

very pinnacle of pomp and power, and their bodies given to be food for worms! Build monuments to their lives, if you will, and perpetuate the remembrance of their deeds, but let the pall of sadness cover their death.

But Jesus' death is commemorated. Was it because his life was less illustrious than others? Whose life was so grand as His? Not because he was rich, for he had nowhere to lay His head. Not because He was sought by the great and influential of earth. His associates were fishermen, with scarcely a penny a piece. Not because He destroyed men's lives. No one was injured by him, but He healed many that were sick. He made no widows, and sent no pangs to bleeding hearts, but made many sons and daughters of affliction glad with the light of His countenance. He raised the ruler's daughter, gave to the sorrowing widow her only son, and to weeping sisters their brother from the grave. He condemned none, but His last words pronounced pardon and inspired the hope of glory in a dying murderer at His side. Who but He proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound? Who wept over dying enemies like He did? Though His life eclipsed the best of men as did the sun the stars, yet Paul says, "Ye do show His death," which was still more wonderful than His life. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Crucifixion was a most lingering death, and the soldiers were surprised to find Jesus dead so soon. It was a death reproached by men, and accursed of God. Jesus offered Himself by it to bear the sin of the world, and to suffer the just for the unjust to bring us to God. In it God laid on Him the iniquity of us all, and withdrew from His Son His smiles in His last agony that these smiles might beam on us. It was a dark cloud that put out the light of the sun, and rose in all its horrors between Him and His Father, drawing from Him the terrible cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." It was dark, indeed, to Him, but behind it was sunshine to the universe.

When He died many graves of the saints were opened to loose their occupants at His resurrection. The temple's veil, which kept the nations from the presence of God, was torn from top to bottom. His death is the life of untold millions. He is the corn of wheat which bears much fruit. By death He destroys him that had the power of death, and gives life eternal to the whole family of God.

But if Christians are to show the Lord's death, we may ask, Who are the beholders? The partakers behold or discern the Lord's body, broken to give them eternal life. They discern in the cup His blood, shed for the remission of their sins. They see their own salvation in the death of the Son of God. Those that are without are beholding and enquiring how their daily life correspond with their custom at the Lord's table. Angels are looking at Christians remembering their Lord's death; and better than all, Christ has promised to be in their midst while they meet in His name.

How long is this institution to last? How long are monuments of earth to last? No one can tell this, nor how long they are intended to last. They touch the past but have nothing in the future to touch or hold them up. Their light will gradually fade till it is lost in darkness, and they will die amidst the wear and wreck of matter. Not so with this institution. It reaches across the ages, and will last till Jesus come. It is the bridge that spans the chasm from the cross to the resurrection of the just.

While Jesus was on earth He kept the disciples in His Father's name. Neither Satan, nor wicked men, nor raging sea could overcome them. When leaving them He most earnestly plead with His Father to keep them from the evil that is in the world, and He received the promise of the Father

that the Holy Spirit would be with and in them till they crossed the dangerous chasm. It is by looking to Jesus, believing and obeying Him, and trusting to His death for them, they are enabled to overcome; and in this feast Jesus Christ crucified is evidently set before them till such time as they see Him face to face.

But what shall we say of His coming with all His saints, prophets, apostles and His martyrs, with our own godly friends, who have passed the river, all eager to gaze on Him that was dead, and to join the everlasting song? To understand it we must wait till the Lord comes.

Will you, dying sinner, join with His people in showing His death? Or will you turn your back on it when the table is spread? What are your reasons for this? Can you say, His body was not broken for me? His blood was not shed for the remission of my sins. Can you say, He did not love me, nor die for me, nor His arms are not open to receive me? No, you cannot say so. Why then refuse to show His death? Are these not your reasons? I have not trusted myself to Jesus; have not resolved in God's strength to turn from my sins and serve my Saviour; and I cannot feel like taking the Lord's supper. Oh, why will you not be just to Jesus, who bought you with His blood, just to yourself. Why not accept of His pardoning love, and of His hand to lead you safely to the home of God? Jesus invites all who love Him to eat of this bread and to drink of this cup.

"This cup is fraught with love to men,
Let all partake who love My name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of My dying hour."

Original Contributions.

