

found the Saviour if the missionaries had given up the work in despair at our stupidity on their first visit. My eyes, my ears, my heart were opened one after another; and here I am today, helping you, sir, to preach the Gospel. Let us try again to-morrow in God's strength!"

I went down to my boat from that hillside, reproved and cheered by my old friend's story.

A MINUTE A DAY.—A minute a day devoted to taking a dose of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure any case of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, or bad blood, and may save weeks of sickness and dollars of loss. There is nothing better than B.B.B.

The Great Master.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand: "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be a master of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Harold did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. One is my master, even Christ, I work under God's direction. When He is master, all goes right."—*Dr. Bacon.*

Enlist at Once!

The young believer, who from his birth engages as an active soldier in the army of his King, who is ever fervent in spirit while serving the Lord, and realizes that it is his duty and blessed privilege to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do, and that with all his might—such a one, in the very nature of the case, will be much in prayer, will hold sweet and close communion with the Father, will walk in the Spirit, and not fulfil the lusts of the flesh, will find the joy of the Lord all his strength, and by and by will hear the "well done, good and faithful servant," of his returning Lord.

To be sure he will meet with the contradiction of sinners against himself, he will realize that many are called but few are chosen; and at times, if his love for souls shall lead him outside of the beaten paths laid down by the mass of his fellow-Christians, he will see their frowns and disapproval.

But none of these things need move him, for if he endeavors, by God's grace, to exalt His Son, he will ever be unto Him a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved as well as in them that perish. Some work for success; it is much better to work for Christ. Some are constrained by their love for their church; it is far better to be constrain-

ed by Christ's love for them. Some start out to convert people; it is more scriptural to start out and preach the Gospel; some work to make churchmen; it is much better to so preach the Word that God can use them to make Christians.

Should Satan sometimes whisper, "You can't spare this time; remember, God spared not His Son, but delivered Him up for us all."

A Little Lame Boy.

About sixty years ago a lame boy named Erastus left a humble home in New England and entered a hardware store in Troy, N.Y. Besides being lame, he was slender and sickly, and his prospects in life seemed anything but promising. He knew little of the sports and pastimes that his companions enjoyed in their childhood; his face, even in the freshest years of life, bore the marks of suffering and care, and his friends pitied him, and said that he was very unfortunate.

But he had a quick, active mind, full of right aspirations, and a heart full of generous impulses. His mind was at work, preparing for usefulness in the future and fondly dreaming of bright days to come, even in the solitary hours of sickness and suffering.

When he first applied for work in a store he was so small that the proprietor looked into his earnest face with some surprise and said:

"Why, my boy, what can you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the manly answer.

There was the right ring in the reply, and the proprietor recognized it.

"Well, my little fellow," said he, "that is the kind of a boy we want; you can have the place."

That boy was Erastus Corning, the millionaire. The neglected, solitary lame boy made himself so useful to his employers by his willingness to do "what he was bid" as to secure for himself the highest positions of responsibility and trust.

He became a bank president, a railroad president, canal company president, was three times elected mayor of Albany, was a member of the State Legislature, and for three terms a member of Congress. In 1863 he retired from business with a fortune estimated at five millions.

The Bible says that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and the boy who would become successful in life must, like this man, begin by showing a willingness to do anything that he is bid. A conceited, hesitating, over nice clerk comes to nothing; but the lad who is earnest and resolute, whose aims and purpose are his motive power, who is not to be turned aside from an object in life by false pride, in short, who, in any honorable calling, "is willing to do as he is bid," is almost certain, other things being equal, to rise to reputation, and to be richly rewarded with success.—*Youth's Companion.*

Suffering God's Gifts to Lie Idle is One Form of Wasting Them.

An Eastern allegory runs thus:—A merchant going abroad for a time gave to each of two of his friends two sacks of wheat to take care of until his return.

Years passed; he came back, and applied for them again. The first took him into his storehouse, and showed him the two sacks, but the

wheat they contained was now mildewed and worthless.

The other led him out into the open country, and pointed out fields of waving, golden corn, the produce of the two sacks given to him. Said the merchant, "You have been a faithful friend; in harvest time, give me two sacks of that wheat; all the rest shall be thine."

God has given to us all seed corn; we cannot hide it away, and return it to Him entire in the day that He demands it again. If we slothfully shrink from work for Him, misuse, or use not, what He has given into our keeping, when He requires His loans again at our hands, we shall not be able to restore Him His own, and we shall have to answer for it.

But if we can come joyfully forward, saying, "Behold, I have gained by that which Thou deliveredst unto me. I made a venture of faith. I tried to put Thy gifts to a right use, here is my harvest," we shall hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

The Two Elm Trees.

Two young elms had been planted side by side in the front of a gentleman's house. Having everything done for them by the gardener, they were free from care, and you would have thought they had nothing to do but to grow and enjoy themselves. But unhappily they were a good deal given to quarrelling. Perhaps the time hung heavily on their hands, and they did it for amusement; but so it was that scarcely a day passed without bickerings and disputes between them of some kind. "What a noise you make with your leaves," one of them would say to the other; "you quite disturb my meditations." "The same to yourself, sister," would be the answer; "I am sure your rustling is at times quite disagreeable." And in the morning you would generally hear one of them exclaim: "Sister, you are always in my light;" whilst in the evening it would be the other who would cry: "How provoking you are, sister; why, you will never let me see the sun!" In the course of time their discourse took a new turn. "How is it, sister," each of them would often say, "how is it that you are continually encroaching upon my space? The gardener did not plant you here, but there. Pray do not interfere with me." Or again: "I am certain, sister, it was you who broke my arm in the high wind last night." Poor foolish trees! It was wonderful to hear how they would rustle away in their wrath for hours together.

But in spite of their quarrelling they continued to grow taller and stouter every year; and let them do what they might, they had been planted so near each other that by degrees their branches not only met, but actually intermingled. In fact, the higher they grew and the more widely they spread the more completely did they feel themselves obliged to mix their leaves and branches. There was no help for it, if they wished to live at all. Were it not better, then, that they freely forgave the past and lived in affectionate friendship for the future?

When matters had gone so far as that, they were sure to be soon arranged, for these trees did not require any friend to bring them together. And the very last conversation which passed between them, of which there is any record, was to the following effect:

"Sister, you must feel that east wind very much." "Yes, sister, it is certainly keener than usual; but never mind me. I hope I keep the worst of it off you. For you have not been used to it as I have. Neither do I think it will ever be able to injure me so long as I have you by my side."

—Jesus said in respect to Judas: "Good were it for that man if he had never been born." A Christian writer thus comments on this language: "Words of immeasurable ruin, words of immeasurable woe—and the more terrible because uttered by lips of immeasurable love; words capable, if any are capable, of revealing to the lost soul of the traitor all the black gulf of horror that was yawning before his feet."

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