

TWO KINDS OF CARE.

St. Peter says: "Casting all your care (*merimna*) upon him; for he careth (*meli*) for you." The first *care* signifies anxiety, burden, something that divides thought and harasses the soul. The second *care*, that which God has for us, signifies regard, keeping us upon his heart, restraineth us from evil, following us day by day to succor us in our ignorance and weakness.

How totally unlike are these two kinds of care! One is altogether unnecessary and destructive. On the other hand, God's care for us is a regard that his nature must bear for us so long as he is God, and is essentially saving and life-giving to the whole universe. Ours is the result of a diseased nature. His care is the brightness of infinite purity, the outgushing of tender pity, the exponent of his great love, the object-lesson by which he instructs us in righteousness.

How blessed it is that we can rest our weary souls on him! We need not wait for preparation if we are only sincere and earnest. Let us come to him, even while distracted and oppressed. His care for us is, if possible, greater at such times. If we wait and suffer alone, our distresses will become increasingly grievous.

Nor are we to lay at his feet a portion of our heavier burdens only. His care extends to every thing, whether of temporal or spiritual interests. How many err just here! They seem to think that God does not wish to know about the innumerable little perplexities of their lives, and so, in failing to embrace their full privilege, confidence in Him is weak when the deeper trials are brought to his notice.

One thing, however, must never be forgotten, namely, God's care for his children does not always deliver them from trial. That very care proposes to secure their perfection of character. This is the first and supreme object in his view. When this Divine purpose can be best attained, in the wisdom of God, through trial, his blessed care over us not only sanctions, but even sends, the sharp "thorn" or prepares the "fiery furnace." "Casting all your care upon him" is not, therefore, to insure exemption from trying circumstances. Rather, it is to feel the everlasting arms about us, to hear his words of comfort and promise, and to know that in this way the power of Christ is the fruit of our earthly trial.

"IT IS MY BOY!"

Through Rochester, N. Y., runs the Genesee river, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. One time a gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted.

They replied, "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms and struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair he exclaimed, "O God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. So we plunge into the waters of Christian self-denial, labor, hardship, reproach, soul-travail, prayer, anxious entreaty; willing to spend and be spent, taking all risks, to save some other one from drowning in sin and death, and do not know what a reflexive wave of blessing will come to our own souls. In seeking to save others we save ourselves and those most dear to us, while others, too selfish to labor to save other people's children, often lose their own.

HE SIMPLY HAD TO ASK.

"I was told lately by a young man who had been in Scotland," says Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, "that he came one day to a gate, when the gatekeeper's little girl ran down and shut it, saying, 'You have not to pay any thing to pass; you have only to say, "Please allow me to go through."'" The young man did as he was directed, and simply repeated, "Please allow me to go through," and the gate was immediately opened. The owner just wished to preserve the right of entrance, that was all. So simply 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure; and strong drink has done it.