SCRAPS.

We have no right to please ourselves when it displeases others. "Love seeks not her own." From the standpoint of love, we please ourselves only when we please others. But what about the act that pleases one but at the same time displeases a dozen others. "The most good to the greatest number" is a sound and safe rule.

Sinners like to believe a lie, and will not come to the light lest their deeds be reprov'd. A clergyman riding in the same conveyance with a noisy infidel, and hearing him propose a shallow objection to Christianity, thought he would test his knowledge of the book he was rejecting. "My dear sir, have you ever examined the book of the prophecy of Jerehiah as furnishing an answer to your objection." "Yes," said the sceptic; "I have examined it thoroughly, and do not deem it satisfactory." How true it is that those who read the Bible the least rant about it the most. Closed eyes often make open mouths.

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, says many good things. Here is one of them: "When I hear a Christian say: 'I must go to a church where I can be fed,' I always expect to hear by and by that he is laid up with the spiritual dropsy. Sermon gormandizing is the straight road to religious apoplexy. The hospital wards of our churches are full of apoplexies who no more need spiritual nourishment than Mount Blanc needs a snow storm. If they would go to work, they would soon build their flabby tissues into muscle and nerve, and above all into heart, to the glory of the Lord and the saving of men."

Life is made up of the bitter and the sweet, and well that it is so. All honey and no sting would make a poor bee, and all sting and no honey would be equally as faulty. We need the sweet with the bitter. Let us remember, when we administer to

others that which we think is needful, that we make it takeable. Sweeten it with love and good will. Look on the bright side of life. "Be glad and your friends are many. Be sad and your friends are few." They want full measure of all your pleasures, but they don't want any of your way." There is much that is good in this world, and in human nature, when we seek for it in the right way. "Men are very much like bees; if properly managed, they will bring honey, but disturb them, and they will sting to death. Tact, or good good sense, is needed in handling both men and bees.

There are two sides to every question, and much depends upon which side we look. Some one will say "that we can't see things alike because we are by nature so constituted that we cannot think alike." But the difference in our seeing is not because of our different thinking, but because we don't think at all. We will not stop to think or consider both sides of a question. We are governed by our feelings and sentiments rather than by principle wrought out by the "eternal vigilance" of thought. Sentiment is good in its place, but very bad out of its place. Sentiment will lead us to even die for our country, but never leads us to live for it. Some one has said "that noble dying is a thousand times easier than noble living." Sentiment often closes the mind's eye to the consideration of principle. Sentiment leads us think we are right, but principle leads us to act right. Sentiment leads us to love our party, but principle to love our country. The man of principle, born of thought, is always ready to give a reason for his principle, but the man of sentiment, born of party, cannot stop to think or reason, but is ready to destroy his thousands, not with the sword of truth, but the instrument that was used by Sampson of old.

Every action has within it two offices. Every good act helps and benefits the actor, and every evil act injures him. When our earthly work is done, we are not done with our deeds. The result of them are within, and by them we are made noble or ignoble. H. M.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

In our zeal to promulgate our "distinctive plea" and offer to the world the apostolic faith, we are apt to lose sight of the practical side of religion. In my experience with professing Christians I observed that in many cases their religion was like their best clothes — worn only on Sunday, or special occasions. This was one of the stumbling-blocks which kept me for a long time from the fold of Christ. True, it was unreasonable, yet it was the case; and I am certain the same stumbling-block is in the way of many sinners yet. I would ask myself the question, "Where do I differ from So-and-so, who is a professing Christian? I go to church on the Lord's day. I listen to the words preached. I contribute towards any good work. I give perhaps more than that man who offers lengthy prayers of a didactic nature to the Almighty at every meeting." I would draw a comparison, and flatter myself that, in many cases, it would be in my favor. I made no profession that I did not consistently bear out my every day life. Aye, there is the rub. If we profess anything we must live consistent with that profession. If we have professed Christ we must live in conformity with Christ's laws. If we declare to the world that we have been born again, not of corruptible but of incorruptible seed, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever (Peter i:23), we individually must be born again. We must be born of the Spirit. The spiritual body must grow as perfectly as the natural. Certainly the spiritual body will have no material existence, yet its growth will be