "if that is your idea of teaching, I think you have a good deal to learn. Only five boys! Do you know that in the tow-headed boy who troubles you so much there may be slumbering a Martin Luther, or a John Knox, that will shake the earth?"

Mrs. Wesley was not very well known, perhaps, when living, but she is pretty well known now, and it all came about by the training of her two boys for Christ. Eternity alone will reveal what has resulted from her humble work. Mary of Bethany did not know that she was doing a very great work when she anointed her Saviour. I presume if the reporters had been sent out from Jerusalem to report the most memorable occurrence in that little village, they would have said: "That won't interest the people of Jerusalem," and they wouldn't have given a line to it. Simply the breaking of an alabaster box of ointment; but the story of that anointing is printed to-day in 350 languages, and is known wherever the gospel of Christ is preached. I would rather have the eulogy pronounced by the Saviour over that woman's work repeated at my funeral, if it could be done truthfully: "She hath done what she could," than to have a monument of gold erected over my grave reaching from earth to heaven.

One other thought. What we are to do must be done quickly. God calls us. It is false to say that it is. I don't do the work somebody else will. No one will do my work; no one will do your work. A young girl from a wealthy home in the city went to a fashionable seminary. One of the teachers, an earnest Christian woman, said to herself: "I will try to win that girl to the Saviour, for if she gives her heart to Him there is a great field of usefulness before her." And so she began first by winning her to herself. If we are peevish and cross and hateful and disagreeable, and say mean, cutting things about others, we can't expect to win them to Christ. First the teacher won her affections, and then she led her to Jesus. But she did more than that: she taught her to work for her Master. Do you know I think sometimes it is cruel to take young Christians into the church and leave them without any instructions in regard to working for others, and then no broad them for not growing in grace. Take them into the harvest field, teach them the luxury of saving souls. Show them how to live for God.

This young lady won quite a number of souls while in the seminary; and when she returned to her home she seemed to have lost all interest in her old fashionable life. Her father and mother were anxious about her and got up several parties for her benefit; but her heart was not in this life now. She had no taste for the pleasures of the world. She wanted to do something for Christ; and she went to the superintendent of the Sabbath school and asked him if he could give her a class to teach. He looked at her in surprise, knowing her family well, and told her that he had more teachers than he knew what to do with. But she was not discouraged. One day when she was out walking she saw a little boy run out of a shoemaker's shop pursued by the angry shoemaker wearing his leather apron and carrying a wooden last in his hand. The boy ran faster than the old man; and finally, in his rage, the shoemaker threw the last at the boy and hit him.

After the shoemaker went back to his shop the lad stopped running, and the young lady saw that he was crying. He had been hurt. Something, doubtless the Spirit of God, prompted her to go up and speak to that boy. A voice came to her, "There's your work." "Are you hurt?" she asked him kindly. He wasn't accustomed to being addressed in that way by ladies; and he told her, promptly, "None of your business." It wasn't any of her business whether he was hurt; that concerned him and the shoemaker. But the woman thought it was her business to win his confidence. "Do you go to school?" "No, I peddle apples." "Do you go to Sunday school?" "No, I don't know what that is." "Will you come to my Sunday school?" "No; the boys will laugh at me. I can't read." "You needn't read. I will tell you pretty stories, and you will be the only scholar in my class." Well, he agreed to meet her at a certain corner on Sunday morning. She was rather fearful lest he should disappoint her; but there he was, ragged, barefooted, with dirty face and hair uncombed, but a diamond that might be polished for the Master's crown.

"Here's my class," said the noble young woman, as they marched up to the superintendent's desk. "Will you tell me where we may sit?" The superintendent was more surprised than he was when she asked to have a class to teach. You see this kind of work was a novelty in that school. It hadn't been reaching out after the lost. This was a small beginning wasn't it? But it was a work in which an angel from heaven, or a redeemed saint, if one could return, might rejoice to be engaged. It was in the summer-time, and many of the girls wore white dresses. The boy had never seen such a pretty sight, and when he got home he told his mother that he had been to heaven. She knew that it was a Protestant Sunday-school and was very angry. When her husband came home she told him, and he threatened to flog the boy if he went there again. The next Sunday he went, and when he got home the father flogged him. The second Sunday he went, and the father flogged him again. The third Sunday he went and took his flogging. Finally the boy said: "Father, wouldn't you as soon flog me in the morning before I go to Sunday school, so that I won't be thinking about it all the time I'm gone?"

At last the father tried milder measures. He promised the boy all he earned Saturday afternoon, or a half-holiday, if he would stay from the Sunday-school. The teacher had won that boy's affections. He would do anything for her. I heard of another noble young girl in London, the daughter of a wealthy man, who spent Saturday afternoons reading to a poor Scotchman in order to keep him from the temptation to drink. But first it became necessary for her to learn Gaelic that she might read to him in his native tongue. Well, this boy went to the teacher and said: "My father has promised me half a day Saturday, if I won't go to the Sunday-school. Now we only have an hour on Sunday morning, and if you will teach me Saturday afternoon, we can have several hours. Will you do it?" Do you know of any wealthy young lady in New York who would give up every Saturday afternoon to such a work?

"I will do it," she said. And when her friends invited her to parties or to go driving she would excuse herself by pleading a previous engagement. When callers came she was engaged. And so the days and the weeks went on. The boy was clean when he came to see her now. She had gotten better clothes for him. Sometimes his new friend would read to him; sometimes they would go driving together. Her influence soon began to tell on him. He gave his heart to Jesus. The light of heaven filled his soul; but he didn't care to tell his parents yet. One day when he was peddling apples on the train the engine started, and he lost his footing and fell under the wheels. Several cars ran over his legs. They sent for a surgeon; and the first question the boy asked was, "Will I live to get home?" "No, my boy: I am sorry to say you are dying." "Well, doctor—doctor, will you tell—tell father and mother that I died a Christian—that I died a Christian, and want to meet them in heaven?" In a moment the boy had passed away.

Do you think that teacher's life was a failure? Do you think she will be a stranger in heaven? No, there will be at least one friend to welcome her home. I just see him standing at the gate, ready to take the hand that led him to Christ. God give us a passion for souls! Do not wait for your minister to find you a work to do. Begin where you are. Go ahead and God will open a way before you.—*The Independent.*

Change of Heart—The Remedy.

A. J. GORDON, D. D.

"Why don't you preach against theatre going?" somebody asked me, intimating that this was an open habit among Christians. "Why don't you preach against Sunday pleasure-driving?" asks another. "And why don't you denounce the sin of Christian men selling liquor, or renting their stores for others to sell it?" asks still a third.

Well, what is the use to exhort a man against these things, if his spiritual instincts are not strong enough to keep from them? You may, by preaching, produce a momentary change of purpose in regard to them; but a change of heart is the only permanent remedy. I care little to turn a man's face from the theatre, if his heart is still there, tugging all the while at his irresolute will, and begging for another indulgence.

"A man must have some enjoyment," he says, by way of excuse.

To which I reply, "Indeed, he must." And if the Christian man cannot find sufficient enjoyment in the service of God, in the holy delight of prayer and praise and labor for Christ; if he cannot get pleasure in the companionship of Christian brethren, in the study and feeding on the Word of God, what wonder that he should find his pleasure in the glitter and gaiety of the theatre, or in the charm and intoxication of the novel.—*Selected.*

W. A Edgars, of Frankville, was so badly afflicted with Kidney and Liver Complaint that his life was despaired of. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Hope for the Mohammedans.

There is a very general impression that the Mohammedans are not, and cannot be, reached by the gospel. It is true that less has been accomplished among them than among people who are given up to grosser forms of worship and to idolatrous practices, yet results are not lacking in India, in China, and even in Turkey, despite the severe penalties that await apostasies from Islam. Hardly a year passes without instances of conversion, while thousands of copies of the Scriptures are annually put into circulation among them. The way is thus prepared for a great movement when the time of religious toleratian shall come, as come it must even in the Turkish Empire.

In the meantime Mohammedans in India and in Southern Asia are accepting the teachings of the missionaries, and giving evidence to their co-religionists elsewhere that the gospel of Christ is indeed the power of God unto salvation. A recent number of the *Missionary Record* of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland calls attention to the fact that, "in all parts of the Mohammedan world there is going on at present a movement toward Christianity such as has never been seen before, showing that it is possible not only to win Mohammedans, but many of them, in whatever land they are found; and when the beginning of such a movement has been made, it may soon attain very large proportions." From the same authority we are informed, through Dr. Schreiber of the Rhenish Missionary Society, that the number of the native Christians in Java has increased since 1873 from 5,673 to 11,229, and that nearly all the converts have been made from Mohammedanism. "In the neighboring island of Sumatra there are hundreds of Mohammedans who have been baptized, or at present are under instruction with a view to baptism."

The reports of the Church Missionary Society show that out of 555 church converts connected with their mission church at Amritsur, 253 have been won from Islam. The Church Missionary Society may well be encouraged by this success to enlarge its efforts to reach Mohammedans. Some of the young men who have been brought to accept of the gospel through its agency have proved most efficient preachers. The writings of some of them have found a place in the missionary publications of the society, and do honor to their writers. On one of these Mohammedan converts, justly esteemed as a preacher and a writer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a few years since, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity—the first native Hindu, so far as we learn, to receive the honor.

While it is claimed, in some quarters, that Islam is making progress in Central Africa, it is proper to notice that in other parts of the great mission field it is giving way to the influence of Christian missions. A beginning has been made, and the time cannot be far distant when Islam, which, grounded as it is so largely on the Scriptures, is but a form of nominal Christianity corrupted to suit the instincts of human passion, shall give way to the light and life of the gospel of Christ.—*Rev. N. G. Clark, D. D., in the Congregationalist.*

Seeking Results.

Two thoughts are of special comfort at times when we long to see results and they are hidden from us.

The first is that the failure to see results, particularly the results we desire to see, does not of necessity imply that our efforts are inefficient. Some of the most powerful forces and processes in nature are those that are unseen, and that are preparatory, as it were, rather than immediately productive. It may be that God means us to do this sort of preparatory work,—will make possible in the future fruitful results. While it were, perhaps, more joyous to flesh and blood to be a reaper; if God has meant that we should break the ground into furrows and scatter seeds, rather than fill the garners with yellow sheaves, so let His will be done. And be it ours to do our part with contented cheerfulness. Though His be the less attractive part that sows, it is not unimportant in the grand results.

And the other cheering thought is this: No labor of love for the Master, done honestly, earnestly, and to the best of the ability which He has given, can be absolutely resultless. Though we do not see immediate results, the results will come in due time none the less; and in the last day the top-stone of the building will cap the whole careful planning of chisel to stone, and stone to mortar, and mortar to stone, with the cry: "Grace unto it!" This point is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Canon Twells, of England, in the *Episcopal Recorder.*

"A friend of mine, a layman, was once in the company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend happened to remark what a comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he said: 'You little know! You little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired and flattered and run after, but how gladly I would forget all that to be told of a single soul I have been instrumental in saving!' The eminent preacher entered his rest. There was a great funeral. Many pressed around the grave who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there, and by his side a stranger, who was so deeply moved that when all was over my friend said to him, 'You know him, I suppose?' 'Knew him?' was the reply. 'No; I never spoke to him; but I owe to him my soul.'"

Yes, when sore in heart because results are not apparent to us, and we moan out, "What is the use of all my anxious endeavor and ineffectual, wearying toil?" let us dispel the weakness of our souls, whatever be the undertaking for the Lord which seems a cross to us, by recalling the precious words of promise: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "Therefore, beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that *your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*"—*The Moravian.*

Shaking Off Sorrows.

In Carlyle's portraiture of John Sterling, "that most friendly, bright and beautiful human soul," he writes, "he shook innumerable sorrows and thick-crowding forms of pain gallantly away from him." Those who have read the life of Sterling and recall what a struggle that life was against obstacles of all kinds, and remember the sorrows that came to him, and the long years of continued physical suffering, and of necessary absence from his loved family, will wonder that he was able to shake off these sorrows and to merit so thoroughly this description of his friend: "The noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him."

Most of us doubtless have known a few such characters, men or women who had unusual sorrows to bear, and whose natures were sensitive and sympathetic, whose spirits one would think must have been crushed by their troubles; and yet they were not. They, like Sterling, shook off their sorrows, rose above them, and were to all their friends "radiant children of the empyrean." One such noble spirit in the midst of great sorrow wrote: "I am trying not only to get but to reflect more of cheerful sunshine. I feel very unworthy the smile and favor of the Saviour, but I do not the less value them—rather the more. I feel more than ever a desire to work on faithfully, hopefully, cheerfully. Any common bird can sing when the sun shines; but it requires a gay-songed, heaven-aspiring lark to rise from dark and rain, and sing above them."

As a bird spreads its wings, and shakes off the rain, and soars away singing, so these true souls were enabled to shake off their sorrow, and rise above the gloom and make themselves radiant. What a blessing to be able thus to overcome, and amid the tribulations of this world to be of good cheer. It is easy for us to assent to the beauty of such a life, and to acknowledge with heartiness its true Christian philosophy, and yet, how difficult for most of us to do likewise. For what courage, and determination, and oft-repeated effort such a course implies.

Mr. Hare, who for some time was associated with Sterling in the curacy at Herstmonoeux, after writing of the devotion of his friend to all the interests of his parish, his tireless efforts for the instruction and elevation and comfort of the people, says, "What it was to me personally to have such a fellow-laborer, to live constantly in the fresh communion with such a friend, I cannot speak. He came to me at a time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the brother, who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feelings from childhood, had bid farewell to his earthly life at Rome; and thus he seemed given to me to make up in some sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out for his usual hour of coming to me, and watch his tall, slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window, with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, or down to some depth of thought. My intercourse with him was an unspeakable blessing, and time after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge."

So he whose life was filled with trials of all sorts was the one who went about scattering sunshine and making himself an "unspeakable blessing" to all who knew him. How delightful to be remembered in the small circle of those with whom we have mingled here as an "unspeakable blessing," a radiant presence," "a remarkable soul."

It is only by shaking off our sorrows, entering into the joys of others, and sympathizing with them in their troubles, that we can achieve what we desire. Carlyle wrote: "Sterling's life is bright and ever-young and beautiful in the memory of others that must grow old." He may not challenge the world's attention for any wonderful achievements, but the memory of him is a benediction, as was he to his generation.

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— Spurgeon says: "There are Dissenters who do not know from what they dissent, Protestants who do not know against what they protest, and church men who have no notion of the authority on which the ecclesiastical order they prefer is supposed to rest." Yes, and there are Baptists who do not understand why they are Baptists. Whose fault is it? Well, the preachers come in for their share, though they are not entirely to blame. We believe that in the home and in the Sunday-school our children should be taught the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Central Baptist.*

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